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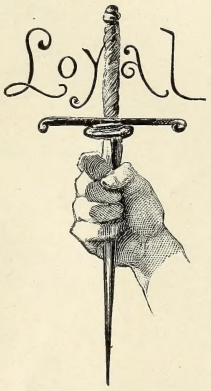
New England Magazine

An Illustrated Monthly

New Series, Vol. 16

Old Series, Vol. 22

March, 1897 — August, 1897



Boston, Mass.:
Warren F. Kellogg, Publisher,
5 Park Square.

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Very Respectfully, &c.
W. G. Brownlow

THE

NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE.

NEW SERIES. MARCH, 1897. VOL. XVI. NO. 1.

NEW ENGLAND IN KANSAS.

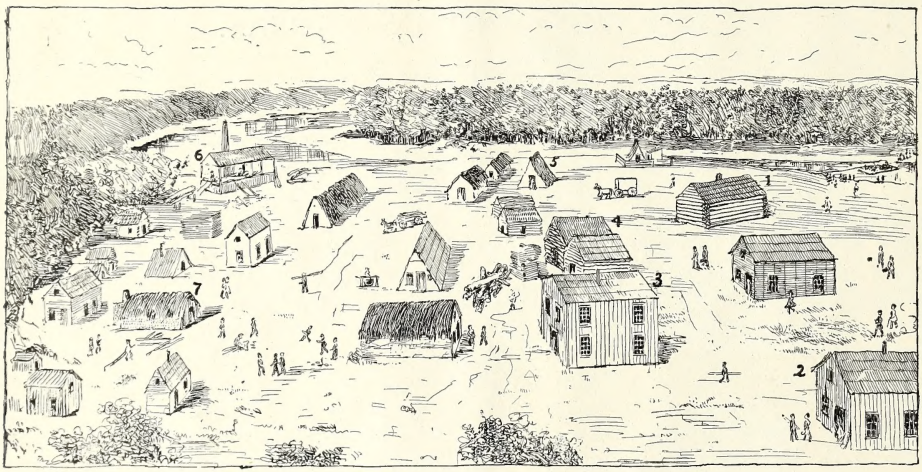
By William H. Carruth.

"IT will be just as well for you not to mention the fact that you are from Boston," said a Harvard man of the class of '36 to a friend of mine who arrived in Lawrence twenty years ago to take a position as teacher. May be there was a bit of cynicism in the remark, but there was surely much practical wisdom, based on experience. To those who have heard or read only of the large part taken by New England in the settlement of Kansas this must seem strange, even incredible. Yet there is no doubt of the existence of this feeling for some years after the incident referred to, although I believe it is now quite imperceptible. Some inquiry touching the source of this suspicion or hostility of Kansas people toward those of New England, and especially of Boston, has led to the present paper. Mr. Godkin's recent explanation of it as a general distrust of western people toward eastern people, due partly to the fact that the latter wear socks and tailor-made clothes, is not entirely satisfactory; for the sock habit has spread in Kansas so that there are some addicted to it in nearly every community. In large degree the true explanation is to be sought in the history and dealings of the New England Emigrant Aid Company. A complete account of this extraordinary movement is still wanting, despite Mr. Thayer's own publications in his pamphlet histories and his book, "The Kansas Crusade."

The rough data of the situation made by the Kansas-Nebraska Bill were: a fertile territory opened to settlement; the extension of slavery, or perhaps the beginning of its extinction, to be determined by the settlers themselves; proslavery settlers near at hand, but few and naturally slow, agrarian, and their belongings not easy to move; antislavery settlers distant, but plentiful, aggressive, more mechanics and town-dwellers. To winning that fertile territory, and achieving that victory for freedom, the one obstacle seemed to be the element of distance, for there the opposition had an immense advantage. Pondering these elements in his study at Oread Home, Worcester, and in his seat in the General Court of Massachusetts, Eli Thayer evolved the plan of a society which should offer to antislavery emigrants inducements sufficient to offset this advantage held by the other side. Already nearly ten years before this, Rev. E. E. Hale had considered the greater fecundity of the Yankee, and had proposed in a pamphlet to locate the surplus of New England population in Texas, teach-

ing thus "How to Conquer Texas before Texas Conquers Us." But Texas was further away and quite cut off from the free North, and the North was not yet aroused by the discussions of 1852 and 1854. Mr. Thayer's plan was an epitome of Yankee characteristics: thrift and devotion to principle. He did not propose to win Kansas with hirelings, but to show the naturally aggressive Yankee an outlet for his energy at once honorable and profitable. And thus also the company he proposed was not to be

April 26, 1854, more than a month before the passage of the Kansas-Nebraska Bill, Mr. Thayer procured a charter for the Massachusetts Emigrant Aid Company, with a capital limit of $5,000,000. Immediately he set to work holding public meetings and advertising what Horace Greeley dubbed "The Plan of Freedom." It caught the attention of the already roused North; it grew into the lurid image of a Last Judgment in the suspicious imagination of the South. The capital stock of $5,000,000 be-



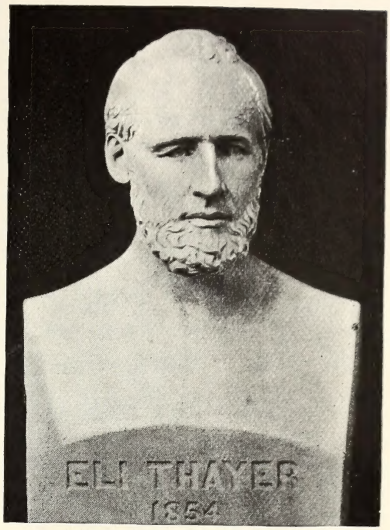
*LAWRENCE, KANSAS, 1854.

a charitable labor entirely, as religious missionary societies mostly are; but he asked: Why is it worse for a company to make money by extending Christianity, or suppressing slavery, than by making cotton cloth? The company which he planned was intended to be an investment company, giving and taking advantages with those whom it induced to go to Kansas, and incidentally crippling slavery. The plan was plausible. It is still; and, omitting the war for principle, is pursued by the railroad and irrigation companies of the West to-day.

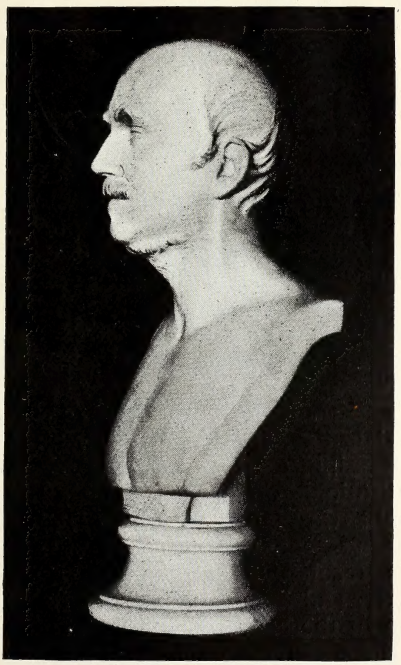
*1. First house built in Kansas.
2. *Herald of Freedom* office.
3. Emigrant Aid Company's office.
4. First office used by Aid Company.
5. Pioneer House, first hotel owned by Emigrant Aid Company.
6. Aid Company's saw-mill.
7. St. Nicholas House, owned by Aid Company.

came to the excited southerners a cash corruption fund whereby to fill Kansas with hireling voters. On July 29, 1854, just after the Emigrant Aid Company's first party of 29 members had passed through Kansas City, the Platte Co. Missouri Self Defensive Association, meeting at Weston, resolved: "That this association will, whenever called upon by any citizens of Kansas Territory, hold itself in readiness to assist and remove any and all emigrants who go there under the auspices of the Northern Emigrant Aid Societies." The trustees of the Massachusetts Emigrant Aid Company discovered legal weaknesses, as they thought, in the charter, and preferred to work as a private company, until in the spring

of 1855 a new charter was obtained and the name changed to The New England Emigrant Aid Company. Meanwhile Mr. Thayer was indefatigable. He was writing and speaking constantly, and organizing local leagues. The subscriptions to the stock of the Company were liberal and prompt, amounting to about $100,000 before June, 1856. Among the largest subscribers were Charles Francis Adams, Amos Lawrence, J. M. S. Williams, W. B. Spooner, Eli Thayer and W. M. Evarts. The Company advertised its work well. In July, 1855, a special appeal was made to churches to take shares for their ministers. The call was signed by Lyman Beecher, Starr King, Hosea Ballou, Calvin E. Stowe, Leonard Bacon and Horace Bushnell, among others. It added less than $2,000 to the stock of the Company, but it interested two hundred congregations in the cause, which was said in the call to represent not only freedom, but temperance, education and religion. In September, 1855, the Company issued an address to the people of Missouri, some of whom had expressed a desire to hang Mr. Thayer. Like all manifestoes from this source, it was moderate and appealed to reason. In the Senate Reports of the 34th Congress, Stephen A. Douglas, chairman of the Committee on Territories, made a report in which the Kansas troubles were ascribed largely to the machinations of the Aid Company. Again the Company put forth an "Address to the People of the United States," admirable in its tone and content. "The language of the Senate Report," it said, "would lead to the inference that the Kansas-Nebraska Act was especially designed for the benefit of those individuals and societies who seek to render the institutions of Kansas congenial to those of Missouri. Their action is spoken of as simply defensive, while that of the Massachusetts society is characterized as aggressive."



ELI THAYER.



AMOS A. LAWRENCE.

Another device of the Company for arousing interest in its work was the prize of $50 offered in February, 1855, by the secretary, Dr. Thomas H. Webb, for the best poem on the subject of the emigration. This was won

Song of the Kansas Emigrants

We cross the prairie as of old
Our fathers crossed the sea
To make the West as they the East
The homestead of the free.

We go to rear a wall of men
On Freedom's southern line
And plant beside the cotton tree
The rugged Northern pine.

We go where flowing from your mighty hills
As your free rivers flow;
The blessing of our motherland
Is on us wherever we go.

We tread the prairies as of old
Our fathers sailed the sea
To make the West as they the East
The homestead of the free!

John G. Whittier

by Lucy Larcom, at that time a teacher in Wheaton Seminary at Norton, Mass., over eighty-eight competitors. Before her authorship of "The Call to Kansas" was publicly announced she was surprised at being greeted one morning with the presentation of her song by a chorus of her pupils. Whittier's beautiful "Hymn of the Kansas Emigrants" was a gift to the cause. It appeared in October, 1854.

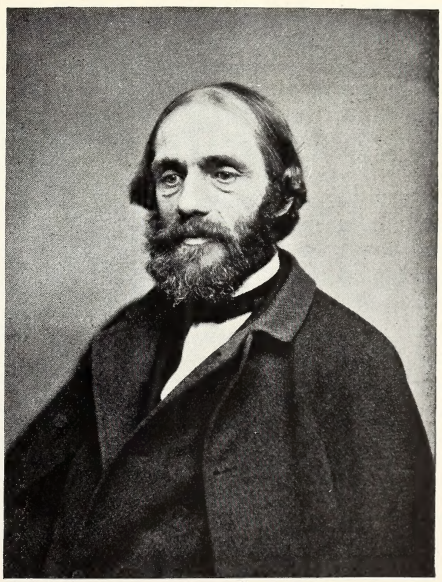
But the most powerful literary agency enlisted for the winning of Kansas was the New York *Tribune*. Mr. Thayer tells in his book how he labored with Horace Greeley, and the files of the *Tribune* from that time on show with what complete success. Most of the *Tribune* editorials on the subject were written by Mr. Hale. Dr. Webb, secretary of the Company, in his office at 3 Winter Street, Boston, kept the newspaper record of the fight for Kansas, with which he filled twenty large folio scrap-books—an invaluable collection now in possession of the Kansas State Historical Society.

The work done by the New England Emigrant Aid Company toward determining the nature of the institutions of Kansas was without doubt the most weighty factor in making Kansas free. But much of this result was accomplished indirectly and incidentally. The agitation of the cause and the advertising of the country probably started many toward Kansas who never heard of

the Company. Mr. Hale's book, "Kansas and Nebraska," published in 1854, and Mrs. Dr. Robinson's account of her experiences, "Kansas, Its Interior and Exterior Life," both prompted indirectly by the work of the Company, were powerful agents in accomplishing the final result.

But now we come to the subject of the Company's standing in Kansas, and the reasons for its financial failure. The report of the Committee on Organization, while assuring the Company's stockholders of "that satisfaction ranked by Lord Bacon among the very highest, of becoming founders of states and, more than this, states which are prosperous and free," alluded confidently to "an investment which promises large returns at no distant day." This hope of dividends flickers up from time to time, even as late as May, 1861, when the Executive Committee in a report to the Directors said: "It must be shown that the Free State system of settling a new country pays well in money. This we do not absolutely despair of doing, even in the case of Kansas." But in the following June, in a meeting of the Directors, Dr. Russell, better informed, quenched the hope with "might have been." Yet this very rational expectation was made a subject of reproach against the Company by some super-sensitives, who alluded to "money-changers in the temple."

The Aid Company's emigrants were not the first Free-State men on the ground. By the end of 1856 they were not in a majority, if indeed they ever were. Of course the proslavery men, of whom there were and continued to be many bona fide settlers, did not love the Aid Company's people. The Free-State men from the rest of the North brought from home, even then, a bit of prejudice against the superior refinement and provincial pronunciation of the Down-Easters, and to this was now added in many cases a mild jealousy. It was generally believed that the Aid Company's emigrants had been assisted, and had thus an unfair advantage over their brethren from Ohio and Wisconsin. The Aid Company's agents, Charles Robinson and S. C. Pomeroy, were cautious and law-abiding, yet firm in the defense of their rights. So there were some settlers who thought the Aid Company had unnecessarily aroused southern opposition, and others again who claimed to think that it was timidly conservative. Furthermore, among the New England emigrants themselves there was more or less dissatisfaction with the Company because they were not aided more than they were or because the Company did not keep its agreements as they understood them. For instance, the fare from Boston to Kansas City was advertised as $25,—six dollars less than it is to-day. In some cases parties arriving at St. Louis were charged anew for transportation to Kansas City. Mr. Pomeroy refunded this double charge to some, but others did not know enough to demand it and did not get it. Then again, with the third and later parties were some kid-gloved gentlemen who had come out expecting to live on the fat of the

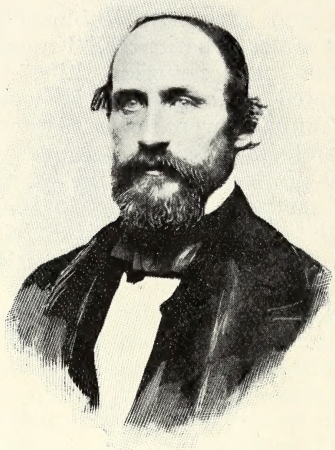


REV. EDWARD EVERETT HALE, 1855.



MRS. SARAH T. L. ROBINSON.

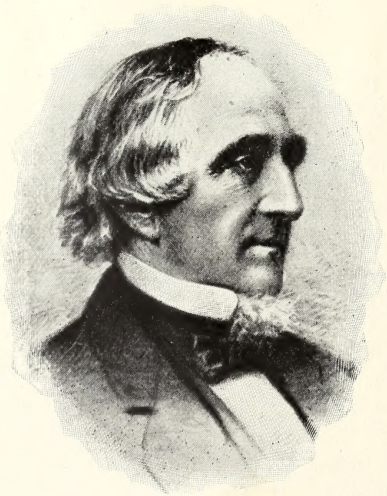
From an ambrotype of 1856.



DR. CHARLES ROBINSON.

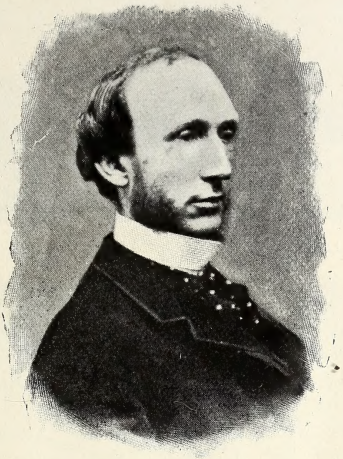
First agent of the Emigrant Aid Company.

land. These, of course, were disappointed and cursed the Company. Some of them returned; others were unable to, and stayed. So it will be seen how many elements there were to supply open or secret ill-will toward the Company. That such a feeling existed, and that right early, is manifested by the passage of the following resolutions by the Lawrence Town Company, January 16, 1855: "Resolved, that the organization of the Emigrant Aid Society has been of exceeding great benefit in the transmission of emigrants to the Territory, and their establishing an agency in this city and their investment of capital herein has been a decided advantage to the place,—and we believe their efforts thus far have been entirely disinterested; we therefore most cordially invite them to remain and continue their operations among us, assuring them of our sincere approval of the past and of our coöperation in the future; that we as citizens of Lawrence particularly approve of the course pursued by the Lawrence Association toward the Emigrant Aid Society in extending an invitation to that Company to invest their capital here, and the basis upon which they are allowed to operate; and we shall duly respect their city rights and support them in all lawful and liberal movements."



WILLIAM B. SPOONER.

Clearly these resolutions protest too much. The "basis" referred to was at first a grant of one-half of all the town lots, which was not too much considering that Branscomb, the Company's agent,



MARTIN F. CONWAY.

Territorial representative and local agent of the Emigrant Aid Company.



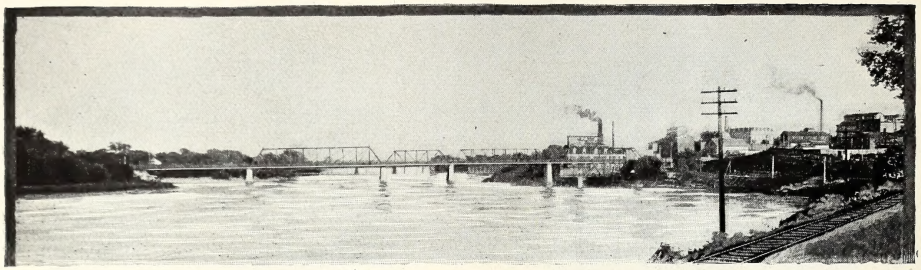
SENATOR S. C. POMEROY.

Financial agent of the Emigrant Aid Company.

paid $500 to purchase a claim covering one-half of the original town site. But soon the Company's proportion was reduced to one-fourth, and in the spring of 1855, while Dr. Robinson, the local agent, was absent in the East, the Company was finally assigned eight out of two hundred and twenty shares into which the town stock had meanwhile been divided. Of the three Free-State papers in Lawrence, one openly and constantly antagonized the movements and policy of the Aid Company, while the *Herald of Freedom*, which was equipped by money borrowed from the Company, considered it policy for a time to deny all connection with the New England propagandists. In later days the obligation to New England has been so generously acknowledged in Lawrence that it is almost forgotten how hard New England had to fight even her own friends. Here, as everywhere, were felt the combined love and jealousy of foreign capital.

Now consider briefly what the Aid Company actually did, aside from agitating and advertising. It established a Boston office where intending settlers could get information and gather for the start. Here they became acquainted, and learned the watchword which Mr. Hale says ought to be the motto of Kansas, "Together." The character of Mr. Thayer's appeals and the nature of the case brought together "men of industry and enterprise, who believe in hard work and are accustomed to it," men who could not fail to "carry with them a love for the institutions which recognize the dignity of labor and allow to every man the just rewards of his toil." While many local auxiliaries openly proclaimed their purpose to aid only Free-State emigration, the Company never questioned those who purchased tickets through its agent as to their attitude on the slavery question. In New England that was unnecessary. An amusing result of this policy, however, was that Governor Walker and Secretary Stanton, both of whom denounced the transactions of the Emigrant Aid Company, came into the Territory on the Aid Company's cheap tickets.

While the Aid Company must be credited for something of the high tone of the New England emigrants, it is a common error to suppose that

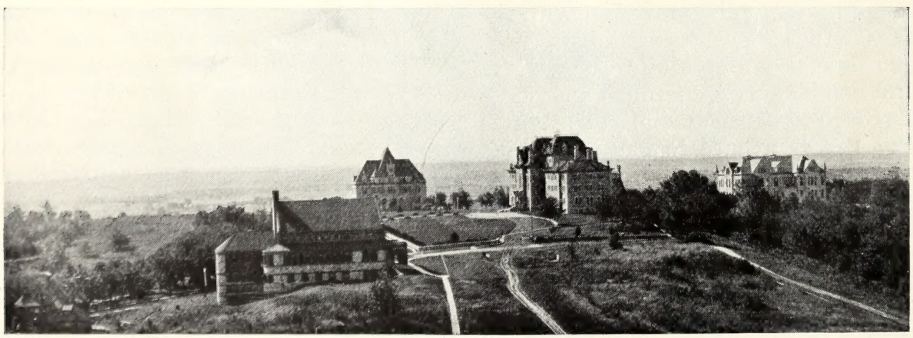


THE KANSAS RIVER AT LAWRENCE.

these emigrants came to Kansas expecting to win martyrs' crowns. I have questioned many of them as to their motives, and the uniform answer has been: "We went to Kansas to better our condition, incidentally expecting to make it a free state. We knew we took some risks, but if we had foreseen the struggles and hardships we actually underwent we never should have gone." This is about what Mr. Thayer calculated on. The Company, then, secured its passengers a low rate of transportation, a reduction of about fifteen per cent. It erected hotels and saw-mills, thus providing immediate accommodations for the new arrivals and materials for building homes. These institutions were calculated to be profitable and to serve as nucleuses for towns. Schools and churches were to be encouraged, but not out of the Company's stock funds. The Company did not propose to speculate, or to loan money, though it did so in aid of semi-public enterprises. The Company did not pay the transportation of any but its agents. It did not advance money to intending emigrants. It "never invested a dollar in any implements of war."* This is the sworn testimony of Mr. Lawrence, and of Mr. Conway, the Company's agent, before the Harper's Ferry Committee. It is difficult to see why a plan so wisely made did not succeed better.

What, then, became of the Emigrant Aid Company's money? Let us see. The journal and ledger for the first two years are not at hand. From May, 1857, to the close, kept in the beautiful figures of Anson J. Stone, the assistant treasurer, they are in the possession of the Kansas Historical Society, by the gift of Mrs. Amos A. Lawrence. The stock account shows a total paid in of $136,-

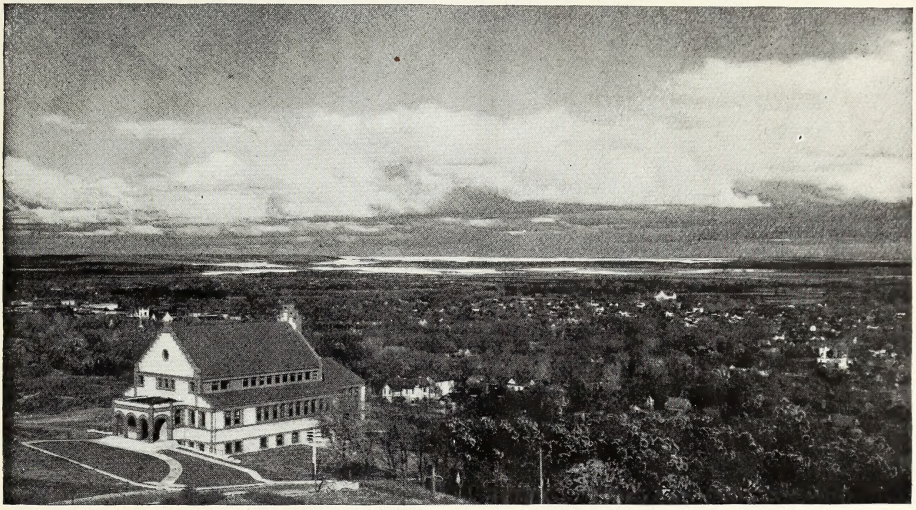
* Misunderstandings on this subject are due to three circumstances: Some of the local leagues tributary to the Emigrant Aid Company (as for instance, the New Haven League, in 1856) contributed arms; so did also officers of the Company on their individual responsibility. Finally, the National Kansas Committee, with its state auxiliaries, organized in 1856, gave arms, clothing, food and money.



KANSAS UNIVERSITY CAMPUS.

300, to which must be added donations of about $9,000, in all $145,300. Sales and rents brought in altogether, $26,918. Thus there is $172,218 to be accounted for. The total expenses of the Boston office for the eight years of the Company's activity in Kansas, were $30,465. This leaves us $141,753. In Kansas the Company had as agents: Charles Robinson, 1854–56; C. H. Branscomb, 1854–58; S. C. Pomeroy, 1854–62; M. F. Conway, 1858–62; all receiving alike $1,000 per annum, expenses and commission. The last items are not summarized in the ledger, but some items given seem to warrant an estimate of 50 per cent for them. This will make the expenses of the Kansas end of the management $27,000, and leave $114,753, or more likely under that, as the amount actually invested. Of course the treasurer charged up, and very properly, all expenses of management to these investments, and his invoice of the Company's property, footing up $126,616.27, may be read clearly in the neatly kept journal.* A similar invoice made in March, 1862, makes the total valuation $143,322.98

But, alas! the gap between debit and credit is often wide. On the 27th of February, 1862, all the Company's property in Missouri and Kansas was sold at auction to Messrs. Adams and Ayling of Boston, for $16,150, not much more than enough to pay outstanding claims. And so, as Mr. Hale said in 1879, "no subscriber to that fund ever received back one cent."



SPOONER LIBRARY AND TOWN OF LAWRENCE.

And still we have to answer the question, Why? While Mr. Thayer himself declares that the money was contributed "mainly as a charity, and without hope of returns," and Mr. Hale says of the stockholders, "Some

Kansas City, Mo., Hotel		$10,000.00
Lawrence, Town site	$500.00	
West Lawrence	756.00	
Store and office	800.00	
Dwelling	500.00	
Hotel	20,377.53	
Mill	2,929.47	
		25,863.00
Burlington, Town shares		1,500.00
Osawatomie, site and ferry	$728.44	
Mill site and timber	600.00	
Saw and grist mill	7,167.15	
		8,495.59
Topeka, 1 mill	$3,767.74	
Pioneer House	137.00	
		3,904.74
Wabaunsee, Mill		2,360.00
Atchison, Town shares		2,000.00
Manhattan, Mill and site	$5,987.73	
Interest in town	340.00	
		6,327.73
Quindaro, 12 shares		3,578.80
		$64,029.86

* The actual investments up to May 20, 1857, are thus noted in a memorandum in possession of Rev. E. E. Hale:

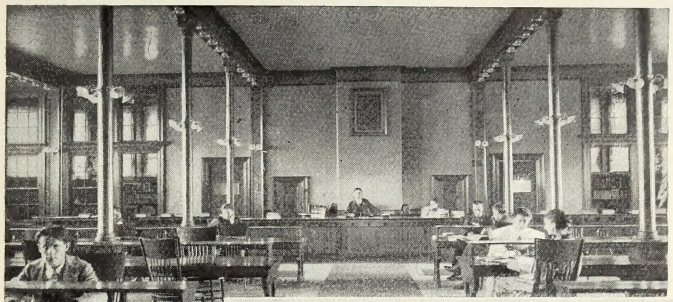


MAIN UNIVERSITY BUILDING AND SNOW HALL, UNIVERSITY OF KANSAS.

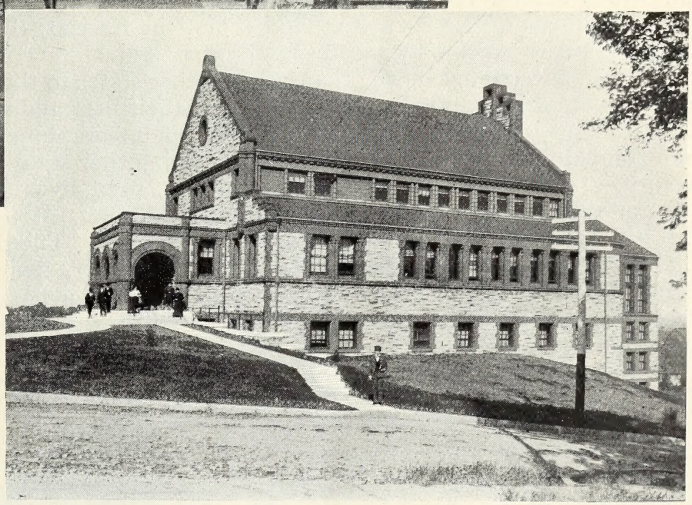
of them did and some of them didn't" expect dividends, it can easily be shown in more detail than I have done that the management hoped steadily at least to pay back the original investment. And besides, there is the testimony of various officers and agents that the Company "never gave a cent toward any man's passage"; "never hired a man to go to Kansas or offered any inducement if he did not mean to go; but we invested capital."

The Company's financial agent was S. C. Pomeroy, afterwards senator from Kansas. Mr. Pomeroy was not, however, a financier. Some mild-mannered westerner once warned a stranger against trifling with Wild Bill, explaining that he was "reckless with firearms." Mr. Pomeroy was reckless with drafts. The books do not show for what many of these drafts were drawn, but it is fair to presume that all bargains were construed liberally in behalf of the settler. "We understood the Aid Company to be a benevolent institution," said an old-timer to me, "and we regarded anything of the Company's that came in our way as a gift." Pomeroy always paid liberally. He was not the man to make a sharp bargain for the Company. Very likely the Company would have dismissed him if he had done so. Three mills, costing in New York $4,000, paid in freight $2,146, and an additional $583 for storage. The proprietor of the *Herald of Freedom* repaid his loan of $2,000 in territorial scrip, which was never redeemed. An agent of the Company in making settlement turned in ten shares of Quindaro town stock at $3,578, which was then really rated high, but soon became worthless. The temporary sod and thatch hotels at first erected in Lawrence were soon superseded, and were thus a loss. The largest single loss to the Company was the destruction by Sheriff Jones of the Free State Hotel. A grand jury deriving its instructions from a court established by the bogus legislature found the following indictment: "We are satisfied that the building known as the Free State Hotel in Lawrence has been constructed with a view to military occupation and defence, and regularly parapeted and port-holed for the use

of cannon and small arms, and could only be designed as a stronghold for resistance to law, thereby endangering the public safety and encouraging rebellion and sedition to the country; and we respectfully recommend that steps be taken whereby this nuisance may be removed." A United States marshal brought a posse of Missourians to the city, and then turned them over to the vengeful Jones, who, acting directly on this indictment, without any order from the court, proceeded to destroy the hotel and other property belonging to the Company. When the sale was made in 1862, the Company reserved its claim against the government of $20,000 for the destruction of the Free State Hotel. The claim has never been allowed, but a juster one was seldom made.

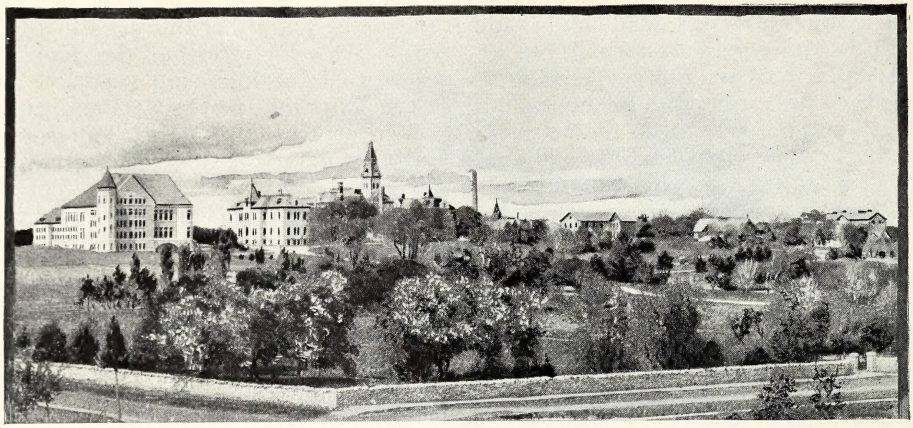


READING ROOM.



THE SPOONER LIBRARY.

Finally came "the collapse of the boom." The year 1857 was a boom year in Kansas. The sacking of Lawrence and other outrages in 1856 so increased interest in the Kansas cause that the following year saw an astonishing influx of settlers and capital. But the bottom went out soon. Investments made that year could not find a purchaser at twenty per cent in 1858. Things did not get much better until, in 1860, they got much worse. Of course the beginning of the war did not raise Kansas values. So it is not hard even without any sinister suggestions to see how the Company's $172,000 finally shrunk to $16,000. A careful manager would have made this result very much more favorable, but it is doubtful whether under the best management the stock could have been made to pay dividends. Of the total, about $100,000 passed through the hands of Mr. Pomeroy. Only $17,000 was handled by Dr. Robinson. Yet without doubt the latter would have been a better manager for the Company. If his ad-

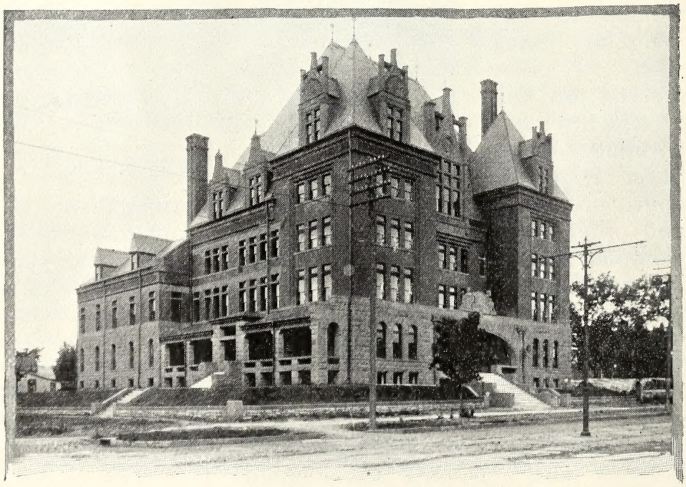


KANSAS AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE, MANHATTAN.

vice had been taken, the Company would have had for $3,000 the site of the Union Depot in Kansas City, now worth several millions.

The Yankees of the New England Emigrant Aid Company who expected to make money by the Kansas venture were disappointed. Those in Kansas who made money out of the Company contributed, naturally enough, to the distrust of New England and the prejudice against Boston. But it is pleasant to know that the chief of those who made that investment regard it still, as did W. M. Evarts, as "the best I ever made," and that they can say with Rev. E. E. Hale: "All the same we received our dividends long ago. They came in Kansas free, a nation free, in the emancipation of 4,000,000 of black men, and in the virtual abolition of slavery the world over."

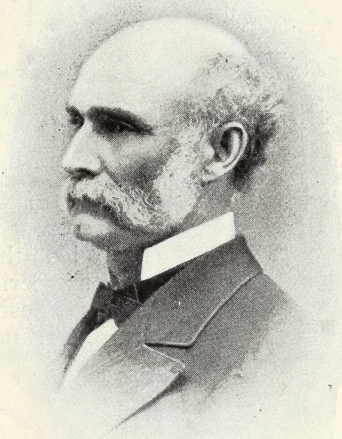
It is not the New England fashion to set hand to the plow and look back. She never withdrew her interest from Kansas. While it is the purpose of this paper to speak of the more tangible material investments of New England in Kansas, the truth is that the most valuable contribution of the mother states to their prairie offspring was their men and women. I will not be so uncomplimentary even to my grandmother-state as to recall the figure, used by a famous Massachusetts woman, of the cream and the pan of milk. The figure of a chestnut tree is better, which every year can shake down a harvest of sweet nuts and still tower aloft sturdy and ready



ATCHISON, TOPEKA AND SANTA FE HOSPITAL BUILDING, TOPEKA.

for new fruitage. In 1885 there were 17,000 people of New England birth in Kansas; but the influence which they wield in the state is vastly more than their proportion in numbers. However, it would take a volume to narrate the part of merely the leading New Englanders in Kansas, and the results would inevitably be invidious.

In 1859, three years before the Emigrant Aid Company closed out its business in Kansas, Col. C. K. Holliday, a native of Pennsylvania, and one of the founders of Topeka, led in obtaining from the territorial legislature a charter for the Atchison and Topeka Railroad Company, which authorized the Company to build a railroad toward Santa Fé and the Gulf of Mexico. Under the stock-market name of "Atchison" this enterprise has become such a household word in New England, its vicissitudes have brought comfort and privation to so many New England homes, and the name of Kansas has become so far identified with these results, that I would gladly attempt to clear away some misapprehensions.



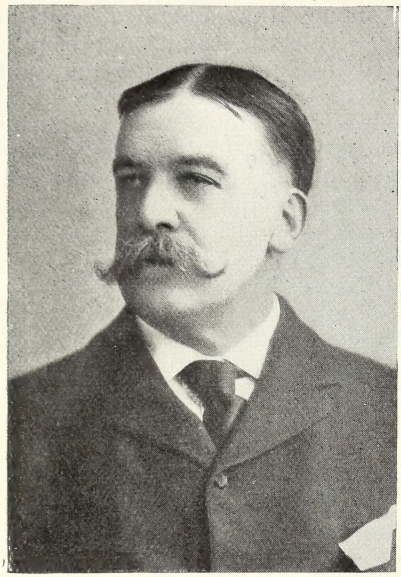
COL. C. K. HOLLIDAY.

Projector of the A., T. & S. F. R. R.

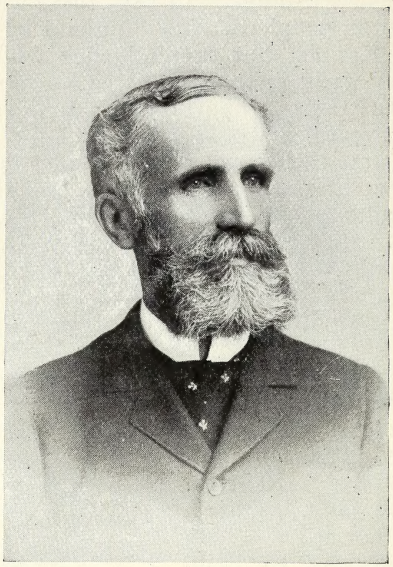
Though planned so early, it took years to persuade capital to risk anything in so bold a venture. The incorporators had practically no funds with which to execute their plan. The stock which they issued was well printed; but save in potential dividend paying power, it was worth little more than paper and ink, for there was no paid-up stock. The incorporators, or their successors, borrowed money, by means of bond issues, and the money thus obtained built the road. Thus the people who really invested in Kansas through the Santa Fé were those who first bought the bonds. The stock was practically given as a bonus to these bond-buyers, or as a quasi-commission to the bankers who negotiated the sale of the bonds. Until the road began to pay dividends, this stock was not worth much, for, as before said, it represented no paid-in capital. But when the stock began to draw seven per cent dividends, the hitherto worthless paper became worth $100 per share and above.

Now those who held the stock could sell it. And they did. But the money thus paid did not go to Kansas, nor into the Santa Fé treasury. It went into the hands of bankers and bond-buyers in New York and New England. During the days of dividend-paying the stock changed hands largely. Ultimately much of it lodged in Old England. Holland purchased and holds $40,000,000 of stock and bonds. Those who bought it in these days did not always consider, perhaps, that it represented no paid-up capital, but was, in fact, more like a gratuitous second-mortgage on the property. Its value was based on the earning power of the road. The buyers did not invest in Kansas. They invested in the chances of constantly increased production of Kansas grain and Colorado ore at then prevailing prices. This is a brief but true statement of the chief feature of Atchison finances.

The first construction was begun



E. P. RIPLEY.
President of the A., T. & S. F. R. R. Co.



E. WILDER.
Secretary and Treasurer of the A., T. & S. F. R. R. Co.

from Topeka westward in October, 1868, and the line completed, a northeast-southwest diagonal through Kansas, in December, 1872. While the first contractor, T. J. Peter, was a western man, the presidents of the road have been mostly New England men: H. C. Lord, of Vermont; Henry Keyes, of Vermont; Ginnery Twitchell, of Rhode Island; Henry Strong, of Scotland; Thomas Nickerson, of Boston; T. J. Coolidge, of Boston; Wm. B. Strong, of Vermont; Allen Manvel, of New York; E. P. Ripley, of Massachusetts. Chief Engineer A. A. Robinson, who superintended the construction of all the main lines from the beginning, is a native of Vermont. Presidents Nickerson, Strong and Manvel controlled the policy of the road for long periods and through great crises. These three men were recognized as men of integrity as well as great managers or financiers. The majority of the actual operators of the Santa Fé road have been New England men. Among them may be mentioned, in addition to those already referred to: H. C. Nutt, president of the A. & P. R. R., D. B. Robinson, vice-president of the A., T. & S. F., C. C. Wheeler, general manager of the A., T. & S. F., E. Wilder, treasurer of the A., T. & S. F., J. F. Goddard, vice-president of the A., T. & S. F., A. F. Walker, chairman of



WILLIAM B. STRONG.
Former President of the A., T. & S. F. R. R. Co.

the A., T. & S. F. receivers, all of Vermont; W. F. White, traffic manager A., T. & S. F., of Connecticut; Geo. L. Sands, general superintendent A., T. & S. F., of Maine; H. R. Nickerson, and C. F. Morse, both general superintendents, both of Massachusetts. The former chairman of the Company, Mr. B. P. Cheney, of Boston, a director until his death, seems to have been the only heavy stockholder connected with the management who kept his stock after the times of disaster approached. He never sold out, and the interest in the road continues in his family. Throughout all of its mature life until very recently the Company had the legal advice of George R. Peck, a lawyer of unflinching honesty, an heir of the Puritans, though a native of New York. It is true, however, that many of these men were reared and trained for their work in the West.

Call to Kansas

Yeomen strong, hither throng
Nature's "honest men!",
We will make the wilderness
Bud and bloom again.
Swing the sickle, speed the plough,
Turn the ready soil!
Freedom's the noblest prey
For the true man's toil.
Ho, brothers! come, brothers!
Hasten all with me!
We'll sing upon the Kansas plains
A song of Liberty!

One and all, hear our call.
Echo through the land!
Aid us, with the willing heart
And the strong right hand!
Feed the spark the Pilgrims struck
On old Plymouth Rock!
To the watch-fires of the free
Millions glad shall flock.
Ho, brothers, come, brothers!
Hasten all with me!
We'll sing upon the Kansas plains
The song of Liberty!

Lucy Larcom.

1855.

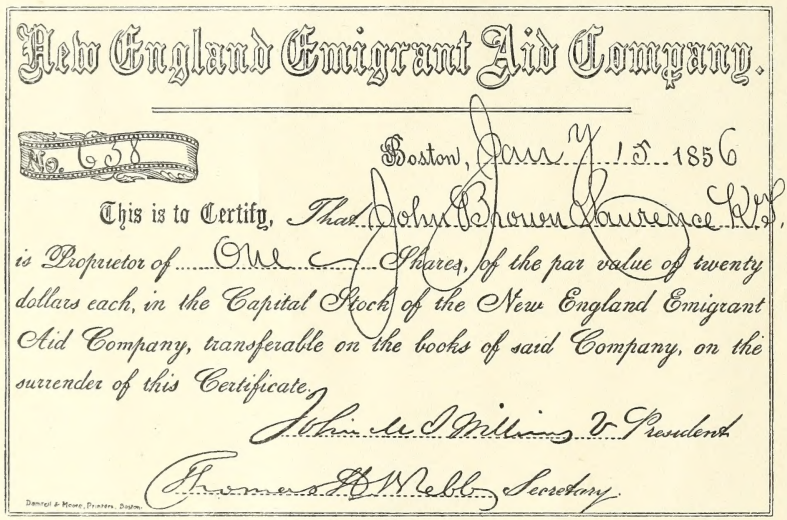
It is fair to say that before its bankruptcy the "Santa Fé" was peculiarly popular in Kansas. The hostile feeling toward railroads that has grown up of late years made an exception of the Santa Fé. It was felt to be a Kansas road, "one of our things." It had been fair, and often generous. It paid reasonable damage claims without fighting them through the courts. It kept on good terms with its employees and with its patrons. While the general policy of the road has not changed, it now has to economize, and we do not squander smiles on a bankrupt.

But if the Santa Fé Company was always managed so wisely and so honestly, how came the wreck that we now see? Very much as wrecks on the ocean come. There were fogs and cyclones, and a lack of lighthouses.

Before the Santa Fé came, Kansas had had its ups and downs. The agents and prophets of the Emigrant Aid Company proclaimed the Territory, which then stretched to the Rocky Mountains and of which they knew only the eastern quarter, to be a land flowing with milk and honey. In fact the wealth of the state has far exceeded their dreams. But it is a wealth, like that of New England, that has to be won by sacrifice and economy and endurance and labor and craft. Kansas is no land of Cokaygne. This was not understood for many years, and thence has come somewhat of the ill-feeling toward her. The drouth of 1860 was a severe experience and dispelled some illusions. But Kansas bore herself well during the war, sending more men to the front for her population than any other state, and after the war the

drouth was forgotten, while the homestead law brought a great influx of settlers. Then came the Santa Fé, the second line running the length of the state. Through the western half of the state the road traversed unsettled prairies whose only promise appeared in the herds of buffalo they nourished. The road had first to carry in the settlers before it could see the beginnings of traffic. If each mile of extension had waited for the assurance of immediate paying traffic it is doubtful whether the western border of Kansas would have been reached even yet. The Santa Fé did as genuine a work of civilization as the Emigrant Aid Company and a very much greater work quantitatively. But the Santa Fé movement was not inspired by that happy union of thrift and consecrated purpose which guided the first "Kansas Crusade." Amos Lawrence sometimes said that he regarded his Aid Company stock as a donation to the cause of freedom. So, when the financial failure of the enterprise came, he could smile and say with Mr. Hale: "We had our dividends long ago in free Kansas." Not so with the purchasers of the Atchison bonds and stock. They could not regard their contributions as donations. In many cases the whole dependence of poor families went into them. I well remember the anxious inquiries of men of moderate means in Maine when first the formerly gilt-edged stock "slumped" to 75, and I am glad I did not have to meet them when it touched bottom.

The year after the Santa Fé pioneers reached Coolidge is as black a one in the calendar as 1860. It is known as "the grasshopper year." A second time the outposts of agricul-


New England Emigrant Aid Company.

No. 638

Boston, Jan'y 15 1856

This is to Certify, That John Brown Lawrence W.S.

is Proprietor of One Shares, of the par value of twenty dollars each, in the Capital Stock of the New England Emigrant Aid Company, transferable on the books of said Company, on the surrender of this Certificate.

John M. Williams V. President

Francis D. Webb Secretary

Damrell & Moore, Printers, Boston.

ture recoiled, and men asked whether it was indeed possible to conquer and hold this empire of the plains. The Santa Fé stopped short.

But rains and harvests came again. It was recognized that the grasshoppers were one of the infrequent and unforeseeable calamities to which any region is liable. Capital was hungry for opportunity. The fourteen years beginning with 1875 were a period of extraordinary enterprise. The Santa Fé reached Pueblo in 1876, Las Vegas in 1879, Santa Fé in 1880, Deming, connecting with the Southern Pacific and completing a transcontinental route, in 1881; the Colorado River in 1883, thus completing its own trans-

continental connection by way of Southern California; Canon City, Denver, and Chicago, in 1887. The first dividend was paid in 1879, the last in 1889. What lay between? No great national calamities; no complete and widespread crop-failures; but a mad scramble of capital after greater dividends than it could get in the conservative East. The great and alluring goods are always far away. A tidal wave of capital surged toward the West—its crest on the year 1887. When it went down, as tidal waves must, it left the western plains covered with the wreckage of family argosies, with great financial whales and little suckers, and with detritus which in time will make fertile soil. The would-be borrowers were no more eager than the would-be lenders. The president of a great loan company said: "Letters were stacked two feet high on my desk asking for Kansas loans. Their very anxiety induced more loans than would have been placed otherwise." This madness for dividends was manifested most frightfully in railroad investments. The Santa Fé was meant to serve all the southern half of Kansas, and the country to the south and west of it. Its mileage with slow and rational growth would have been adequate to the end. But in the ten years from 1880 to 1890 the total railroad mileage in territory served by the Santa Fé increased from 13,758 to 82,316. The sharpening competition forced the Santa Fé itself to build much more rapidly than reason dictated. Competition is the life of trade, but it is often the death of the trader. It nearly proved the death of the Santa Fé. From 1885 to 1889 the Missouri Pacific built 1,071 miles, and the Rock Island 1,300 miles of road paralleling and competing with the Santa Fé, while the Burlington, and the Denver and Fort Worth also cut in heavily on its territory. To meet this competition the Santa Fé was compelled to construct nearly 2,000 miles. Besides all this the Company's transcontinental business was sought and divided by additional rail and water lines.

A tidal wave is not a tide. The time came when investors examined more closely the character of their securities. Products fell in price so that they could not be profitably exported. Enormous values, estimated in good faith under the unnatural stimulus of speculation, shrank to beggars' rags. Communities and traffic built on these values melted away like snow houses. Recently at an auction sale lots in additions to Western Kansas towns were sold for 37½ cents, which in 1889 were appraised by conservative men at from $30 to $75 each. We were insane. But New England and Kansas both had the disease. It was the insanity of greed. Doubtless there was some dishonesty; but it was mostly insanity.

With traffic thus shrunk to half its former bulk, and this remainder divided by many competitors, with a treasury depleted by forced extensions, and with tax levies undiminished, what wonder that the Santa Fé fell, along with the premature expansion of its tributary territory?

But the collapse of 1890–92 does not mean, any more than the drouth of 1860, or the grasshoppers of 1872–74, that Kansas is unworthy of her origin, that the prophets of the Aid Company and the Atchison and Topeka road were fools or deceivers. The values of 1887 were attempts to mortgage the future. They simply tried to reach too far. Some time, in twenty years or fifty years, there will be business for all the roads that feather-vein Kansas, and the rural suburbs of Wichita and Topeka will be comfortably filled. "Atchison" may never again touch 140, but under its new management, with values scaled down somewhat nearer to reality, it will yet be a sound investment for cautious buyers, and the merry clip of the dividend shears may again enliven New England homes.

The lesson of it all is that "slow and

sure" is still a good rule, that sound investments never go all in one direction, and, especially in the case of farm investments, that he who goes himself with his money and buys, does better than he who lends at long distance.

As the New Englander looks ruefully at his defaulted Atchison coupons, his shriveled Atchison stock or his foreclosed Kansas mortgage, let him not think harshly of his kinsman in Kansas, but, if he must, of his kinsman in New England who, in most cases, has the money that he parted with. The kinsman in Kansas never had anything to do with the defaulting of the railroad bonds, and the shrinkage of the stock is only a symptom of a calamity in which the Kansan was the first sufferer. As to real estate mortgages, where the New England investor has lost something, the Kansas borrower usually has lost everything; moreover, the defaulted mortgages are a mere drop in the bucket compared with those that have been paid in full, principal and interest. Finally, let the New Englander who still has investments in Kansas be of good cheer. The abusive language of political opponents is not to be taken at its face value. We do not altogether believe it ourselves. The party in power will do nothing hostile to legitimate property interests in Kansas.

It is pleasant to turn for a few moments, in closing, from the wreck of financial worlds to a line of investments which have never disappointed those who made them. In 1856, while he was contributing liberally in other ways to the Kansas cause, Amos A. Lawrence announced his intention of helping to found at Lawrence "a school of learning, and at the same time a monument to perpetuate the memory of those martyrs of liberty who fell during the recent struggles. It shall be called the 'Free-State College,' and all the friends of freedom shall be invited to lend a helping hand." Mr. Lawrence gave notes of Appleton College to the value of $10,000, which later became the nest-egg of the endowment of the University of Kansas. But the other friends of freedom did not respond to Mr. Lawrence's philanthropic proposal. It was just ten years before the University of Kansas was opened.

The same legislature of 1859 which chartered the Atchison and Topeka railroad issued a charter for the Lawrence University. This was as yet a local, denominational foundation. But in the same year the Wyandotte Constitution was drafted, providing for a State University. With Mr. Lawrence's consent the two were merged in one, and to-day the bust of this public-spirited citizen of Massachusetts stands in the chapel of the University of Kansas as founder of the institution. This, too, was an investment that never passed its dividends.

Many years later, William B. Spooner, one of the first directors of the New England Emigrant Aid Company, bethought him, as he made his will, of a young nephew of his connected with the "seminary of learning at Lawrence," and made this institution together with Oberlin College, Ohio, his residuary legatees. The $91,000 thus received was devoted to the construction of a library building and a life residence for chancellor F. H. Snow, the nephew referred to. The Spooner Library is a unique specimen in the series of charming buildings planned by Van Brunt and Howe, formerly of Boston, now of Kansas City.

Only twice did the Emigrant Aid Company violate its principle of not giving outright,—once when it gave a lot in Lawrence to the Episcopal Church, and second when in 1856 it donated one-half the proceeds of the sale of its lots in Manhattan to the Blue Mont College, an incipient institution then under Methodist patronage. Out of Blue Mont College by a process similar to that which brought the State University out of the Lawrence University, grew in

time the Kansas State Agricultural College, one of the noblest institutions of the commonwealth.

Here again as in the early days a little treasure deposited out of the way of moth and rust has gathered other treasure about it and become a source of blessing to all concerned. The people of Kansas do not forget these investments. Neither are they oblivious to the benefit of investments made with a merely selfish yet perfectly legitimate aim. But while they cannot promise to investments of the latter kind any more than can other parts of the world, large dividends or even insurance from loss, they have reared among them a generation of young men and women, grandchildren of New England and not wholly lacking in the early New England spirit, who are a guarantee that such investments as those of Amos A. Lawrence and William B. Spooner and the Emigrant Aid Company shall bring grateful and enduring returns.

A KNOW-NOTHING LEGISLATURE.

By George H. Haynes.



THERE is little that is distinctive in the ordinary State legislature. Some important law may associate itself with a given year; if, however, we attempt to call to mind the successive legislatures of a decade, instantly the memory blurs. But in the first week of the year 1855 there assembled in Boston a General Court so extraordinary in its origin, its personnel and its subsequent career, that forty years have not sufficed to efface its memory.

Unique in many ways had been the campaign that sent these law-makers thither. Three months before the election the press gives no hint of the unusual prevalence of so-called "American" ideas. Yet for a year zealots had been busily establishing throughout the State local councils or lodges of the Supreme Order of the Star Spangled Banner. Old Puritan exclusiveness, jealousy of Roman Catholic increase in numbers and in influence, alarm at the flood of immigrants that was pouring into Boston and leaving its sediment in the cities and manufacturing towns, exasperation at the large proportion of public charges among those of foreign birth, the guild feeling of a manufacturing population to which the ceremony of a secret society powerfully appealed,—all these combined with an utter dissatisfaction with the existing parties to make Massachusetts an exceptionally fertile field for the growth of the new order. But until there leaked out the report of the convention which nominated candidates for the State offices, few except those in the secret mistrusted that the new order would play any considerable part in politics.

Election day brought its surprises. The normal thing in Massachusetts politics had been a Whig legislature which would proceed to elect the governor, no candidate having polled a majority vote. But on the morning after the election in 1854 it was found that Gardner, the Know-nothing candidate, had swept the State, receiving a clear majority of nearly 33,000 over all opponents. 63 per cent of the total vote went to this candidate of a secret society.

In the legislature of 1854 the Whigs had been in large majority. But in the new Senate not a Whig was to be found; they were all Know-nothings. The possible membership of the House for this year

was 418. The choice of so large a number as 379 indicated a keen interest on the part of the towns. The roll included one Whig, one Democrat, one Free Soiler or Republican. The combined opposition constituted barely one per cent. The rest of the members were Know-nothings. Rarely indeed is a legislature found so absolutely under the control of a single party. Michigan has just afforded us an instructive parallel instance.

In the personnel of the new General Court it is of interest to notice the changed proportions in which the legislators were called from different occupations. "Sam" was not much inclined to summon Cincinnatus from his plow. In the number of farmers there was a falling off of from 30 to 50 per cent from that of previous years. This was balanced by a gain in the ranks from the building trades and shop industries. Know-nothingism was popular among the farmers, but it had its greatest vogue in the towns, where it could build upon a strong class feeling among the workers at the same craft. Clerks, teachers and physicians were unusually numerous; but in no other profession was the increased representation so marked as in the clergy. Twenty-four clergymen were members, four times as many as in 1854; nor has that number ever been approached since then. But for lawyers the Know-nothings had little use; like the Populists of to-day, they seemed to hold them in great distrust. The number of lawyers in the legislature for the seven years 1852–58 varied as follows: 31, 36, 46, 11, 29, 33, 48. Even the chairman of the committee on the judiciary was appointed from outside the legal profession, notwithstanding the fact that one of the eleven was a lawyer of very considerable ability.

The Know-nothings had been swept into power not so much by faith in their characteristic principles as by the conviction which they had successfully spread that the existing parties were worn out and hopelessly corrupt. It followed that by reason of past association with these parties of corruption, members of previous legislatures must in the main be proscribed as candidates. The new legislators must come with a fresh mandate from the uncorrupted and incorruptible American constituency. Thus for the time Massachusetts was to be deprived of all experience in her State councils. There was a sublime faith that all work legislative could be turned off by tyros, provided only they were Know-nothings. Of Boston's six senators only two, of her forty-four representatives only one, had had any previous legislative experience. In the whole House there were but thirty-four men, barely one-eleventh, who had ever before had seats upon its floor. Conservatives stood aghast at this throng of novices to whom all power was to be committed for a year. It was thought that the outgoing Governor, Emory Washburn, a stanch Whig, used pointedly ambiguous language when in opening the session of the legislature he declared: "So far as the *oath* is concerned the House of Representatives is duly competent to do its business"; and some wag suggested that the preacher of the election sermon before the legislature ought in fitness to choose for his text, Job 8: 9, "For we are but of yesterday, and know nothing."

In completing its organization, the Senate chose for its President a bright machinist, one of the very few who had seen a year's service in the lower house. The House elected for Speaker a Baptist clergyman of no legislative experience. In his speech of acceptance he frankly acknowledged his ignorance of parliamentary law and usage; of this he gave ample proof during the session. The first week saw no more weighty matters settled than the election of State Treasurer, the choice of chaplains and the allotment of seats. In this last seniority had been the rule in the

Senate; but there was now no senior member! It took far more time and a deal of angry debate to decide that each member should be allowed but three newspapers daily, the *State Register,* the *Boston Almanac* and a much-needed copy of *Cushing's Manual.* The including in this list of such periodicals as *Dwight's Journal of Music* and *Gleason's Pictorial* was frowned upon, and an amendment authorizing members to claim the money value of the newspapers in lieu of the papers themselves was voted down. Notable victories were won in banishing snuff, tobacco and chamomile flowers from the Speaker's desk and in enacting that the members should be furnished with no stationery but that of American manufacture.

The first business of importance was the filling of the vacancy in the United States Senate. It straightway became evident not only that all was not harmony within the Know-nothing ranks, but that on the contrary "the control of the party was not in the hands of those members of it who honestly adopted its platform and were seeking to carry out its principles." An analysis of the gubernatorial vote in 1853 and 1854 seems to indicate that while something like 55 per cent of the Whigs and 62 per cent of the Democrats deserted their old allegiance, 77 per cent of the Free Soilers had merged themselves in the American Party. Massachusetts Free Soilers had ever shown a fondness for coalition. Under the lead of Henry Wilson they had formed an alliance with the Democrats, which brought them into power in 1852. But the partnership was too ill-sorted to be lasting, and in 1854 the Free Soilers found themselves standing alone. Neither the furtherance of their principles nor the delights of office were to be attained in the near future unless some new combination could be effected. At this juncture the American party made its opportune appearance. It is true that the Free Soil principle of the universal brotherhood of man irrespective of race or creed seemed hardly in accord with the spirit of a secret, oath-bound order, that sought to exclude from all participation in American political life every man of foreign birth or of Roman Catholic faith. Henry Wilson himself was not unmindful of this inconsistency. As he told a friend, "he shrank from having certain men see him enter the place of meeting and, influenced by this feeling, walked up and down the street before the door until he could find an opportunity to enter unobserved." But so rare a chance for a rapid stride to power must not be lost. To seize the Know-nothing machinery,—that was the first task; the running of it according to Free Soil principles could be done later, at leisure. Into the local councils of the order accordingly trooped the Free Soilers, bringing the experience gained in several years of shrewd maneuvering. The Know-nothings were inexperienced and felt flattered at the large accessions, and speedily by clever management the newcomers found their way to office and influence far beyond that to which their numbers would seem to have entitled them.

In the legislative caucus Henry Wilson proved to be the leading candidate for the vacant senatorship. He was strenuously opposed, both because of his radical Free Soilism, which it was feared would make the South suspicious of the order, and because with reason it was believed that he had not the principles of the American party sincerely at heart. His election left no doubt that, relatively small as were the numbers of Free Soilers, they had nevertheless, by virtue of their superior tactics, secured a majority in both houses. As they had elected the senator and seven of the eleven congressmen, the contemporary comment seemed justified, that in the distribution of offices "the Free Soilers had taken the

turkey for their part, given the Whigs the hawk, and allowed the Democrats to smell of the game." Further proof of the dominance of Free Soilism was given later in the session by the large majorities which carried the Personal Liberty Bill and the address to the Governor from each House demanding the removal of Judge Loring, who as United States Commissioner had rendered a decision obnoxious to Massachusetts anti-slavery sentiment, and by the angry debates that followed the Governor's refusal thus to remove a judge for purely political reasons.

When once the senatorial election was out of the way and the General Court could settle down to its legislative work, there was no lack of patriotic proposals and of wordy debate. Of leadership there was none, and when action was called for faction reigned supreme. In his inaugural the Governor had emphasized the necessity of investigating and modifying the law in regard to the State paupers, yet not until late in the session was the matter referred to a committee, and nothing was accomplished beyond the handing on to the next legislature of its report.

Much fervid eloquence was expended upon quite a list of proposed amendments to the constitution. The proposal to restrict the suffrage to those who could read and write the English language was voted down. A test of intelligence was not the one which these legislators deemed the most important. On the very last day of the session there was rushed through an amendment restricting office-holding to citizens of the United States by birth, and excluding from the franchise all who had not been for twenty-one years resident in the United States and legally naturalized. This crudely drawn and ill-advised amendment—almost the only distinctively American piece of legislation which the Know-nothings left upon the statute books—met a timely death at the hands of the next legislature.

Temperance agitation had figured in the ante-election campaign. Since 1852 the State had been under a so-called "Maine law." It was stated that every member of the Senate and seven-eighths of the House were opposed to its repeal. The principle of prohibition found general approval among the members, but the old law needed modification. After long discussion, by large majorities, but against strenuous opposition, a law was enacted which under the severest penalties prohibited the manufacture and sale of any kind of liquors, wine, beer or cider except by authorized agents and under careful registration. In the American party and especially in the legislature this law proved a two-edged sword, severing more completely the already hostile factions.

It was along educational lines that the genuine Americans feared the most dangerous "papist" attack. A bill was early introduced requiring that teachers in private schools submit to examination by the school committee and that private schools be open to visits from the school committee, "with a view to determine if the studies pursued are such as to meet the demand of a common school education as now defined by law." The champion of this bill declared that "the principal elements involved in this subject were the occasion of his coming to the legislature this session." Considering the excited debates on the public schools it is surprising that the only educational measure of any importance which found its way into the statute book was a law requiring "the daily reading in the public schools of some portion of the Bible in the common English version."

But convents and nunneries were the bugbears that preyed most heavily upon the Know-nothing imagination. Early in the session there was appointed a joint special committee on the inspection of such in-

stitutions. Some time later, on motion of a member of this committee named Hiss, an order passed both houses authorizing and instructing this committee to "visit such Theological Seminaries, Boarding Schools, Academies, Nunneries, Convents and other institutions of like character as they may deem necessary to enable them to make a final report on the subject committed to them." Under this loosely drawn warrant the committee might invade at its discretion any one of the hundreds of private schools in the State; but every one understood that it was directed at Roman Catholic institutions alone. It soon became apparent that the committee had sought this authorization less for the purpose of ferreting out imaginary abuses than of going on junkets at the expense of the State. After the third of these visitations the clamor of the press put a stop to them and set the legislature to investigating its committee's conduct. Each trip had served as a grand picnic, to which friends both in and out of the legislature had been invited, sometimes to twice the number of committee members present. At Worcester the party spent a merry night at one of the hotels. At Roxbury, after some twenty minutes of impertinent rummaging through a private school, the party of sixteen, only five of whom were members of the committee, spent three hours in discussing an elaborate dinner which they had taken care to order in advance. Champagne flowed freely, at the State's expense, for these lawmakers, although the legislature by a vote of six to one had just enacted a law greatly increasing the penalties for the illegal sale of liquors. At Lowell by order of Hiss the hotel expenses of a woman of notoriously easy virtue were included in the bill paid by the State. With great reluctance the legislature found itself forced by the press to consider these disgraceful performances. Trying to hush the matter up or to whitewash the chief offender was without avail. After the scandals had been aired by three successive committees of investigation, Hiss was expelled from the House. Yet 150 members dodged the vote. In his own defense Hiss had the effrontery to urge that the charges against him had not been proved and that, even if he had been guilty of them, such "indiscretions" on the part of many of his colleagues had not heretofore been considered disgraceful, while not a few, notably the chairman of the committee which denounced him, had been guilty of more serious offenses. The final report of this noisome nunnery committee, which had thus disgraced the legislature at home and abroad, amounted to absolutely nothing.

Such disclosures led to a critical scrutiny of the doings of other committees and of private members, and soon there was brought to light a record of petty stealings hardly to be expected from men of a party claiming to stand upon so lofty a plane of patriotism. An imperative demand for the law requiring that no accounts of committees should be allowed unless properly drawn up and attested was found in the abuses which had been experienced. Nor was it an inspiring spectacle to find members of the legislature calling upon the clerks to furnish them with penknives to the number of 800 and over, for which the State paid from $1.50 to $3.00 apiece. Such petty pickings were the more odious as they showed how widespread among the members was the notion that within moderate limits cheating the government was a venial offense. The low moral tone was evidenced also by the rigor with which all except Know-nothings were turned out of the offices, even if these were purely clerical. It must, however, in candor be added that the vast majority of the officeholders, forewarned of the impending doom, had saved their heads by trooping into the Know-nothing ranks. Another instance of favoritism was seen on the

very last day of the session in the rushing through of pet acts of incorporation for the two newspapers that had been the stanchest apologists for Know-nothing failings. One of the most sensible acts passed by this legislature has immortalized itself in an epithet. This law required that every locomotive should be brought to a full stop before crossing the tracks of another railroad, and the term, "Know-nothing crossing," survives in current use unto this day, although few could now tell its origin. One other act is of interest, as betokening an uneasy conscience. By a law of long standing the taking or administering of an oath, except by properly constituted authorities, was an offense punishable by fine. This law every one of the Know-nothing legislators had unquestionably violated. On motion of one of the clerical members, without debate or any reference to the subject matter, this law was quietly repealed.

Every one breathed a sigh of relief when the legislature was finally prorogued. Even the Know-nothing organs did not rise above the apologetic in their comment upon its work. Economy and a short session had been urged upon it by the Governor and by both presiding officers. Yet this session dragged out to 139 days, a length which had been exceeded but twice in the history of the State, and the pay roll, owing to the increased pay voted to the members, was nearly double that of any previous long session. Merely for the payment of members and officers it had been costing Massachusetts nearly $1,300 a day. Indeed the most prominent characteristic of this legislature was extravagance,—extravagance in money matters, but not less also in word and in deed. What else could have been expected as the result of such a campaign as that of 1854? Nine-tenths of the members were utter novices at law-making; yet conceit and arrogance were by no means lacking. To this leaderless crowd was given unchecked power. With but three or four exceptions the whole number belonged to the same party. Its very strength was its weakness. Party measures lost the searching scrutiny, the pointing out of defects, the fixing of individual responsibility, that would have come from a formidable opposition. An old and experienced party would have found in such irresponsible power a severe test of its public spirit and self-control. It is not strange, therefore, that in this legislature of "freshmen" many a crude and unwise bill passed unnoticed and that debate not infrequently "dwindled into the casual or ill-considered talk of the sidewalk and omnibus."

Despite the scandals of the session, it would be a mistake to infer that the majority of members were not men of at least average intelligence and integrity. The Know-nothing members fell into three groups: first, those who were sincere believers in the so-called "American" principles; second, the Free Soilers, some indifferent, some at heart distinctly hostile to these "American" principles, but who had nevertheless seized the Know-nothing machinery—these two classes being on the average not less worthy than the members of most Massachusetts legislatures; third, however, there was much in evidence a relatively small group of cheap politicians, utterly unprincipled, who were simply working Know-nothingism for their own ends. At the time that "Sam" reached Boston, he was there greeted by a Native American party of several years' standing. It was a band of men united by no principle but by a common prejudice, an antipathy to Irish Catholics. It was even said that Germans and Irish Orangemen were included in its membership. In the elegant political slang of the period, this Boston society was made up of "Pro-Slavery Rum Hunkers." Being already enlisted under the colors of an "American" organization, they became

charter members of the Know-nothing councils, and their experience and the prestige of years spent in the "cause" gave them an influence almost as great as it was unmerited. A specimen of these lucky adventurers was Hiss, who at the very time of his expulsion from the House was "Grand Worshipful Instructor" in the State organization. It was a bad streak that was thus brought into the order, and most of the scandals of the legislature's session could be traced in large measure to these disreputable members.

1855 was a year of very rapid political readjustment. After the Philadelphia convention in June, which pledged the national organization to a let-alone policy as regarded slavery, the local councils in Massachusetts were reorganized upon the so-called Springfield platform, which took strong antislavery ground. But there is good evidence that hardly one-fourth of the old members retained their connection with the order. Native Americanism could no longer obscure the one real issue of the hour. Governor Gardner, too, largely because of his plucky support of Judge Loring, had ceased to be the rallying point of the Know-nothings, and the new liquor law "cut the party in twain like a burning plowshare." Hence it happened that in January of 1856 there assembled a legislature of very different complexion from that which we have been considering. Barely one-sixth of the old members were reëlected. For the most part the preachers, the teachers, the doctors and the shop hands were allowed to stay at home, and merchants and lawyers were again called upon to lend a hand at law-making. Nominally there was a fair "American" majority in the Senate and a narrow one in the House, but many of these members had been elected as coalition candidates. It is doubtful if any distinctively "American" act could have been passed, and the spirit that would prompt such legislation had largely died out.

In an antislavery lecture delivered in Boston soon after the opening of the Know-nothing legislature, Ralph Waldo Emerson, speaking of the recent political upheaval, said: "We were clear that the old parties could not lead us. They were plainly bankrupt. Those political machineries and politicians were discarded; we will have none of them. Yes, but shall we therefore abdicate our reason? I employed false guides and they misled me. Shall I therefore put my head in a bag? . . . The old parties found no respect, but were turned out by an immense joke. Yes, but to persist in a joke like this! I don't like very well joking with edged tools; and there is no knife so sharp as legislation." Before the end of the year this "immense joke" had lost its savor, and Massachusetts showed a decided inclination to put her edged tools into more competent hands.

ONE OF THE STRANGERS AT OUR GATES.

By Max Bennett Thrasher.

IN these days when the restriction of immigration is the demand of so many orators, immigration is apt to be thought of only as meaning the coming of new denizens from across the Atlantic. Few think of the great number of French Canadians who are quietly slipping over the northern border of New England each year. It may be true that this influx affects little of the country except New England, but there it has been so great as to have almost changed the nature of the population of certain towns and cities, especially those engaged in cotton and woolen manufacturing.

There are two classes of Canadian immigrants, those whose interests are purely agricultural, and those who care only to work in the mills. The immigrant of the former class usually comes over the line first as an extra farm hand in haying time. He can talk little or no English, and he has a sorry apology for clothes. At the end of his first season he returns with a very entertaining if not very intelligible knowledge of the English language, and all of his wages which he has not invested in a cheap suit of ready-made clothes. The next year he comes back again, piloting two or three more of his fellows, who are like to what he was the year before. In time these men get money enough together to buy an interest in an acre or two of land. After this their families are brought over the line, and they settle down to live. Where there is still unsettled woodland they often make their homes, building a log house and, year by year, clearing the land around it. If the beginning of the little farm is in the open country, any old house which can be bought cheap, moved and patched up answers to begin the home in. It is in truth a home, for the Canadian immigrant families always abound in children. I have known three families in which there were twenty children each, while those where the number is from fifteen to twenty are so numerous as to attract no comment.

Back of the house soon comes some apology for a stable; for the rural Canadian is desolate without his horse, be he, as he usually is, ever so sorry looking a beast, and swapping horses is the one recreation of which these people never tire. Around the house is a potato patch and a bit of garden, in which hens and geese wander at will. Up the front of the house are almost sure to be trained streamers of scarlet beans, the blazing color of these flowers appealing particularly to the Canadian eye. The care of the garden and, more or less, of the entire farm falls upon the wife and children, for the head of the house now extends his work in the haying time over the whole year, and finds work either by the day here and there or steadily on some farm by the month or year. Before farm machinery was as much used as now, the Canadian women were in great demand for some kinds of outdoor farm work. They did the lighter work in the hayfield, hoeing and weeding, and in reaping wheat and barley were almost always the superiors of the men.

The Canadian whose taste leads him to seek factory work and city life comes by rail into the centre or south of New England. He starts either in company with some friend who has

come for a visit or in response to the glowing letters of his companions who have gone on before. The French are inveterate letter writers, back and forth, albeit their education is apt to be so scanty that if the letters are as difficult to read as the addresses on the envelopes each one must mean a day's time to the recipients. For some years I was postmaster in a town on the Canadian line, where these letters were constantly passing through my hands, and I had many a struggle with the enigmatic addresses. I remember that several letters had been posted at my office at different times in the same handwriting, the name of the town on the envelope being "rad-e-lan." I had given up on this until one day I happened to see a Canadian deposit one of these letters in the box, and hailed him. Imagine my astonishment when he interpreted it as "Rock Island" and showed considerable surprise at my lack of penetration. While I was engaged in this post office work I became interested in the absolute change of name which many of these immigrant families effected, and the ease with which new proper names were thus added to our list. One thing which has always impressed me is the desire which the members of the younger generation of the Canadian immigrants have to lose their own national identity in that of the American. This tends to help greatly to make them, what I have always been convinced they are, among the most desirable of our foreign born population. The Canadian immigrant who brings his family across the line retains his original French name; but his children, as they grow up, are almost sure to change it or to adopt the English equivalent for the French name, if there is one. In this way Pierre Boulanger's son is called, and signs his name, Peter Baker; Alphonse Bienvenue becomes Alonzo Welcome; La Roche is called Stone; and Boivert, Greenwood. The postmaster must understand and remember that the Canadian letters which come addressed to Henri Couturier are for the man whose mail of United States origin designates him as Henry Taylor. These changes are the more readily accepted by the Yankee neighbors of the newcomers for the reason that the Anglicized form is so much easier to write and spell, a matter of no small moment to the tradesman, since the Canadian laborer almost always runs store bills and pays them monthly. Where there is no literal translation, a substitute, having some similarity in sound, and easier to spell, is sometimes invented by the tradesman, and often finally adopted by the man to whom it is applied. I know one large company of families who changed in this way from Turcotte to Hitchcock. The La Pierre family became Lapier; and Robertille, Rabitaw. The aristocratic D'Archambeau comes up in the simpler but much more plebian looking Shambow. One man whose name was Cheval, and who did not himself abandon the use of that name, was known, spoken of and addressed by his neighbors for years as "Old Horse."

With reference to the kind of English these people talk and the difficulty which they find in mastering gender in our grammar, I remember the remark of a Canadian neighbor who had then lived in "the States" at least ten years. He was telling me of a tragedy which had happened in his barnyard, and said: "When I go out to my barn dis morning, my old rooster she jump on de pen, my old sow he grab 'em."

The development of the Canadians in the cities has in some respects been very different from that of those who have settled in the country. The first appearance of these people in the Merrimac and Blackstone valleys was in the sixties, when the cotton manufacturers found themselves short of help and sent agents into the Queen's dominions to get men to leave the farms and come,

a carload at a time, often with their families, to work in the cotton mills. I have found it impossible in any of the New England states to get accurate statistics as to just how many Canadian-born residents there now are within their borders, but in certain cities I find that the proportion of the Canadians has increased from one-fourth or less, in 1876, to over one-half in 1896. One city, at least, Woonsocket, R. I., has been presided over, and in an exceedingly able manner, by a French mayor. Rhode Island, too, sent a French Canadian as Commissioner to the last Paris Exposition.

In the cities and factory towns there is much greater desire evinced to retain the original names and the use of the French language. There are large clubs for weekly debates, smoke talks, and many dramatic clubs. Almost every manufacturing town of any size has at least one French paper. Very many of the parochial schools are conducted in French a half day and English a half day. The generation which is now in young manhood and young womanhood, as well as that coming after, is thus equally proficient in the two languages, and this gives the young people a tremendous advantage in obtaining commercial employment.

So far as attire is concerned, the New England Canadians are apt to be the "dressiest" people in town. In the evening, or on Sundays, the young men are sure to have the most fashionable tie and the latest style in creased trousers, while the attractive dress of the women is noticed by strangers at once. The mill help are generally better dressed than the average Yankee of the middle classes.

These people are extremely fond of social life, like the Parisians, and in every strata of their society parties, balls and other gatherings are freely indulged in. Unlike the Parisian, however, this social gayety does not seem to interfere with the domestic feelings or the existence of the large families which have already been commented on.

Both priests and laity are very proud, and justly so, of the social and educational progress of the race under its new conditions, and they are very cordial towards those of other nationalities who may visit their schools, convents or churches. I am familiar with one parish where one of the priests is assigned solely to looking out for the young people. He has to aid him a fine brick gymnasium building, containing everything which goes with a first class athletic club, reading room, library and theatre. He has organized a choral union for vocal drill, and a good brass band.

Very many of the French still send their children back to Canada for an academic education,—generally at about the age of twelve. They call it "going to college." Thousands of children are in this way now in the schools and convents of Montreal, St. Hyacinthe, Ste. Marie de Monnoir, Nicolet, Quebec and other towns.

The chain of St. Jean Baptiste societies throughout New England is the Free Masonry of the French Canadians. Its aim is to preserve the language and literature and to afford mutual life insurance and benefits for the sick.

Many of the peculiar Canadian customs have been transplanted into the New England factory towns. New Year's day and St. John's day (June 24) are their holidays. For decorations on St. John's day they have introduced the Canadian custom of planting trees on both sides of the streets, just for that day only. In the smaller villages and factory towns a wedding, which among these people always occurs in the morning, is followed by a drive in open barouches through the streets. The whole party goes. If the contracting families are people whose means do not permit of the expense of carriages, the drive becomes a promenade, two by two, the bride and groom leading,

followed by the bridesmaid and the best man and all the rest of the party, along the sidewalks of the business part of the town. All are attired ultra fashionably and conspicuously, the bride in white, with white kid boots, which sometimes, alas, go splashing through the mud. The day is spent in feasting, and closes with a kitchen dance.

The natural inclination of the descendants of the natives of Normandy and Brittany to assert their rights in the courts, as exhibited in Canada, does not have free scope in the United States. The first comers across the line were poor, ignorant of our laws and of the language in which they are written and administered, and they had no leisure for litigation. Later, when the exodus from Canada became greater, and their priests began to come with them, leaving the notary and the advocate behind, it was customary for the priest to settle most of the difficulties arising among the members of his flock. These adjustments of their difficulties were usually equitable and just and accomplished with tact and discrimination. These pastors have saved their parishioners not only many heart-burnings and wounded feelings, but much expense and trouble attendant upon the law's delays.

Now, however, a new generation, born in this country and familiar with our language, is rapidly attaining its majority. They are more independent than their fathers, sometimes less inclined to follow the salutary advice of their pastors. Without being turbulent or law-breaking as a class, they are no longer quite so docile as formerly, and they occasionally come before the police courts,—not often, however, for violent crimes or misdemeanors. They are not given to stirring up strikes or boycotts. Jealous of their rights, they are quick to resent anything approaching an insult, and they have attained to that degree of civilization that they are inclined to seek a remedy in the courts rather than have it out in personal encounters. They are uniformly polite and considerate, not only among themselves but among their English-speaking neighbors as well; and that has a tendency to prevent the necessity of appealing to the courts. In court they still feel at a disadvantage on account of their language, even though they speak English and understand it tolerably well. They almost invariably require the assistance of an interpreter for fear some word will be used out of its, to them, ordinary sense, and that thereby they may be made to say what they do not intend.

In the larger New England towns, where there are several thousand French Canadians, they have able attorneys of their own race, who speak both languages with ease. In the medical profession too, the men of this race are fully and creditably represented. In commercial lines, in the towns where they have settled most freely, they hold their own with the natives,—often more than hold their own.

Wherever the authorities wink at the violation of the liquor laws, the Canadians are quick to perceive their opportunity to make money in the illicit trade and readily avail themselves of the chances thus offered them. Much of the trouble which they have with each other arises from their tendency to drink. Naturally quick tempered, albeit as quickly placated, when excited by liquor they become quarrelsome. Before the Canadian laws imposed a tax on liquor, and prices were therefore much less in that country than in the States, the Frenchmen living near the line proved most adroit smugglers. I knew one man who had a tin can fitted to his back, which, worn under his coat, made him look merely a little hunch-backed. Before this was discovered he had been walking back and forth across the line for several years, ostensibly to visit relatives, but really bringing in no one knows how many gallons of whisky. The

favorite drink of the Canadian is what he calls "high-wines," little different from diluted alcohol,—and when he cannot get it, the latter seems to form a satisfactory substitute. The toughness of the stomachs of some of these people is a constant source of astonishment to those who have a chance to see what they put into it.

Family ties are strong among them and they frequently visit back and forth. Sunday is the favorite day for this, and father, mother and all the children come to spend the entire day. In the rural districts the men improve the opportunity to trade horses; many is the month when a Frenchman owns four or more different horses in the month, and never but one at a time.

The younger people of the race, of both sexes, are almost always good-looking, often strikingly handsome. Usually dark, but sometimes with a clear, dead-white complexion and dark hair, they have wonderfully beautiful dark eyes. In the children this is particularly marked. When teaching school in a border town I have had many a Canadian child among my scholars, ragged and dirty, perhaps, but with eyes which would compel admiration.

From what I have seen of the French Canadian, I should say that he is among the most desirable of those who seek a residence in the United States. He possesses the power of adaptability to a remarkable degree, and it is his chief desire to merge himself in the new civilization into which he has come. He is bound to become a good, law-abiding citizen in the end, and in the third generation to become thoroughly Americanized.

FUTILITY.

By Madison Cawein.

EARTH gives its flowers to us,
And heaven its stars. Indeed,
These are as lips that woo us,
Those are as hands that lead,
With love, that doth pursue us,
With hope, that still doth speed.

Yet shall the flowers lie riven,
And lips forget to kiss;
The stars fade out of heaven,
And hands lead us amiss,—
As love, for which we've striven,
As hope, that promises.

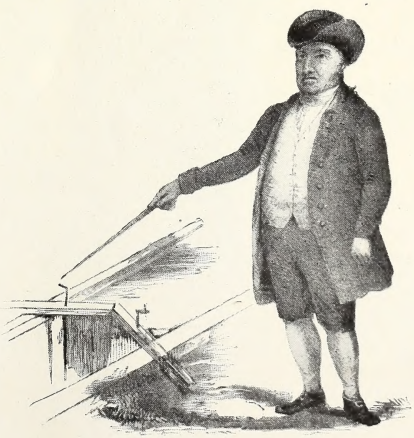
Manchester, New Hampshire



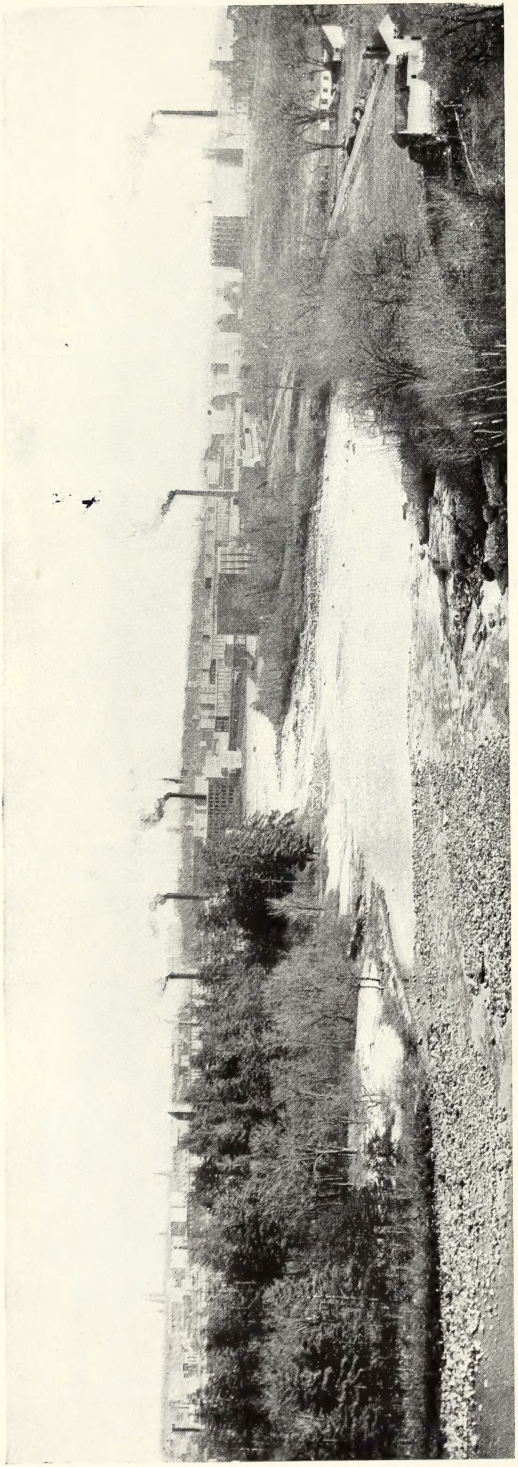
By J. W. Fellows.

THE city of Manchester is located in the valley of the Merrimack, about fifty-five miles north of Boston. Its site is mainly upon a tableland about a hundred feet above the bed of the river, rising gradually to the hills on the north and east, but widening out into a comparatively level country on the south, while the Uncanoonucs and "Joe English Hill" present a bold and picturesque outline upon the western horizon. The city is well shaded, mostly by elms, and has sometimes been called the "Elm City of New England." It is properly styled the "Queen City of New Hampshire."

The early history of the city is interesting, from the many legendary and romantic stories of the Indians who occupied the country along the river from Nashua to the lakes on the north. There is no doubt that the powerful tribes over which Passaconaway is said to have ruled inhabited all this country, and that the stories oft repeated in prose and poetry of their skill in capturing the beautiful salmon



HON. SAMUEL BLODGETT.

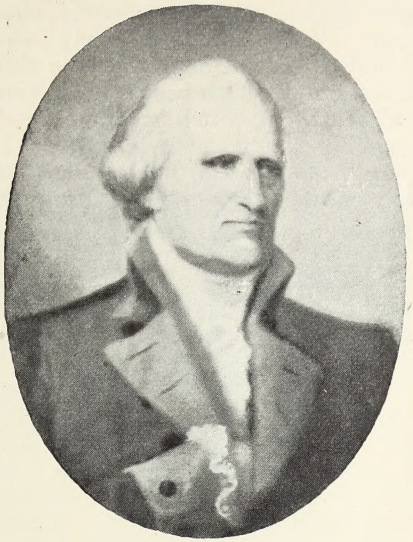


VIEW OF MANCHESTER.

and the "gamy shad" at the Falls and their warlike achievements as well as their slight approach to the pursuits of civilization are well founded in fact. But while the romantic character of their history and the interest which dwells upon their hunting grounds, their wigwam villages and their savage prowess are fascinating and attractive, it is of the origin, growth and present industries of Manchester that we prefer to write.

Although Manchester has but recently celebrated her semi-centennial, there is much in her history to be proud of. Few cities have achieved a more honorable record in national and state affairs or accomplished greater work in the pursuits of peace and industry. Proud of her history and of the great events which have given her renown, Manchester is prouder still of her industrial prosperity and her preëminence as a commercial and manufacturing community; and as she looks with admiration upon the busy Merrimack flowing at her feet and catches the din and rattle of the loom and the hum and whir of the spindle as they reach the ear from her sister cities down the river, mingling with her own, she may realize truly that "Peace hath her victories no less renowned than war." She has a population of about fifty-five thousand people, active, industrious, energetic, engaged in all the various pursuits of life and characterized by the noble purpose of earning a livelihood by honest labor and discharging the duties of enlightened citizenship.

The first settlements within



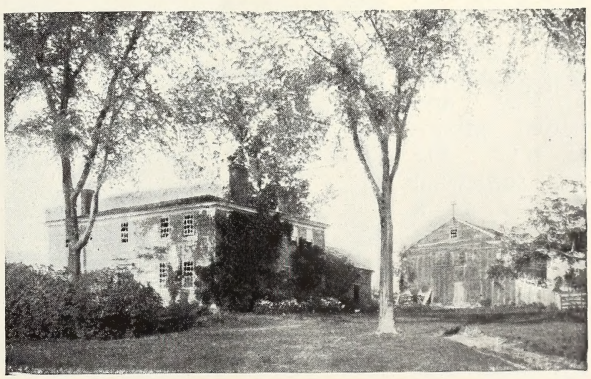
GENERAL JOHN STARK.

the boundaries of Manchester are said to have been made in 1722, by John Goffe, Benjamin Kidder and Edward Lingfield, near the Cohas River, in the southern part of the town. A few more families came in the succeeding years, and in 1733 Archibald Stark, John McNeil and John Riddle settled upon farms near the Amoskeag Falls. Other settlements were made in the vicinity, but the increase was slow. In 1751 the charter of the town of Derryfield was granted by Governor Benning Wentworth. The grant comprised parts of Chester, Londonderry and Harrytown. A year later the remaining portion of Harrytown was added to the original grant, and in 1853 portions of the towns of Bedford and Goffstown were annexed to the city, making about thirty-four square miles of territory.

There was no particular attraction to bring settlers into Derryfield, and in those early years the increase of population was not rapid. In 1775 the number of people was 285, and in 1790, 362.

Derryfield had been represented at Bunker Hill, at Bennington and at Saratoga. Her gallant and intrepid Stark, with his neighbors and comrades, had rendered valiant service in the cause of freedom, and when peace and independence were achieved it took years of toil and hardship before the dawn of prosperity shone upon this little community. An uneventful period followed. Nothing of note seems to have occurred until 1794, when Samuel Blodgett, destined to perform a most important part in the building of Manchester, projected the great undertaking of constructing his canal around the Falls. 14894

It is not known at what time the idea of building mills in Manchester and utilizing the power of the Merrimack first took form. Throughout the earlier history the Amoskeag Falls are frequently alluded to as being of great importance. In 1731 they had attracted the attention of Governor Belcher and several of "His Majesty's Council," who came to this part of the country for a "reconnaissance." Their report runs thus: "His Excellency was much pleased with the fine soil of Chester, the extraordinary improvements at Derry and the mighty Falls at Skeag." The Falls were, however, generally spoken of as valuable for fishing purposes, but were regarded as an obstruction to commerce



THE OLD STARK HOMESTEAD.



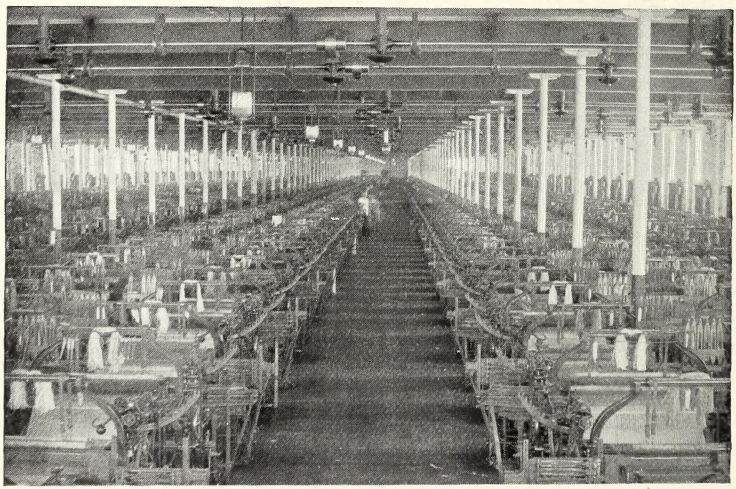
THE MONUMENT TO GENERAL STARK.

and the transportation of merchandise to the settlements along the river. It seems that the first thought of a canal which took form in Mr. Blodgett's mind was for the purpose of "locking lumber" around the Falls. He did not then dream of the future Manchester, and had no conception of the immense power waiting so long to be utilized for countless industries and the founding of a great city.

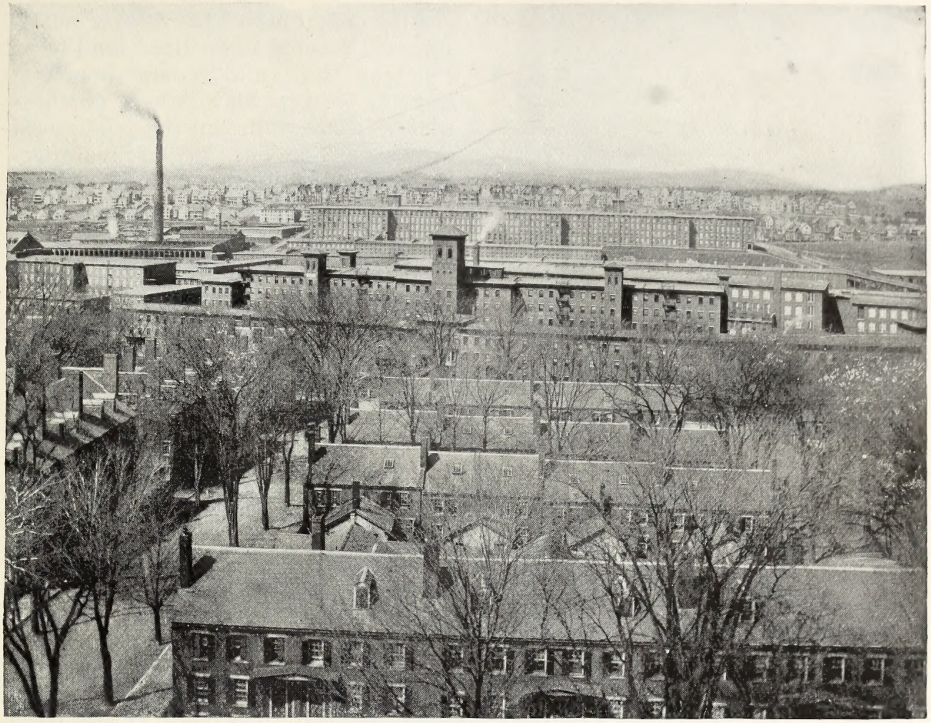
Mr. Blodgett was a man of natural ability and varied attainments. He was somewhat famous as a soldier and as a jurist, was possessed of considerable financial ability, and was noted for great perseverance and firmness of character. We cannot here say what is due to his memory, but the celebrated canals which bear his name and the great work which is being done in the manufactories of the city where he spent his life and fortune are far more eloquent than any eulogy. Truly "he builded better than he knew."

The work upon the canal was prosecuted with varied success for several years by Mr. Blodgett, until his private means were entirely exhausted. He pursued his undertaking against obstacles which would have disheartened the ordinary man. Freshets washed away his works; enemies maligned his character and threw every possible hindrance in his way. At one time he was cast into prison for debt, and those whom he had regarded as friends deserted him at the time when he was in the greatest need. But he persevered, never doubting that his final success would be complete. In 1798 he obtained a charter. At several times the privileges of a lottery were granted by the legislatures of New Hampshire and of Massachusetts to raise money for his work, and other expedients were resorted to.

In the meantime, the Middlesex canal in Massachusetts having shown a favorable record for business, parties

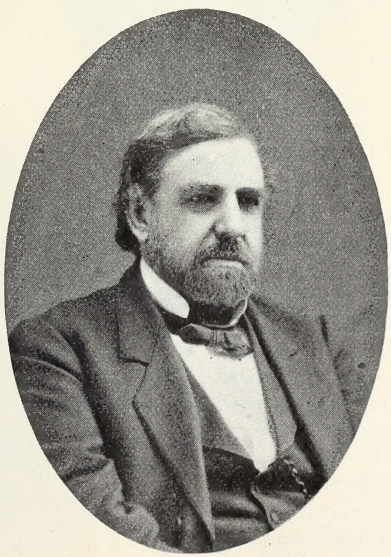


WEAVING ROOM IN THE AMOSKEAG MILLS.



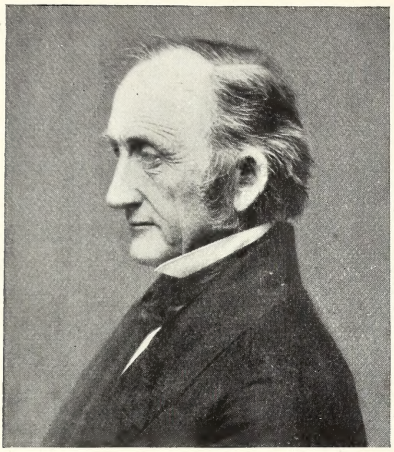
BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE AMOSKEAG MILLS.

interested there were encouraged to sustain his efforts. In presenting the subject to the public, he speaks enthusiastically about the advantages of commercial intercourse with the inhabitants of Massachusetts; and it is curious to note that emphasis is laid upon the fact that nine thousand and five tons of merchandise passed through the Middlesex canal in one season. Further aid was obtained from the Massachusetts legislature, and the locks were finished in the Blodgett canal in December, 1806. The first of the following May was appointed for the grand opening, and the originator of this noble work, then more than eighty-three years of age, passed, upon a raft with a few friends, from the head of his canal through the locks into the Merrimack River. The full importance of this event was comprehended by no one, but the work laid the foundations of the city and inaugurated that splendid career which has given her high rank among the great manufacturing communities of the world.



E. A. STRAW.

In 1810 the name

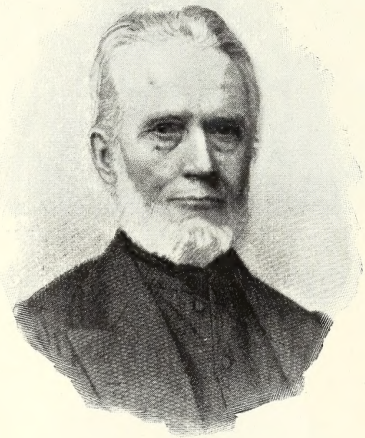


REV. CYRUS WALLACE.

of Derryfield was changed to Manchester. It is said the name was suggested by Mr. Blodgett from the idea that the city would be the Manchester of New England, rivaling her sister manufacturing city across the Atlantic.

The manufacture of cotton upon the Merrimack was started at Amoskeag Falls in 1809 by Mr. Benjamin Prichard and others, who erected a saw mill in that part of Goffstown now included within Manchester. The name of the mill was "The Amoskeag Cotton and Wool Factory." No very marked success attended this enterprise. The mills changed owners several times, and were operated with little or no profit until about 1825, when a new company was formed by capitalists from Boston, which commenced business immediately. Mr. Oliver Dean, one of the principal owners, was chosen agent, and under his management additions were made and machinery for making ticking was obtained. A new building was erected upon the island for a machine shop, and several boarding houses, stores and other business places were built in the village of Amoskeag. The goods manufactured soon acquired a reputation, and the "A. C. A." ticking, now known the world over, became a staple product.

The immense hydraulic power afforded by the Falls was now fully appreciated. Large tracts of adjacent land were purchased and it was soon determined to commence manufacturing upon a more extensive scale. In 1831 the charter of the Amoskeag Manufacturing Company was obtained and the company organized, and the proprietors engaged in the enterprise with energy and activity. In 1835, it having been determined that the east side of the river was the most desirable for extensive works, they acquired all the lands which seemed necessary for the purposes of the corporation, and obtained control of the



JUDGE SAMUEL D. BELL.



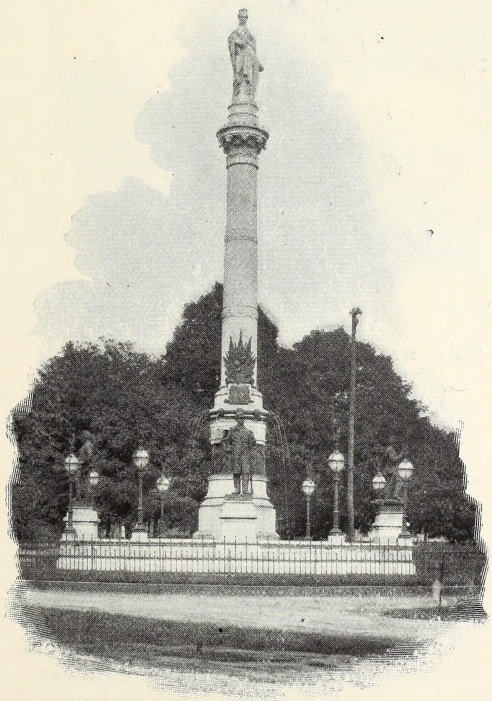
EX-GOV. JAMES A. WESTON.



THE RESIDENTIAL PORTION OF ELM STREET.

water power in Manchester, Hooksett and Garvin's Falls in Concord, also a controlling interest in the locks and canals.

In 1831, Mr. E. A. Straw, a native of Salisbury, New Hampshire, was temporarily engaged by the Amoskeag Company as a civil engineer. At the time of his engagement no mills had been erected upon the east side of the river, and no improvements whatever had been made on the present site of the city. Mr. Straw soon became the permanent engineer of the Company, in which capacity he laid out the streets of the city, superintended the building of the upper canal and the dam, and other works of the Company. In 1851 he became the agent of the Land and Water Power Company, in 1856 agent of the mills, and in 1858 he assumed the entire management of its operations. It would be a pleasure to speak of the many able and distinguished men who in those early days contributed to the prosperity of the city by their intelligence, their integrity and their zealous participation in the work of building the mills in Manchester and carrying on the great enterprises contemplated by them; but the briefest history of our city would be sadly incomplete if special mention were not made of the life and services of E. A. Straw. No man had so great an influence upon its welfare, its growth and its permanence. He filled many positions of a civil character, was governor of the state, and could have had anything within the gift of the people which he desired. But his eminence as a business man exceeded any distinction



THE SOLDIERS' MONUMENT.

which could have resulted from civil office. To his liberality in shaping the policy of the Amoskeag Company, Manchester is largely indebted for her parks or commons, lots for public buildings, and the beautiful Valley Cemetery. Many churches also obtained lands gratuitously, and others at nominal or greatly reduced prices. The same liberality has always characterized the policy of the corporation toward the city and its religious, educational and charitable institutions.



PICTURESQUE VIEWS NEAR MANCHESTER.

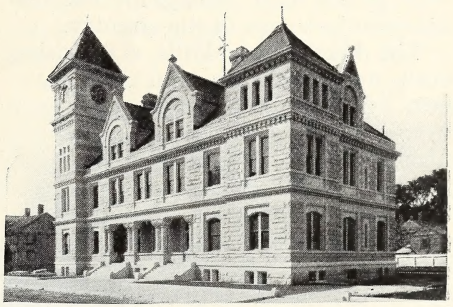
The Amoskeag Manufacturing Company is the great central figure in the business interests of Manchester. From this immense corporation flow the means of livelihood in a countless number of ways into the homes of one-third of the whole city. It is undoubtedly the largest textile manufacturing company in the world; and throughout its history, in good times or bad, in the days of war as well as of peace, it has maintained its high rank as one of the most reliable and successful business institutions in existence. It has sixteen mills, which contain forty-five acres of floor space—some of them being immense and independent manufactories themselves. The company employs on the average about 7,500 operatives, representing a population of over fifteen thousand people. It supplies its employees with tenements and boarding houses, numbering in all about five hundred, mostly solid brick buildings, making comfortable homes for its people to a very large extent. In addition to the water power which it uses, the company has an immense steam plant, the combined power being eighteen thousand horse power. It has about 10,000 looms and 275,000 spindles, and manufactures in



CITY HALL.

round numbers about 117,000,000 yards of cloth annually. Its disbursements for wages alone are about $200,000 per month. The business of the company has never been disturbed by strikes nor affected by flurries in the commercial world, but has moved steadily forward. Mr. T. Jefferson Coolidge of Boston is the treasurer and has the general management, and Mr. Herman F. Straw is the agent and executive officer of the company. Mr. Straw was "to the manor born." He is the son of Hon. E. A. Straw, and his experience and accurate practical knowledge of all the departments of the company qualify him to an unusual degree for his important position.

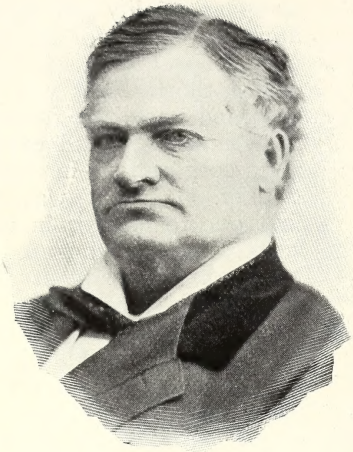
The Stark Mills will be regarded as the second most important and extensive corporation in Manchester. It really was the first one to engage in mill work, having begun in 1838–39. Its plant is something more than a thousand feet in length, and it owns in adjacent localities about sixteen acres of land, upon a portion of which have been erected, for the accommodation of its employees, 136 boarding houses and tenements. Probably no company has a more comfortable class of tenements for its employees; they are supplied with modern improvements, and are furnished at the lowest possible rates. The corporation owns six mammoth mills, containing 80,000 spindles and about 2,500 looms. It employs about 1,650 operatives, and manufactures about 27,000,000 yards of goods annually. The pay roll amounts to $40,000 monthly. The Stark Mills are furnished with the most improved machinery, and all appliances which modern invention can supply. The company's product is a high grade of cotton goods, mostly sheetings and drillings. It manufactures also the



THE GOVERNMENT BUILDING.



THE KENNARD BUILDING.

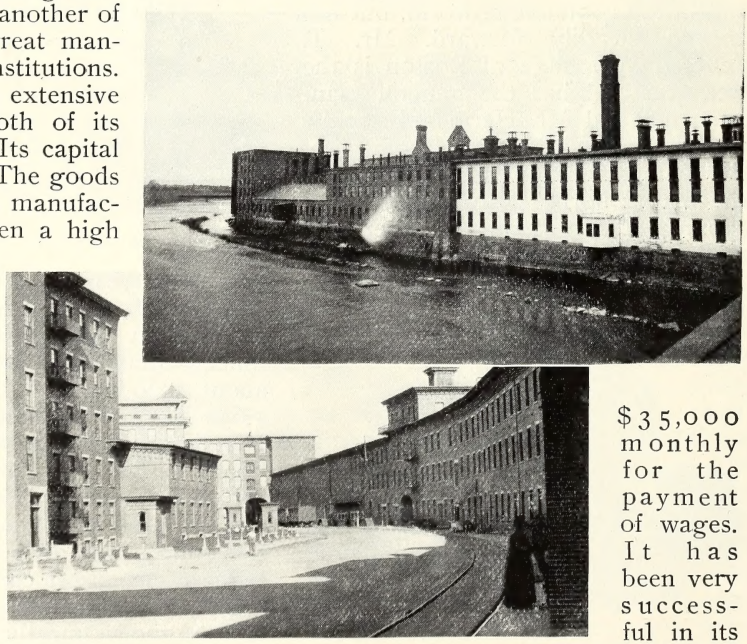


JOHN B. CLARKE.

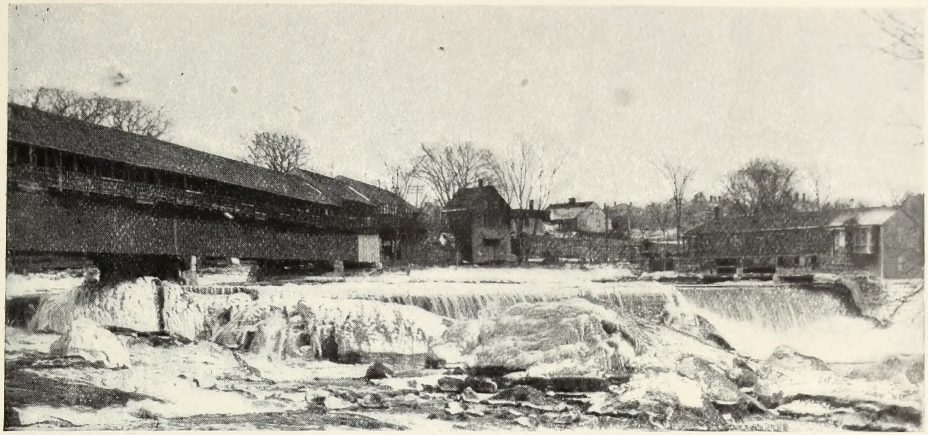
seamless grain bag, having been the first corporation to manufacture and introduce them. In this latter product it has no rival. The agent of the company is Mr. Stephen N. Bourne, who stands high among the successful manufacturers of the country.

The Manchester Mills, comprising both manufacturing and print works, is another of Manchester's great manufacturing institutions. It has very extensive buildings in both of its departments. Its capital is $2,000,000. The goods which it has manufactured have taken a high rank. The product includes print cloths, worsted dress goods, and cashmeres. The works contain about 4,000 looms and about 75,000 spindles. The corporation employs about 3,500 operatives, and manufactures annually about 32,500,000 yards of cloth. Its monthly pay-roll is about $83,000. The president of the company is Aretas Blood, and the agent is Charles D. McDuffie, both residents of Manchester. Mr. McDuffie is a man of high standing among the manufacturing institutions of New England. This corporation also owns a large number of tenement buildings of substantial and comfortable character, furnished to its employees on much the same plan as those of the Amoskeag Company and Stark Mills.

The Amory and Langdon Manufacturing Company is comparatively a new company, having commenced its operation in 1879–80. Its mills are among the finest in the city. It employs about 1,400 operatives, has about 3,000 looms and about 120,000 spindles. Its products consist of high grade cotton goods, sheeting, shirting and jeans. It manufactures about 23,500,000 yards of goods annually, and disburses about $35,000 monthly for the payment of wages. It has been very successful in its manage-



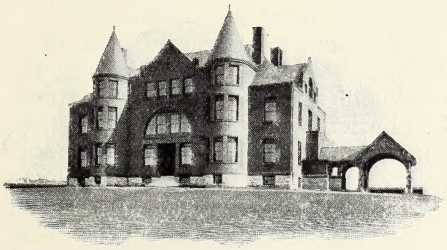
THE MANCHESTER AND STARK MILLS.



THE AMOSKEAG FALLS IN WINTER.

ment. It is largely owned by the same people who compose the Amoskeag Company.

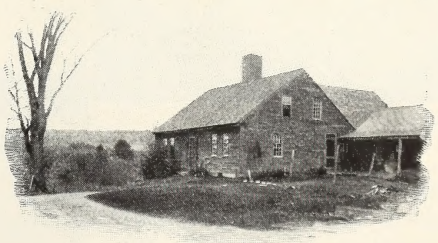
The Devonshire Mills, employing about 140 people, add much to the



THE ELLIOT HOSPITAL.

prosperity of the south part of the town.

To the outside world which utilize the millions of products of these great mills, the details of their manufacture are often as foreign to their knowledge as though they were on another continent. It is of interest to know that when the power is applied, by a single hand, throughout an immense building containing perhaps 1,000 looms or 100,000 spindles, and all of the machinery connected with them is set in motion, several hundred people are engaged in a moment in their daily work. The writer once heard an operative say, concerning a certain loom which he had run a long time, that he regarded it as a twin brother. The people who operate this great and complicated machinery become interested in it, and in a certain sense are a part of it. It is interesting to see in the morning, or at noon or night, when the help are moving from their homes to the mills or returning, perhaps 10,000 people pouring through the gates to or from their labor, and to realize that they are the producing element of a great and prosperous city, generally occupying comfortable homes and receiving a sufficient compensation to maintain themselves and families in a respectable manner. While some of them are unthinking people, there are many of the most intelligent and active minds to be found in any employment. It is common to hear them discussing the nice points of



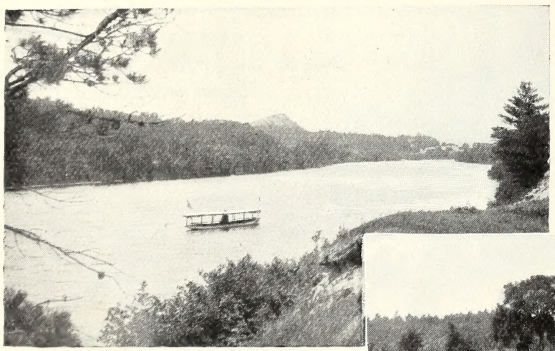
THE BIRTHPLACE OF HORACE GREELEY ON THE ROAD TO AMHERST.



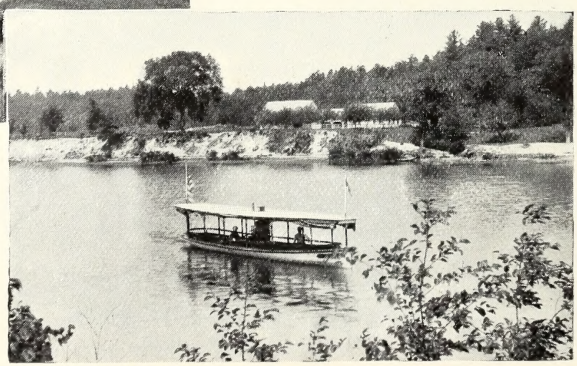
ELM STREET.

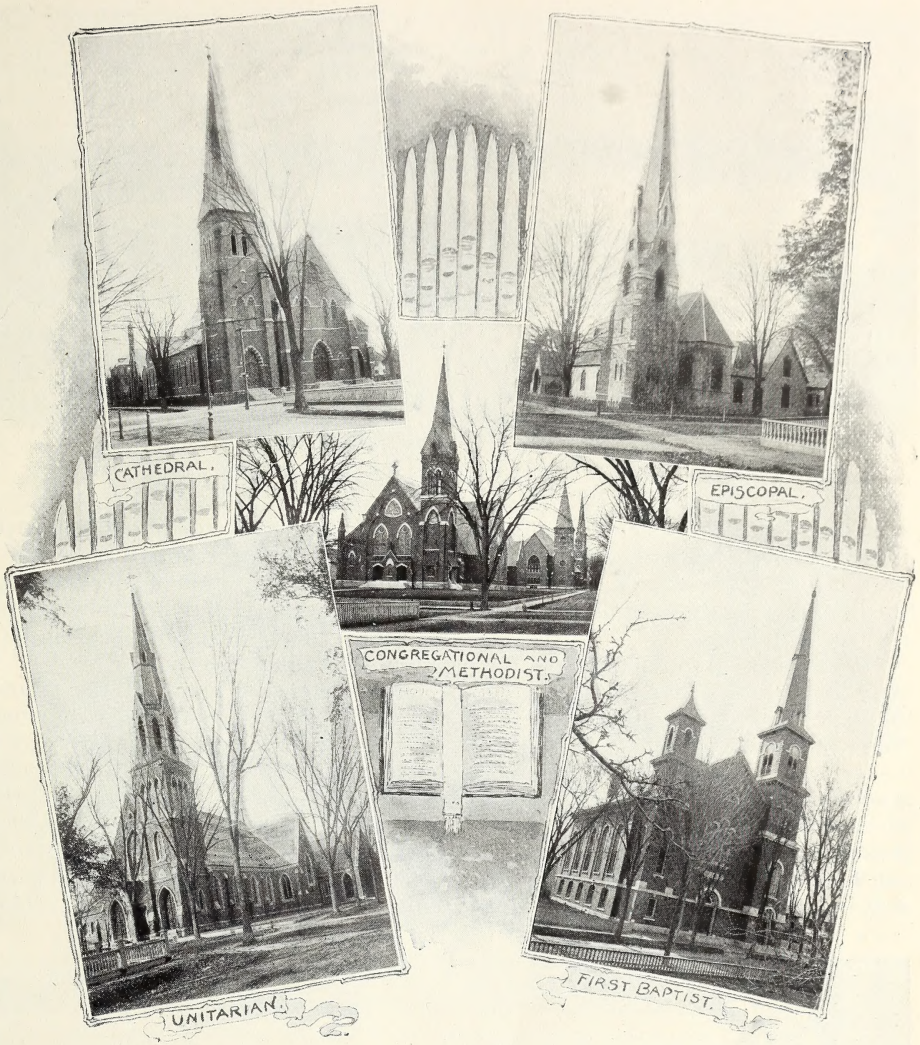
difference between one kind of machine and another, which they have operated, pointing out the superiority of an American invention over an English, or vice versa, and discussing in a scientific manner the principles involved in the various inventions which have been practically successful or otherwise. The average intelligence of the operatives in these great mills will compare favorably with that in any other realm of our life. The men are usually better posted upon the markets, have a better understanding of the wants of the consuming masses, than almost any other class of people.

The Olzendam Hosiery Company, established in 1846 by the Hon. A. P. Olzendam, is one of the most extensive hosiery manufactories in the country, manufacturing all kinds of hosiery and knit goods, and employing about 350 people. The founder of this company was one of the most scientific men engaged in the business, and his thorough understanding of all the technical requirements enabled him to place his company in the front rank.



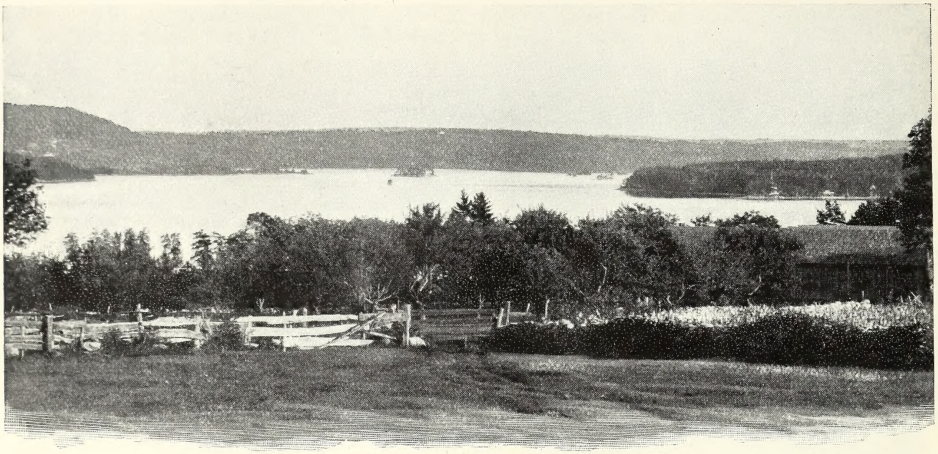
ON THE MERRIMACK RIVER.





A GROUP OF MANCHESTER CHURCHES.

Among the industries of Manchester which contribute largely to its prosperity is the manufacture of paper and pulp. The P. C. Cheney Company is one of the largest concerns in the state engaged in this business. They make all kinds of paper and board, glazed paper, cardboard, and every kind of waterproof paper stock and box goods, also paper for book and newspaper printing. They own the Excelsior Paper Stock Works located at Goffstown, which manufactures the sulphite fibre, in which there is a very extensive trade. They also own and operate the great Bay Pulp Mills at East Tilton and the Cherry Valley Mills at Washington, N. H. Their plant at Manchester is a very extensive one. The president and principal owner of the works is ex-Governor Person C. Cheney, whose reputation is national, and who is one of Manchester's most public-spirited

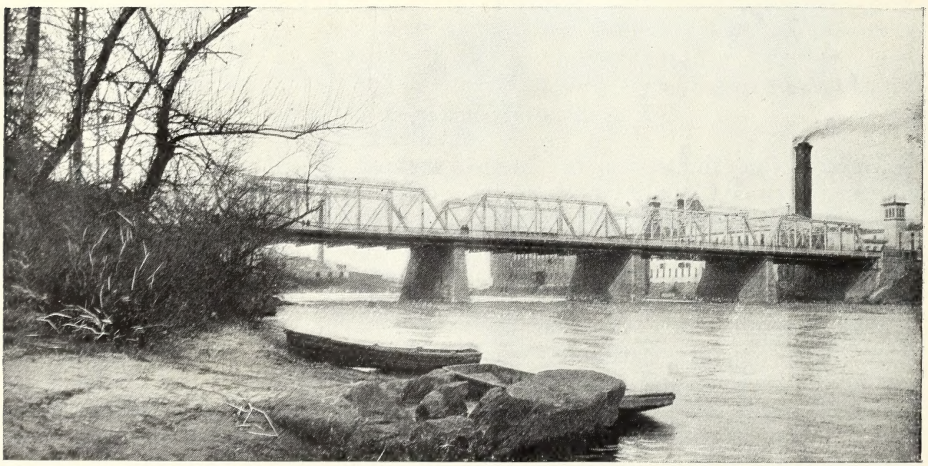


LAKE MASSABESIC.

citizens. The Amoskeag Paper Mills occupy a large brick structure fitted with the most approved machinery for the manufacture of book papers of a superior quality.

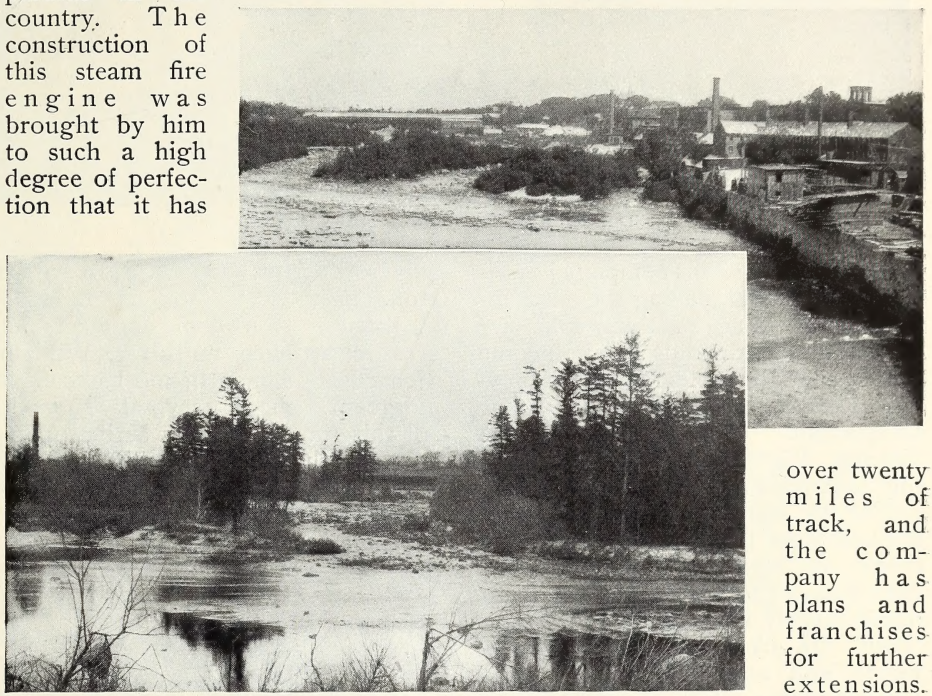
The Elliott Manufacturing Company in East Manchester, engaged in the manufacture of women's and children's knit goods, is one of the several institutions which began business in a somewhat remote part of the city within a few years. It furnishes employment for about 300 operatives, and bids fair to be one of the prominent industries in the city. The Kimball Carriage Company, the Hoyt Shoe Factory, the Kimball Shoe Factory and the Eureka Shoe Factory have all been recently established in the same newly-developed section beyond East Manchester.

The extensive plant of the Manchester Locomotive Works is located in the northerly part of the city, and covers about six acres of ground. The works are second to none in their substantial construction, machinery and equipment, and their locomotives sustain a reputation equal to those of any company in the country. The



THE NEW BRIDGE OVER THE MERRIMACK.

company has already made more than 2,000 locomotives, and the works have an annual capacity of 150. This company also build the famous steam fire engine which has acquired such a high reputation in the great cities of the country. This latter enterprise it developed under the skillful management of the late N. S. Bean, who was distinguished as one of the most competent experts in steam fire engines and apparatus in the country. The construction of this steam fire engine was brought by him to such a high degree of perfection that it has come to be the best known machine now in use. The Manchester Locomotive Works employ about 700 skilled mechanics. The agent and director is Mr. Aretas Blood.



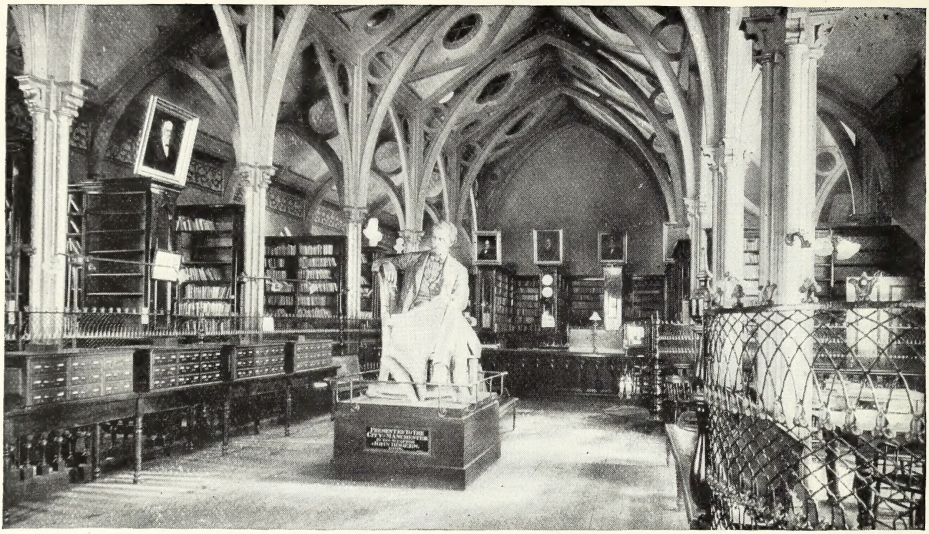
VIEWS ON THE MERRIMACK LOOKING TOWARDS THE FALLS.

The S. C. Forsaith Machine Company probably has a broader business in the line of machinery, stationary engines, portable saw mills and mill supplies than any institution in the country. Its works cover about three acres of land. Its products are shipped to all parts of the world. It has trade in Japan, Russia, Germany, England, South America, Mexico, and all parts of our own country.

The James Baldwin Company, whose works are located in West Manchester, is engaged in the manufacture of bobbins, spools and shuttles, and is one of the most successful and best known corporations in the city. Its goods are unrivaled; it has almost a monopoly of the business.

The Manchester Street Railway has over twenty miles of track, and the company has plans and franchises for further extensions. The line extends to Massabesic Lake and south and west nearly to the limits of the city. Nearly the entire stock of the corporation is now in the hands of Gen. Charles Williams, who has adopted every late appliance and improvement. During the last year the road has carried two and a half million passengers.

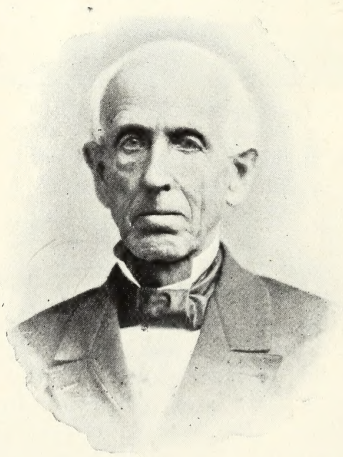
The Manchester Gas Light Company was organized in 1851. The People's Gas Company was organized later, and now, having leased the plant of the former company, controls the



INTERIOR OF THE PUBLIC LIBRARY.

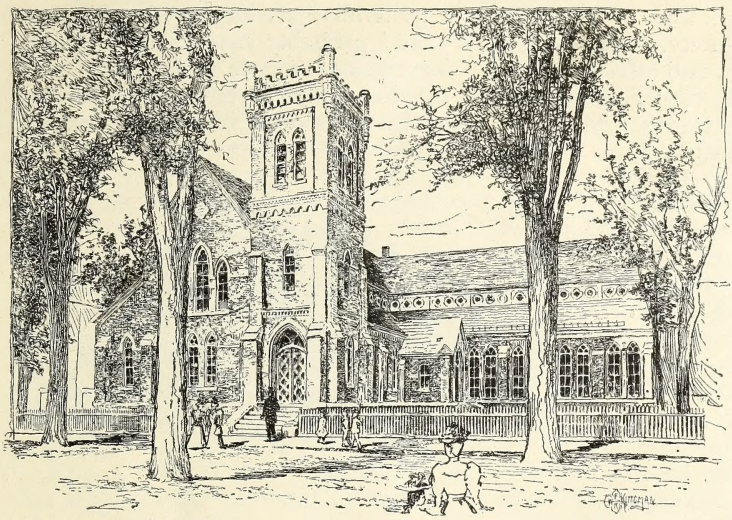
whole business. This company is eminently successful, paying the old company a dividend of thirty-four per cent annually, dividing a fair income among its stockholders, and supplying its customers at rates much below the average. Its rivals, however, the Electric Light companies, are rapidly encroaching upon its domains and if the signs of the times do not fail will soon become the controlling factor in lighting the city. The Manchester Electric Company is composed largely of Massachusetts capitalists. It is making many improvements and extensions and rapidly preparing one of the best equipped electric plants in the country. The Union Electric Light Company, which supplies both power and light, owns a valuable plant in West Manchester.

Massabesic Lake, the source of Manchester's water supply, about four miles distant from the central parts of the city, is a beautiful body of water of pure quality. This lake is the property of the city. Attention was called to the subject of the water supply as early as 1844, and after surveys and examination Hon. E. A. Straw made a report that this lake was the only sufficient source. In 1860 Hon. James A. Weston, Hon. Jacob F. James, both civil engineers of great experience, and Rev. William Richardson, a man of most excellent judgment, made several surveys. All this time there was active opposition to the proposition in favor of Massabesic. Eminent engineers decided that Massabesic was the only available source of supply. In 1871 the water works commission was or-



HON. NATHAN PARKER.

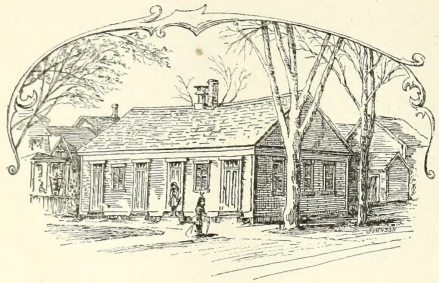
ganized. Hon. Samuel D. Bell, prominently identified with our early history, was one of our foremost and far-seeing citizens. He clearly saw that Manchester's water supply must come from Massabesic. The history of his skillful management in obtaining a legal title to this lake would be exceedingly interesting. At his decease the lake became the property of his sons, who conveyed it to the city. To Judge Bell's high legal attainments and deep interest in the undertaking we are largely indebted for its success. But to Ex-Governor James A. Weston more than any other man should be given the credit of its accomplishment. He had been mayor several terms, and governor twice, and his careful training as an engineer enabled him the better to exert a powerful influence. The waterworks were completed in 1874, and the first water was pumped into the reservoir July 4th. Recently a second pumping station has been erected and a large reservoir constructed on Oak Hill and separate service provided for the east and higher part of the city. The full capacity of both systems is nine million gallons per day, sufficient for ninety thousand people.



THE PUBLIC LIBRARY.

The fire department of Manchester contains ten companies, comprising about 165 members. The department for many years has been under the direction of Thomas W. Lane, chief engineer, who has brought it to a high state of discipline; and its membership is composed largely of prominent citizens. The city has suffered but few disastrous conflagrations, the last one occurring in 1869.

While there have been a great number of newspapers scattered through the history of Manchester, there are now only two which are worthy of notice:—the *Daily Mirror and American,* with its weekly edition, called the *Mirror and Farmer,* published by the John B. Clarke Company, under the management of Col. Arthur E. Clarke, and the *Manchester Union* (daily and weekly), published by the Union Publishing Company, whose manager is Gordon Woodbury. John B. Clarke began his newspaper work in 1852 as editor of the *Manchester Daily Mirror* and the *Weekly Mirror,* which were purchased by him soon after. In 1863 he bought the *Daily and Weekly American* and the *New Hampshire Journal of Agriculture;* and all these papers with two or three others were united. The *Mirror* is in many respects the leading Republican paper in New Hampshire. Its founder was one of the most promi-

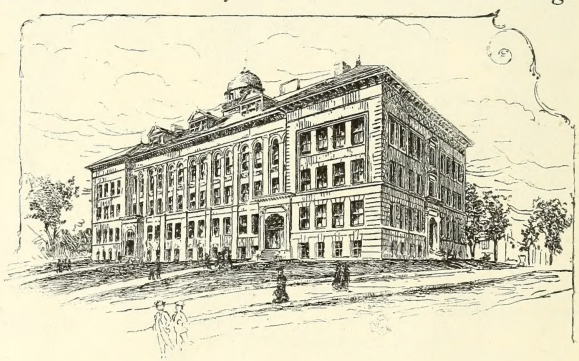


THE FIRST SCHOOL.

nent and influential citizens of Manchester. He was a man of wonderful energy and sagacity. His broad knowledge of men and affairs coupled with a remarkable power of generalization made him a leader. The newspapers are now owned substantially by his family. The *Manchester Union* is the outgrowth of the *Union Democrat,* first published in 1857, of which James M. Campbell was the editor and subsequently the proprietor. It is the largest and most influential Democratic paper in New England, outside of Boston.

In reviewing the history of Manchester, a passing glance should be given the "Old Mammoth Road." It was completed in 1831 and, being before the days of railroads, was like all great highways an important institution in the development of the country. The building of this road was projected in 1823. It was to be the main thoroughfare or mail and stage route from Lowell to Concord, passing through the thickly settled part of the city. The undertaking was opposed by Manchester and, although "sometimes voted up and sometimes voted down," it was not until the Court issued an order upon the city to proceed and build it that the controversy ended. The opposition to the road cost the city much money and retarded her growth materially. The blowing of the horn announcing the coming stage and the changing of mails was to the citizens of those days a notable event. The old "Falls" road also still remains in the recollection of the older people. It was a part of the stage route from Lawrence to Concord. The stage line and the turnpike are now becoming forgotten, but they were indispensable to the development of the country.

The valuation of property in Manchester for the purpose of taxation is about thirty million dollars. The system of taxation in New Hampshire is generally based upon what property would probably bring if put upon a forced sale for cash, and this is usually rated at about seventy per cent of its ordinary value. The recent average annual increase has been about a million a year.



THE NEW HIGH SCHOOL BUILDING.

In 1810, about the time manufacturing was begun, the population was 615. For the next ten years there was only 147 increase, and in the next decade 125; but from 1830 to 1840 the number went up to 3,235. This was the period when the influence of the mills began to be felt. In 1846 the population numbered 10,125; in 1850, 13,933; in 1860, 20,108. Soon the war showed its effect, and the growth of the city ceased for a while. In 1870 we had 23,586; in 1875 the number was some over 30,000; in 1880, 32,630; in 1890, about 45,000; and in 1896 it is estimated at about 55,000. The increase of our population has kept pace with the building of new

mills by the large corporations, almost in direct proportion.

There are twenty-seven Protestant and seven Catholic churches in Manchester. Many of them date back, of course, to the early days of the city. It was not a very uncommon thing for societies sixty years ago to hold meetings in barns, and often in private houses at the "Center." In those times the churches were under legal management. It would be a curious proposition now to insert in the warrants for town meetings articles to see if the meeting would vote to call a certain minister for the ensuing year, and to fix his compensation in potatoes, corn, pork and hay; and again "to see what method the town will take to provide singing." It would amuse the people of the present day to find recorded in some ward clerks' books the following: "Voted that Captain Perham set the Psalm"; "voted that John Goffe read the Psalm,"—whereby it would become the duty of Captain Perham to select the psalms, and John Goffe to read or line them during the year; yet such was the practice in old Derryfield.

Rev. C. W. Wallace was pastor of the First Congregational Church for about thirty-four years. He resigned in 1873, but supplied the pulpit for some time after. He was one of the ablest men of his time, and distinguished as a preacher and a citizen. His fearless defense of the cause of temperance and his bold stand in favor of every moral reform gave him great influence, and his advocacy of whatever cause he espoused was emphasized by his singularly pure life and exalted character.

Rev. Samuel C. Bartlett was pastor from 1852 to 1857 of the Franklin Street Congregational Church. He was president of Dartmouth College from 1877 to 1892. He has a national reputation as a man of profound learning, great natural ability, and unflinching devotion to whatever he believes to be right. Rev. Dr. William J. Tucker, the present president of Dartmouth College, was also pastor of the Franklin Street Church from 1867 to 1875. He is among the most accomplished scholars of the age. His ministry in Manchester was highly successful.

Rev. Arthur B. Fuller was pastor of the First Unitarian Church from 1848 to 1853. His impassioned oratory, his liberal views and generous and sympathetic character gave him a strong hold upon his congregation and made him a powerful factor in the community. He became chaplain of a New Hampshire regiment in the war, and at the battle of Fredericksburg took his place in the ranks and fell with his musket in his hands.

Rev. J. M. Buckley, editor of the *Christian Advocate*, was pastor of St. Paul's Methodist Church in 1863-64. Dr. Buckley's distinguished career as a writer and preacher has placed him among the first clergymen in the country, and his friends and admirers in Manchester, who have watched his great success with pride, are not surprised.

Rev. William McDonald was pastor of St. Anne's Roman Catholic church and one of the most highly esteemed and widely known clergymen of his time. He came to Manchester in 1844. The population contained more turbulent elements then than now, and the feelings of hostility between the native and foreign born population were easily excited. Mr. McDonald throughout a long and eventful period in our history exercised a powerful influence and managed the affairs of his people with wonderful tact and ability. Manchester owes much to him.

The Roman Catholic Cathedral is the largest church in the state and has one of the largest congregations. Rt. Rev. Dennis M. Bradley, bishop of the diocese, is the pastor. Bishop Bradley is a native of Manchester and as the head of this diocese is a man of great influence. But it is not from his commanding position that his strength mainly comes. He is an

eminent scholar and an eloquent speaker. His watchful care over every interest of his people and his wise and faithful management of their affairs have gained for him their confidence and affection and the esteem and respect of the citizens of Manchester.

In the centre of Merrimack Square, in the business part of the city, is our Soldiers' Monument. The corner stone was laid on Memorial Day in 1878, by the Louis Bell Post of the G. A. R., with impressive ceremonies; and in September of that year it was dedicated by the Grand Lodge of Masons of the state. No event in the history of the city has ever attracted more widely the attention of the people of New Hampshire. The Masonic and military display was grand and imposing; and the oration by Hon. J. W. Patterson was one of that brilliant orator's noblest productions. "Here, in the midst of the crowding industries of the people whose patriotism is to be inspired and sustained by its daily contemplation, the city has erected this monument to the valor and devotion of the twenty-eight hundred men who filled its quota in the war of the rebellion." Manchester is proud of this testimonial to her citizen soldiery. The patriotism, the sacrifices and noble deeds of those who went from among her people into the ranks of the army, and whose breasts received the spears that were aimed at the heart of their country, the shaft is erected to commemorate. Manchester would not fail to honor those who bore high rank or won distinction; but she remembers most tenderly the private soldier who tented on the open field and made the weary march and bore the brunt of battle.

Manchester is not largely interested in clubs and club life. The Derryfield and the Calumet clubs, however, are particularly worthy of mention. The Derryfield club was organized in 1875 and has a local membership of about one hundred and fifty, comprising many of the most prominent people in the city. It occupies an elegant building on Mechanic Street. Its non-resident membership is quite large, and the clubhouse is the favorite resort of distinguished gentlemen from all parts of the state; and many a plan has been laid in the Derryfield that has had much to do with the affairs of the state, if not of the nation. The Calumet club is composed largely of the younger men of the city. It is one of the notable social centres and its clubhouse is one of the architectural ornaments of the city.

The Gymnasium is an institution that should not be overlooked. It has an active membership of about three hundred. Its well furnished establishment is in charge of competent instructors, and affords an excellent opportunity for physical training. It is well patronized and is doing a great good.

The Manchester Athenæum was established in 1844. A small library association under the name of the Proprietors of the Social Library in Derryfield existed from 1795; but the people taking little interest in its continuance, in 1833 the books were divided among the proprietors. The Athenæum began with a library, museum and reading room. It was favored with very liberal donations from the Amoskeag Company, the Stark Mills, the Manchester Print Works and many prominent citizens. In 1856 it was nearly destroyed by fire. In 1854 it contained about three thousand volumes, and its circulation was rapidly increasing. In his inaugural address of that year, the mayor, Hon. Frederick Smythe, suggested the propriety of establishing a city library. The suggestion was favorably received by the city government, and the property of the Athenæum was transferred to the city. In 1871 the library was removed to the new building, a permanent brick structure on Franklin Street costing originally about thirty

thousand dollars, upon a lot donated by the Amoskeag Company. It has been greatly enlarged and improved, and now has a capacity sufficient for every purpose for many years. By the conditions of the transfer of the Athenæum the city became bound to appropriate a sum of not less than a thousand dollars annually for books. There is also a fund of about fourteen thousand dollars, the income of which may be expended for books, etc. The library is growing rapidly in size and usefulness. Under the efficient and popular management of Miss Kate E. Sanborn, the librarian, many improvements have been introduced and the best methods of library management adopted. The library now contains over forty thousand bound volumes and a vast number of pamphlets and periodicals. Its average daily circulation is nearly three hundred volumes, and its reading room is utilized by the public to an extent that shows its great appreciation. Upon its walls hang portraits of its founders and patrons, and in the centre of the reading room is a statue of President Lincoln, in sitting posture, presented by the distinguished sculptor Rogers, a native of Manchester.

Manchester has two public hospitals. The Elliot hospital was founded by a donation from Mrs. Mary E. Elliot, widow of the late Dr. John S. Elliot, one of the eminent physicians of our city, a portion of whose fortune, obtained in the successful practice of his profession, has thus descended and become a fund to benefit the sick and suffering. It is a thoroughly appointed institution, a costly and elegant structure standing on high ground in the southeast part of the town. It is managed by a corps of able and experienced physicians. It has an emergency department, situated in the central portion of the city.

The commodious Hospital of the Sacred Heart, under the liberal and philanthropic management of Bishop Bradley, is one of the greatest blessings of Manchester. It is in the immediate charge of the Sisters of Mercy. Patients are admitted and cared for with or without charge, according to their circumstances.

The Gale Home for Aged and Destitute Women was established in 1890, endowed with bequests by Mary G. Gale and David R. Leach. It owns a very valuable lot, upon which it has provided a Home sufficient for present needs. The income of a portion of the fund is set apart for its support, and it is the design of the corporation to erect extensive buildings when accumulations from the remaining part of the fund and other sources shall warrant the outlay. The Home is comfortably furnished and very pleasant for its inmates.

The Manchester Women's Aid and Relief Society is doing a great work in its care and aid rendered the suffering and destitute. It was established in 1873 by Mrs. Aretas Blood and other prominent and wealthy women of the city. Its Home and grounds cost nearly fifty thousand dollars. The Home is large enough for about forty persons and is usually full. The devotion and wisdom which have been shown by Mrs. Blood in the maintenance and conduct of the Home have gained for her the gratitude and reverence of the city of Manchester.

The Children's Home is another institution worthy of high commendation—a home for children who, by reason of being orphans, or from want and destitution, need support. It was erected from the contributions of the charitable people of the community. The late Mrs. W. W. Brown was the first president, and it was largely through her generous donations and wise management that it was established. At her decease it became one of the residuary legatees of her estate and will receive a large bequest in the near future.

At the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia the public schools of

Manchester won the highest awards for excellence in nearly every department, and they possess equal merit now. The high school building recently erected is one of the best in the country. It will cost, when completed, about $135,000. There are five thousand pupils in the public schools and four thousand in the parochial schools. The St. Mary's Academy for young ladies and St. Anselm College are Roman Catholic institutions of great merit.

Manchester has been exceedingly fortunate in her banks. The Manchester Bank, now the Manchester National Bank, was organized in 1845. During nearly forty years it was practically under the management of Hon. Nathan Parker, first as cashier and then as president, and its successful career is evidence of his wisdom and integrity. Mr. Parker died in 1894, and his son, Mr. Walter M. Parker, succeeded him as president of the bank. Mr. Nathan Parker was also treasurer of the Manchester Savings Bank for about forty years, his son succeeding him too in this position. The deposits of this bank have reached the immense sum of over seven million dollars. The Amoskeag Bank began business in 1848. Hon. Moody Currier was cashier until its organization as a national bank, when he was elected president. Its prosperity and high reputation are largely due to his ability and fidelity in conducting its affairs. He was succeeded as president by Hon. Geo. B. Chandler. Mr. Currier was treasurer of the Amoskeag Savings Bank for thirty years. In 1883 he was elected its president and Mr. Henry Chandler became the treasurer and practically manages its business. The deposits of this bank are about five million dollars. The People's Bank is also conducted in connection with the Amoskeag. It is organized upon the guaranty principle and has been highly successful. The City Bank was organized in 1853 and the City Savings Bank a little later. Hon. E. W. Harrington was for many years cashier of the former and treasurer of the latter. The Merchants National and the Guaranty Savings Bank, organized by Hon. J. A. Weston, are the successors of those institutions and are managed in a very conservative and intelligent manner. The Merrimack River Bank, now the First National, and the Merrimack River Savings Bank were organized in 1855 and 1858 respectively, with Frederick Smythe as cashier of the former and treasurer of the latter; and they have maintained relatively the same important positions as the other banks. The Second National and the Mechanics Savings Bank, which have been very successful, were organized about the same time—with Mr. Josiah Carpenter as cashier of the one and treasurer of the other. The Bank of New England, with much improved prospects, is arranging to do a loan and discount business.

Looking back to the beginning of Manchester we see that down to the time when national banks came into existence there were four banking houses in the city. The Manchester, the Amoskeag, the City and the Merrimack River banks, together with the several savings banks connected with them, began business within a very short time of each other. These great institutions, which had such a remarkable influence upon the prosperity of Manchester, were respectively conducted by four justly distinguished financiers: Hon. Nathan Parker, whose name was a synonym for integrity and fidelity; Governor Currier, who bore almost identically the same relations to the Amoskeag banks as did Mr. Parker to the Manchester, and to whose discriminating judgment and superior ability the Amoskeag banks owed their prosperity; E. W. Harrington, whose faithfulness, energy and sagacity kept his banks abreast with his competitors; and ex-Governor Smythe, who

made the Merrimack River Bank and the Merrimack Savings Bank model institutions. The entire community has the utmost confidence in their successors in the banking business and in the newer institutions which have risen to keep company with the older.

The Manchester Board of Trade, composed of about 300 prominent and influential citizens, has been very efficient in promoting the business interests of the city. It has induced new enterprises to locate here and new capital to engage in industries already established, and it has exercised its influence in many ways in behalf of improvements in railroad facilities.

Manchester has one prominent insurance company which it claims as its own, the New Hampshire Fire Insurance Co. It was organized by Manchester people in 1869, and has now a capital of nearly a million dollars.

The railroad service for the city of Manchester is highly satisfactory. Recently a very extensive freight station has been erected, and plans are now being completed for a magnificent new passenger station. The railroads which run to Manchester are the main line of the Concord and Montreal, the Manchester and Lawrence, the Concord and Portsmouth, and the Manchester and North Weare. These roads with their many connections run out like the spokes of a wheel and afford communication with all sections of the state. The Boston and Maine Railroad has a lease of and operates all these roads. The late Mr. Crowningshield, then president of the Boston and Lowell Railroad, one of the most far-seeing men of his time, made the remark when once addressing the stockholders of that company that probably "there were people then listening to his voice who would live to see a line of railroad completed from Boston to Montreal." There were people in that meeting who pronounced the statement "one of the wildest of dreams"—and that was less than sixty years ago!

On September 8, 1846, the Manchester city government was established; and three days of September, 1896 were devoted to the celebration of our semi-centennial. It was looked forward to with great interest. The programme for each day was so arranged as to give every group of interests full opportunity in the exercises. People who were here fifty years ago were brought together and had their memorial exercises. The schools had their day, and six thousand pupils mingled their voices in the grand chorus of rejoicing. The trades' procession, miles in length, celebrated in a magnificent manner the countless industries carried on within the city; and the civic and military companies united in a grand display never before equaled in the state. The occasion was deemed an auspicious one to lay the corner stone of the monument in honor of ex-Governor Weston, one of Manchester's most beloved citizens; and the Grand Lodge of Masons of New Hampshire performed the ceremony, the whole Masonic display attracting greater attention than any similar event ever known in the state. In all respects Manchester was at her best. The people vied with each other in making the celebration a grand success. Our young mayor, Hon. William C. Clarke, worked unceasingly, and his zeal animated all the people. We cannot better close this brief account of the "Queen City" of New Hampshire than by a few words from the eloquent address by Hon. Henry E. Burnham, the orator of anniversary day:

"To-day, with united front, proud of our city and her grand achievements, proud of her mighty industries which, now diversified, are stronger than before, and proud of the illustrious names and deeds of her sons and daughters, who have given to her an immortality of honor, we are marching forward, with our banners streaming in a prosperous breeze and inscribed in letters of golden light with the word "Progress."

UNCLE JOHN.

By Ada Dana.

WE had cleared away the remains of our chowder supper, Uncle John and I, and had drawn our chairs close to the open fire, which crackled and blazed on the hearth. Outside a hurricane was raging, and the sound of the beating rain on the windows, and the roar of the wind which now and again shook the house, made the plain little kitchen seem very comfortable and cosey.

It was late September, and the equinoctial gale, the worst within the memory of the oldest inhabitants, had swept down upon the Maine coast with terrific force. I had been summering, as had been my custom for years, on one of the small islands off the shore, and had lingered on later than usual, until at last, the violence of the storm rendering all communication with the mainland impossible, I had been made prisoner.

The island was the most easterly of a small group, and its seaward side rose sheer and rugged, boldly facing the brunt of storm and waves. On this weatherbeaten strip of coast, sheltered somewhat by the arms of a tiny bay, stood the house of Uncle John. It was a modest little cottage, boasting of only two rooms, but everything about it and about the shed and workshop back of it was as neat as though it had a woman's care. And a blessing was it, Uncle John used to say, if you could get your creature comforts without the fussing and the clacking of a woman!

A man of few words was Uncle John, and in manner somewhat gruff and surly, but beneath a stern exterior lay the sympathy and gentleness of a woman. With any who crossed or offended him he was bluntly sharp and outspoken; but there was not on the island any better nurse than he, and in times of sickness or of trouble young and old alike turned to him for help.

Born and bred in this little spot, most of his life had been spent upon the sea. Now in his old age, however, he had mostly forsaken it, and occupied the greater part of his time in the care of his little house and in a small industry in the repairing of boats and nets. Many were Uncle John's accomplishments, and not the least of these was his cooking. His clam chowders were famous throughout the island, and always before leaving for the mainland for the winter I was invited as a parting honor—for we were great friends, as I was proud to feel—to partake of one. The time, once named, neither wind nor weather could keep me from my appointment.

On this particular wild evening, I confess that for an instant I did question the prudence of daring the elements; but the contemplation of a half-cooked supper and a lonely evening in a deserted boarding house parlor contrasted with the thought of Uncle John's chowder and a chat over his open fire determined me to face the storm; and glad I was that I had done it as I now lay back watching the smoke curl up from my cigarette while Uncle John filled his pipe from a deerskin tobacco pouch. An exceptionally fierce gust sweeping down the bay struck the house and made the lamp flicker and the window panes rattle noisily.

"This would be a rough night on the water, Uncle John," I said.

"M'm, rether." There was a pause, and then he continued: "I was out once just off'n this coast in a wuss night 'n this. 'Twas the same

trip that fixed that," and he held out his right hand which was misshapen and its skin drawn and shriveled.

"I have often wondered," I said, "how that happened."

Uncle John did not reply at once. We both sat quietly pulling at our weeds. At last, Uncle John broke the silence:

"It ain't nothin' to be ashamed of," said he, "but I don't keer much somehow about talkin' about it." He stretched out his misshapen fingers before him, touching them lightly with the stem of his pipe. "It was done by fire." I do not think there was another man in the world to whom he would have told the story which he went on to tell to me; and I do not think he would have told it to me had we not been alone together in just that place on just that night.

"Was there a fire on board?" I asked.

"Wa'al, yes, there was, and there wa'n't. Thet is, there come nigh onto being one."

"And you were the means of there not being?" I queried, throwing away the end of my cigarette and lighting another.

"Perraps," he replied. "You see, 'twas aboard one o' Colonel Schuyler's schooners. I had allus afore shifted for myself,—hed my boat and run her. But after Marm died, luck went against me. One misfortun' after another come a-pilin' on. A man I furnished fish to all summer on the mainland failed up, owin' me all; my house was struck by lightnin' and burnt up while I was off on a long fishin' trip; and last and wust of all, I was run down by a steamer, and my boat sent under. I wished, afterward, pretty much that I hed been too,—but I wa'n't, and I guess I scrambled pretty lively at the time to see thet I wa'n't! They pulled me up aboard, and landed me at Desert Island. And there 'twas that I run against one o' Colonel Schuyler's men thet I knowed.

"'What yer doin' in these parts?' ses he.

"'Doin' anything I kin find,' ses I.

"'We're short o' hands at the quarries,' ses he; 'Why don't you try fur a berth there?'

"I done so, and they took me onto a schooner thet was lyin' loaded with granite, ready bound fur Boston. We was off almost afore I knowed I was aboard; and it wa'n't till after we'd got off thet I found out who was my mates. It wa'n't a pleasant shock to find one of 'em a man I hated more 'n I ever hated any man afore or since. He hedn't much love for me neither, and one look was all the talkin' we done. There was two other men aboard besides Jim and me, and the skipper made five. Hornsides was his name, and he was the hardest man I ever see. He never spoke unless he hed to, and when he did he made us sure of what he meant by the longest string of oaths yer ever heerd. Sick or well, we was kep' hard at it—there wa'n't ever any let up. But I'll say this for Hornsides—he was as fair as he knowed how to be, and never run one man hard and let another off easy.

"We hed a fair trip to Boston, and after unloading took on board a cargo of provisions and supplies for Southwest Harbor and Somesville. Three or four barrels of kerosene was so late in comin' thet Hornsides hed about made up his mind to put off without 'em. But they come jest as we was startin' to pull out, and we hed to pile 'em into the hold on top of everything, jest under the hatch. Atop of them we sot three coops of hens that there was, and left the hatch open most of the time to give 'em air. There was a good many inflammable things in the cargo, and Hornsides cautioned all of us about fire, and forbade any smokin' forrard. He gave his order in his sour way and said he'd break his contract with any man who disobeyed it, and set him adrift in mid-ocean.

"The afternoon we left Boston was

one o' the hottest I ever knowed. There wa'n't a breath of wind, and we jest drifted along until sunset, when the breeze freshened. At midnight it begun to blow hard, and before mornin' we was in fur one o' the wust storms I was ever out in. It kep' up fur three days 'n' nights, 'n' none of us slept much till the fourth day, when the wust of it was over. We hed been blowed out of our course, and all of us was pretty nigh tuckered out with watchin' and work.

"Thursday 'twas we started, and Monday mornin' things hed quieted down so thet Hornsides and two o' the men turned in, leavin' me 'n' Jim on deck. 'Twas the first time thet it hed happened so, and neither of us was perticerlarly pleased. I was at the wheel, and Jim, after lettin' out a reef, went forrard. I was thinkin' over some plans I was hatchin', when all of a sudden I thought I smelled tobaccer. I looked forrard, 'n' see Jim lyin' out on the hatch, which hed been pushed open, smokin'! I guess I was pleased—I dunno—and wished thet Hornsides ud happen up unexpectedly. He didn't, though,—and it was perraps ten minutes afterwards thet I looked towards Jim again, and see he'd fallen back asleep. In another minute I see a little line o' smoke comin' out o' the hold. I lashed the wheel, and ran forrard. By thet time the smoke was comin' thicker, and when I looked into the hold the top o' one o' the coops was a-blazin'. There wa'n't any water near, and I knowed I hedn't time to get any, with the kerosene jest under thet blaze; so I dropped down, and reached fur the coop with my hand. It was hot, I kin tell yer, but I grabbed it, and run with it to the side o' the schooner, and throwed it over. Before I dropped it, Jim woke up, and seein' the blaze, shouted, 'Fire!' Thet brought Hornsides and Tim and Jerry up in a hurry. They come a-runnin' to the hatch; but all they found was no fire, but jest one coop less o' chickens, and Jim sorter white 'n' skeered and me scorched all up 'n' down my front, and the flesh hangin' like ribbons off'n my right hand.

"'What's the meanin' of this?' shouted Hornsides, in a voice like thunder. 'Who called "Fire"?'

"I waited fur Jim to speak, but he didn't, so I ses:

"'I guess so long as there ain't any fire to inquire into, we'll inquire into the fixin' o' this'; and I finished with a groan—I couldn't help it. Jerry stepped up to help me, but Hornsides stopped him.

"'Stand where you be, Jerry. Before one o' you moves a step, I'll hev the meanin' o' this business clear.'

"I was a-burnin' up with pain, and it didn't seem as though I could stand it, but I waited again fur Jim to speak.

"'Jim,' ses Hornsides, glowering at him, 'will yer tell me what yer know about this matter? Fire o' course I know there's been, from the charred top o' thet kerosene barrel, and lucky 'tis there's a—one of us here to know it!'.

"Jim looked down, grew kinder red, and then ses, not lookin' at me:

"'I was aloft and heerd a cry "Fire!" and when I come hurryin' down I found Jack'—that was me—'a-throwin' one o' the chicken coops all ablaze overboard.'

"'How did Jack happen to be away from the wheel?' ses Hornsides, lookin' from one to the other of us.

"'I dunno,' ses Jim, still not lookin' at me.

"'You're the blamed coward I thought you was,' I ses to myself, breathin' hard with the pain.

"Then Hornsides turned to me, and he ses: 'What hev *you* got to say fur yourself?'

"'All I've got to say,' I ses, my knees tremblin' under me, 'is thet I know there's a fire in me needs attendin' to afore any other.'

"'What do you mean?' ses Hornsides, madder still—'thet yer *won't*

speak?' Then his face got darker 'n' redder and his voice louder, and he ses:

"'I give yer both jest one more chance, and ef I don't hear exactly how this thing happened—fur yer both know, I see that plain enough,—I'll make yer *both* pay for it.' And again he turned to Jim. 'Tell me what yer know,' ses he.

"Jim looked whiter 'n' more skeered, and ses he: 'I don't know nothin' about the fire, I was aloft.'

"I hed stood it as long as I could, and jest then my knees gave out from under me, and I went down onto the deck, groanin'.

"'For shame,' ses Jerry, and Tim and he helped me up, while Hornsides, seein' he couldn't help himself, ses: 'Take 'em both below, and lock 'em in.'

"Jerry was rough, but he tried to be keerful, and he done fur me what he could. But I lay in my bunk groanin', most of the day. Jim stretched out opposite, and now 'n' agin would get up and soak the cloths Jerry hed put over me with oil. But fur a long spell he never said a word. At last I turned my head and looked at him. He was a-starin' straight at me, and lookin' kinder wild.

"'Wa'al,' I ses.

"'Jack,' ses he, 'air yer goin' to tell on me?'

"'Wa'al, what d'yer think?' ses I.

"'Oh, Jack,' he cried, whimpering, 'it's up with me if I'm turned off from this job. Things hev been awful bad. There's debts, lots of 'em, and this is the first steady job I've got since we went to Desert Island. And I promised Nance I'd stick to this true. She'll die if she knows this is up,—and there's a little one comin' in the spring, Jack.'

"I didn't say nothin', but turned my face to the wall. Jim went over it all agin, and then ses:

"'Yer won't tell on me, Jack, will yer? Not fur Nance's sake? Yer kin say thet you was at the wheel, and I aloft, and you don't know how it happened.'

"'Yes,' ses I, 'and that'll mean we both 'll be bounced.'

"Jim didn't say nothin' to this, and we both lay still, till pretty soon the door was unlocked and Hornsides come in.

"'Air yer ready to speak now?' he ses, and he turned to Jim.

"'I don't know nothin' about it,' ses he dogged and lookin' at me anxious like.

"Hornsides turned black and ses: 'What's yer last word, Jack? Will yer speak now?'

"'The fire was sot by a fallin' from my pipe,' ses I.

"'Yer *pipe!*' shouted Hornsides. 'What was my orders about smokin' forrard, and why wasn't you at the wheel?'

"'I done it,' ses I, 'and thet's enough.'

"'Yes, 'tis enough,' ses Hornsides. 'Yer contract's up. Yer'll stay here till we reach the Island, and then yer 'll be set ashore. Jim, yer can go,' ses he.

"I was lookin' to the wall, and Jim went out without sayin' anything. I was kep' locked in till we reached the Island. The burns was bad, but the boys did what they could, and Jim come often. On Sunday we reached the Island, and I was landed at Southwest Harbor."

Uncle John pulled at his pipe, which had gone out long before, struck a match on the bottom of his hob-nailed shoe, and relighted the charred tobacco.

"Did Jim let you go, after all," I asked, "without a word?"

"Oh, wa'al, 'twan't much. I was glad to be free. And as it happened, 'twas the best thing in the world. I come back and went to fishin' again; built me a boat, and a house just on the old spot. It's stood the racket well, too," he said, looking proudly around the snug little kitchen. "And then, Jim," he continued, "although he was a mean cuss and a coward,

wa'n't altogether ungrateful. As I was leavin' the schooner he stuffed a little package into my hand, and in it was a picture and a promise to pay up my lost wages as soon as he could. The picture was Nance."

"You knew Nance, then?" I said.

"Yes," he replied shortly. And then after another pause, he said: "She was my sweetheart, and he stole her from me." He paused again, and then, carried away by the force of his recollections, went on:

"We was brought up together—Nance 'n' I. Her mother 'n' father lived here on the island, but when she was only a little gal they died, and Marm 'n' Pop, bein' well to do and havin' no chick but me, took her home. I was ten years older 'n her but we was good friends. When she wa'n't no higher 'n my knee, I'd take her off with me for a whole day at a time. Allus, from the first, I'd a great deal rather hev her along 'n anyone else. When I was older and hed a boat of my own, and she was a lass of twelve or thirteen, goin' to school, oftentimes she'd hev a headache, 'n' sly off with me fur a day of fishin'. I never was a hand fur talk, but she'd chatter away, never stoppin' fur an answer, knowin' even ef I didn't say nothin' thet I was allus a-listenin.' And now 'n' then when I would reach out fur her line to bait her hook fur her, she'd ketch me round the neck, 'n' say how happy we was. And we was. But Nance was pretty 'n' full o' sperrits, and she loved to dance 'n' sing, and hev a lively time. I wa'n't ever a great hand to go in fur all the dances 'n' high-fa-lootin jinks thet boys 'n' gals is allus gettin' up; but I never keered ef Nance went, so long as she was happy so and come back to tell me all about it, 'n' how she'd rather be along o' me than of anybody else.

"One night when I went to bring her home from a dance at Jones's barn, she said she wa'n't ready to come. 'Wa'al,' I ses, 'I'll wait.'

"'Oh, don't do thet,' she ses, lookin' kinder conscious, 'I may not want to go fur a long time yet, and there's folks here goin' our way thet'll see me home.'

"'Twas a new way of doin' things, but I didn't suspicion anything, and done as she said.

"The next mornin' at breakfast, I ses to Marm: 'I don't like the looks of the new hand over to Jones's.'

"'What's his name?' ses Marm.

"'Jim Crockett's his name,' spoke up Nance afore I could get in a word. 'He was to the dance last night and —what's the matter with him?'—turnin' to me sudden.

"'Oh, I dunno,' ses I, 'ez there's anything the matter with him perticerlar, only I don't like his looks, and I heerd he done a sneakin' thing in tellin' old Jones on little Joey, and gettin' him turned off. He egged little Joey on to drink, I heerd, and then told on him, and took his place with Jones.'

"'Thet was a shameful thing,' ses Marm.

"'Do you *know* he done it?' ses Nance.

"'No,' I ses, 'I only heerd so; but with his smilin' 'n' his squintin' 'n' his greased hair, he looks up to it, and I believe it's true.'

"'Well, I don't,' ses Nance.

"I looked at her some'at surprised, but she hed started up and was whippin' the dishes off the table in a hurry.

"'Marm,' I ses, gettin' up and puttin' on my oilskins, 'who come home with Nance last night?'

"'Why, I dunno,' ses Marm, 'didn't you?'

"'No,' I ses,—thet was all,—and went out.

"The next night but one I was late in gettin' in from fishin', and as I come in sight of the porch there I seed Nance and Jones's Jim a-sittin' on the step. He hed slick black hair, 'n' red cheeks, 'n' shinin' eyes thet slanted at yer when yer looked him in the face, and he was buzzin' and grinnin' at Nance, and she was laffin' and talkin' loud. They didn't

see me till I come up to them, and then Nance give a jump and ses, turnin' red:

"'Oh, Jack! how late you are! Here's Mr. Crockett, Jack. He's come to see ef you 'n' me 'll go to a clam-bake Jones's boys has got up on Sander's beach.'

"'I'm sorry to disappint Mr. Crockett, as of course I shell,' ses I, 'but I've got perticerlar business fur this evenin', and shell hev to be excused!'

"'Wa'al, I suppose then thet I had better not go,' ses Nance. I thought she spoke regretful like.

"'My business don't concern you, Nance,' ses I, 'and ef you want to go to the clam-bake, why, go,—and I went inside to get my supper.

"As I sat eatin', I heerd them talkin' outside, him a-persuadin' and her a-listenin', and pretty soon she come in and got her hat 'n' shawl from the peg, and ses: 'Ef you don't mind, Jack, I guess I'll go.'

"'All right,' I ses, eatin' away without lookin' up. She stood a-lookin' at me a minute, but I didn't look back, though I knowed she was a-waitin' fur me to. Then she come runnin' across the room and put her arm on my shoulder, and ses: 'Yer don't really truly mind my goin', do yer, Jack?'

"I finished a piece of bread I was eatin', and then, standin' up and leanin' on the back of my chair, ses, lookin' down at her: 'Yer know what I think of Jim Crockett, Nance. A man as is a coward and a sneak, I don't keer to be beholdin' to!'

"'Yer don't know he's thet,' cried she, blushin' angry, 'and he aint. I'd be ashamed to think so mean of any one until I knowed 'twas so; and ef thet's all yer "business" is, and all yer reasons fur actin' so peculiar, I'm a-goin',' and off she went afore I could say a word. Nance was allus quick to speak, and act, and jest as quick to feel sorry afterwards.

"Nothin' was said the next mornin' about the clambake. Nance was sweet 'n' pleasant, and things was just as they allus was. It wa'n't the end of Jim, though. In a few evenin's he come again, and soon it seemed as if Nance was to something or other a'most every night, and 'most always it come out thet the things was got up by Jones's boys. Still, I didn't say nothin', trustin' Nance; but I noticed, and Marm did, too, thet she'd changed, and wa'n't content anywhere to set an evenin' quiet at home, but must be a-doin' somethin' or other the whole time.

"One night when Nance had gone to a candy party at the Jenkinses', and I was smokin' my pipe on the porch, Marm ses to me: 'Why don't yer ever go after Nance now of an evenin'?'

"'Because,' I ses, 'there seem to be enough to see her home.'

"'Yes,' ses Marm, 'enough of one. But if I was you, I wouldn't leave all the care of her to Jones's boys.'

"What Marm said wa'n't nothin' new to me, but to hear her say it made me feel as though some one hed throwed a ten-inch cannon ball down my throat and left it weighin' against my sides. Pretty soon Marm went in to bed, and I knocked the ashes out o' my pipe and started fur the Jenkinses'. When I got there, the kitchen was a blaze of light, and I could hear laffin' 'n' screamin' comin' out through the open door. I went in without knockin'. They hed cleared away the tables and chairs and was playin' blindman's-buff.

"'Oh, ho!' cried Sally Jenkins, 'here's Jack. Let Jack be it!'

"'Yes,' they all cried, 'let Jack be it!'

"'No,' I ses, 'I heven't come to play; I've come to take Nance home!'

"The lights was so dazzlin' after the dark outside thet I couldn't see plain at first, but at last I seed that some of the gals was nudgin' each other and kinder laffin'. A gal standin' next to me begun to talk to me, but I didn't more'n half hear what she said, fur I was lookin' around fur Nance. She want nowhere to be seen; and pretty

soon it come across me thet she want there. I looked round again, and I see all of Jones's boys, Bill, 'n' Frank, 'n' Sam, but not Jim.

"'Where's Nance?' I ses to the gal next me. 'A-playin' blind-man in the barn by herself?'

"The gal laffed, and ses: 'She 'n' Jim Crockett went out a few minutes ago, to get some water, I guess.'

"There was water right there in the kitchen, and I seed the gal was makin' excuses. I didn't say nothin' more, but waited. And after a while Nance come in, Jim a-follerin' her. When she seed me, she looked surprised and kinder queer. I went up to her right off, and ses:

"'I've come to take yer home, Nance, and I guess it's time to go.'

"''Scuse me,' ses Jim Crockett, winkin' at the others, 'but 'taint time to go yet, and when 'tis, supposin' thet you've perticerlar business to home, we'll see to Nance's gettin' there all right.'

"They all tittered, and things inside me seemed to swell and blaze up.

"'Jim Crockett,' I ses,—'n' I hed all I could do to keep my hands off him—'yer tongue has showed yer in private afore this to be a sneakin' coward, and I advise yer, ef yer don't want it to publish yer one in public and bring on yer the good thrashin' yer deserve, to mind how yer meddle with me 'n' my affairs. Put on yer things, Nance,' ses I.

"Nance never looked up, but tremblin' and red as fire, she got her bonnet and shawl, and follered me out. We walked fur a time, coolin' off, without either of us sayin' a word, then Nance ses:

"'What did yer mean by pickin' up Jim Crockett as yer did?'

"'I meant,' I ses, 'ter tell him what I thought of him without any varnishin'.'

"'Yer called him names,' ses she, 'and yer hedn't any right to.'

"'Nance,' ses I, turnin' round upon her sudden and stoppin' short, 'do yer stand up fur that feller against me?'

"'I'm not standin' up for anyone,' ses she, her voice shakin', 'but I tell yer those stories yer head's filled up with ain't true, and yer hev no right anyway to speak up to a man fur nothin'.'

"'I don't call it nothin' to be made a laffin' stock of,' I ses, 'and no one's goin' to interfere with what's my business without a word from me. As for the names I called him, they're every one true.'

"She didn't say nothin' to thet, and we walked the rest of the way without speakin'. Jest before we got to the house, though, I slowed up and ses: 'We might as well hev it out, Nance.'

"'Hev what out?' ses she. 'How queer yer are to-night.'

"'No, Nance,' I ses, 'yer know 'tain't queer, but only right that yer should tell me how things is. Hevn't I allus trusted you, Nance?' ses I. 'Hevn't I let you go anywhere's it pleased yer to without ever sayin' a word ter yer, though I've been longin' fur yer, thet yer'd stay at home? I hev, and all along I trusted yer, Nance. Ever since the time I asked yer to marry me, and yer said yes, but wait, I've waited patient, knowin' yer was young, and 'twas but right thet yer should hev a good time afore settlin' down with me. An' I never should have spied upon you, Nance, never; but not me alone hed noticed yer was different lately, and I was fearful you was changin' in yer feelin's. So I come fur yer to-night, Nance, and I ask yer plain—is it true?'

"She was leanin' against a stone wall on the side o' the road, where we hed stopped, and I could hear her breathin' hard, half sobbin', but she never said a word.

"'I'd rether hev you speak right out, Nance,' ses I. 'It ud hurt a gret deal less. 'N' I don't blame *you*, mind, Nance, not a mite. I allus wondered how you could take up with sech an old feller as me—you, all life and sperrits. But I thought thet mebbe we hed been together fur so long thet yer'd sorter got used to me, and so

thought yer couldn't get along without me. 'N' I knowed thet I'd keep steady, and make yer comfortable—'n' thet's more 'n some of the spryer chaps ud do.'

"Then Nance begun to sob right out, 'n' she ses: 'Yer young enough, 'n' spry enough, 'n' I don't want nobody else but you.'

"My heart gave a big leap when she said thet, and I caught hold of her arm, and ses: 'But what about Jim, Nance?'

" 'Oh, don't talk about him,' she ses; 'let's jest go back to where we was before.'

"I was a happy feller thet night, I kin tell yer, and fur a week or so things seemed pretty nice, jest like they used to be. Nance went a-fishin' with me day times, and when Jim come in the evenin' she sent me out to tell him thet she'd got business, too. He turned sorter white and looked ugly when I told him, 'n' I reckon I was glad to see him. He come twice again, but I was the only one to home; Nance never see him.

"We was sittin' in the porch one evenin', Nance 'n' I—Marm hed gone to bed. We hed planned to be married in a month, and I was going over to Rockland in the mornin' on thet 'n' some other business, 'n' expected to be gone the good part of a week. I was smokin', sittin' back on two legs of an old chair, and Nance was sittin' opposite, knittin', on the doorstep.

"'I hear Jim Crockett's left Jones's,' I ses.

"Nance gave a jump. We hed never spoken of him since thet night, even when he come to the house. Fur all Nance ses then was, 'You see him, Jack.'

" 'Hev you seen him?' ses Nance, sorter red, but pretty natural.

" 'I guess not,' I ses, 'but Jones's Bill told me so. He ses,' I went on, 'that those stories about Joey is true. I knowed they was. He's got scamp writ all over him. He showed it pretty plain in the way he acted here. He knowed how much I sot by you, and knowin' all he come sneakin' round and done everything he could to steal yer away from me. Bill told me the way he talked to the boys, and thet he made a bet of ten dollars that he could cut out Jack Blake a good deal inside two weeks.'

" 'Bill Jones tells a good deal more 'n he knows,' ses Nance, rather sharp. I looked at her, but she was lookin' down at her knittin', and didn't say no more.

" 'Bill's a good feller,' ses I.

"The next mornin' I went off early afore Nance was up. I was gone within one day of a week, and come sailin' home one night jest at sunset. The house looked quiet, 'n' Nance didn't come runnin' down to the shore, as she usually done when I come home, helpin' me to put things to rights. 'She's off somewheres,' I ses to myself, 'not expectin' me tonight.' As I started up across the grass to the house, Marm come out onto the porch, 'n' waved her hand. The minute I seed her nigh to, I knowed something hed gone wrong.

" 'What's up?' I ses. 'Where's Nance?'

" 'Oh, Jacky, Jacky,' she ses, and fell a-cryin' on my shoulder.

"I stood perfectly still. I couldn't 'a' moved. Then Marm told me Nance hed gone off early thet mornin', afore Marm was up, leavin' a little note fur her and one fur me. She hed tried to be true to me, she said, but Jim couldn't get on without her. He hed kep' meetin' her, and though at first she hed refused to talk to him, she couldn't help herself, and hed to give in. And lovin' him so, she said, she knowed 'twas better fur us both if she went away with him out of sight."

Uncle John's voice trembled a little over the last words, and, leaning forward in his chair, he threw a fresh log on to the fire and spread his stiffened fingers before the brightening blaze.



LOVE LIVES ON.

By Emma Playter Seabury.

I TOOK from their hiding place last night
Your letters, sweetheart, and read;
And their passion thrilled in the waning light,
Though I said, "My love is dead."
But tears came back to my world-worn eyes
As I thought of a golden June
And lovers who sang, "Love never dies
While boats drift under the moon."

For white wings come, and white sails go,
Drifting out into the dawn;
But memory comes with refluent flow,
And it's true as ever it was, I know,
That love lives on and on.

It comes with the touch or the clasp of a hand,
Or the glance of a stranger's eye,
Or a kindly act in a foreign land,
Or the gleam of a starry sky,
Or a drifting boat on a silver lake,
Or a lily you touch with your oar,
Or the sound of the winds and waves that break,
In melody, on the shore.

But as long as white wings come and go,
Or drift in the rosy dawn,
While memory comes with refluent flow,
It is true as ever it was, I know,
That love lives on and on.



DANIEL BOONE'S FIRST OUTLOOK ON THE BLUE GRASS REGION.

THE CUMBERLAND MOUNTAINS AND THE STRUGGLE FOR FREEDOM.

By Rev. William E. Barton, D. D.

IT is common to think of slavery as belonging exclusively to the South, and as universally practiced and upheld there. Both ideas are far from the truth. Slavery was in a very important sense national, and the sentiment against it was neither universal in the North nor absent from the South. As late as 1830 there were slaves in every northern state except Vermont.

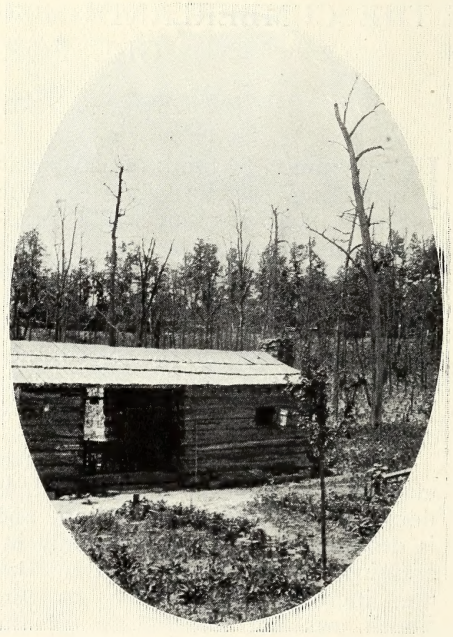
From the beginning, however, it is evident that slavery in the North is doomed to ultimate extinction, and is destined to grow with steadily increasing power in the South. But the increase of slavery in the South was not uniform in all the states. The increase in the white population of Alabama between 1830 and 1850 was 236,074; the increase in colored was nearly as great, 224,995. Louisiana made about the same showing, with 166,050 white and 133,221 colored increase. Mississippi showed even a larger gain, having 225,275 white and 244,219 colored, and, beginning with a majority of about 5,000 whites, ended the second decade with nearly 15,000 majority colored. In all the above the free colored are excluded, and only slaves are counted among the colored. In the border states, however, the showing was very different; Kentucky, for instance, with an increase of 243,626, had only 45,770 slave increase,—less than 20 per cent



A MOUNTAIN MILL.

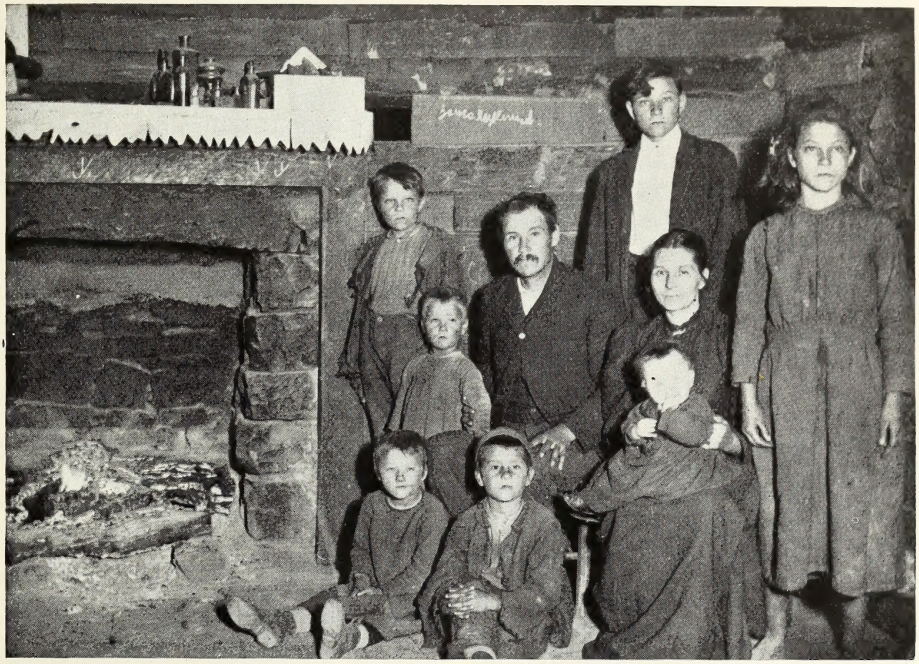
of the increase among the white population. Slavery in the border states was dying of its own weight. Natural conservatism and social pride, together with the practical difficulties of emancipation, retarded its extinction; but the system was slowly losing ground. In 1850 a State Emancipation Convention at Frankfort demanded that the new constitution should give the legislature complete power to perfect provisions for the gradual emancipation of all the slaves within the state. It was but a straw, but it indicated a current.

We frequently hear of "the Solid South." The South, as a matter of fact, was never solid. Long before the war, there was in every southern state a strong anti-slavery sentiment. This was naturally most marked in the border states, where slavery existed in its less repulsive forms. There, in the free and easy manner of life, slaves were generally well treated, and an honest effort was made on the part of many masters to keep families together and to promote the moral and social welfare of the negroes. In some instances the slaves were members of the same churches with their masters, and at the communion service partook of the same bread and wine, after the masters had been served, from the same ministers and at the same altar. It was the boast of some masters that they never sold or bought a slave except to keep families united, and in some communities slave traders and men who sold slaves without regard for their welfare were looked down upon by their neighbors. But besides this sentiment which softened the rigors of slavery, there was on the part of many a strong belief that slavery was wrong. Some men admitted the wrong but professed to see no immediate remedy. Others, convinced of the evil, became the most intense of abolitionists.



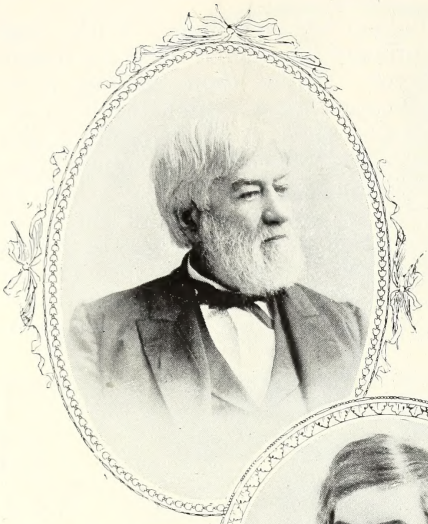
A MOUNTAIN CABIN.

It is a significant fact, but one which all but universally escapes attention, that it was a section, a large portion of which was but just severed from Virginia, which was first dedicated at the shrine of Freedom. Virginia, for the common good, gave up her claim to the great Northwest Territory, in which slavery or involuntary servitude, except as punishment for crime, was forever prohibited. That which was first true of this territory was made true of the nation; and the words of the Constitutional Amendment against slavery were taken from the Ordinance of 1787. It would be too much to attribute this entirely to an antislavery sentiment inherited from Virginia; yet that there was such a sentiment, and that it had its weight, it would be folly to deny. Such a sentiment the boy Henry Clay inherited or easily attained, and as early as 1798, while only twenty-one years of age, was considering and advocating a plan for gradual emancipation. With that sentiment he entered upon his public career. Earlier than this, in 1781, Jefferson most emphatically condemned slavery, and trembled for his country when he remembered that God is just. Jefferson had written in 1785 that antislavery sentiments were held south of the Chesapeake by "a respectable minority . . . which for weight and worth of character preponderates against the greater number who have not the courage to divest their families of a property, which, however, keeps their consciences unquiet." John Fiske enrolls among the opponents of slavery "all the foremost statesmen in Virginia,—Washington, Jefferson, Lee, Randolph, Henry, Madison and Mason."

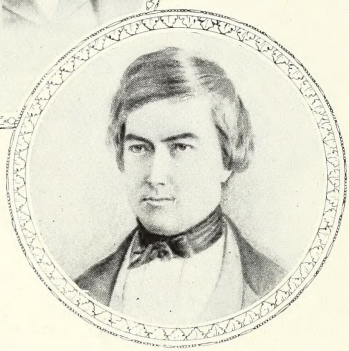


BY THE FIRESIDE IN A MOUNTAIN HOME.

In other portions of the South, and chiefly in the border states, antislavery sentiment early manifested itself. It was in 1834 that James G. Birney of Kentucky freed his slaves,



CASSIUS M. CLAY.

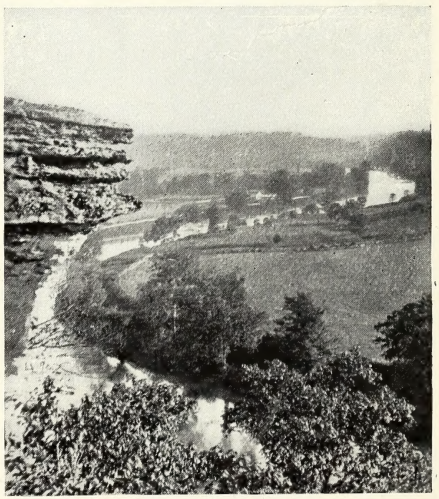


MR. CLAY IN EARLY MANHOOD.

career as the father of abolitionism were not unshared by many who were more permanent residents in the mountainous section of what was then the undivided Virginia. Although his paper, *The Genius of Universal Emancipation*, was first published at Mount Pleasant, Ohio, a town barely over the line from the mountains of West Virginia, it was soon removed to Jonesville in the hill country of East Tennessee. This was before the organization of the New England Antislavery Society, which was effected in Boston in January of 1832 by William Lloyd Garrison, returning from his labors with Lundy in Baltimore, whence in 1824 he had removed *The Genius*. Lundy's movement was the parent of Garrison's, as *The Genius*, which had passed its infancy in the southern mountains, was the parent of the *Liberator*.

While the South as a whole, with its inheritance of several generations of slaves and the numerous vested interests which slavery involved, grew more intensely proslavery, there and in June of 1835, four years after the beginning of Garrison's *Liberator*, he issued in Kentucky the prospectus of his *Philanthropist*, which was published, however, in Cincinnati. In 1835 Cassius M. Clay was elected to the legislature, where he was known as a violent opponent of slavery; and in 1845 he began the publication of an antislavery paper called *The True American*, defending the office with two four-pound cannon and having a keg of powder ready with fuse attached to blow up the building in case a mob should drive the defenders out and obtain possession.

The abolition movement may fairly be said to have begun in the mountains of the South, in the labors of Benjamin Lundy, while at Wheeling, West Virginia. There large cargoes of slaves from the Old Dominion passed through to the southward, and the sentiments of horror and disapproval out of which grew Lundy's



IN THE KENTUCKY RIVER VALLEY.

was no growth at all comparable to that on the part of the people of the Southern Appalachians. The conditions of their soil made large numbers of slaves unprofitable, and their poverty and simplicity of life were barriers in the way of their possessing slaves even in such numbers as might have been used to advantage.

Another notable contribution of the mountains to the antislavery struggle was the book called "The Impending Crisis," by Hon. Hinton Rowan Helper of North Carolina. He was born at Mocksville, in western North Carolina, December 27, 1829, and afterwards made his home at Asheville in the same state. Between 1857 and 1861 there were sold 140,000 copies of his book, which was written by a southern man for southern men, and dedicated to "Cassius M. Clay of Kentucky, Francis P. Blair, Jr., of Missouri, Benjamin S. Hedrick of North Carolina, and to the non-slaveholding whites of the South." Mr. Helper was no friend of the negro in spirit, but from an economic point of view showed the evil of slavery, bracing his argument with quotations from the most eminent southerners then living, as well as many more dead.

The antislavery sentiment in the South was largely based upon the religious convictions of the people. In 1804 six Baptist ministers of some note and others less prominent with many lay members organized a body taking extreme ground against slavery. The Baptist associations declared against them, that it is "improper for ministers, churches or associations to meddle with the emancipation of slavery or any other political subject," and advised them to have nothing to do with it "in their religious capacity." Though thus allowed as individuals to hold and proclaim the views they held, the "Emancipators," as they came to be called, were not content that the church itself should not be committed against the evils of slavery, and withdrew, founding "The Baptist Licking-Locust Association, Friends of Humanity," which however soon died out.

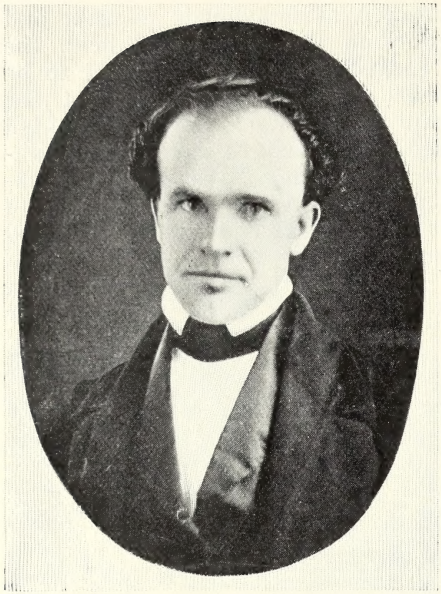
This short lived association, however, was a leavening power within and without the denomination in which it originated. Among the men affected by it was Rev. Jesse Head, a Methodist preacher, who became a strong abolitionist. His abolition views made a strong impression upon young Thomas Lincoln, whom he married to Nancy Hanks, and had thus a not very remote relation to the convictions of Abraham Lincoln.



THE FIRST BUILDING OF BEREA COLLEGE.

Of all the pre-bellum antislavery efforts originating in the South, but one probably has left a monument which survives to the present day. Berea College had so large a share in this movement, and is to-day so true an exponent of the principles then championed, that some special attention must be devoted to its history and progress.

Of all living men who bore a share in this movement, none have seen of the fruit of their labors a



JOHN G. FEE.

From a portrait in the early antislavery period.

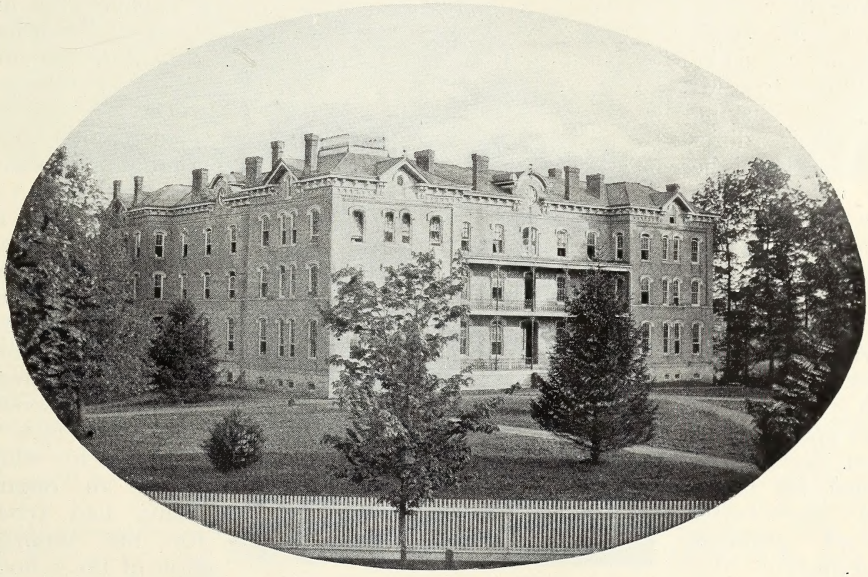
larger harvest than Rev. John G. Fee. He was born in Bracken County, Kentucky, Sept. 9, 1816. His father inherited one slave and bought about a dozen more. The son, who inherited antislavery tendencies from his mother's side of the house, entered Lane Theological Seminary, and became a pronounced abolitionist. Disinherited by his father and frowned upon by Presbytery and synod, he entered the lists against human servitude. Censured "for disturbing the peace of Zion," taking his young wife with him with a faith like that of Abraham, he went out not knowing whither he went. A tract of land which his father had given him was mortgaged and afterwards sold, to buy a slave which his father was about to sell. Having bought the slave from his father, Mr. Fee set her free. This widened the breach between him and his father and led to his being cut off with a dollar. From this time on he ran a gantlet of mobs and abuse, but held unswerving to his way. In 1853 an invitation from Cassius M. Clay was accepted to preach in Madison County and settle there on a small farm presented by Mr. Clay. Here with the help of others who gathered about him, Mr. Fee laid the foundations of Berea College.

There was little to encourage when he began, the place being really a wilderness; but the location was good because it was central. The same reasons existed for founding an antislavery school as those which called for the organization of antislavery churches. So in 1855 this school began its work. Its first teachers were William E. Lincoln and Otis B. Waters, students of Oberlin College. During the next



LINCOLN HALL, BEREA COLLEGE.

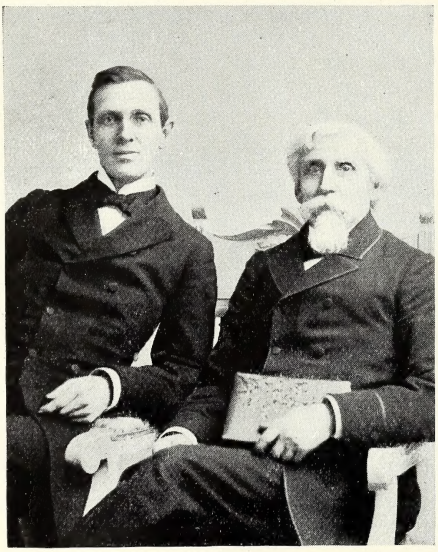
year Mr. Fee was mobbed several times, but this was no new experience to him. The most violent of these attacks was near Texas in Madison County, where he went to preach on the subject of Christian Union, being accompanied by Robert Jones, a native of the county, who was acting as colporteur for the American Missionary Association. There was apprehension of danger, and Mr. Fee had been consulted as to the propriety of carrying guns. He said: "No; if I am disturbed I will appeal to the courts." He believed in the right of self-defense, but opposed the practice of carrying arms. The sermon had commenced when an armed mob of sixty men surrounded the house. In answer to their demand that he "stop talking and come out," he replied: "I am engaged in the exercise of a Constitutional right and a religious duty; please do not interrupt"—and preached on. A second demand was made in the same words, with the same result: he still preached on. Then they seized him and dragged him out and swore they would hang him to the first tree unless he would promise to leave the county and never return. His reply was: "I am in your hands. I would not harm you. If you harm me, the responsibility is with you. I can make no pledge,—duty to God and my country forbid." It had the effect of making them desist for a short time; then they threatened to duck him in the river as long as life was in him unless he would promise to leave the county. He answered: "I am a native of the state. I believe slavery is wrong. I am acting for the good of my country and all her people. You will know my motives at the judgment." He had proceeded but a few moments when one exclaimed: "We didn't come to hear a sermon; let us do our work." They stripped Robert Jones and gave him thirty-three lashes on the bare back, injuring him so that he could not walk the next day, and said to Mr. Fee: "We will give you five hundred lashes if you do not leave the country and promise never to return." He knelt down and said: "I will take my suffering; I can make no pledges." The whip was raised above him, but



LADIES' HALL, BEREA COLLEGE.

one cried: "Don't strike." The man with the whip replied with an oath: "I feel that I ought to; but I don't like to go against my party. Get up and go home." With Jones on his horse behind him and ruffians in front and rear, he rode three miles, when the mob left him; and that night he preached again. The church at Berea became terribly alarmed and advised Mr. Fee to leave the state. For four weeks but one man, a brave Kentuckian, entered his yard, and none but women attended his church.

The brave Cassius M. Clay, though still friendly to Mr. Fee, notwithstanding their difference on the higher law question (Mr. Fee holding that a law confessedly contrary to the law of God ought not to be enforced), advised him to leave. But that was against his wish and his judgment, so he continued his labors, and the excitement gradually died away.



PRESIDENT WILLIAM G. FROST AND REV. J. A. R. ROGERS.

The real founder of the school as such was Prof. John A. R. Rogers, a native of Cornwall, Conn., who still lives in usefulness and honor, in Hartford. Under him the school grew and prospered, his wife greatly aiding him in his labors. Mr. John G. Hanson, also a teacher in the school, brought to his work full faith in the enterprise, and soon a hundred pupils were gathered. And now the question came up and was long and earnestly discussed, whether if a colored person should apply for admission to the school he should be rejected. Although there was no law in Kentucky forbidding education to free colored persons, or even to a slave with his master's consent, this question affected the whole community. The opinion of all the teachers and the founder was uniform and decided. "If any one made in God's image," said the principal, "comes to get knowledge which will enable him to understand the revelation of God in Jesus Christ, he cannot be rejected." This sentiment not being acceptable to the slaveholding families, few of their sons remained in the school; but increased difficulties only inspired the corps of workers to greater efforts, and much encouragement came to them, until there occurred in Virginia an event which shook the very foundations of the school, though it did not destroy them. When John Brown made his raid it was felt by some that an opportunity had arisen for the suppression of the school. All northern men were regarded as dangerous, and especially those who openly opposed slavery. It was announced in the newspapers that a box of rifles had been intercepted on its way to Berea. In view of this the boxes containing the household goods of Rev. John Boughton who was then moving to Berea were examined at night. At first all seemed right, but soon there was discovered what was declared to be an "infernal machine," which however turned out to be a large set of Yankee candle molds. A mass meeting was held, violent speeches were made, and a committee



MOUNTAIN STUDENTS, BEREA COLLEGE.

of sixty-five of the wealthiest and most "respectable" citizens was appointed "to secure the removal from the state, peacefully if possible, within ten days, of Rev. John G. Fee, Rev. J. A. R. Rogers and such others as the committee think necessary for public quiet and safety." Those warned to leave met for prayer and deliberation. Some thought it wise to go quietly away, while others counseled to remain until forcibly removed. No decision was reached except to appeal to the governor of the state for protection, which they did, though with little hope that it would avail them anything. The governor received the petition courteously, but replied that he could not engage to protect them from their fellow citizens who had resolved that they must go. At last it became plain to all that they must leave the state for the present, —which they did, remaining away until the close of the war.



HOWARD HALL, BEREA COLLEGE.

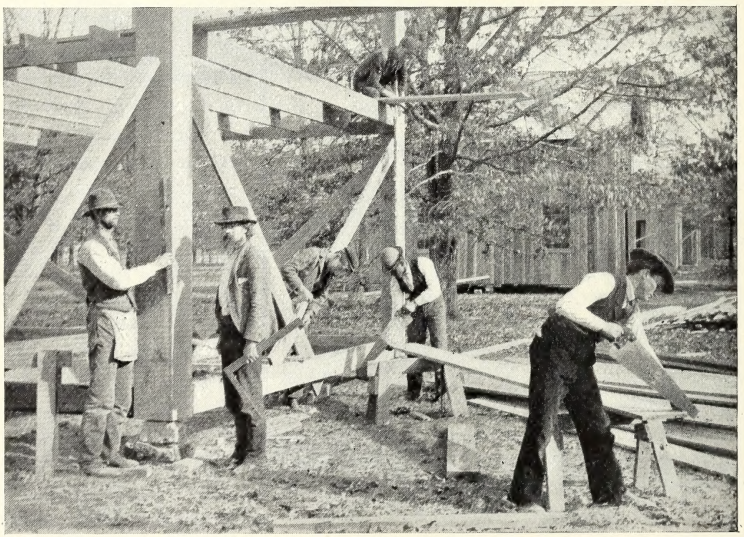
One of those dramatic incidents which appear frequently on the stage but seldom in real life occurred at the Berea Commencement in June, 1896, when Hon. John D. Harris, one of the leaders in the company which drove Professor Rogers from the state, met him on the platform. The incident of their former meeting was related, and the two men clasped hands before the great audience, which cheered to the echo.



"UNIVERSITY EXTENSION" LECTURERS.

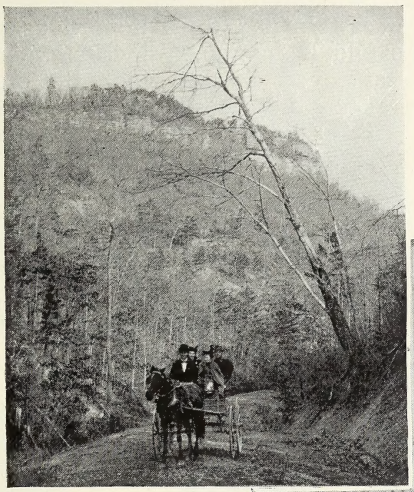
In 1865 the school was reopened, a charter for a college was obtained, students came in, and everything seemed promising, when an old question was brought up, in a practical form. In the early days of the school it had been decided that all persons of good moral character were eligible as pupils; and now three colored youths applied. But one decision was possible. "All persons" included negroes as well as white men; they were "persons of good moral character" and must be admitted. But the morning those three harmless youths walked in, one of them still wearing the blue in which he had been fighting for his country, half the school walked out. Eventually, however, nearly all who left returned and became fast friends of Berea. At present about two-sevenths of the students of the college are colored. The school regulations make no distinction on account of color, and for twenty years there has been practically no discussion on the subject.

In 1869 Rev. E. H. Fairchild of Oberlin became president; so continuing until his death in 1889. During his administration new buildings were erected and the college grew rapidly in popularity and prosperity. Prof. Wm. G. Frost of Oberlin, the present president, assumed the headship of the college in 1893. He brought to his work great ability and enthusiasm, by which he has materially advanced its interests. The advent of the railroad has brought more students from the North, and the good effect of the close association of young people from North and South is very apparent. The healthful climate, the low cost of living, the opportunity for widened social experience and study, and the whole-



A BEREA CLASS IN MANUAL TRAINING.

some influences pervading the institution, combine to make Berea increasingly popular among young people of the North who must obtain an education at low cost. These students prove a most wholesome acquisition, and thus make the school a



RETURNING FROM SUNDAY SCHOOL.

prophecy of the time when North and South shall be lost in the new nation, and Mason and Dixon's line shall be obliterated by the footsteps of those who cross it.

Rev. A. D. Mayo, who for sixteen years has been traveling on educational pilgrimages through the South, exerting a greater influence perhaps than any other man in this field, profoundly believes that the elevation of the entire South, morally and educationally, is involved in the uplifting influences at work among these highlanders, among which influences Berea College stands *facile princeps*. He says:

"In one sense, the two or three millions of white people who occupy this vast Appalachian region of the Central South and the intermediate rim that separates it from the lowlands is the most favorable point of approach for philanthropic effort in this great work. These people were almost unanimous in their devotion to the Union in the War; and whenever reached by our armies they enlisted, forming of themselves a great army of a hundred and fifty thousand men, who followed the old flag. Their country to-day has a greater outcome in the near future than any region east of the Mississippi. Just on the border of this great educational mission field now stands Berea College, with better equipment, more valuable experience and larger opportunities for doing this work than any school with which I am acquainted. In religion, as in race, it is 'no respecter of persons.' Its colony of Northern students is a great addition to the value of the school, and

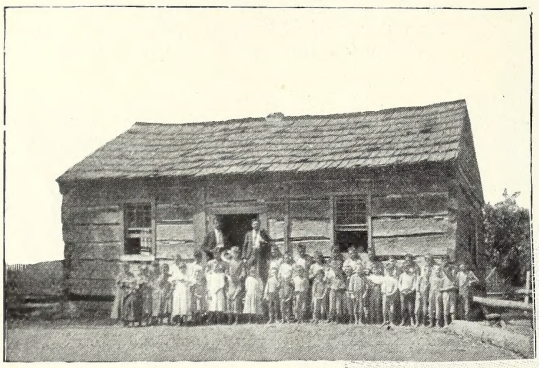


AN "OUTPOST" SUNDAY SCHOOL IN NARROW GAP.

quite without a parallel in institutions of the kind. Its teaching force is superior to that of any school in the South supported by the North; while, in itself, it is a native growth, from the stern necessities of the progressive life of one of the foremost southern states. That such a school should exist, founded by southerners, and having large access to the southern people without excluding the colored, is in itself a finger of Providence."

But we must go back a little. With the antislavery sentiment whose history we have studied, there was also in the Cumberland Mountains region a strong patriotic sentiment which, as disunion came to be discussed, was readily molded either into a belief that patriotism meant the

defense of the constitutional rights of the state, or that it consisted in loyalty to the cause of the united nation. The latter was a much more pronounced and potent sentiment than we sometimes remember. Many Kentuckians, for instance, went into the Confederate army, and for that fact the state gets full credit in the popular mind. But more than twice as many soldiers from Kentucky went into the Union army,—a fact of considerable military significance in itself, and one indicative of a strong sentiment which as yet has had scant recognition. When we reflect that Kentucky's soldiers filled her whole quota, that they came as representatives not of the whole state but of the loyal portion only, that in spite of the large number of men who enlisted upon the other side Kentucky furnished the large number of Union troops which enlisted from her soil without draft or bounty, we are ready to learn the meaning and spirit of a people from whom we have received this substantial evidence of loyalty.



PRIMITIVE MOUNTAIN SCHOOL.



A BEREA STUDENT INSPECTING SCHOOLS.

Nor was Kentucky alone in this devotion. Other southern states manifested within their borders the existence of a like spirit. A third of Tennessee remained loyal. Most if not all of the northern tier of states in the Confederacy exhibited the same characteristics, the intensity, breadth and expression of loyal sentiment varying, but never wholly absent. This sentiment found perhaps its best illustration in the case of West Virginia. There had always been a natural dividing line between the eastern and western portions of the Old Dominion, a division which became very marked upon the outbreak of the Rebellion. While the Ordinance of Secession was adopted by the state as a whole, the majority against it in the northwestern counties was overwhelming; and early in 1861 a convention met at Wheeling to move toward the organization of a new state, to be known as "Kanawha." In 1863, West Virginia became a state, with a constitution which provided for the emancipation of all children of slave parents, so that while the slaves then in bondage were to be retained, each child born in the new commonwealth was to be born free. Thus West Virginia passed through two revolutions, by one of which, as a part of Virginia, it passed involuntarily out of the Union, and another by which as a nebulous state evolving from chaos into political autonomy it returned to the Union which in sentiment it had never left. Truly a most picturesque revolution was that in

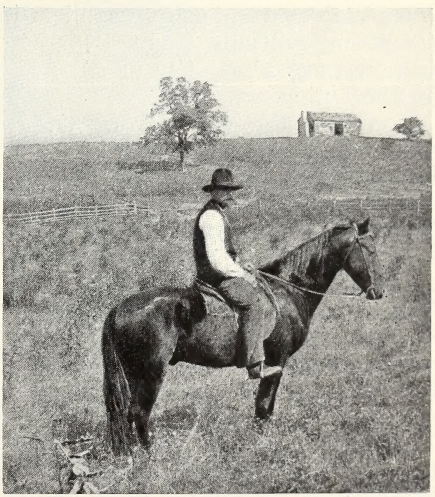


THE HOPE OF THE MOUNTAINS. A SCHOOL OF THE NEWER TYPE.

which a part of a state, denying the state's right to secede, itself seceded from secession.

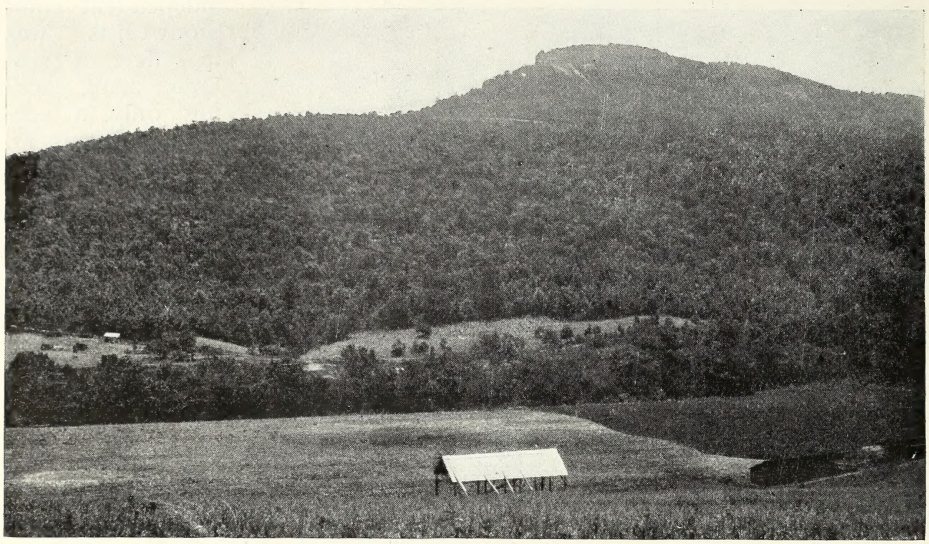
Now, West Virginia is a part of the Southern Appalachian system, which has many claims to be treated as a unit, and not alone as a part of the alleged "solid South." Between this mountainous section and the adjacent portions of the South there are marked differences, geological, social and political. That which was done in West Virginia was done in one way or another in each of the states similarly situated. Kentucky did not secede, notwithstanding a strong proslavery and secession sentiment, partly because all through the state there was more or less of counter-sentiment, but chiefly because one whole section of the state, the southeastern section, embracing a third or more of its territory, was loyal and generally antislavery in its conviction. Tennessee seceded, and its loyal portion did not, as in the case of West Virginia, withdraw and form a free state; but the sentiment existed, and East Tennessee, too remote from Mason and Dixon's line to hang upon its borders as a loyal independent commonwealth, was in effect a separate state, lacking only a separate government.

That the separation of East Tennessee from the Union was not her own fault is beyond question. The question of separation from the Union and of representation in a Confederate convention was submitted to the voters of Tennessee in February, 1861. The entire state opposed separation by a vote of nearly 70,000 to 50,000, and only three delegates were elected. East Tennessee voted for the Union by a vote of 34,000 to 7,550. Governor Isham G. Harris, however, called a special session of the Legislature, which on May 6th declared an ordinance of separation,



A FARMER IN THE BLUE GRASS COUNTRY.

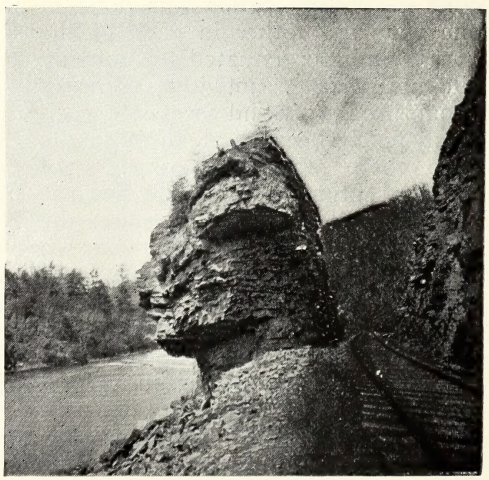
This farmer fought in the Confederate ranks, in a battle on his own farm here shown.



LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN, FROM GENERAL HOOKER'S HEADQUARTERS.

and again submitted the question to the people in a special election on June 8. By this time, and with such measures, there was a decided change in Middle and West Tennessee, a change sufficient to carry the state out of the Union. This was accomplished, however, against the vigorous vote and protest of East Tennessee, which, in spite of 6,241 votes cast by Confederate soldiers in camp and officially counted for separation, gave a majority of 18,300 for the Union.

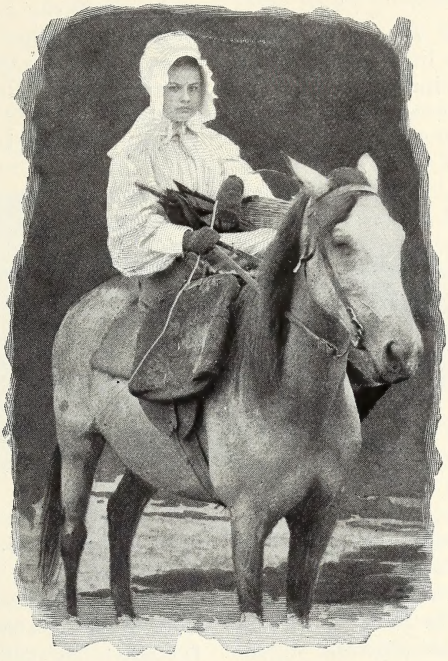
Some of the counties of this mountainous region sent into the Union army more men than they had liable to military duty. While here and there a man entered the rebel army, the number of those entering the Union army was so large as sometimes to make up by its contribution of boys and old men the entire number that could have been drafted into the Union army,—but all without a draft. There was a certain fierceness in their fighting which was remembered and remarked upon by northern soldiers who came to fight with them. The writer as a boy used to hear the stories told in his native town in a northern state which was very proud of its military record. The men who had gone from that town had first fired their own guns in battle, being forced into the very forefront at Perrysville before they had been from home a fortnight, and throughout the war they had seen hard service and acquitted themselves like men. The writer well remembers hearing one of the officers boast



HANGING ROCK, EMORY RIVER.

of his company as the best, man for man and as a whole, that he had seen in the service, excepting always the companies from the mountains of Kentucky and Tennessee; and he did not believe it was possible for men who had left their homes and gone south, to fight as did those men.

This sentiment was not imported. It was indigenous, and thrived in the soil out of which it sprang. It had its being before the troops from the North entered those sections of the South. On May 20, 1861, occurred the first collision of arms in West Virginia, between the "State troops," who recognized the Confederacy, and the loyal companies, two in number. The Confederate military marched into the town of Clarksburg, in Harrison County. Its coming was announced by the ringing of the courthouse bell as a signal for the assembling of those mountain minute men, who quickly gathered at the county seat, under the command of Captains A. C. Moore and J. C. Vance, who demanded the surrender of the arms of the invaders. Terrified by the demonstration made against them, the rebels surrendered their arms, and then, like the King of France who having marched up a hill marched down again, they marched down from the hills of Clarksville, leaving their weapons in the hands of the loyal mountaineers.

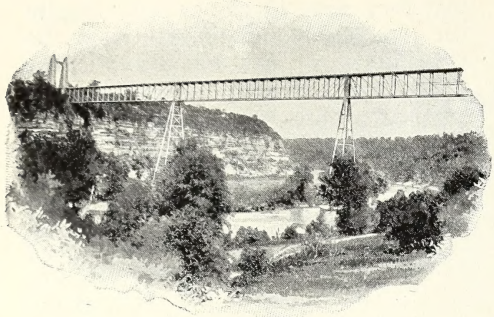


OUR CONTEMPORARY GREAT-GRANDMOTHER.

In estimating the patriotism of the mountaineers, it must be remembered that they were loyal not only despite the opposition and danger from the Confederate armies, but also without the stimulus of state enthusiasm and support which the northern volunteers received, and which southerners peculiarly missed,—for state pride is strong in the mountains as elsewhere in Dixie.

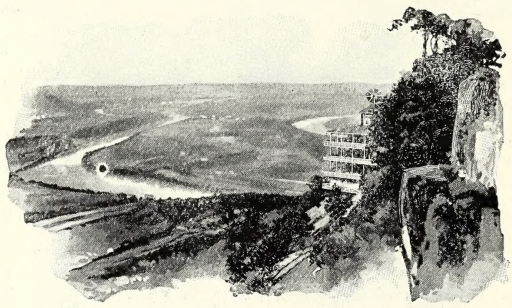
When Lincoln issued his first call for volunteers, Governor McGoffin of Kentucky replied: "Your despatch is received. In answer I say emphatically, Kentucky will furnish no troops for the wicked purpose of subduing her sister southern states." But he reckoned in part without the host, for fourteen companies, four more than could be accepted, promptly offered their services to the Secretary of War, through Col. V. T. Guthrie. Nor were subsequent calls for troops less heartily answered, though both the governor, who favored the South, and the legislature, which was strongly Union, endeavored to preserve an armed neutrality.

There was, however, in the case of Kentucky, a serious danger. If held for the Union it must be with the presence of armed troops; and the sending of troops into the state in the day when it was endeavoring to preserve its precarious balance of "armed neutrality" was certain to be denounced as "invasion" and likely to result in the secession of the state. To lose this important border state



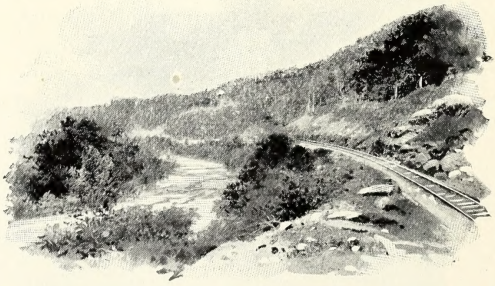
HIGH BRIDGE.

and bring the line of the Confederacy north to the line of the Ohio River and along its entire length would have been a serious loss indeed, and Lincoln well understood that to hold the border states was one of our most important and difficult problems. Here then will appear the tremendous advantage of having on the ground a body of loyal men under arms: the state could be occupied by Union soldiers without invasion.



VIEW FROM LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN.

This effort to preserve the appearance of neutrality became in time a farce, and neither side paid the slightest attention to it. But for a time it was important that it should not be needlessly disregarded. When, therefore, the loyal volunteers began to rendezvous at Camp Dick Robinson, and Governor McGoffin protested, the reply of Lincoln was both shrewdly wise and unanswerably true,—that this was no invasion, but the rising of loyal Kentuckians, officered by Kentuckians, commanded by a Kentuckian, Col. Robert Anderson of Fort Sumter fame, to defend their own soil from invasion from the Confederates. The "State Guards" were under command of Gen. S. B. Buckner, and largely rebel in the sympathies of their leaders. They afforded no nucleus for the gathering of loyal volunteers. Moreover, the "Guards" soon found their occupation gone, for the Union troops were carefully kept out of Kentucky, except as they volunteered within it, or came, as they were beginning to come, from East Tennessee and states further south. There was nothing that by any pretext could be fought as a northern invasion. The officers of the rebel "State Guards" began to resign and go south, and the body rapidly disintegrated. The Union sentiment grew under this wholesome and sympathetic treatment. The legislature, which at first was uncertain, soon dared to oppose the governor's measures in behalf of the South and hold him upon his own platform of neutrality. So from the 20th of May until the 3d of September, Kentucky remained "neutral," though all the while guarded by loyal Kentuckians under arms. Collins's *Annals of Kentucky,* Feb. 1, 1861, records: "Preacher Conway is reported to have said in Boston that 'Abraham Lincoln would *like* to have



ALONG THE EMORY RIVER.

God on his side, but he *must have* Kentucky.'" Making due allowance for the hyperbole, it may now be said that Lincoln did not set too high a value upon Kentucky.

On April 26, 1861, President Lincoln in a conversation in Washington with Hon. Garret Davis of Kentucky stated distinctly that he would make no military movement upon any state or section that did not offer armed resistance to the authorities of the United States or the execution of the laws of Congress; that he contemplated no military operations that would require him to march troops into or across Kentucky, and therefore he should not attempt it; that if Kentucky or her people should seize upon the United States post at Newport, it would be his duty and he might attempt to retake it; that it was the duty of Kentucky to furnish the quota of troops for which he made the requisition upon her, but that he had neither power, right nor disposition to coerce her; and if she made no war upon her own government or that of the United States, the latter would make no war upon her.

The next day he told Hon. Warner L. Underwood of Kentucky that he hoped Kentucky would stand by the government in the present difficulties; but if she would not do that, let her stand still and take no hostile part against it,—and no hostile step should tread her soil. Although it soon became evident that the position of neutrality would prove untenable, the state had come to entertain a strong feeling of kindness toward President Lincoln for respecting it, and was ready for his sake as well as her own to resent the first violation of neutrality, especially if it should come from the Confederates.

On September 3 the Confederate General Polk moved across the line from Tennessee, and occupied Columbus, Kentucky, the better to defend himself against a Union force on the Missouri side of the Mississippi. A few days afterward Zollicoffer pushed through Cumberland Gap to Cumberland Ford, and afterward to Mill Spring. The policy of forbearance had prevailed. The troops from the North had been kept out of Kentucky until it was doubly invaded from the South. The legislature called upon the governor to stand by his neutral position and order the rebel forces out of the state. He vetoed the bill, but it was promptly passed over his veto. The proclamation was issued. General Polk replied, offering to withdraw if the Union troops would do so, but he was ordered to withdraw unconditionally. The United States flag was raised on the State House at Frankfort, and the state was pledged to active support of the government. General Anderson, who had been in command since May 28 by orders from the government at Washington, now assumed general command by order of the legislature of Kentucky and removed his headquarters to Louisville, and the work of raising troops went rapidly on. Before the close of 1861 Kentucky had furnished to the Union army 28 regiments of infantry, 6 of cavalry, and 3 batteries. It was folly, to be sure, to pretend that the state was or could by any possibility be neutral. But that claim having been made, it was important for a few months that it should not be needlessly antagonized until neutrality reduced itself to an absurdity. McGoffin appealed to Cæsar, and to Cæsar he was compelled to go. But it must never be forgotten that the thing which made it possible to humor the state in its whim until the Confederates themselves invaded it was that the Union had on the ground this strong body of loyal Kentuckians.

At this distance, we are able to see that those spoke wisely at the time who endorsed the course of President Lincoln. Among the sensible comments was that of the Albany *Evening Journal,* which said (October

18, 1862): "Gentlemen endowed with more backbone than discretion continue to speak contemptuously of the loyalty of Kentucky. But they will do well to remember how much the success of our army in the west has been owing to the attitude of that state. They will do well to remember that had she gone over into the ranks of the rebel states the seat of war would have been transferred from the Cumberland and the Tennessee to the Ohio; that instead of capturing Memphis and Nashville we should be defending Cincinnati and St. Louis; that instead of penetrating with our armies into the heart of the insurgent country we should have all we could do during the winter and spring to defend our own frontier. They will do well to remember that Kentucky even neutral would be worth fifty thousand men to us; that in her present loyal position she is potent almost to decide the fortunes of the war. Let us generously give her credit not only for what she has *done,* but for what she has *prevented.* Let us admit that without her aid to-day the Southwest would be irretrievably lost to the Union."

Kentucky did not maintain her neutrality without protests from both sides. That from the South voiced itself in appeals, tender and oft repeated, reminding Kentuckians of the ties of blood and common interest which bound them to their friends in the sister states which had left the Union. A specimen of the poetry of the period in which this feeling found expression is taken, more for its historic than its literary quality, from the Memphis *Appeal:*

"Kentucky boys and girls have we—
From us ye may not take them;
Sad hearted will ye give them up
And for the foe forsake them?

"Oh, Tennessee, twin sister, grieves
To take thy hand at parting,
And feel that from its farewell grasp
A brother's blood is starting.

"It must not be!—Kentucky, come!
Virginia loudly calls thee;
And Maryland defenseless stands,
To share what fate befalls thee.

"Come ere the tyrant's chain is forged,
From out the war cloud looming;
Come ere thy palsied knee is bent
To hopeless ruin dooming."

But the appeal for the Union was not less strong and tender. A notable example is the following, based upon the inscription on Kentucky's contribution to the Washington monument in 1850: "Kentucky—she was the first state to enter the Union after the adoption of the Constitution, and she will be the last to leave it."

" 'The first to join the patriot band,
The last bright star to fade and die.'
Oh, first-born daughter of the land,
Wilt thou thy sacred vow deny?
By all the lofty memories bright
That crown with light thy glorious past,
Oh, speak again those words of might—
'The first to come, to leave the last.'

"The land for which our fathers fought,
The glorious heritage they gave,
The just and equal laws they wrought,—
Rise in your might that land to save.
No parricidal daughter thou,
No stain be on thy fealty cast,
But faithful to thy boast and vow,
'Be first to come, to leave the last.'

"Oh, list not to the siren voice
That wooes thee to a traitor cause.
But answer, 'I have made my choice,
I will support my country's laws.'
Go, spurn disunion's foul cabal.
All party ties behind thee cast;
And still at honor's, duty's call
'Be first to come, to leave the last!' "

It is not too much to say that while the state had a very strong secession sentiment and sent more than a fourth of the troops she raised into the Confederate army, she should be remembered as a loyal state, and that that which held her for the Union, politically as well as in the result of her military operations, was the loyal sentiment of her own people, scattered throughout her area, but most of all those in the mountainous section of the state.

That the Union and antislavery sentiment of the mountains were not

exactly coterminous is illustrated in the career of Parson Brownlow, who upheld slavery while defending the Union. William Gannaway Brownlow was born in Wythe County, Virginia, August 29, 1805, and died in Knoxville, Tenn., April 29, 1877. Left an orphan at the age of eleven, he secured the rudiments of an education, and became first a carpenter and then a Methodist preacher. Preaching in John C. Calhoun's district, he achieved great notoriety for his opposition to Calhoun and his support of John Quincy Adams, then, in 1828, a candidate for reëlection to the Presidency. Removing to Knoxville in the heart of the Tennessee mountains, he became in 1838 editor of the Knoxville *Whig*. His trenchant editorials, his hot debates, political and religious, and his fearlessness won for him a national reputation. He thus describes himself in 1862:

"I am known throughout the length and breadth of the land as the 'Fighting Parson'; while I may say, without the charge of egotism, that no man is more peaceable, as my neighbors will testify. Always poor and always oppressed with *security* debts, few men in my section and of my limited means have given away more in the course of each year to charitable objects. I have never been arraigned in the church for any immorality; I have never played a card; I never was a profane swearer; I never drank a dram of liquor, until within a few years—when it was taken as a medicine; I never had a cigar or chew of tobacco in my mouth; I never was in attendance at a theatre; I never attended a horse race, and never witnessed their running, save on the fair grounds of my own county; I never courted but one woman, and her I married."

Although Mr. Brownlow had no sympathy for advocates of abolition, and reviled those who thought that "the chief end of man is nigger," as he expressed it, his loyalty to the Union was unbounded. As the war approached, his editorials and addresses became more pronounced, if possible, and brought down upon him the opposition of the rebel element. After the Union flag had disappeared from every other building in Knoxville, it floated from his house. His paper was suppressed by the Confederates; he was driven from his home, captured and imprisoned; but in the whale's belly of a rebel prison he proved as uncomfortable an occupant as Jonah, and was spewed forth at length by advice of Judah P. Benjamin, Confederate Secretary of War, to be set within the Union lines. Brownlow announced that he had done more than the devil had ever done for the rebellion,—he had left the dominion of secession. Coming North, he addressed large audiences and awakened great enthusiasm in favor of the enlistment of troops and the vigorous prosecution of the war. He was afterward returned to Tennessee and resumed the publication of the Knoxville *Whig*, to which he added the sub-title, *Rebel Ventilator*. On the reconstruction of the state in 1865, he was elected governor, and served two terms, vigorously enforcing measures to restore the Union, proclaiming martial law in a part of the state during the Ku-Klux outrages, and opposing as a mistake the giving of the ballot to the negro.

As a specimen of the style of Parson Brownlow, and an authoritative statement of his principles, the following quotation will be of interest:

"You are correct in supposing me free from the taint of abolitionism. I have fought the agitators of the slavery question at the North for the last two and twenty years, during which time I have edited a Whig paper in Tennessee. With my *Government*, and its *Constitution* and *laws*, I intend to stand or fall having no regard to who may be President for the time being. This rebellion is utterly without cause. Nothing but force will put it down, and hence there never was a more necessary, just and lawful war than this, to preserve a necessary, just and noble government against inexcusable, unnatural and villainous rebellion. This rebellion, on the part of the South, originated in falsehood, fraud and perjury, and the men who inaugurated it and are now at its head are as bad men as ever agitated the slavery question in New England, or any who suffer the vengeance of eternal fire, for having flagrantly violated God's law through a long and eventful life of wickedness! Knowing this,

or rather believing it, as I honestly do, I can have no sympathy with the men in the South who have brought about this war and are urging it on. No mad-dog cry of the invasion of the sacred soil of the South by the vandals of the North can blind my eyes to the *facts* in the case, or shift the responsibilities of its origin upon those who are fighting to preserve the government. Men need not talk to me about the unnatural, fratricidal and horrible war Lincoln is waging! Why is it unnatural? I think it the most natural thing in the world for a nation to fight for its government against a vile rebellion which has never yet been able to allege an excuse. That any portion of the people should stand aloof from such a cause is indeed unnatural. . . .

"I never look through telescopes made of cotton stalks. . . . and I tell the misguided men of the South to undeceive themselves. Look at battles as they occur, and at chances as they are. The deception they are imposing upon the honest masses is only temporary. It will become more and more apparent as their humbugged victims draw near to the sober realities of a war which must terminate fatally for the interests of the South. . . . If the Federal Government prevails, it will prove that the Union was a nationality; if the cotton states make good their independence, it will prove that the Union was a partnership during pleasure. In other words if we have a Government I want to know it; and this war will determine the issue."

That Parson Brownlow had opposition in East Tennessee itself need not be taken to imply that the region was disloyal. Such sentiments as his, expressed in the most uncompromising manner, would have met with opposition anywhere in the days just preceding the war. As attention has been directed to the loyalty of West Virginia and Southeastern Kentucky, it will be well to consider not only Parson Brownlow, but his constituency, the loyal mountaineers of East Tennessee.

As in the case of Kentucky and Virginia, there is a natural line of cleavage between the eastern and western portions of Tennessee. Had the state lain with its length north and south, and with its mountainous end bounded by Mason and Dixon's line, there would have been another seceding state from the list of the seceded. East Tennessee was once a separate territory. In May, 1783, North Carolina ceded its western lands to Congress, on certain conditions, the failure of which left the new territory in doubt as to its own status. After two years of uncertainty, it elected delegates and organized the State of Franklin. The new state did not long retain a separate existence. There remained, however, a marked difference between the two sections of the state, and it still seems to a resident of the mountainous portion as necessary to say that he lives in *East* Tennessee, as to a dweller in the now severed portion of Virginia that he lives in *West* Virginia. The people of East Tennessee—those of them who know about it—are as proud of the fact that the records of Franklin were once hidden by the clerk of the state in a cave as the inhabitants of Connecticut are of the certainly not more historical hiding of their charter in an oak. East Tennessee had few slaves. In 1860 they numbered only one-tenth of the population. The fields of cotton there were small and the product was for domestic consumption.

When Tennessee began to consider secession, Andrew Johnson, then in congress from East Tennessee, violently opposed it, though hooted and burned in effigy in other parts of the South, and not escaping censure in his own part. Still, Andrew Johnson at his best was at that time a fit representative of the best sentiment in East Tennessee, and deserves no little credit for his loyal and outspoken opposition to secession.

When Zollicoffer invaded Kentucky, East Tennessee became overrun with Confederate soldiers. The loyal people suffered greatly. Men were arrested on mere suspicion of being loyal, and thrown into prison. Some bridges having been burned to impede the rebels, those suspected of burning them were hanged without mercy, and it appears probable that some thus summarily executed were innocent. Col. W. B. Wood in a let-

ter to the Confederate Secretary of War, from Knoxville, where he had command of the rebels, enlarged upon his difficulties. The sentiment was hostile to the Confederate government, the people were slaves of Johnson and Maynard, the courts would not convict men who had committed crimes against the Confederates, and the enforced oaths of allegiance were violated as soon as taken. It is altogether probable that he told the truth, and in no way overstated the difficulties of his position. The oath which the inhabitants were compelled to take on pain of banishment and confiscation of property came to be taken by those who did not flee to the woods,—"from the teeth outward," as they somewhat grimly said. The Confederate commander at Knoxville wrote to Secretary Benjamin that the vast majority of the people about him were as loyal to the Union as were the people of Ohio.

On April 18, 1862, Gen. E. Kirby Smith issued from his headquarters at Knoxville a proclamation to the citizens who had "been misled into the commission of treasonable acts through ignorance of their duties and obligations to their state" and had "fled across the mountains and joined our enemies under the persuasion of supposed friends but designing enemies," and offered thirty days' grace to any who would return to their homes and take an oath to support the constitution of the Confederate States,—after which time of grace, if they failed to improve it, their wives and families would be deported from the Confederacy. There was a large promise of protection to all who were quietly cultivating their farms, the occasion of the proclamation appearing to be the fear lest the absence of so many men in the Union army should leave the entire population at home dependent upon the Confederate army for support. The Provost Marshal adds a warning: "All who leave after this date, with a knowledge of the above acts, will have their families sent after them. The women and children must be taken care of by husbands and fathers, either in East Tennessee or in the Lincoln Government." To homesick soldiers, away from home, far beyond the limits of their own geographical knowledge in many cases, such a proclamation, communicated with an added burden of home fears and rumors, must have been a temptation to desertion. What an inviting picture it must have presented—the rough little farm on the hillside again under cultivation, and the mountaineer back on his own land, caring for his family and protecting his home! On the other hand, how dark was the prospect,—the rebel army in possession, the home unprotected, the family about to face starvation or banishment out into the world that had suddenly grown so large, with no prospect of being united again! Yet the number of East Tennesseans in the Union army did not decrease, but increased, until there were 30,000 bearing arms in defense of the Union.

Statistics furnished by the War Department show two things concerning the numbers of soldiers furnished by the border states,—first, that the numbers were very large, and second, that the length of service was one of long average. The following figures are official, and indicate the aggregate numbers of soldiers furnished by five of the border states east of the Mississippi containing each a mountainous section:

West Virginia	32,068
Maryland	50,316
Kentucky	79,025
Tennessee	31,092
North Carolina	3,156
Total	195,657

Had all these states by draft and bounty filled their entire quota under the different calls — a thing which few Northern states actually did,— the total would have been but little in advance of these figures—219,330. Of the 195,657 men who enlisted from

these five states, it is not too high an estimate that 150,000 were from the mountainous portions; and to these should be added considerable numbers who moved across the border and enlisted in other states, besides those who entered the Union army from the hills of Alabama, Georgia and Mississippi. When the 195,657 from these five states alone are reduced according to the War Department's method to a three-years' standard, there appears an aggregate of 169,371 who entered the army for three years.

We sometimes forget how nearly even hung the balance of our fortunes in the late war, and what an advantage the Confederates possessed in having their troops already upon the ground. Can we imagine what it meant to us to have upon the ground, without the delay and uncertainty of transportation and the danger of acclimatization, an army of more than 200,000 men? It is hardly too much to say that the tide of battle was turned by them. To have subtracted 200,000 from our own forces and added them to those of the enemy,— who can tell what this difference of 400,000 men would have meant to the Confederate army? At this distance the loyal sentiment of these states, which was strongest and most representative of public sentiment in the mountains, seems to us to have been a *sine qua non.* It held Kentucky in the Union. It held East Tennessee with its 30,000 soldiers after the state itself had seceded. It divided Virginia, and of the loyal half added a new star to the flag. It removed the war from the Ohio two hundred miles to the southward, and left our own borders relatively secure while we pushed the war into the heart of the Confederacy. It furnished us with more than 200,000 soldiers on the ground, familiar with the region and adapted to the climate, who proved among our best and most aggressive fighters for the preservation of the Union.

The mountaineers did not always fight according to the laws of nations. They were fond of ambush and sometimes prone to plunder. When they found themselves out of their own section of the country, where stores contained something more than the few dollars' worth of bare necessities found in the average mountain shop, their hearts often yearned for the Babylonish garment for the wives at home. There is no more pathetic fact than that the second thing a mountain trooper sought to secure to carry away with him from the sacking of a store was a bolt of cotton calico, which he hoped amid all the uncertainties of war to carry with him until he should be at home again and therewith attire in a manner beyond the glory of Solomon the wife whom he had seen only in linsey woolsey of her own spinning. This was the second article for which he strove. The first thing he sought for was a pair of baby shoes,—treasures still so rare in the mountains that they must have been almost unknown in those days,—to be stowed away safely in his knapsack in hope of seeing them one day on little feet that pattered bare over the puncheon floor of the mountain cabin.

They did not always organize themselves under command of the government, but carried on the war in a manner that suited themselves, and did not stop in every case with the fall of Richmond. Most of the intense mountain feuds of past years, some of them continuing to the present time, are legacies of the war. The writer had occasion to explore the section covered by the Stamper-Underwood war of a dozen or more years ago. He found some even of the new cabins with logs in the loft notched for the poking out of rifles in case necessity should demand the conversion of the house into a fort. He enjoyed the privilege of spending a night with old George Stamper, who had led one faction until the other had

been exterminated, and found him a rather shrewd, sensible and hospitable old man, who gave no indication that his conscience troubled him for fighting out the war to a finish, and with a decided tendency to talk upon religious subjects, being, as appeared, a church member in good standing and, the writer inferred from his conversation, a lay preacher. The mountaineer was no hundred-days' man. He enlisted for the war and did not always receive notice of its termination.

It is not surprising that the extent of this patriotism which existed in the heart of the Confederacy has not been fully realized. Even the Northern soldiers were not in the best position fully to appreciate its scope and influence. Very many of the soldiers were in no mood for too fine discrimination and, especially in the earlier part of the war, when this section perhaps suffered most, regarded all men south of Mason and Dixon's line as disloyal. There are no stories more sad than those told by some of these mountain families of the disappointment which they experienced when the Union soldiers from other states first came to them. Their professions of loyalty were treated with scorn, their hogs were shot, their fields stripped of the ripening ears, their kitchens and smokehouses robbed, and they were left in deeper poverty after the arrival of their protectors. Fresh pork and green corn were a great temptation to men who had been living on army fare, and the fields of the mountaineers were small and soon stripped. But pork and corn bread were the dependence of the mountain families, some of whom were left face to face with starvation by the same army in which their own brothers and fathers and sons were fighting. Yet they remained loyal. What other people were so sorely tested? There was an honest effort made by many officers to prevent depredations, and the soldiers did not consider themselves to have taken much because they received so little. But that little was all that many families had.

No people felt more heavily than the mountaineers the burden of the war. Its little finger there was thicker than its loins in other sections of greater wealth and free from actual invasion. They had abundant opportunity to alter their convictions and to go with the South. Yet spite of the double disadvantage of their isolated position, their sundering themselves from those who as it seemed at first were better able to understand and protect them, at a distance from the North, and overlooked by it in the pressure of momentous affairs which compelled attention, this section remained loyal. If the fact was overlooked at the time, it deserves recognition now, and that of the most cordial and practical sort. Let us never forget that when the fate of the nation hung trembling in the balance, this secession from secession, this *imperium in imperio,* cast its sword into the scale and turned it in favor of the undivided nation.

THE TAVERNS ON THE BOSTON ROAD.

By Ada Elizabeth Herrick.

IT has stood there for more than a century, a bleak old house with blindless windows staring out of weather-stained walls, a dilapidated reminder of the time when the stage-coach drove along the Boston road, depositing passengers at the taverns by the way. An old house it is, with protruding wings, scantily roofed, and bearing traces of the sharp buffetings it has received from wind and rain. Somebody, some forty years ago, built a piazza, stiff and ugly, across its front, and cut down to the floor the little square windows that looked out on the street, and hung up a lantern over the low stone step and a sign over the lantern, thus transforming the old tavern into a not uncomfortable hotel. But it has been years now since a guest stepped through the low doorway; sign and lantern are things of the past, although the iron support of the latter still remains, a little bent and rusty, creaking dismally when the wind is high; the piazza is falling away; the unpainted ell has blackened; there are unsightly fissures in the walls, where birds have built their nests.

Yet there is something in the decay of the old building that makes one forget its brief and unsuccessful career in modernized garments and takes him back to the time when the rooms were full of guests, who looked behind the bed curtains and in the closets and tapped the wall all around in the expectation of finding a secret door in the wainscot, before going to bed, and in the morning, refreshed by a sleep untroubled by ghosts or goblins, rose and threw another log upon the dying fire and dressed by its light and the flickering flame of a tallow candle. That was the time when the great partitions were swung aside on their hinges and fastened by enormous hooks to the rafters, leaving a broad expanse of gleaming floor down which tripped slippered feet, while on the benches against the wall sat powdered dowagers and white-haired men. What a change from that bright and merry past to this dull and quiet present! No laughter coaxes the echoes from their hiding places among the rafters, and the light feet have danced away into oblivion long since. Instead of fife and fiddle and jest and song, one hears the murmur of aged voices, the click of knitting-needles all day in the habitable rooms, and the scurrying of rats through the chambers overhead.

The two dear old ladies who sit in big armchairs, one on either side of the parlor fireplace, have little to say to each other, so the needles click steadily from morning until noon, when Hannah brings in the dinner and arranges it on the round table between the windows. When dinner is over the knitting begins again; but it is not so continuous as in the morning; now one pair of needles, now both, are still, and the sunbeams that flashed along them have moved to the further corner of the room and are sporting with a runaway ball of yarn before one old lady opens her eyes with a start and says: "I guess I was just dropping off." Upon that the clicking begins again. The black cat rises from the rug, opening and shutting his sleepy yellow eyes, turns around twice, then curls down again, laying back his ears in disapproval of the sound that disturbed his slumber. Then Miss Dorcas smiles and says softly to herself, "How wonderfully wise Solomon

is"; while Miss Lucinda, hearing her pet's name, wakens in time to add in a tone of the deepest conviction, "A most remarkable cat!" and to pick up the dropped stitches in her stocking before the hall clock strikes five. Prompt upon the last stroke comes Hannah bringing in the tea things. Once more they draw their chairs up to the round table and gossip a little over their cups, or Miss Dorcas recalls an incident of her childhood, which puts Miss Lucinda in mind of her favorite story.

It is not strange that their thoughts turn upon themselves. They have little else to think of, poor souls; they never go to see anybody and nobody comes to see them, so what rare bits of gossip they hear reach their ears through the faithful Hannah. The world has not waited for them; they have been too slow to give up old customs and old habits of thought; so it has rushed by, leaving them as little changed by the innovations of modern life as the old tavern itself, which seems ever to be looking, with a kind of contempt, from its staring, blindless windows on the frail cottages, disfigured by narrow balconies, little towers and cheap colored glass, which are crowding upon it, and to hold itself aloof with the dignity of historic age from these dwellings.

So they have had little to talk about of late years, little save the great fire. They call it "the great fire," and it was great to them; but to the townsmen the burning of the old Day tavern seemed a very small fire indeed. Looking back upon it, they are prone to regard it as a peculiarly satisfactory dispensation of Providence, for a fine new block has been built on the tavern lot, which Miss Dorcas refused to sell so long as the old house was standing. "I may be foolish, but it's my home, and I couldn't bear to see it torn down," she had said many a time to a would-be buyer. "I've always lived here, and so did my father and my grandfather and my great-grandfather. It's all been left as it was in my grandfather's time, even to the sign hanging from that big tree over the road. The townsfolk have wanted me to take it down, but I wouldn't, for I'm as fond of that old sign, with the colors washed almost off, as they are of their children. I shouldn't feel at home anywhere else."

So the old tavern still stood, and the old sign still swung from the great oak. There was a strange superstition that had descended with the tavern to Miss Dorcas—that, whenever the signboard creaked and groaned on its iron fastening, misfortune was coming upon the inmates of the house. On the first occasion when she heard it, she lost her gold-bowed spectacles, on the second she quarreled with Miss Lucinda, and on the third the old house burned. But I am coming to that.

In the first days of the taverns a good-natured rivalry had existed between the innkeepers; I had better have written, between the innkeepers' wives,—for Mistress Day and Mistress White had had no end of disputes on the sunny days when they met in the orchard between the inns, over which had entertained the noblest guests. Mistress White could boast of many a British officer, while Mistress Day, bound to maintain her dignity at any sacrifice of truth, told anecdotes of no less a person than General Washington himself. And now the glories of the rival houses were as warmly disputed as on the morning after Mistress Day had kept a candle burning all night in the great north chamber to deceive her neighbor into thinking that the illustrious general had tarried at the Red Wing.

We are justly proud of family stories if they redound to the glory of our house; so it is no wonder that gentle Miss Dorcas felt that the honor of her name had been assailed when Miss Lucinda flatly refused to credit the George Washington story.

"I don't believe one word of it,"

she said, the poison of envy beginning to work in her bosom, as she reflected that not even General Burgoyne's praise of her ancestor's wines could compare with the speech of the great George when, on his departure, he took Jonathan Day by the hand and in presence of the waiting officers said that he had never met a more courteous host nor been better entertained. "I don't believe one word of it," she said, rolling up her knitting work as she spoke and sticking the needles into it, "and I don't think anybody else does in this town; and as for Mistress Day, why, everybody knows that she was a boastful creature, always fond of making a good story. Now, I'm fond of you, Dorcas; we've grown up together, and we've told each other just what we think, and so I'm going to give you a little advice. I wouldn't say quite so much about that Washington story, if I were you; for nobody really thinks he did stop here, and it makes you appear kind of silly."

Miss Lucinda rose in haste, wrapping her shawl about her. She was none too soon, for Miss Dorcas's eyes were as steely as her knitting needles as she got up and confronted her guest.

"I never heard," she said, with great deliberation and emphasis, "I never heard, Lucinda White, anybody say a word against the truth of a Day before. I could show you the chamber where the General spent the night and the very bed he slept on, if I were willing to lower my dignity enough; but I don't suppose you would believe even then, for, the truth is, you've just made up your mind that you won't. Lucinda White, we are friends and neighbors, but not even from you will I hear one word against my ancestors. You had better go, Lucinda. You had better go quick, before I say anything hard to you,—and remember that I don't want you ever to come into my house again."

So Miss Lucinda went. Miss Dorcas, creeping to the window, saw her walk down the street with her head high in the air and a scornful smile on her lips. Poor Miss Dorcas! She was very lonely after that. The days seemed interminable; there was nobody running in to tell her the news or to bring blocks for her quilt; nobody to advise her how to turn her old black silk and retrim last winter's bonnet; and—she sobbed when she thought of this, and two tears fell down on the shiny needles—there was nobody to love her. There were moments when in her loneliness she cherished the memory of her friend more than the honor of her ancestors; but she would have scorned to confess it, for Miss Dorcas was as proud as she of the Washington fame.

"I told her to go away and never come back," she would say to herself, as she stood behind a curtain peering through the thin muslin with tearful eyes and trying to decide whether that were really Lucinda at the window opposite, or only Hannah. "I told her to go away, and now I can't go to her and beg her to come back. No Day would stoop to that."

Sunday, that best day of our grandmothers' week, brought no comfort to Miss Dorcas. She remembered with a pang, as she tied the black ribbons of her neat bonnet in a square bow under her chin and crossed the little black silk shawl with Puritan primness upon her breast, that Lucinda had always stopped for her on the way to church and given her bonnet a tilt to set it straight on her head and arranged the folds of her shawl and told her meanwhile the morning's news, which Hannah had brought with the daily pint of milk from Mr. Hilman's. Their pews in the small white church adjoined, and they always sat as close together as the black-walnut partition allowed, ready to nudge each other with sharply pointed elbows when the preacher's orthodox eloquence excited their admiration or when the good man made it the part of his

pastoral duty to come down heavily on the well-known sins of some backslider of his flock. They sang the doxology in their quavering voices, and the good old hymns, out of the same hymn-book. After service they walked home arm in arm, happy and light-hearted as two girls, chatting about the sermon and the congregation that listened to it.

But now these pleasant Sundays were at an end. Injured dignity restricting all intercourse of the old ladies to two frigid bows of recognition if they chanced, contrary to all calculation, to meet, Miss Dorcas went her solitary way to the church, quickening her pace if she fancied she detected a familiar step on the walk behind her, and, having gained the vestibule, with flushed cheeks and suspiciously bright eyes, waited a moment to compose herself before going into the audience room, lest she enter it with indecorous haste. But however dignified her step and reverent her mien, the warm color flushing her face betrayed to the congregation the proximity of her friend, who, a minute later, would make her appearance in the opposite aisle, down which she would walk slowly and majestically, followed by curious eyes; for the fact of a quarrel between the mistresses of the taverns was known to every man, woman and child in the town. There was no flush on Miss Lucinda's cheeks and no eager dropping into her seat. She settled herself with a dignity befitting the sole survivor of an old and respected family, with a great rustle of old silk and flutter of old ribbons, and without a glance in the direction of Miss Dorcas, sitting meekly at the other end of the long red cushions. After a short prayer, offered with her forehead on the back of the pew in front, each old lady sat up and turned her eyes towards the pulpit. Under the tranquilizing influence of a hymn or two and a chapter from the Gospel of St. John, the flush gradually faded from Miss Dorcas's delicate old cheeks, and the rigid tension of the muscles around Miss Lucinda's mouth relaxed a little; but neither once removed her eyes, during the long sermon, from the desk and the minister's dark figure above it, bravely resisting the temptation to steal a sidelong glance at her neighbor.

There was an end, too, of the dainty Sunday luncheons served by Hannah in the parlor of the King's Tavern, at which Miss Lucinda, imposing in her best black silk, poured the tea and, indulgent of Miss Dorcas's weakness, dropped three large lumps of sugar into the latter's cup. There was an end of reading the Scriptures together Sunday afternoons and of recalling—innocent diversion—the triumphs of early days, when young eyes sparkled, young cheeks bloomed, and clear laughter rippled from young lips. Pitiful indeed that these few last pleasures should escape them because envy refused to worship at the shrine of a harmless pride.

Morbidly sensitive, Miss Dorcas suffered from the quarrel far more keenly than her friend; and whereas Miss Lucinda had Hannah for company and consolation, she, crushed under the insult to her name, had not even a cat. Her mother's Bible, that old comfort and refuge, failed her in her hour of need, offering her nothing but criticism of her conduct, for whenever she took it down from the marble-top table where it lay in state, it opened at the beatitudes or the blessed exhortation to charity, as if, she thought, the Lord himself were speaking to her and gently condemning her sinful pride.

"I know I was wrong," she would say mournfully as she closed the holy book and turned for the twentieth time that day to the window, "I know I was wrong to speak to her so kind of sharp; but I can't go and tell her so, I never can,—she, who wouldn't believe that the General slept in my north chamber,—a story I had from

the lips of my own grandmother and that is as true as the Gospel." And the bright, cold flash that had discomfited Miss Lucinda on the eventful afternoon of the quarrel drove the tears from her eyes; and, with the Day pride rising, an indignant ghost, in her poor, haunted heart, she would go upstairs and fortify herself for her lonely life by a peep into the north chamber, with its dark-curtained bed and stiff, high-backed chairs, in one of which, so the tradition ran, the great American general had sat to write a dispatch, and come down to the parlor and knit away contentedly for a few minutes until something again reminded her of Miss Lucinda, when she would go to the window and peer out as before.

It was a month after the quarrel began that Miss Dorcas received a call from the minister. She had answered the clang of the bronze knocker on her front door with an angry flush on her cheeks. From her chair behind the parlor curtains she had watched her pastor's portly figure leave the King's Tavern and come briskly up the street to her door, and it had flashed across her that he was come in Lucinda's interest to bring her to repentance. The smooth white curl on either side of her dear old face quivered with indignation at this effrontery, and it was in a voice steeled for conflict that she addressed him and invited him in.

The note of challenge somewhat disconcerted the good man, who, however valiant he might be in combating error from the pulpit, found himself very much at a disadvantage without this clerical intrenchment in the presence of the dignified old gentlewoman, whose pursed lips and indignant eyes gave him to understand that he had made a great mistake in coming from the King's Tavern directly to the Red Wing. However, it was too late to retreat. He deposited his hat and overcoat on the square mahogany table that stood in the hall and followed his hostess into the parlor. She sat down opposite him and waited for him to speak. He began discreetly enough by asking after her health and complimented her on the regularity of her attendance at church. To this Miss Dorcas replied that she had always been used to go to church and shouldn't feel that she had begun the day right if she stayed at home. Her conscientious conception of Christian duty accorded so well with the minister's own that he expressed hearty approval, adding a wish that others of his flock were so minded.

"But I can always depend on you being there, dear Miss Dorcas, no matter how bad the weather," he said, "you, and Miss Lucinda." Miss Dorcas winced. "You are a shining example of Christian faithfulness, which reflects honor on the church, and I am grateful to you both," he continued warmly. "Your religious zeal is as remarkable as your devotion to each other. I declare, Miss Dorcas, it has been an inspiration to me to look down from the desk and see you and Miss Lucinda sitting side by side, both so interested in the sermon or singing together so heartily out of your hymn-book. It has always reminded me of the apostle Paul's exhortation, 'Be kindly affectioned one to another with brotherly love.'"

Miss Dorcas, not a whit softened, moved on her chair with an ominous rustle. "I am much obliged to you," she said stiffly. "I hope Mrs. Allen and the children are well?"

His thrust parried, the minister was thrown back upon the health of his wife and little family, in which Miss Dorcas seemed to take unusual interest. Fully twenty minutes elapsed before his skill had guided the conversation back to the point of attack. But Miss Dorcas was so wary of snares that, after several ineffectual attempts to draw her out, he was compelled to abandon ambuscade and take the open field.

"I have just come from Miss Lucinda's," he said abruptly. "I in-

ferred from what she said that you and she have had a little misunderstanding, over which she feels very badly. I was sorry to hear that there was any ill feeling between you, for, as I said a moment ago, I have always thought your friendship beautiful. I am convinced, Miss Dorcas, that your love for your friend and your charity will prevent you long cherishing ill will towards her; and I can assure you of this, that any little advances on your part will be most cordially met by her."

Miss Dorcas said nothing. There was a long pause. The clergyman's troubled eyes traveled from the old woman's set face to a long, zigzag crack across the ceiling, which they followed intently until it lost itself in the purple bordering of the old-fashioned paper. Then he dropped them to the carpet, their perplexity deepened. Miss Dorcas, with the faintest perceptible quiver of triumph on her lips, rejoiced in the discomfiture of the shepherd of her soul. The pastoral crook had been flourished too boldly to drive the stray sheep into the fold. She resented Mr. Allen's interference, and her resentment was sharpened by the suspicion that he had come, full of sympathy for Lucinda, to bring her, Dorcas Day, the injured one, to repentance.

"Mr. Allen," she said, squaring her narrow shoulders against the high, carved back of her chair and holding her head proudly erect, "since you have been paying compliments to Miss White and me, it's no more than fair that I should give you one in return. You have always been a good minister, and I have never had one word to say against your sermons; they are good orthodox doctrine, and it has always been a pleasure to listen to them on Sundays. But, though I suppose it is wrong of me to say such a thing, I would rather you would keep them for Sundays. For nobody, be he ten times a minister, can settle a quarrel by hearing one side of the story and then going and telling the other woman how wrong she is. As for me, I hope I know my Christian duty better than to speak ill of my neighbors. What Lu—Miss White has told you, she has told you, but I am not going to give you or anybody else a chance to tell her that Dorcas Day said such and such things about her."

Miss Dorcas and the minister both rose, he, surprised, embarrassed, hurt; she, flushed, triumphant, yet a little frightened withal at having spoken so plainly to her pastor.

"I had no intention of offending you," he began. "I did not come here to preach to you. And really, Miss Dorcas, if you think that Miss Lucinda spoke unkindly of you, you do her great injustice."

The lace frill of the white kerchief crossed so neatly on her breast quivered, as the heart beneath it gave an indignant protest against the imputation of injustice to her who had suffered from it. She had led the way into the hall and was standing with her hand on the bronze doorknob before she could trust her voice.

"She told you all about it, didn't she?" she asked.

The minister hesitated. "She told me some things," he admitted,—"nothing unkind, I assure——"

"All about the General and the north chamber?" she pursued.

The minister was wicked enough to wish to escape from his difficulty by a lie which should shield himself and save Miss Lucinda. He trembled on the verge of falsehood with the name of the immortal, truthful George on his lips.

"Washington?" he said. "I hardly think—" Poor Mr. Allen! How stumble, with that bright example of veracity before your mind? "Yes, yes,—I believe she did mention him."

"I thought so," said Miss Dorcas, dryly. "And she sent you over here to get me to say I was sorry. Don't deny it,"—as the minister opened his

lips to reply. "I know she did. Well, if you stop there on your way home you can tell her that I thought this morning that maybe I would forgive her for what she said about my ancestress, Mistress Elizabeth Day," —she interrupted herself bitterly,— "but she has told you all that. Well, you can tell her that Dorcas Day will never forgive her now, never."

The brilliant red spots on Miss Dorcas's cheeks burned deeply, and she felt the smart of tears as they rushed to her eyes—tears that must not fall until the minister was safely outside. To accelerate his departure, she gave him a thin, feverish hand.

"I don't know as you'll ever forgive me," she said, in a softened voice. "I hope you will, sometime. I suppose I have said what I oughtn't to say to a minister; but if you could only know how Lucinda hurt me, I think you would understand. If she had only come herself instead of sending you, I'd have forgiven her, I really think I would."

The minister was on the doorstone now, very ill at ease and eager to get away.

"Give my love to Mrs. Allen," Miss Dorcas said in response to his formal "Good afternoon," a pitiful smile breaking over her lips, "and tell her to bring the children to see me, for I get kind of lonely sometimes."

She closed the door when he had turned away, and went back into her parlor, tears streaming down her cheeks and moistening the fresh muslin of her kerchief. She sat down in the chair she had occupied during the minister's call and lived over again the anguish of the last half hour, while the good-natured face of the ancestress whose deception had caused so much wretchedness smiled down upon her from its oval gilt frame. Her sensitive heart sank under this last blow to her pride. She had never dreamed that a Day could fall so low as to be called to account by her pastor. Yet not an hour ago she had listened, every nerve quivering, to Mr. Allen's rebuke and his advice that she humble herself before the woman who had betrayed her weakness to him. She foresaw the ridicule of the townsfolk and the children's jokes over that sacred north chamber. But at the same minute a sharper pang than that of wounded pride assailed her heart, and her resentment spent itself in the bitter cry, "Oh, Lucinda, Lucinda, how could you?" She began to understand that she was hurt not so much by what Lucinda had said and done as by Lucinda's saying and doing it; and she would have given the little she possessed to recall the cruel words she had herself spoken in the first heat of anger—words which had passed, alas! beyond her control, and were ringing now, perhaps, in Lucinda's ears. Up to their utterance she had nursed the hope that Lucinda, although she had been forbidden the house, would disregard the prohibition and come over some morning to be forgiven; but now with her own lips she had destroyed this hope,—for why should Lucinda stoop to ask forgiveness of one who had refused it, not for to-day or for to-morrow, but forever? The tradition that had fed Miss Dorcas's pride all her life became distasteful to her. She would have been willing that the north chamber be torn out of the house if at the moment the last board fell to the ground she could see Lucinda sitting on the other side of the parlor fireplace, in her second-best silk and white apron, an unfinished stocking on her lap, and Solomon purring at her feet.

A sharp knock roused her from the contemplation of this vision. She rose slowly and with difficulty, feeling the hand of old age heavy upon her, and went to the door. Little Charlie Evans, a neighbor's child, stood on the stone step, with her *Christian Herald,* which he had brought from the post office, in his hand. She took the paper mechanically, neglecting to thank the boy, who seemed not a bit

offended, but ran gayly down the walk, flinging a happy good-night over his shoulder.

When Miss Dorcas came back to the parlor, she noticed that the fire was getting low, only a stick or two sullenly smoldering underneath a blackened log. "Going out all alone, just like me!" she said; and, the fire seeming for the moment almost human by its analogy to her own forlorn condition, she was filled with pity and, having coaxed the dull sticks into a blaze with shavings, piled the fireplace high with wood before she went out into the kitchen to make herself a cup of tea. The *Herald* had slipped from under her arm as she knelt, laying the sticks one upon the other, and lay unnoticed on the hearth, its fresh, unread leaves scorching and crisping as the fire, catching the log in its embrace, sprang with the shrill whistle of a strong wind up the chimney. Miss Dorcas would find the evening long without her paper.

Meanwhile, as she passed between the china closet and the stove, she paused in front of the dining-room window and looked, through the tears that half blinded her eyes, across the orchard to the King's Tavern. Absorbed in her own misery, she never dreamed that her old friend was as unhappy as she herself, or that at the very moment she was cautiously pulling aside her curtain of snowy muslin the last of the Whites was crying softly with her face buried in the fur coat of the yellow-eyed Solomon.

Miss Lucinda, watching from her parlor, had seen the minister enter the Red Wing and, an hour later, come out, bowing with cold politeness to the figure in the doorway, and walk down the street with the dignified slowness of a man who feels that he has been very badly treated.

"I guess Dorcas said something kind of sharp to him," she had remarked to Solomon. "Probably he said something that made her angry. He talked pretty strong here, though I don't know but what all he said is true. I oughtn't to have spoken as I did to Dorcas anyway, and I'm real sorry I hurt her feelings; but she did try my patience so, always boasting about her north chamber, which isn't a bit better than my west one, even if she does believe George Washington slept there." Poor Miss Lucinda! She had faithfully repeated the ten commandments every Sunday since she was four years old, and to break one of them had always seemed to her an impossible offense. Yet here she was, an old woman of seventy-four, who ought to know better, coveting, yes, actually coveting that north chamber in the Red Wing and its associations. Then she remembered what Mr. Allen had said about Dorcas's sensitiveness, laying stress upon the fact that she had little to take pride in, and touching delicately on her straightened means.

"It would be most kind and charitable," he had said, "to encourage her in the Washington fiction, since she believes the story and it makes her happier."

"And it did—it did," Miss Lucinda cried remorsefully, the dreadful afternoon of the quarrel recurring to her mind. She seemed to hear her voice uttering again those unkind and bitterly repented words: "I don't believe one word of it, and I don't think anybody else does in this town." That sweet old face, with its look of horrified surprise, came up before her, and, breaking down at last, she sobbed out her contrition on Solomon's neck.

"Oh, dear, I don't see why I said it. I'm sure I didn't mean half. And she isn't silly, if I did tell her she was; and we've always known each other; and it seems too bad that now—" here Miss Lucinda sobbed so that Solomon's courage forsook him and he fled in alarm—"and we've always known each other and had such good times together; and now it's all over. There, I hear that board creaking.

Dorcas has always said it was a sign of something dreadful going to happen. What if she should be going to die? I thought she looked kind of pale yesterday when she was out in the yard. I wonder if I hadn't better run over and see if she's all right. I don't like to let a quarrel run on like this; it's unchristian—and there's no knowing what may come of it. Father used to say, 'Never let the sun set on your anger, Lucy,'—and I guess he was about right. But I do hate to go over there without any excuse, after she told me never to come into her house again. I wish I could think of something."

She sat there a long time and thought, while the sun went down and the darkness began to gather and deepen, until the Red Wing and the gnarled old apple trees beside it were no longer visible. The wind was rising rapidly, and the old sign swung to and fro, grating on its iron arm with a prolonged shriek. The moon rose and sent a flood of pale light through the tavern windows, mingled after a time, with a reddish gleam that danced over the carpet, a flickering, unsteady light, which put to shame the pale moonbeams and drove the eerie shadows out of their lurking places in the corners. It shone more steadily on Miss Lucinda's white hair and thin white hands. What a bright light it was—how strange and beautiful!

Miss Lucinda raised her head with a start. "I know what I'll do," was on her tongue; but the words were not spoken. The red light in the room confused her; she heard sounds in the street, shouting, and the rattle of wheels. What was the matter? Was it fire? She turned to the window and stood spellbound. Up from the Red Wing, making pale the full moon, rolled columns of fire, preceded by huge puffs of black smoke, thick with sparks. A grand sight it was,—the old house writhing in the grasp of the fire-monster, flames bursting from windows and doors, the charred beams falling amid showers of sparks, and the pale moon looking down upon it all.

Miss Lucinda hurried out. The night was chilly, and she shivered as she made her way through the orchard. Her ears were deaf to the roar of the fire and the shouts of the bystanders; she heard only the horrible shrieking of the warning sign as it rasped and grated on the iron. She put her hands over her ears to shut out the sound. Half running, half walking, she reached a group of men and women, who stood gazing curiously at the lurid spectacle and talking in hushed tones.

"It caught from the fireplace in the parlor, Mr. Hilman told me,—one of those great old-fashioned fireplaces, you know," said one.

"The old building goes like tinder," said another. "Poor Miss Day!"

"They say she has lost everything," said a third.

Miss Lucinda pushed herself into the crowd.

"Where is Dorcas?" she cried.

Somebody took her by the arm and led her to where a woman stood, apart from the others, bareheaded, her thin white hair blowing in the wind, her face turned towards the burning house.

"Dorcas," said Lucinda, touching her gently. Then the woman turned.

"I said you were never to come into the house again," she said in a dazed way,—"and now you can't."

The roof fell in then, and the shower of burning wood drove back the crowd. Miss Lucinda took Miss Dorcas by the hand and led her away.

"Dorcas," she said, gently, "you're coming right home to live with me and Solomon,—and you may call him George Washington, if you want to. It's a great and good name, and you've always had associations with it, you know."



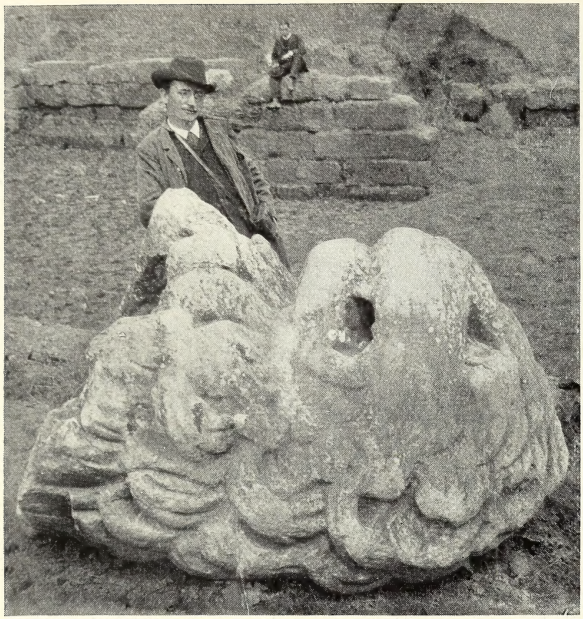
THE LION OF CHÆRONEA.

By Frank B. Sanborn.

A Greek friend of the writer, Captain Rizos-Rangabé, has lately purchased an estate near the village of Kapraina, the ancient Chæronea, at the foot of one of the spurs of Parnassus, and including a considerable part of the famous battlefield where Philip of Macedon and his son Alexander conquered the Thebans and Athenians, in August, 338, B. C. It was this victory which gave Macedonia the control of Greece, and of which Milton spoke in his sonnet to Lady Margaret Ley, whose father, Sir James Ley, Earl of Marlborough, died in consequence of King Charles's dissolving the Parliament of 1628–29, as Isocrates did at the news from Chæronea:

"Till sad the breaking of that Parliament
Broke him—as that dishonest victory
At Chæronea, fatal to Liberty,
Killed with report that old man eloquent."

As at Pharsalia, where, nearly three centuries later, Cæsar became master of Greece and Rome by the overthrow of Pompey, there are few evidences, in the great plain extending from Chæronea towards Thermopylæ, that ever thousands of men in arms were there slain. All is peaceful now, and the Beotian sheep, with their Wallachian shepherds, roam where Alexander charged and routed the illustrious Sacred Band of Thebans. But the patriotism of Thebes and the magnanimity of the Macedonian princes created and per-



THE LION OF CHÆRONEA.

mitted one memorial of that part of the battle, which has survived till our day, and is of unusual interest. This is the Theban Lion of Chæronea, erected soon after the fight, over the remains of the valiant Thebans slain by Alexander, but lost to view for centuries until an Englishman discovered it nearly eighty years ago. It was briefly described by Pausanias in his tour of Greece, late in the second Christian century,—who, after declaring that the Macedonians did not erect battle-monuments and giving the traditional reason why, goes on to say: "As you approach Chæronea (from the next town, Lebadea) there is a sepulchre of many Thebans who fell in the fight against Philip; no inscription is carved on it, but a lion stands upon it as an emblem,—signifying eminently the spirit of those dead men. Now the inscription is lacking, as I guess, because the gods did not give them results accordant with their valor."

Apparently Plutarch, though he lived in Chæronea, did not see fit to describe this monument; nor do we find it mentioned by any successors of Pausanias,—Plutarch was earlier by a century,—until Dr. Clarke, the English tourist, passed through Chæronea in 1800; and he saw nothing of the Lion,—only a mound or tomb, which from his account could not have been on the spot where the Lion now is. But in 1818 another Englishman, following the steps of Clarke and Dodwell and Lord Byron, actually saw the buried fragments of the Lion, and, setting some peasants to dig, he found the great head and so identified the spot. This was one J. Crawford; the date of his visit was June 3, 1818, and his account appeared in the London *New Monthly Magazine* for June, 1824. Welcker, the German archæologist, says of Crawford: "As he passed along the road to Chæronea he saw a block of marble exposed to view, and soon found that it belonged to a much greater mass buried in earth and covered with shrubbery. As his men dug on, there appeared the colossal head, a piece of the hind leg, and several other fragments; while the earth thrown out contained stone and mortar which plainly had made a part of the basis." Crawford carefully covered the whole up again; yet fragments of it, exposed through the dirt and rubbish, were noticed by later tourists—of whom Welcker names Edouard Gerhard before 1837, H. N. Ulrichs in 1838, Brandis and Gottling in 1840 or earlier. But he does not name Col. William Mure of Caldwell, who saw the Lion in 1838 (March 6) and published an account of it at Edinburgh in 1843. Ulrichs, who saw it about the same time as Mure, says (*Reisen und Forschungen in Griechenland,* 1840): "This colossal

work of gray Beotian marble has not only separated into the parts of which it was originally composed, but those are broken here and there. Yet the destruction is not so complete but that it could be set up again,—perhaps entire. It seems not to have been purposely broken, but rather that the weight of so huge a mass caused it first to sink into the soft soil and then to fall apart. Judging by the fragments visible, this Lion crouched on his hind feet but rose on his fore paws, lifting his proud, unconquered head. He may have measured twelve feet from tip to tip."

Gottling (*Abhandlungen, I. 147–153*) mentions seven distinct fragments seen by him in 1840, and says: "They show no serious injury, and doubtless the statue fell in pieces of itself, when the ruined mound gave way on which it stood. Originally it was put together in pieces, and the body was made hollow in order to diminish the immense weight." Brandis (*Mittheilungen aus Griechenland, I. 249*) correctly describes the place where he saw it, "at the foot of the low ridge which divides the valley of the Cephissus from that of the Hercyna of Lebadea," and confirms the view of Ulrichs and Gottling as to the falling apart of the monument. I mention this because there is an unsupported but persistent tradition in Greece that the Lion was blown apart with gunpowder by some chieftain of the Greek Revolution,—Odysseus the friend of Trelawny being generally named. Thus G. A. Perdicaris, a Greek, in a book published by him in New York in 1846 (*Greece of the Greeks*) says: "Ulysses the modern (Odysseus Androutsos), being led to believe that the mound contained hidden treasures, undertook the excavation. Instead of treasure he found a Megatherion, the use of which he did not exactly comprehend; but either suspecting or being informed by some wiser head that the treasure was to be sought for in the body of the animal, he took the Lion to pieces, and found nothing but a scroll of paper on which was written, 'The lentils require oil.' It is supposed that this trick was the work of some of the laborers who, during the excavation, were fed on lentils without oil." As Crawford unearthed the Lion, already in fragments, some years before Odysseus appeared in that part of Greece, it is plain that this story is fabulous; but possibly it might be true of his father, Androutsos, who lived for a time in Lebadea and exercised control there late in the 18th century.*



THE THEATRE OF CHÆRONEA.

Colonel Mure

* Alexander Rangabé, the father of my friend the captain, and a distinguished archæologist, ascribed the vandalism to Ali Pasha, the patron of Odysseus.



THE PLAIN OF CHÆRONEA.

(grandfather of the present Lord Ribblesdale and of Reginald Lister, an amateur archæologist) entered Greece from Zante in the winter of 1838, came up through the Peloponnesus, crossed the Gulf of Corinth, climbed the side of Parnassus, by Delphi and Arachova, and reached Chæronea in March, a little earlier in the season than I was there in 1890. He was the first Briton to write an extended notice of the Lion, and was enthusiastic over it. He says (*Travels in Greece,* Edinburgh, 1843): "This may be pronounced the most interesting sepulchral monument in Greece, perhaps in Europe. It is the only one dating from the better days of Hellas—with the exception of the tumulus at Marathon —the identity of which is beyond dispute. It is also an ascertained specimen of the most perfect period of Greek art. The language of Pausanias describes very happily the expression which the artist has given to the countenance of the animal,—that mixture of fierceness and humiliation, of rage, sorrow and shame, which would agitate the breasts of proud Hellenic freemen compelled to yield up their independence to the overwhelming power of a semi-barbarous enemy."

Dean Stanley, who passed through Chæronea in 1840 without seeing the Lion, was equally enthusiastic when, in company with Sir Thomas Wyse, he finally saw it in 1858. He said: "It is a large lion of gray marble, now broken into fifteen pieces; but there remain distinguishable a claw, two legs and happily the whole of the grand impressive head. As Pausanias says, it does express clearly the three conflicting emotions which its erection was intended to convey. The fine forehead, brought out by the force with which its hair and mane are brushed back, give the nobleness of the cause; its large eyes give the sentiment of melancholy, plaintive grief; its open mouth, filled with two rows of gnashing teeth, give the sense of fierce, unconquered indignation." This mouth shows the skill of the artist in a peculiar manner, whose effect Stanley noticed, without observing the cause. Gottling, the watchful German, first remarked that "the head of the Lion, which has a very noble expression, has the mouth in front tightly closed, while on each side the jaws open and show two round apertures, to indicate a fierce, half-suppressed growl." My two views of the head, taken from different sides, vindicate this remark; but no photograph can give the sad expression of the eyes, unless it were taken full in front, and from above, as I saw it by climbing up by the mane and looking down into this majestic countenance.

When F. A. Welcker, who has written the fullest account of the Lion

(*Alte Denkmaeler*, 1856 and 1864), first saw it, May 21, 1842, he made this entry in his journal: "A few hundred steps back from Chæronea, towards Lebadea, on the old paved road, is the Lion,—the fine head and neck, four great pieces and three or four smaller ones; so that the collection and setting up and piecing out the statue would be no great task. The excavation has cut across a knoll, in the crater-like depression of which the fragments lie." This description is still tolerably exact. Some of the stones of the basis wall have been built into the great fountain described by Clarke and figured in almost all the views of Chæronea; and Pückler-Muskau carried off a



PARNASSUS FROM THE PLAIN OF CHÆRONEA.

few bits of the Lion, many years ago. Welcker formed a plan for restoring the monument to its original form, at a cost which he estimated at $4,000 in 1843; but the Greek government, on whose good will he depended for the opportunity, soon changed, and he gave up the scheme. It has lately been taken up by the Greek Archæological Society, which has excavated so successfully in Athens, Eleusis, Epidaurus, etc.; and Captain Rangabé writes me (Dec. 5, 1896): "You will be glad to hear that on the proposal of our Crown Prince, who is now president of the Archæological Society, that body has decided to have the Lion of Chæronea erected again on its ancient site. . . . The modern village of Kapraina (Capræna) consists of about fifty houses, with an old church and a schoolhouse, some remains of Byzantine baths, and a ruined Frankish castle towering above the village. The carriage road from Lebadea to Atalanti (a town on the gulf near which is Thermopylæ) passes just in front of the village; and next to it is to be the station of the future railroad from Athens to Lamia, Larissa and Salonica,—thence to Vienna and Paris. There is a lovely range of hills just behind the village, on one of which we intend to build, when the railway shall have been put through,—which we hope will be in two years. In front of the village is a fine stretch of cotton fields and meadows, down to the river Melas, whose excellent and plentiful waters it is proposed to bring to Athens by an aqueduct."

The distance of Chæronea from Athens, in a straight line, over mountain and meadow, would not perhaps

exceed sixty miles; but as the new railway will run, for the sake of good grades, it will be farther. Between them lies the mountain range of Parnes, which must be crossed in a pass; then comes the plain of Beotia, in which lie Tanagra (the railway, which I crossed in 1893, runs within a mile or two of the graves which yield the lovely figurines) and Thebes. Lebadea lies a little above and off the line, to the northwest, but will be reached by a branch. When this railway is completed to Salonica, Greece can be reached from Paris or Antwerp by an all-rail journey, and will be brought one day nearer to Boston. But I should not look for the opening of the line through Tempe and under Mt. Olympus so early as my friend mentions. He probably has in mind only the line from Athens to Thebes, Lebadea and Lamia.

The New York *Atlantis* correspondent in Athens, December, 1896, gives some new facts, saying: "The ephor of antiquities, Stamatakes, about 1876, discovered the skeletons of the heroes who fell in the fight, but gave them back to Mother Earth, at the same time placing upright little bits of metal (plaques) to mark by rows the position of the head of each corpse. Along the west side of the tomb lie scattered the fragments of the monstrous Lion. There is a tradition ascribing the breaking of the monument to the soldiers of Odysseus Androutsos, who blew it up with powder, expecting that it concealed treasures. This tradition is not incredible, but does not seem exact. The manner in which the Lion is broken shows that it was not the work of an explosion of powder. He is not exactly broken in pieces, but rather fallen apart; the separation of the parts occurred where they were fitted together with iron clamping inside. The monument was upset by the settling of the ground, but was then split apart either by blameworthy neglect, or by the lack of sufficient means to set it up again. The only care that was taken of the 242 skeletons of heroes, after their exhumation (bearing marks evident enough of the wounds inflicted by the soldiers of the Macedonian phalanx), was the placing in the Central museum in Athens of some of the skulls and funeral trappings (*kterismata*) of the dead,—the other remains, as indicated above, being reburied. The Frenchman, Isambert, in his Guide Book, says that nothing would be easier than to set up again this finest artistic memorial of ancient days; but nothing gives a clearer evidence of the contempt of the Greeks for the preservation of their monuments." This last slur is no longer merited. Isambert's *Itineraire* was published at Paris in 1873. I have seen no other mention of these Theban skeletons.

The views here given, except the smaller one of the Lion, were taken for me in 1895 by an excellent English photographer in Athens, Mr. Shirley C. Atchley, and are the best I have seen of the region about Chæronea. I was there with Professor Perrin of Yale early in April, 1890, coming down from Delphi and Arachova, by way of Lebadea, on foot, but crossing the ridge between Lebadea and Chæronea on horseback, where now is said to be a good turnpike road. The village school was then kept in the church, where also we sat in a chair of marble said to have been Plutarch's but probably one of the seats of honor in the theatre, which we visited under the Acropolis. When next I go to Greece, I hope to see the noble landscape from Captain Rangabé's country house at Kapraina. One of the latest Athenian newspapers which has come to me has a letter from Lebadea expressing the pleasure of the Chæroneans at the coming of Captain Rangabé and his wife, who is an Anglo-American, at their purpose to adorn the village church and rebuild the village schoolhouse, and at the prospect of their fine new house near the Lion of Chæronea.

THE FIRST "NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE" AND ITS EDITOR.

By George Willis Cooke.



JOSEPH T. BUCKINGHAM.

THE first attempt in New England at the publication of a popular illustrated magazine devoted to literature in the special sense of that word is worthy of being recalled and studied. That magazine bore the same name as the one in which this paper appears; and a comparison between them, especially in the matter of illustrations, shows the advance which has been made in sixty years. The first number of the original *New England Magazine* was dated July, 1831, and was edited and published by Joseph Tinker Buckingham and Edwin Buckingham, father and son, who were also the editors and publishers of the *Boston Daily Courier*. The magazine was the special project of the son, but he was assisted by his father, who became the sole editor on the death of the son, in May, 1833. Joseph T. Buckingham was one of the most independent and hard-working men who ever edited a Boston newspaper; and his history is eminently worthy of being retold for the benefit of the present generation. Many persons remember his manly life of integrity and sturdy fidelity to his own convictions; but the younger members of the community know not of the difficulties which had to be overcome in order to make any kind of publication a success in the days seventy-five years ago. The career of Buckingham is interesting in itself, for it shows what difficulties can be mastered and what success attained by a man of energetic will who is always loyal to his own convictions.

Joseph Tinker Buckingham was born in Windham, Connecticut, December 21, 1779, the youngest in a family of ten children. His father was Nehemiah Tinker, a shoemaker of excellent ability, who carried on a large business. For several years he was the deputy-sheriff and jailer of the county of Windham and a captain in the militia. At the beginning of the Revolution he sold out his business and became the keeper of a tavern. His zeal for the success of the colonies in their struggle for independence was so great that he spent the whole of his large property in the purchase of supplies for the army. His confidence in the good faith of the Continental Congress was such that he even pledged his credit in the same behalf. He died in 1783, at the age of forty-three; and his family were left in abject poverty.

Joseph was baptized by the name of Buckingham, which was that of his maternal grandmother, at the request of one of his mother's relatives and



PAUL REVERE.*

intimate friends. In 1804 the legislature of Massachusetts legalized his name as Joseph Tinker Buckingham. The poverty of his mother was so great that she was obliged to allow the selectmen of the town to apprentice Joseph to a farmer. He received the scanty training of a country school, but early developed a passion for reading. On the conclusion of his term of service with the farmer, in March, 1796, he went to Walpole, N. H., and entered a printing-office, which he had been desirous of doing for several years. His companions proving disorderly, he went to Greenfield, Mass., and in February, 1800, to Boston. He found work in the office of Manning and Loring, the largest book-printers in the town. In a few weeks he entered the office of Thomas and Andrews, then supposed to be the largest printing establishment in America. For the first year he received six dollars a week, and after that seven. He set up every piece of type on the "Mathematics" of Professor Webber of Harvard College; and in doing so there was scarcely a font of letters in Boston, Worcester, Charlestown and Cambridge which was not laid under contribution, there being no type-foundry at hand to supply deficiencies.

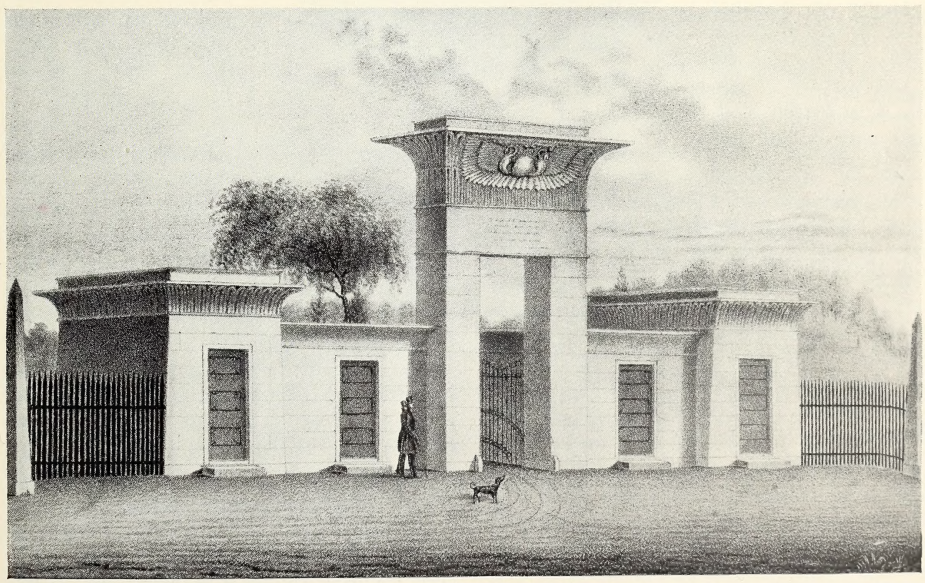
In the spring of 1804 Buckingham took charge of the printing business of Thomas and Andrews, and soon after married. In order to increase his income he did work in the hours not occupied by his duties as superintendent of the office. In December, 1805, he began the publication of *The Polyanthus*, a monthly of seventy-two 18mo pages. This publication was continued until July, 1807, five volumes of four numbers each being issued. Most of the twenty numbers had a portrait as a frontispiece, of some man attracting attention at the time or who had made his mark in the history of the city or nation; and among the persons thus honored were Dr. Belknap, Commodore Preble, General Wayne, Samuel Adams, General Warren, and Dr. Byles. Each of these portraits was accompanied by a biographical sketch written by a personal associate of the subject or by Buckingham himself from facts obtained from those who could give accurate information. Evidently the contributions to this periodical were not paid for and were mostly provided by young men just out of college, who had no other occupation as yet. They are of the desultory character of the writing found in most of the periodicals of that day, display but a small amount of literary merit, and were written to amuse an idle hour rather than with any definite literary purpose. Many selections from other periodicals were used, and much poetry of a doggerel kind was inserted. The dramatic criticisms, written by Buckingham himself, were independent in tone and rather dogmatic in temper. One of these provoked the wrath of the father of Edgar A. Poe, who took of-

* This picture and those which follow are reproduced from the various volumes of the old *New England Magazine* and are all which appeared in the entire series.

fense at a remark on his wife's acting and called at the editor's house to "chastise his impertinence." "Both he and his wife," said Buckingham in writing of this incident at a later period, "were performers of considerable merit, but somewhat vain of their personal accomplishments."

This periodical did not bring the editor and publisher sufficient financial support to pay for paper, printing and engraving. It was the first attempt in Boston, perhaps in the United States, to publish a magazine with a regular series of portraits; but the public were not ready to give it support. In 1812 two more volumes were published; and these were followed by four volumes in octavo. The general character of the magazine was the same as before. Among the portraits published was one of William Emerson, the minister of the First Church in Boston, and the father of Ralph Waldo Emerson. In 1809 Buckingham published *The Ordeal,* devoted to politics, but with the same financial result.

Buckingham bought the printing establishment in which he had been employed, but soon failed; then tried school-keeping, and with even more disastrous results. Again he became the overseer of a printing establishment, and then the publisher of the periodicals edited by Dr. Noah Worcester. In the autumn of 1817 he began the publication of a weekly newspaper called *The New England Galaxy and Masonic Magazine.* With the poorest possible mechanical equipment he set out upon this venture, and with little prospect or expectation of success. He had no money, was obliged to procure everything on credit, but in this way secured a font of second-hand type and an old, nearly worthless hand-press. The new paper had several influential patrons, however; and it secured the coöperation of the Masonic order, which was then prosperous. For several months the editor was Samuel L. Knapp, who was an enthusiastic Mason and a fluent writer and public speaker. It is probable that *The New England Galaxy* was one of the first independent newspapers published in this country. Its attitude in this respect, not only with relation to poli-



GATE OF MOUNT AUBURN CEMETERY.

tics but also to religion, was clearly defined in the first number:

"For the essays of the manly and temperate politician, whatever doctrines he may adopt, our pages are free and open. We do not demand that his views of the utility of public measures and the conduct of public men should coincide with ours. We believe that men may differ essentially in their opinions of causes and consequences, of character and conduct, of motives and means, and yet be very honest men. By allowing this freedom of discussion, we by no means relinquish our own independence. We claim and shall exercise the same right of judging for ourselves and expressing our thoughts, subject to the same restrictions which we lay upon others. We solicit the co-operation of the statesman, the civilian, the patriot, to aid us in rendering our paper a vehicle of instruction and information and, consequently, an auxiliary to the cause of human freedom, virtue, and happiness. . . . The same even-handed justice shall be observed towards all writers on subjects connected with the science of divinity. The Roman Catholic may here, if he pleases, advocate the infallibility of the Pope; the Episcopalian may defend the divine right and uninterrupted succession of his bishops; the Calvinist may descant upon total depravity and moral inability; the Trinitarian may establish his orthodoxy, and the Unitarian his liberality. We proclaim an armed neutrality towards every sect of Christians. . . . We wish to see a calm and dispassionate discussion of the causes of difference among those who profess to follow one Lord, to be guided by the same teacher and to be subject to the same law, who have the same hopes and fears and motives, and who have the same common interest to pursue. To us Christianity appears to be a system, not of abstruse principles and metaphysical deductions, but of moral precepts and practical duties—not addressed to the wit and ingenuity of man, but to his heart and affections—not a calendar of rites and forms, but a manual of reciprocal love and personal purity."



HON. EDWARD EVERETT.

In time the new venture proved a success, and Buckingham continued as the editor and publisher of this newspaper for eleven years. After a time the sub-title was abandoned, but the paper continued to advocate the interests of the Masonic order. Among the contributors were Mrs. Susanna Rowson, Rev. N. L. Frothingham, Charles Sprague and John Everett. Edward Everett also furnished the paper with a humorous story. Much of the writing in it was of the desultory character which results from anonymity, in connection with inability of the editor to pay for what he publishes. The editor had occasion to express his sense of obligation to correspondents "who have lightened our task by the production of their hours of leisure or amusement." Such writing evidently saved him from many an hour of drudgery at his desk, but it gave little evidence of literary merit.

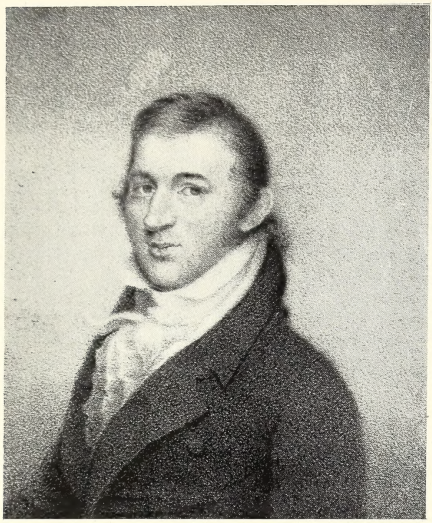
Buckingham was thoroughly independent as an editor, somewhat pugnacious, and expressed his opinions without fear or favor. At the end of the first volume of the *Galaxy* he said: "We have been too much in the habit (at least, for our own interest) of calling things by their true and proper names. We have obeyed too implicitly the dictates of truth and independence, and have followed too much the devices and desires of our own heart, without reference to the approbation of the sordid, the mean, the foolish or the wicked in high places. We have left undone all that

would have put us in favor with the rich, the proud, and the powerful." His criticism of the actors of the day was fearless and independent, sometimes severe, but usually just. Edmund Kean was not approved fully by him, and he gave the preference to Thomas A. Cooper. He attacked severely several religious sensationalists of the day; and he used no compromise with the system of religious begging carried on by various missionary organizations. Joseph Lancaster, the English educational reformer, came under his condemnation, his lecture was said to be made up of "the most trivial circumstances," and his "ostentatious display of egotism and self conceit" was disapproved. He attacked the law which permitted imprisonment for debt, and the agitation he started resulted in its abolition. His plain dealing with those with whom he did not agree, however, and especially those who used the public for their own benefit, resulted in several suits for libel, which cost much of time and annoyance, but without any more severe punishment. In politics the *Galaxy* did not commit itself to either of the political parties of the day; but it was opposed to John Quincy Adams,—which Buckingham lived to regret, and to make atonement for as best he could. The winter of 1826-27 was spent by him in Washington, as the correspondent of his journal, and he wrote freely of public men and events. In the autumn of 1828 the *Galaxy* was sold to Willard Phillips and Theophilus Parsons, in order that the editor might give the whole of his attention to the *Boston Courier*, a daily newspaper, the publication of which he had begun with the opening of the year 1824.



MATTHEW CAREY.

When the *Courier* began its career there were only one or two other daily newspapers published in Boston, the *Advertiser* being the earliest of these, having been started in 1813. Buckingham's purpose in starting a daily newspaper was to provide an organ of the "American system," and its immediate object was to obtain from Congress the enactment of a protective tariff. The merchants and manufacturers of Boston who believed in this method of encouraging the industries of the country, came to the support of the paper, and it started out prosperously, on the second of March. In politics it was proposed to make the paper entirely independent, though the editor leaned in his sympathies towards the Federalist party. "The prominent feature intended to be exhibited in the character of the *Courier*," says Mr. Buckingham in his autobiography, "was uncompromising adherence to what I believed to be the great and overwhelming interest of the country, namely, protection to infant manufactures of cotton and woolen cloths, and to all agricultural, mechanical, and manufacturing products, against foreign competition; in short, to uphold and advocate all measures that could tend to develop the natural resources of the country and to encourage and support the



WILLIAM GOODRICH.

operations of American labor, ingenuity and industry. To effect this object was the constant and almost daily task of the editor and his correspondents." When the *Courier* set out on its career there was not another newspaper in Massachusetts which advocated protection; and there were only three or four in the whole country. Among the chief supporters of the new journal and its principles was Daniel Webster, who helped to furnish the funds necessary to its establishment.

During the first year of its existence the *Courier* was opposed to the election of John Quincy Adams to the presidency, and favored that of Henry Clay. It brought forward the name of Edward Everett as a candidate for representative in Congress, and he was elected by a large majority. As hitherto, Buckingham was a strong fighter, opposing with uncompromising energy what he believed was wrong. He fought the anti-masonic movement, and he opposed a fast which Congress proposed should be held in view of the prevalence of the cholera, in 1832. The affairs of the United States bank received much attention in 1836; Buckingham was strongly opposed to its operation. The *Courier* was especially the champion of Daniel Webster, proposing him for the presidency and defending his interests in season and out of season. His support of "protection to domestic industry" made him the hero of the editor, and he was admired on personal grounds. In his autobiography, Buckingham says: "I would have travelled from Dan to Beersheba to make him President."

In the *Courier* much attention was given to other interests than those of politics; and many literary communications of value appeared in its columns. Among its contributors were Rev. N. L. Frothingham, William W. Story, Charles Sprague, and S. C. Goodrich, who furnished poems. In its columns appeared for the first time James Russell Lowell's "The Present Crisis," and "On the Capture of Certain Fugitive Slaves near Washington." In prose much attention was also given to literary interests, and many articles of value appeared.

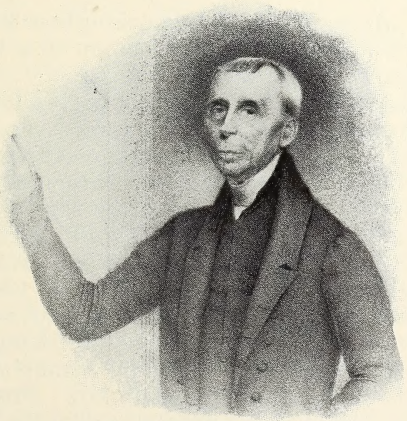
When the Whig party nominated Zachary Taylor for the presidency, in June, 1848, Buckingham sold the *Courier*, and retired from the editorial profession. He felt that Webster had been sacrificed to expediency, he had no admiration for Taylor, and he was not able to continue his advocacy of the interests of the Whig party. In terminating his connection with the paper he wrote:

"My relations to the public, as the editor of this and another paper, have existed more than thirty years, and have occupied the most active and vigorous portion of my life. Circumstances render it expedient, and even a duty, that I should retire, and seek some other path in which to close the career of life. Without sacrificing my own personal integrity to the views of others, or hazarding the interests of others to gratify my own notions of honor and independence, I could not retain my position. . . . Had I been less liberal in the avowal of personal opinions, more flexible in temper, and more submissive to individual or party dictation, I might now withdraw from public notice with more

ample means for the indulgence of ease, at a period of life when new pursuits and further attempts to obtain independence by intellectual or physical exertion would be equally unavailing; but I make no complaints. In my comments on public measures, and on the conduct and characters of public men, there is but little I would cancel or retract."

Buckingham was in the lower house of the Massachusetts legislature from Boston for the year 1828, and for three terms from 1831 to 1833. Then he removed to Cambridge as a place of residence, and was elected to the lower house in 1836, and again in 1838 and 1839. He was elected to the Massachusetts senate for the county of Middlesex for four terms, from 1847 to 1851. He was an active member of several of the most important committees, and he wrote many valuable reports during his years of legislative service. He labored for the suppression of lotteries and slavery, and he did what he could to further the interests of agriculture.

In 1810 Buckingham became a member of the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanics' Association, and was for five years its secretary, three years a trustee, two years vice-president and three years president. Of the Bunker Hill Monument Association he was the first vice-president, holding that office for three years, and then was president for ten successive years. During his term of service the funds for the erection of the monument were procured and that structure was completed. Of the Middlesex Agricultural Society he was three years the vice-president and two the president; and he gave the anniversary address before it in 1845. He gave addresses on various other occasions connected with the societies of which he was a member, and all were marked by sound judgment and practical common sense.



JACOB KUHN.

During his career as an editor and publisher Buckingham compiled several books, some of which were published by himself. The first was a volume of "Miscellanies selected from the Public Journals," which he published in 1822, and which consisted of a variety of prose and verse from a wide range of newspapers and other periodicals. A similar volume, in verse, was issued in 1834, under the title of "The Rosary." In 1844 he published, through James Munroe, a book of "Devotional Exercises for Schools and Families," which was carefully and judiciously edited. His "Specimens of Newspaper Literature, with Personal Memoirs, Anecdotes, and Reminiscences," two volumes, which appeared in Boston in 1850, consisted of a series of articles on the early newspapers and other publications of the United States. It is a work of much value, and has a genuine antiquarian interest. This was succeeded, in 1852, by his "Personal Memoirs and Recollections of Editorial Life," in two volumes, published in Boston by Ticknor, Reed and Fields. This work is not so much a biography as it is a history of Buckingham's connection with various periodicals in Boston. It contains extended sketches of all his associates and liberal extracts from his editorial and other writings. His last volume, which appeared in 1853, was the "Annals of the Massachusetts Chari-

table Mechanics' Association." Buckingham died at his home in Cambridge, April 11, 1861.

As already stated, the *New England Magazine* was projected by Edwin Buckingham, who was born in Boston, June 26, 1810. He left the English High School, in 1824, to enter the office of the *New England Galaxy* as an apprentice, where he became a skillful compositor, and was entrusted with the general arrangement of the mechanical details of that paper. In 1828 he became an assistant of his father in the business and editorial departments of the *Courier*. Then he spent two years in Washington, reporting the proceedings of Congress for the *Courier* and one or two other newspapers. In September, 1830, he made a tour of the western and southern states, and furnished letters to his journal. At this time consumption showed itself, but he passed the winter in Washington. In October, 1832, he went on a small brig to Smyrna, in search of health; but on his arrival, the disease had progressed so far that he despaired of recovery, and started for home on the return trip of the brig. He died five days before the arrival of the vessel in Boston, at the age of twenty-two.

After the return of Edwin Buckingham from his western tour, in April, 1831, he made preparations for publishing a magazine. The father gave the following account of the purposes had in view in entering upon this undertaking:

"In projecting the work the idea of making money was no part of the consideration. The elder of the editors had previously had sufficient experience in the publication of literary periodicals to enable him to feel how uncertain and delusive are all calculations of that sort. The other was just passing that point in age where the law sets up a distinction between the man and the minor —ardent, ambitious, active, and panting for a pecuniary independence that should correspond in some measure to the fearless moral and intellectual independence which had, from the days of childhood, been an imposing and distinctive trait in his character. He had already, for several years, been co-editor of a daily newspaper; but for him something more was needed as a field for improvement in the pleasanter departments of literature, for the cultivation of a better taste, and for the development of faculties that have no kindred with the noise and bustle of trade and the turbulence of politics. Such was the origin of this magazine. No promises were made, to win the favor of the public, except that it should be continued for one year, in order that none who contracted to receive it for that period should be disappointed."



JAMES THACHER, M. D.

As soon as Edwin Buckingham had decided upon the publication of a literary magazine, he sought the assistance of several popular writers. Among these were Edward Everett, Richard Hildreth, George S. Hillard, Hannah F. Gould, Rev. Nathaniel L. Frothingham, and other persons well known to the reading public of that day. The contributors whose names will now attract most attention were then but little or not at all known; and among these were Henry W. Longfellow, John G. Whittier, Samuel G. Howe, and O. W. Holmes. From the outset of the magazine paid for its contributions, one dollar a page for prose and two dollars for poetry.

The subscription price of the magazine per year was five dollars. The prospectus, which accompanied the first number, said:

"The readers of the *New England Magazine* will perceive that it is arranged on a plan somewhat different from that of any periodical work now published in the United States. It does not, consequently, assume to be a rival to any existing publication. It is intended to occupy a station in the ranks of American periodicals which seemed to be vacant, and to ask for no other portion of the popular favor than it may be thought to deserve, independent of all its contemporaries. . . . We make no promises of improvement; but we entertain hopes, that, as the *New England Magazine* shall increase in age, it may go on from strength to strength till it shall attain a vigorous manhood. Gentlemen of education and talent, some who have already enjoyed the voluntary approbation of the public, in its fullest fruition, have engaged to become contributors. On the fulfilment of these engagements we place the most perfect reliance, and such fulfilment will enable us to select for future numbers from a much more copious supply of materials. Contributions of original papers are solicited—not gratuitously—for we mean to publish none but those for which we pay; and, of course, while we open our hand to receive, on such terms, we shall feel no hesitation in rejecting whatever we may deem unsuitable to our purpose."



DANIEL WEBSTER.

The first number, dated July, 1831, opened with a paper bearing the title, "On the Consideration Due to the Mechanical Arts," by Rev. N. L. Frothingham. Two or three miscellaneous articles followed, and then came "The Schoolmaster, Chap. I," without any signature, but written by H. W. Longfellow. Following two more papers was one by Samuel G. Howe, with the title: "From the MSS. of a Traveller in the East. No. 1. A Death and Burial." This was succeeded by a short paper from the pen of Edward Everett, "The Progress of Exaggeration." Half a dozen other articles followed. As none of the articles were signed, there is now no clue to their writers, except in those instances where the elder Buckingham made them known in his "Personal Memoirs." The magazine concluded with a "Monthly Record," under the several heads of politics and statistics, literary notices, miscellanies, ordinations, installations, etc., deaths, literary intelligence.

In the second number appeared the second paper by Samuel G. Howe, a lecture on the French Revolution by Alexander H. Everett, "Curiosity Baffled" by Edward Everett, and the first of a series of "Literary Portraits" by George S. Hillard, the special subject being "Fitz-Greene Halleck." In the third number Howe's article was entitled "A Modern Greek," the second part of Longfellow's serial appeared, Richard Hildreth began a series of sketches called "The Limping Philosopher," a series of ornithological papers on "Our Birds" by Samuel Kettell, was begun, and there was a poem, "To an Insect," with these letters following it, "O. W. H." As that poem now appears on one of the first pages of the complete works of Oliver Wendell Holmes, we have the clue to the authorship of numerous contributions with the same signature.

The articles by Dr. Samuel G. Howe were among the most interesting which appeared in the magazine. They were vivid and picturesque sketches of his own adventures in Greece, and were continued to the number of five or six. Numerous extracts from them may be found in Mr. F. B. Sanborn's biography of Dr. Howe. The sketches by Longfellow were of travel in France, and consist of incidents and traditions which there came to his knowledge. In the second number he translated an ancient song of Normandy, which is as old as the fourteenth century.

"THE CIDER OF NORMANDY.

"At us the Southern Frenchman laughs,
But, whatsoever sayeth he,
Verily the cider of Normandie
Is better than the wine he quaffs.
Down, down; and rest, rest!
How it strengthens throat and breast!

"Thy own merits, golden liquor!
Still to drink thee do invite me;
Yet, I prithee, to requite me,
Fuddle not my brains the quicker.
Down, down; and rest, rest!
How it strengthens throat and breast!

"Neighbor! from all law-suits flee,
Take the goods the gods present;
Man should always be content,
For alway enough hath he.
Down, down; and rest, rest!
How it strengthens throat and breast!"

In the third of these sketches appear descriptions of a wedding and a funeral in the village of Auteuil. They are quite in the style of Longfellow's later prose works. Place may be found here for the account of the wedding, as it is the better of the two.

"I was one morning called to my window by the sound of rustic music. I looked out, and beheld a procession of villagers advancing along the road, attired in gay dresses and marching merrily on in the direction of a church. I soon perceived that it was a marriage festival. The procession was headed by a long ourang-outang of a man in a straw hat and white bob-coat, playing an asthmatic clarionet, from which he contrived to blow unearthly sounds, ever and anon squeaking off at right angles from his tune, and winding up in full jubilee with a flourish on the guttural notes. Behind him, led by his little boy, came the blind fiddler, his honest features glowing with all the hilarity of a rustic bridal, and, as he stumbled along, sawing away upon his fiddle till he made all crack again. Then came the happy bridegroom, dressed in his Sunday suit of blue, with a large nosegay in his buttonhole, and close beside him his blushing bride, with downcast eyes, clad in white robe and slippers and wearing a wreath of white roses in her hair. The friends and relations brought up the procession; and a troop of village urchins came shouting along in the rear, scrambling among themselves for the largess of sous and sugar-plums, that now and then issued in large handfuls from the pockets of a lean man in black who seemed to officiate as master of ceremonies on the occasion. I gazed on the procession till it was out of sight; and when the last wheeze of the clarionet died upon my ear, I could not help thinking how happy were they, who were thus to dwell together in the peaceful bosom of their native village, far from the gilded misery and the pestilential vices of the town."

To this magazine Dr. Holmes contributed seven poems and six prose articles. Of the poems, "To an Insect," "My Aunt," "Ugly Reflections" [now called "Daily Trials"], and "The Comet" may be found in his complete poems. In the eighth number of the magazine, for March, 1832, appeared a poem which has not been reprinted, and which will be given here:

"THE DESTROYERS.

"Sow thick thy flowerets, gentle Spring!
The soil is ghastly bare,
And pour from every balmy leaf
Thy sweetness on the air;
Ay, wrap the hills and vales in green,
Waste all thy perfumed breath,
The mould is black with crumbling shapes,
The winds are damp with death.

"Soft as a kiss on lady's cheek,
The ripples touch the shore;
To-morrow, and the strangling shriek
Shall swell the billow's roar.
And many an eye that maiden loves
The rolling wave shall close,
And lips that children weep to hear
Lie sealed in long repose.

"The scorching sunbeam sears the field
That gleamed with Autumn's gold,
And dying mothers bare their breasts
To babes whose lips are cold.
By night the livid Plague went by,
Scarce was a leaflet stirred,—
Whence came that lone and smothering cry?
Why screams the carrion bird?

"And, thou, the parent and the tomb,
That rocks and shrouds us all,
Whose bosom warms our growing limbs
And veils them when they fall,—
Beneath the bounding foot of life
Heaves up thy bursting soil,
And Pleasure's wreath is rank and green,
Gorged with thy loathsome spoil.

"The eagle sits upon his cliff,
And watches for the dead;
The worm is coiled beneath the sod,
The slumberer's dreamless bed;
The shark is swimming in the wake—
None, none shall lose his claim;
Four hands have spread the banquet board—
Earth, Ocean, Air, and Flame!"

It is not difficult to understand why this poem was not reprinted, its unlikeness to Dr. Holmes' accredited work being a sufficient reason, though it has merit enough to give reputation to a budding poetaster. After reading these lines one cannot be surprised that Dr. Holmes' patients were not contented to have his name appear in the magazines as the writer of verses. Only a little better is the following, which appeared in the number for July, 1833:

"Six Verses.

"I loved her, but there came a blight,
That seared my brain and chilled my heart;
I love her, yet I do not grieve
That we are far apart.
And still I hope, before I die,
To look into her clear blue eye.

"I could not meet her in the place
Where once in better hours we met,
And look unaltered in her face,
Fresh in its beauty yet;—
Nor speak unmoved the once loved name,
Now burning with the brand of shame.

"The livid waves are murmuring low,
The lightning sleeps in yonder cloud;
But soon the rushing winds shall blow,
And thunders rattle loud.
O, then, upon the shivering sea,
I would I were alone with thee.

"Alone with thee—but sea and air
Should raise around the dirge of sin,
And Memory's mocking lip lay bare
Her poisoned fangs within;
And tardy Vengeance come at last
Upon the billow and the blast.

"Then shouldst thou see how sleepless we
Can scourge the lazy steps of time,
And hear, in accents calm and low,
The tale of buried crime.
Thou, who my earliest love didst share
With me should die—like me despair.

"Yet when the walled and tottering waves
Hung o'er us in their arching sweep,
If I could hear one word of grief,
For wrongs so dark and deep,
Though fiends had in thy bosom slept,
I could but weep as once I wept."

Of a much better kind and quality were some lines which appeared in a prose article called "A Week of Frailty," which also contained the verses which have reappeared as "L'Inconnue." The following seem to be quite as good:

"Hast thou a look for me, love?
A glance is lightly given;
Though small the cost to thee, love,
To me it may be heaven.

"Hast thou a smile for me, dear?
One smile may chain a rover;
A laughing lip, a flashing eye,
And Love's first page turns over.

"Hast thou a word for me, love?
Why, not a soul is near thee;
And there is none that will betray,
And only one to hear thee.

"Hast thou a kiss for me, dear?
O spoil it not by keeping;
For cheeks will fade, and hearts grow cold,
While youth and joy are sleeping."

Of the six prose articles, the first has just been mentioned; and other titles were "Old Books." "The Début," and "May and October." From "The Début" this paragraph may be taken, as indicating that some of the author's characteristics were already in the process of development:

"I may be a serious man; I trust I am not an ill-natured one. But there are things that curdle the milk of human kindness in the bosom, where it flowed most freely. I had rather be chained to the rock of Prometheus, and let the vulture gorge himself upon my vitals, than be pecked at by the hooting owl, and have my blood sucked out in drops by the fluttering bat. Tear the captive into fragments with wild horses—it is but a gasp of agony, and soul and sense dissolve; but strain him slowly on the rack, let him feel the sinew bursting, and the bone cracking; this is the poetry of torment."

The following sketch from the same article, indicates Dr. Holmes in the process of finding that literary method which he exemplified so perfectly in later years:

"I stood alone in a corner, while the floor trembled beneath me to the sound of music and the step of dancers. A little circle of young gentlemen were talking in an earnest and mysterious kind of way, at a little distance from me; and from their occasional and anxiously careless glances at me, or it may be from that subtle instinct which everybody feels and nobody can account for, I believed myself the subject of their observations. At last, one of them came towards me and apologized for introducing himself, which he did with an affable and easy air, which put my embarrassment to the blush. 'I have longed for the pleasure of your acquaintance for some time,' he said, 'and I must make it even in this felonious manner, while I have the opportunity.' So gracious a beginning might have excused a heavier offence—indeed, it completely threw me off my guard, and my heart swelled while he proceeded: 'I am so familiar with the productions of your pen, that I almost feel as if I knew the author. I hardly know whether I have been most pleased with your comic or your serious efforts. I piqued myself vastly in detecting your hand in those capital verses, beginning:

'"My father's horse was black and white,
My grandam's cat was gray—"'

I was unconscious of ever having made any such verses, but as it would have been awkward to disclaim them, I bowed as if in acknowledgment of the tribute paid to my supposed offspring and myself. (Within a week what should I see in a certain font, but six stanzas of doggerel, beginning with those accursed lines, and my name at the head of them!) In the meantime he went on in such expressions of kindness and respect for me and my talents, that I could not resist the temptation, and out came something I had resolved never to say anything about until the world had seen it in print, and the public voice should be clamorous for its unknown author. Just as I began, he begged me to seat myself, which, as I was tired of standing, I was very glad to do. He took a fan from the edge of a sofa and began exercising it first for himself, then back and forward between us, and then for my exclusive benefit. I had warmed from elocution into declamation, and was rising from the declamation into gesticulation—when the music suddenly ceased—the cotillons deserted their stations, and all eyes turned, and all ears listened to the simpleton spouting to the jackanapes that stood fanning him as if he had been a lily-livered school-girl."

In the first volume, fifth number, of the magazine, was printed an article by Dr. Holmes, bearing the title: "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table." It began in this wise:

"The aim of the warrior's ambition is to govern; of the philosopher's, to dogmatize. The first has accomplished his object when his power is undisputed; the second, when his opinions are held sacred. I trust my opinions are held sacred at the breakfast table of my respected landlady, who has requested me to save her the expense of an advertisement, by stating in this place that she will be happy to accommodate two more boarders on reasonable terms. That it has cost me some pains to accomplish this mental infallibility, I do not deny. I have awarded the name of cherub to two infants respectively, neither of whose outward features were laudable, and one of whom was almost a lusus. I have looked unmoved upon the plate of smoking rolls, which has now and then breathed up its soft aroma amidst the rank and file of toasted laminæ around it, like love in a desert, under the false pretext of dyspepsia, always remembering to give my stomach a little something in private to atone for the insulting imputation. I have sacrificed my personal vanity to my effective weight of character, as men clip the feathers of a game-cock to fit him for action. All this and much more have I done, and in this manner I have gained the enviable privilege of asserting without contradiction and deciding without argument. In cutting out my extracts from the columns of domestic life, I may perhaps now and then include a little irrelevant matter, as one sometimes finds, in a lady's scrapbook, the poet's font and the grocer's advertisement included in the same incision."

Such was the beginning; and a few paragraphs may be given of what followed:

"Every individual character is a centre, determined by converging attributes. If it were not for a troublesome and thankless office to scrutinize a man's nature too nicely, I should love to have each of my species submitted to a few tests like the following, before admitting him into society: Kick him, to see if he will show fight. Request the immediate loan of seven and sixpence. Tell him his talents are rather of the solid than the brilliant order. Observe that externals are of little consequence, with evident allusion to his personal appearance. Talk him down in the presence of several young ladies."

"Once on a time, a notion was started, that if all the people in the world would shout at once, it might be heard in the moon. So the projectors agreed it should be done in just ten years. Some thousand shiploads of chronometers were distributed to the selectmen and other great folks of all the different nations. For a year beforehand, nothing else was talked about but the awful noise that was to be made on the great occasion. When the time came everybody had their ears so wide open to hear the universal ejaculation of Boo—the word agreed upon—that nobody spoke, except a deaf man in one of the Feejee islands, and a woman in Pekin, so that the world was never so still since the creation."

"My forte in literary matters rests chiefly in prose and poetry. These two pleasing verses were made while sailing up the Delaware:

'TO A LADY WITH HER BACK TO ME.

'I know thy face is fresh and bright,
Thou angel-molded girl;
I caught one glimpse of purest white,
I saw one auburn curl.

'O, would the whispering ripples breathe
The thoughts that vainly strive.
She turns—she turns to look at me;
Black! cross-eyed! seventy-five!'

"How much easier it is to be witty on some old, hackneyed subjects, than to find out the ridiculous for one's self. If I had been a married man, regard for my personal safety would have saved the world two epigrams.

'TO FAME.

'They say thou hast a hundred tongues;
My wife has only one;
If she had been equipped like thee,
O, what should I have done!'

'THE ECHO.

'Nay, dearest stranger, do not shout;
My wife has worn the Echo out.' "

"The mind of a bigot is like the pupil of the eye; the more light you pour upon it, the closer it contracts. I do not mean to call this a good simile, and, for aught I can say, it may be an old one; but, if new, it was very respectable for one to say in a dream, although it may not be worth repeating when awake."

"I generally subscribe my initials to my little printed follies, because the few friends who recognize them will be very ready to forgive, and what is much more, perhaps to read the trifles which go with them. To others, the name they half conceal is nothing, for it has neither rung through the trumpet of fame, nor whistled through the catcall of notoriety."

In the February number of the next year a second part to "The Autocrat at the Breakfast Table" was printed. It was an improvement upon the first, more connected and in better literary form. No third part appeared; but when *The Atlantic Monthly* was projected and Holmes was urged to contribute, these two papers were thought of by him, the title was revived, and the general style of writing was renewed. There was greater wisdom, a sounder philosophy, a sharper wit, and a better literary method, in the new Autocrat; but the two differed as a young man differs from one who has reached the maturity of his powers.

Among the later contributors to the *New England Magazine* were James G. Percival, Frederic H. Hedge, Henry T. Tuckerman, R. C. Waterston, Mrs. L. H. Sigourney, William E. Channing, the younger, Charles Sprague, John G. Whittier and Nathaniel Hawthorne. Whittier's first article was the "Passaconaway," which is printed in the "Tales and Sketches" of his prose works and is a story of the early settlement of Haverhill. In later volumes appeared "New England Superstitions," "The Proselytes," and several other contributions. In the numbers for March and April, 1835, was published "Mogg Megone." In the eighth volume appeared Hawthorne's first contribution, which was printed in the number for January, 1835. It was the story called "The Gray Champion," and was reprinted in the first volume of "Twice-told Tales." It was printed as "by the Author of The Gentle Boy," while all his later contributions to the magazine were announced as "by the author of The Gray Champion." The other contributions by Hawthorne, which appeared nearly every month during 1835, were "My Visit to Niagara," "Young Goodman Brown," "Wakefield," "The Ambitious Guest," "A Rill from the Town Pump," "The Old Maid in the Winding-sheet," and

"The Vision of the Fountain." All these sketches and stories may be found in "Twice-told Tales" and "Mosses from an Old Manse."

At the opening of the second year of the magazine the editors said that the results, "if they have not brought the realization of our hopes, have not disappointed our expectations." They announced that the circulation had steadily increased, and that they were encouraged to enter upon another year. They also said: "It was originally intended to embellish the magazine with a series of portraits. This intention it has been impossible to fulfil. There is some difficulty in procuring original likenesses, and more in obtaining correct copies of originals. The fastidiousness of individuals in two or three instances has frustrated the designs. But, with all these discouragements, the design will not be abandoned. We make no promises, the fulfilment of which depends upon the whims and caprices of others. A reliance on our own resources is the basis of any pledge we may offer to the public." Evidently there were many difficulties in the way of illustrating a magazine in those days, the present methods being as yet almost wholly a thing of the future. It was not until the sixteenth number, October, 1832, that the first portrait appeared, the subject being Paul Revere. It accompanied a sketch of his life, the article being the second in a series on "Early American Artists and Mechanics." Other portraits were published, and a sketch of the entrance to Mount Auburn cemetery, all of which are reproduced in connection with this paper. It is hard to determine what principle governed the selection of the portraits. Several of the faces which appear are of men now entirely forgotten and who could not at the time have had notable prominence.

With the number for December, 1834, Buckingham's connection with the *New England Magazine* came to an end. The urgency of his other duties was doubtless the cause of this action. He had continued it because it was the pet project of his son, even though he was not able to give it an undivided interest. "With this number," he wrote, "which completes the seventh volume, our connection with the 'New England Magazine,' as editor and proprietor, is dissolved. The work passes into the hands of Dr. Samuel G. Howe and John O. Sargent, Esq., who will continue the publication. These gentlemen have been contributors to the pages of the magazine from its commencement, and are known to the public as writers of ability and taste. Their interest and their reputation are sufficient pledges that any claim it may have to public favor and support, will not be lost or forfeited by the change that is about to take place."

The magazine went on very much as before, but with the addition of several new writers. In the first number under the new management Dr. Howe had a notable article on "Atheism in New England," and George S. Hilliard wrote of "Mr. Greenough's new Group of Statuary." Among the other contributors were John Neal, James G. Percival, Frederic H. Hedge and Park Benjamin. In this number, also, appeared Hawthorne's story called "The Gray Champion." The most important result of the change in management was the introduction of Hawthorne to the readers of the magazine.

At the end of the first volume under the new editors, they said to their contributors:

"The remuneration which we have been enabled to extend is not, we are deeply conscious, commensurate with your deserts; but the terms of one dollar by the page of prose, and double the sum for poetry, is all that the magazine can afford; and though lamentable the confession, we must own that, even with these rates, not one solitary penny is left to reward the editorial labor at the close of the year. With the extension of our subscription list, your compensation shall be increased, to two—yes, three dollars the page; and even then we could wish it were more. We will look

for our own reward in the consciousness of having done something to encourage American literature."

We cannot be surprised, however, that the editors did not remain at their post for a long period. Whatever their love for American literature, the gratuitous editing of a magazine was sure to have its legitimate effect. They soon put the editorial work into the hands of Park Benjamin, who had been a frequent contributor to the magazine. It is not remarkable, however, that in a few months more the magazine came to an end, as a separate publication. In his statement to his readers in the last number, December, 1835, Mr. Benjamin said:

"It has represented, from month to month, to its readers the best papers from writers who were generously content with a very inadequate remuneration. . . . Could the American publishers afford, like the English, to pay handsomely for articles, we should soon secure journals assuming a different character, and vieing successfully with the best transatlantic productions. As the case stands, it is unfair to make comparisons between the great literature of Great Britain and the United States. There are few educated men in this country who can yield themselves to the pursuits of literature and the liberal studies. With the exception of those whom fortune has placed beyond the necessity of exertion, there are no authors by profession. The efforts of American writers are, for the most part, made in hours of leisure, set aside from the time devoted to their regular business. When a poor man has attempted to live by authorship, he has been compelled to seek a resource from poverty as an instructor, or a lecturer, or in some such mind-wearing employment. I believe, however, that we shall see better days. . . . This magazine will hereafter be conducted under better auspices. It will, on the first of January, be united with another work of a similar kind, in New York, and be styled in future '*The American Monthly Magazine.*' . . . I shall enjoy the inestimable privilege of being connected in the editorial duties, with gentlemen of talent and experience. . . ."

It is not my purpose to follow the fortunes of the new magazine, or of its editors, Charles Fenno Hoffman and Park Benjamin. It is enough to say that the *New England Magazine*, was an admirable publication of its kind, and that it was conducted in an enterprising and able manner. In view of the circumstances of its publication, it was surprisingly good, for it contained a large amount of the very best writing. Many of the articles it published would do credit to any magazine of to-day. It encouraged the first efforts of several men who have become known to all readers of books. There was a feeble character to much it published, however, which was the inevitable result of the inability of the editors to pay for first class writing. In reality, the old *New England Magazine* was a worthy predecessor of the *Atlantic*, the *Century*, and *Harper's*. If it did not reach the same high standard, it was because there was not yet developed a reading public ready to sustain it. This early *New England Magazine* differs from the present one more in the absence of the numerous illustrations than in its literary qualities. Its purpose was distinctly literary, however, though adding various features corresponding to those especially cultivated in the present magazine.

Such a study as I have tried to make of this early magazine is of value in showing us how far we have advanced. When we compare the resources and methods of such a magazine as the *Century* with this early publication, we get a realizing sense of the vast improvements made in the methods of printing and publishing, the gigantic strides made in the art of illustration, and the remarkable growth in the number of the reading public. What the public schools have done it is impossible to comprehend except by means of some such concrete proof of their widening of the circle of those who delight in good reading. Park Benjamin's prediction of a better future for American literature has been realized in a degree which he could not have anticipated.

ON THE PAGES OF AN OLD READING-BOOK.

By N. J. Welles.

IT was an old book with yellow leaves and faded covers, and it lay with many others, which made a pile in the garret, by the chimney. As I open its dusty covers and turn the leaves, which cling to each other with the tenacity of years of close association, I know it was long, long ago, perhaps, when my grandmother was a little girl, that this book was held and studied. Who owned the precious thing? Not my grandmother, for it is not her name which is written on the fly-leaf in a cramped, uneven hand,—nor the name of any of her sisters, nor her cousins, so far as I know. It is hardly a pretty name, and may not have belonged to a pretty girl, but a girl with yellow hair and pale blue eyes, who might have been "bound out" to one of the neighbors, or to my great-grandmother herself.

"Ann Hayes." I read the name again and again; and as I read I see the schoolhouse and the slanting rays of the July sun shining hot through the small square panes of glass which filled up the opening for a window. I see the sun shining on a row of girls, lighting up their figures and their smooth braids of hair. There are thick girls and thin girls and girls with round shoulders and hollow chests. I pity the round-shouldered ones; they have carried heavy babies when they should have been playing "tag," and washed dishes when they wanted to make doll-clothes. I do not think Ann is among these girls. If she is I cannot write her story, for I should say hard things of her master and find grand-children suffering today because of that hollow chest and those stooping shoulders. Nor is she among the pretty ones; if she were, I am sure my grandmother would have remembered her history, as she does that of Peggy McAdams, who was so beautiful that her picture was hung on the walls of an art gallery and so completely infatuated a young nobleman that he found pretty Peggy and carried her away to England, where she remains unto this day, unless the poor lady is dead,—as she should have been many years ago.

I think Ann was not pretty, and I think that her yellow hair bordered close upon tow color; but her eyes were bright and her whole face beamed with good nature. Her face was round, and but for too much tan on her cheeks, brought by the sun while she was driving home the cows, would have been fair. I think that on the particular afternoon when these finger prints were made her hair was braided in a braid of many strands and crossed and re-crossed over the back of her head. Her dress was linsey-woolsey, cut alarmingly straight, free from all frivolities in the form of tucks and ruffles, and gathered snugly at the waist. Her basque was cut with a long point in front and was held in its place over her slender form by means of "stays," which her brother or one of the farm hands cut from pieces of hickory wood. I am sure she was industrious and studied, for here we find written in her best hand: "Discipline—corrective punishment; resignation—submission"; and we believe that she studied the definitions over and over and buzzed her lips to coerce her brain into remembrance. When all the definitions were learned and the sand in the hour-glass lacked some minutes of running out, could it be that this demure maiden looked over to the other side of the room

where the boys sat? We are quite sure she did and that some one of those boys was attractive to her. It was not one of the slow boys, nor one of the lazy boys, nor one of the boys who threw paper wads and apple seeds at the girls. I think it was a large, sober fellow, who studied algebra and made maps of the world. And his name was Dean, Dean Whitcombe. It was just such a boy who in a careless moment of his life, when young blood was running riot in his veins, forgot his algebra and the constellations of his astronomy, and wrote with all the ardor of his young heart on the fly-leaf of Ann's book the old rhyme:

"If you love me as I love you,
No knife can cut our love in two."

We cannot but admire the independent manner of his writing and the grand flourishes he draws under his own name, "Dean Whitcombe." Below Dean's signature, in a little corner of the yellow-white page, surrounded by dotted lines and written with ink grown so pale it can hardly be read, is another rhyme. It is written in a girlish hand, fine and delicate, sensitive in its turnings. We hold it to the light and study its quaint characters.

"Remember me when far away,
And think of me on your wedding day.
If you take Dean Whitcombe, here's my hand,
If you choose Jim Elsworth, we'll disband."

Underneath the rude rhyme, in a cramped little hand even less readable than the rhyme itself, we read: "Janie Farnsworth." How plainly that little verse shows us Janie! Janie you have been dead fifty years and no one knows even where your grave is made, but we know you as well as if you had written in a little book a perfect description of yourself and handed it down to us as some people hand down old silver and worn-out watches. You were a *petite* creature with dainty hands and feet. You were neat and compact in person and cared more for the fit of your stomacher and the lay of your ruffles than you did for your lessons. You were a petted creature too, my dainty Janie,—your name tells me that; else you would have signed your name Jane. Had you lived now, my Janie, you would have had quantities of yellow frizzes and ruffled garments trimmed with lace and dainty boots and many gloves. But as you lived long ago you had no curls but those which nature gave you, and these crept out of your coil and beyond the confines of your net and would cluster about your forehead and about the nape of your neck. I think you were a coquette too, Janie, and I doubt not many were the heart-aches (little ones) suffered by comely Ann over the turns of your head and the smiles in your eyes, when you should have been thinking of other and better things. And you liked Jim Elsworth,—yes, you did Janie; else why should you not want Ann to choose him?

In another corner, on the opposite page, as blank originally and quite as yellow now, I find written in a round girlish hand:

"When you are old and deep in debt,
You'll remember me, Dean, and our minuet."

Ah, Ann, no wonder you turned the corner over where you signed your name! I think your girlish cheeks grew crimson when you looked at what you had written—a boy's name! But he will remember you, Ann,—just how lightly your hand rested in his, and how your little feet peeped from under the folds of your cotton dress as you walked together through the slow, dreamy music; and when he swung you into place, think you he will forget how light you were,—as light as thistle-down and apple-blossoms when the breeze blows them about!

Below the turned corner, in the centre of the page, Dean has written something. We think it means more than his other rhyme and is written with a less confident hand and with no flourishes. Poor little verse!—what an innocent way to tell your love:

"Love is deeper than the ocean,
It is wider than the sea;
When I am from you, darling,
Will you be true to me?"

Dean, you have told her your love. Confess to me,—you may as well,—for it is plainer than words. You are going to some place,—I know not where, but the old book shall tell me. Where you go you promise to make a home for her, and she promises to wait; and now in the face of this parting your boy-heart is filled with doubt. You wonder if she will wait, if love is strong enough to make her wait. Ah, Dean, she will wait. Isn't she a poor girl! Isn't she working her way, with little time for lovers,—only when she should be studying the old reading-book? Bless your young stars, you have chosen Ann and not Janie! Janie would have wrung your young heart until it ached, or until the warm feelings were all worn out of it. She does not know what a boy's love is,—how pure, how true, how unselfish it is. Selfish love is man's love, not boy's love. The world made it selfish; but you have not met with the world and your love is as pure and no more to be ashamed of than dew drops which fall from a blushing sky to refresh a heated rose. Blessed is the woman who gets a boy's love! Money can be made, a home, one's belongings or surroundings, all can be acquired,—but a boy's love can never be given but once. Dean, where are you going with all this love in your heart? We turn the pages, and thoughts of our own life fill our mind so full that we scarce see the page where their secret is written.

But here is your secret, Ann, my Ann with your tow-colored hair and your beaming face,—the secret we have been looking throughout the pages to find. This is your writing, the same hand which wrote "discipline" and "resignation." Only you have been disciplined since then. You have cried; you have thought the whole earth dressed in mourning; and when your trials seemed more than your young heart could bear, you wrote this rhyme in your book:

"The storms that come,
The winds that blow,
But bear me to
The Ohio."

That is where Dean has gone. It was a long way to go in those days, with only a yoke of oxen or possibly a horse to transport him across the unbroken wilds. And he will find it a lonely wilderness, with only traders and red men for companions—and not many of these. There will be no whisperings of love or encouragement for him but the whisperings of the wind in the tree-tops; no one to tell him that the time will come when the whole desolate valley will be as thickly scattered with cities as a child's nursery floor with wooden blocks. There will be only his hopeful heart to cheer him, and your trusting, waiting love. And his hands, Ann, those hands which you watched while he figured with pencil and which you thought shapely while he made colored maps,—they must chop trees and grub roots to make for you a home. And they will grow hard and stiff, dear Ann, and all the symmetry will leave them as the roots leave the ground. And long before the farm is clear, or he is rich enough to rest, his shoulders will be bent and his form crooked, and young people will call him old. He will not be old to you, Ann,—tell him he will not; for the light in his eye is as young as it ever was, as young as on the night when you danced your minuet, and the love in his heart will be young, for it is the same boy-love he gave you back in the old schoolhouse when he wrote rhymes in your book. What matter the horny hands, what matter the stooping shoulders, or the wrinkles, or the white hair? The best of life is in his eyes and heart, Ann.

I take the reading-book in my hands. You poor, yellow, dusty thing, have you no more secrets to tell? Where is Ann? Did she go to Dean? I turn the pages. There is

much scratching concerning things we care not about; then at last we find written on the margin of a printed page:

"A house of log with my true love,
Is better than all else above."

So your home will be a log house! Dean has written you about it, and so your loving heart is satisfied, as this rhyme tells me. It will be warm, so warm that when the sun shines hot it may weep resinous tears that will run down and perhaps drop on your white board floor. But the winds that blow through the tree-tops will be cool and bring fresh odors from green growing things. There will be no soot in the air, nor factory smoke, nor will it be heavy with many breaths. There will be no shrill whistles to startle you from morning slumbers,—only the matins of the birds. And when it is winter and the wind howls among the trees which whispered sweet soothing sounds in summer, you are still safe. Your log house is a citadel. Not large, no, perhaps only one or two rooms, but large enough for all you will have to put into it. There will be room for a spinning-wheel and a cradle and a rocking-chair; and who shall say you will not be happy?

Does she go,—does she follow Dean? If the old book will only tell us! We turn the leaves back and forth. We scan pages which we have read and look for new pages and new writings. We catch sight of a familiar name; but the rhyming has stopped. Ah, Ann, reality has begun. Your life has definitely shaped itself. No more guessing, no more wondering. This is more a jotting down of facts, as if in want of a better she had used the old book for a diary.

"Janie marries Jim to-day. She has many things. A black bombazine dress with peach blossoms, and much fine linen well embroidered. She takes Jim home, and some day they will be rich."

Now, Ann, you are envying Janie. You think how many things she has and how few you have. Your blue eyes fill with tears when you think how much she can do for Jim and how little you can do for Dean. But, Ann, here comes the first of your "discipline" that you learned to spell and define in the old red schoolhouse. Never mind, they will not be happy. Why? Because no man is ever happy who marries a woman with more money than he has. There are too many to remind him of it. Her folks never forget it, and she herself will tell him of it and use it for a cloak to say disagreeable things behind, and be as selfish as she likes. She will use it for a scourge to whip him into good behavior and bring things the way she will. And when his love is waning, either surely or when she imagines it, she will tell him it is so because he never loved *her* but her *money*. And he will have many to please, living with her folks at home; and it is hard to please many. And when the place is at last his, he will be old and have earned it many times. Yet even then it is not his, but will belong to her and to her children. No, my Ann, take your log house in the woods, take the woods and the birds that sing in them. Far sweeter music is the song of birds than the voices of contention.

It will be a long way to go, and you will be forced to give up much that you like. Perhaps you like art and enjoy such canvas as has been brought from old England to adorn the walls of the aristocrats of Salem? There will be no artist's pictures where you are going; but the sky of a summer morning, when the sun is trying to break through the clouds and shine upon your little plat of ground, is a grander picture than man can make. The colors there will be mixed by the creator of color, and the red clouds that dip down to the tree-tops will be filled with a harmony divine. And the children, should they come, and no schools come to teach them? And in your day, Ann, there were even no red schoolhouses in the valley of the Ohio. Let them be wise and learn in the school of God:—the colorings on

the breast of the first spring robin; the hood pinned over the black pate of the wood-pecker; where the humming-bird gets his food and where the wild flowers grow thickest; why the night-ingale sings sweetest and the meadow-lark loves solitude. Teach them the beautiful in life,—the colorings of the wild flowers and the care of the honey-bee. If colleges grow up about them, well and good. If not, know this,—no lover of God and nature can be ignorant; love stamps itself upon his forehead and wisdom is printed on his lips.

Ann, you did go. I find it written on the yellow-white margin of a printed page. Your heart is over-flowing with love for Dean, with hope in your new undertaking and regret at leaving those you know and love behind. How simple the statement,—yet it is as full of meaning as though a page were written to describe it: "I leave my home to-day and go with Dean. God make me happy."

A teardrop splashed down on the page and blotted it—the teardrop of a girl who grew old and gray-headed, and died many, many years ago. Yet the mingled feelings which filled your breast the day you left your home have been the feelings of all girls since ever the first girl followed her husband away from the parental roof. How dear seem all the familiar things now that you must leave them! The old apple-tree that showered pink blossoms on your head and scattered brightness to the earth, the grove where the bees loiter and make their honey, the fields where the grain ripens and the corn grows rich and yellow—how beautiful these all seem now!

So you want to be happy, Ann! So does every man, woman and child. We all want happiness and brightness, craving it as children crave sweets. But life is not all happiness. If it were, we should be poor sickly things, like nursery babes who live on bon-bons. You saw happy days. You were happy the day your first babe was born, happy when he lisped his first word and took his first step and first spoke your name in gurgling sweetness. But there were sad, sorry days, when there was no little one, no baby prattle, no story telling, no rocking to sleep, when all was so still you thought God had forgotten you, forgotten to make the birds sing or the sun shine. Heaven seemed a long way off then; you could not see it even in your dreams, and you wondered where the goal was hidden and why the race was run. You were not forgotten, you know now that you were not; but He was behind the black cloth that covered up the coffin-lid, in the sick chamber, in adversity, in calamity; He was everywhere; you know it now and all the rest. And you did not shirk, my Ann, nor shrink from duty; and you bore the burdens of your day and time and learned what failure meant and unrequited love.

But that is over now, and you are satisfied,—satisfied with love; your heart made great with sufferings and submissions is full of love. The deep channels of your soul, which in the desert of your life were dry and sun-baked with the strife and weariness of life, are filled with living waters. Your pride and care, the wants of mind and soul made perfect are fulfilled. And what is left? Your children, Ann, are left. I think a city breathes upon your farm. The pastures where your cows munched grass in solitude and made quaint pathways to the shady trees hold business blocks belonging to your children. They have grown proud, and wear their honors with a courtly grace, and ride in carriages. Perhaps they pass me in their haste and blow their dust in a poor traveler's face; and yet I do not envy them. Their carriages are yours. You did not know it, but the day you left the old red schoolhouse and went west, the day Dean grubbed the trees and made a cabin in the wilderness, that day the tree was felled that built these carriages. What matter that your worldly wealth

confines itself to one low mound and one white tablet pointing to the sky? Your hands were tired; they are resting there. Your feet were weary and your form was bent; and a bed was well to lie on. But your loving, trusting heart, the light that shone in your eyes, the hope that filled your life, all the good you knew or felt or did,—these are not there.

GHOSTS.

By Charles Hanson Towne.

UNTO a soul there came the spectre Strife,
To teach him of the bitterness of life;
And then came Grief, to mock his old-time peace,
To whisper and to haunt and never cease.
The ghost Regret came in the quiet night
And hovered sadly o'er his couch of white;
And Vanished Love came in the twilight dim
To crucify and wound and laugh at him.
Full oft these spirits came to haunt his heart,
And only smiled whene'er he cried, "Depart!"
Full oft they came—Regret, Love, Strife and Grief,
And through the years this soul found no relief.
"Yet, oh!" he said, "in patience I would wait,
Did I not see beyond life's distant gate
A spirit darker far than all of these,
Which haunts me more and gives me far less peace.
For Death, the doomsman, beckoneth afar,
Beyond the night where gleams no silent star.
I fear him more; he waits somewhere for me;
I know him not, save when in dreams I see
The vision of his form, august, austere.
I can bear all,—but Death, oh, Death I fear!"
At last his soul fell in his last long sleep,
And all was o'er. Beyond the unknown deep
He rose to cry with joyous, wakening breath,
"I slept and dreamed sweet dreams; Lord, was that Death?"

EDITOR'S TABLE.

"THE True George Washington," the new book by Mr. Paul Leicester Ford, is a work which we confess we took up with misgiving and trepidation. Great as our obligations are to Mr. Ford for his various important researches in American history, we feared that he might have succumbed to the temptation which assaults so many good men, of making himself a hero's literary valet; and has it not passed into a proverb, that a hero is none to his valet? Hegel once said the best thing about the proverb which has ever been said: "It is not because the hero is not a hero, but because the valet is a valet." The world is fuller of valet readers than of valet writers; and the world welcomes valet books. Small men like to catch a great man on his small sides; it seems to condone and almost apotheosize their smallness to find that there is some spot where they have the great man to their neighbor; and they relish the record of the great man's nods and slips and humiliations, and could pass an examination in the record, when they may know little or nothing that is exact or worth while of the achievements or the loftiness which alone floats the sorry diary. Carlyle's "Reminiscences" were devoured and eagerly debated a dozen years ago by a thousand men and women who could not for their lives have named a single hero treated in "Hero-Worship," or told whether "Sartor Resartus" was a Sanskrit saint or a dish at the "Star and Garter." To the end of their days their chief interest in Carlyle will be as to how indeed he got on with his wife, and whether indeed and just how much he was fascinated by Lady Somebody out in Kensington. If you name Byron, these people do not think of "Childe Harold," but of Lady Byron. They never heard of "The Mask of Anarchy" or of "Queen Mab"—they could not distinguish a line of either from a verse in Jeremiah or James Russell Lowell; but they are infallible on each detail of Shelley's heresies and his break with his first wife. They are infallible on Mary Powell and the Powell will and the financial and social ups and downs of the whole Powell family; they can sift for you the evidence that Milton's third wife was a hard stepmother to his children; they know what the maid servant thought about it; and they know whether and just how Deborah and Anne cheated their blind father in his marketings, and sold his books without his knowledge. They know everything about the pamphlets on divorce. But they know nothing further concerning "Paradise Lost" than that the poet received ten pounds for it from the publisher, and that it shaped New England theology —which it didn't; nor know whether the "Areopagitica" or "Samson Agonistes" be the merrier epic or related closest to Oliver Cromwell. Was it Stopford Brooke or Matthew Arnold who, writing of Shelley, passed by his matrimonial tragedy with the simple word that in the case of one like Shelley we need not pause to consider such matters, as it needs no genius and is not one of the marks of genius to quarrel with one's wife? The ordinary man or woman, who does not know Shelley, has no right to know Mary Godwin nor to be told anything about her. The man who

knows Shelley well finds it useful and good to know all about her; the knowledge goes into its right relative place and illuminates for him the development of the poet's life, the needs of his nature, and the methods, qualities and operations of his mind. The man who knows Carlyle well, knows his great work and what he stands for as an intellectual and spiritual force in the world, gets education from every page of his "Reminiscences," and from every one of Jane Carlyle's letters; he values them as Carlyle would have valued them, had they had to do with Frederick or Cromwell; he sanctions them as Cromwell would have sanctioned them—who would be painted without his wart.

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The man who knows George Washington well gets useful education about George Washington and feels a glow in the heart which is second only, as Dr. Holmes would say,—if it be Dr. Holmes,—to the consolations of religion, when he reads that Washington, after the publication of Edmund Randolph's despicable attack upon him, replied to the Secretary of War, who asked him at the breakfast table if he had seen the pamphlet, "'I have, and by the eternal God, he is the damnedest liar on the face of the earth!' and, as he spoke, he brought his fist down upon the table with all his strength, and with a violence which made the cups and plates start from their places." But a man does not get useful education out of it, nor know any truth about George Washington from it, who does not know,—and this not from Jefferson's say-so, but from his own long familiarity with Washington's life and nature,—that "his temper was naturally irritable and high-toned, and that, if it broke its bounds, he was most tremendous in his wrath, but that reflection and resolution had obtained a firm and habitual ascendency over it." A man does not get the right kind of education in reading a book about Washington's personal and private traits and habits, excellent happily as those habits were, unless he brings to the reading large knowledge of that great public life and service, that loftiness of mind and soul, which made Washington the father of his country, first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen, gave him a place unique in the history of the founders of states, and earned for him the admiration and honor of the world. We do not intimate that the public life and the private life were contrary the one to the other; the life in its great lines is of one piece,—everywhere "the requisite wholeness of good tissue." We simply mean to say to that great public which so dearly loves to read books of this kind, that if it thinks that it has here, indeed, "the true George Washington," it is woefully mistaken. When we have said that, we have passed, we think, the only stricture which we care to pass upon Mr. Ford's book. We wish that he had called it "Side Lights upon the Life of Washington," or something of that sort. As a collection of such side lights it is a valuable and useful book—commendable and welcome. It is not a collection of stories made in a poor and prurient spirit; and it is not just to call it, as we have heard it called, a book on Washington's "lean streaks." It is not that, because few men have had so few lean streaks as Washington. The man upon whose library shelves stands the edition of Washington's writings so faithfully prepared by our author's brother, and who is familiar with Marshall's life of Washington and Irving's, finds here only that which illuminates and makes real and human the great figure which moves through those pages. We only say that it should be made a condition for him who would know, or pretend to know, "the true George Washington," that he should read those pages before he reads these; and we fear that

the actual number of real students of Washington's writings, or of Marshall's biography, is small. Mr. Ford himself is such a real student—and that is what saves his book and makes it good for those for whom he wrote it. He is not a valet, and his hero is a hero at the end of the book as at the beginning. "It is with pleasure that the author adds," after the general statement of his purpose in his preface, "that the result of his study has only served to make Washington the greater to him"; and his book will only serve that purpose for every reader who comes to it with that large knowledge of Washington's public work and thought and writings which he himself brought to his study—and so every historical scholar and every earnest student of the life and character of Washington is his debtor.

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Mr. Ford's purpose is a laudable one,—to humanize Washington, or to show people that he was human, "to make him a man rather than a historical figure." He thinks that, as a result of our process of canonization of such characters as Washington, Franklin and Lincoln, "we have, in place of men, limited by human limits and influenced by human passions, demigods so stripped of human characteristics as to make us question even whether they deserve much credit for their sacrifices and deeds"; and his aim is, by putting the "shadow-box of humanity" round the portrait of Washington, to help to make him more truly an example instead of a mere idol. We do not think that Franklin and Lincoln are properly to be included with Washington in the category of men canonized into unreality; and no amount of "humanizing" will ever bring Washington close to men as the books bring Lincoln close to men, because Washington himself—untrue and unworthy as was Hamilton's declaration in a moment of pique, that "his heart was a stone" —was not the free, warm, sympathetic, jovial, hearty, human man that Lincoln was. It certainly is true, however, that until this very latest time we have canonized Washington into much more of a marble man than he was; and modern writers are doing a good and needed service in redeeming him from unreality and remoteness, setting him before us as a man of genuine flesh and blood, and one who, if not as approachable and companionable and brotherly as Abraham Lincoln, was indeed human, social, affectionate, natural and—if that is a satisfaction to anybody—erring and interested in little things as well as great things. Mr. Ford's effort in this direction is one of the best, as it is by far the most searching and complete. The chapters of his Washington book are "Family Relations," "Physique," "Education," "Relations with the Fair Sex," "Farmer and Proprietor," "Master and Employer," "Social Life," "Tastes and Amusements," "Friends," "Enemies," "Soldier," "Citizen and Office-holder." Such a book was sure to be written. It is fortunate that it has been written by a genuine historical scholar like Mr. Ford, who is interested in things intrinsically small and unimportant for the sake of the light they throw on what is really important and considerable. His book is a marvel of painstaking industry and accuracy; and it will prove a valuable compartment of the paint-box from which the great painter of the future shall mix his colors to paint, as it was not possible for even Marshall or Irving to do, the portrait of "the true George Washington."

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It would be unjust and wrong to imply, as we fear we may have seemed to, that Mr. Ford's book concerns itself simply with Washington's private life or his personal life in its relation to little things. It concerns itself with

his personal life in its relation to both little and great, private and public things. The chapter on Washington as a soldier is one of the best discussions of Washington's military talents and achievements which has ever been written. "The problem of the Revolution," like the problem of the Cuban revolutionists at this moment, "was not one of military strategy, but of keeping an army in existence, and it was in this that the commander-in-chief's great ability showed itself." This Mr. Ford brings out distinctly and impressively; as he also shows better than it is usually shown that Washington, compelled to be a Fabian in practice, was very far from being a Fabian by nature, was by his military instincts and inclinations aggressive, daring and audacious, and that even his Fabian practice would in many cases have been far less Fabian had he followed his own impulse and conviction and not respected the conclusions of his councils of war. The jealousies, the backbitings, the pettiness, the distrust, the indifference and the inefficiency with which Washington was encompassed throughout the Revolution, and through which with such marvelous self-control, disinterestedness, patience and firmness he steered himself and steered the army and the country, were never set before us more sharply than in these pages; and nowhere so much as here do we feel Washington's true greatness and the grandeur of his character.

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The most inadequate portion of Mr. Ford's work is that which treats of Washington's relations to books. The pages upon Washington's library and his reading of the newspapers are interesting as far as they go, but they go a very little way. Washington was a vastly more intellectual man than one would infer from Mr. Ford's work, and a vastly greater reader of books. There ought to be added to Mr. Ford's chapters, in any attempt to paint "the true George Washington," a chapter giving the gist of what is given us in the little volume by President Potter of Hobart College on "Washington in his Library." President Potter makes everything count, and sometimes goes a little too far perhaps in his emphasis of Washington's literary tastes and habits; but he is much nearer the truth than Mr. Ford. Washington was a diligent and definite accumulator of books and a serious and careful reader of them, owing much to his well directed studies of well chosen works in the lines of his responsibilities and interests. President Potter give us a good analysis of Washington's library, and in his appendix gives a complete list of all the books known to have been in it. More of these are in the Boston Athenæum than in any other single place; and Mr. A. P. C. Griffin of Boston, well known to local scholars through his long and useful connection with the Boston Public Library, has nearly ready for publication the most thorough and critical account of the Washington books which has ever been prepared. It will be an important contribution to the study of the intellectual side of Washington's life. We wish that all of the books which are known to have been in Washington's library, now scattered in various places, could be gathered together at the expense of the national government and deposited in the new Congressional Library at Washington, honored with a special alcove there. Nothing could be more fitting.

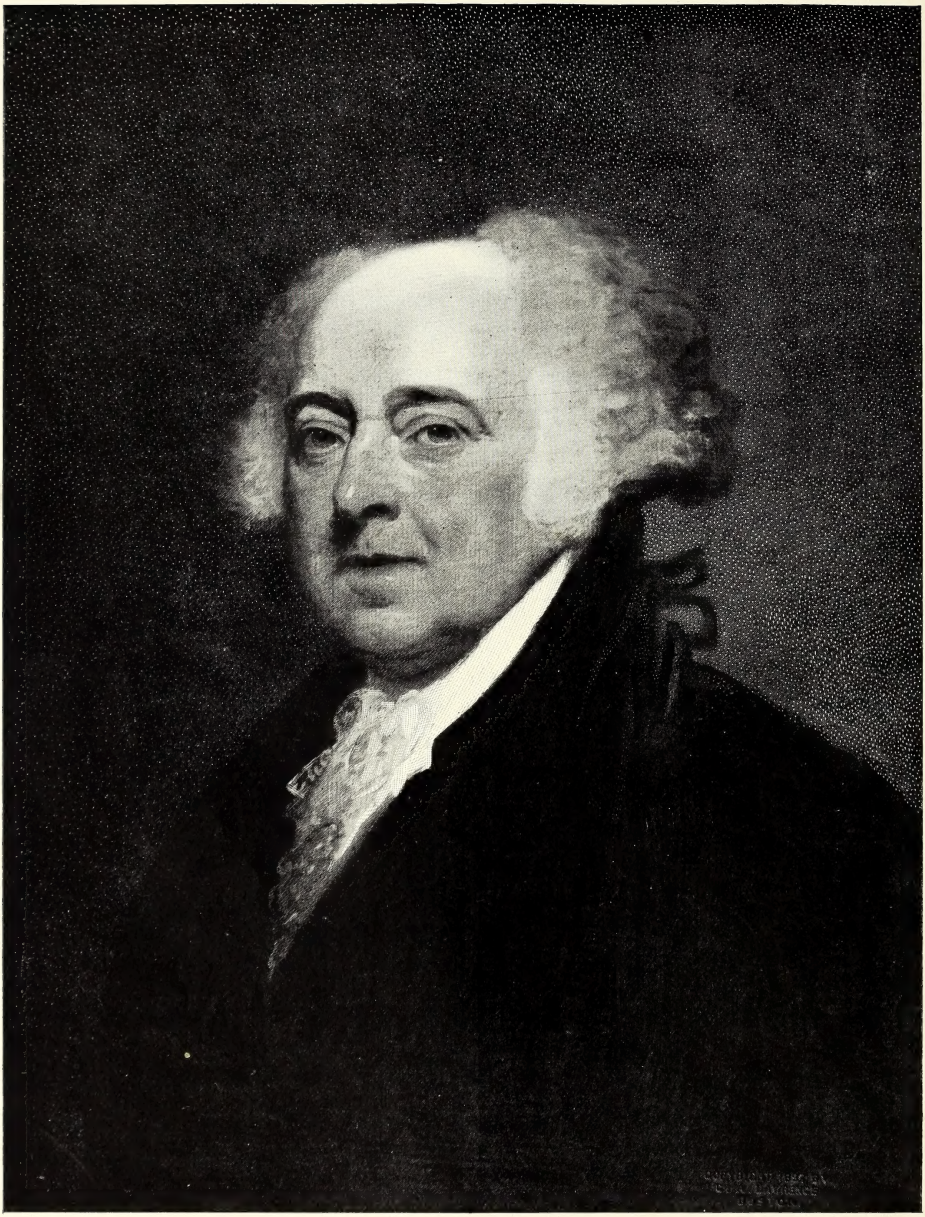
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Mr. Ford dwells upon Washington's devotion to education; but it should be dwelt upon much more if we would show the true intellectual character of Washington. He notices Washington's interest in the idea

of a national university; but it would have been well to say much more on this point, to show Washington's originality and far-sightedness with reference to the higher education in America. The directors of the Old South work in Boston have just collected and published in a special leaflet all of Washington's works on a national university, beginning with the extract from his will in which he bequeaths all of the stock received by him for his efforts in promoting the organization of the Potomac transportation scheme for the endowment of a national university; and it is a remarkable body of papers.

It was a source of regret to him, he said, to see the youth of the United States sent to foreign countries to be educated, and frequently contracting principles unfriendly to republican government and to the true liberties of mankind. It was his "ardent wish to see a plan devised on a liberal scale which would have a tendency to spread systematic ideas through all parts of this rising empire, thereby to do away with local attachments and state prejudices"; and nothing seemed to him more likely to effect this than a national university at the national capital, where education should be given in all branches of knowledge, including "knowledge in the principles of politics and good government."

This project of a national university was a favorite project with Washington during all his later years. He writes of it to John Adams, to Edmund Randolph, to Thomas Jefferson, to Governor Brooke of Virginia. "The time is come," he said to the latter, "when a plan of universal education ought to be adopted in the United States. Not only do the exigencies of public and private life demand it, but, if it should ever be apprehended that prejudice would be entertained in one part of the Union against another, an efficacious remedy will be to assemble the youth of every part under such circumstances as will, by the freedom of intercourse and collision of sentiment, give to their minds the direction of truth, philanthropy and mutual conciliation." To Jefferson he spoke of the special advantages to students of politics which the location of the university at Washington would give. Washington was to be "the permanent seat of the government of this Union, where the laws and policy of it must be better understood than in any local part thereof." It would "afford the students an opportunity of attending the debates in Congress, and thereby becoming more liberally and better acquainted with the principles of law and government." He desired to introduce a section recommending this national university into his Farewell Address; but Hamilton persuaded him to put this instead into his last speech to Congress, incorporating only a general paragraph upon education in the address. In the last speech to Congress, in which he also urges the institution of a military academy, he urges in the strongest terms the establishment of the national university. "A primary object of such a national institution," he said, "should be the education of our youth in the science of government. In a Republic what species of knowledge can be equally important, and what duty more pressing on its legislature than to patronize a plan for communicating it to those who are to be the future guardians of the liberties of the country?"



Photograph copyrighted by Chester A. Lawrence.

JOHN ADAMS.

From a painting by Gilbert Stuart.

THE

NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE.

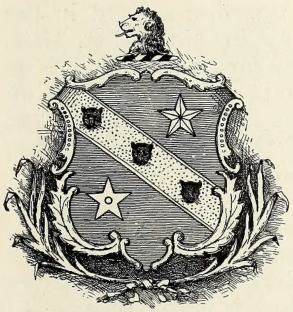
NEW SERIES. APRIL, 1897. VOL. XVI. No. 2.

"THE VACANT CHAIR."

THE HERO AND THE AUTHOR OF THE SONG.

By Herbert L. Jillson.

"We shall meet but we shall miss him
There will be one vacant chair:
We shall linger to caress him,
When we breathe our evening prayer."



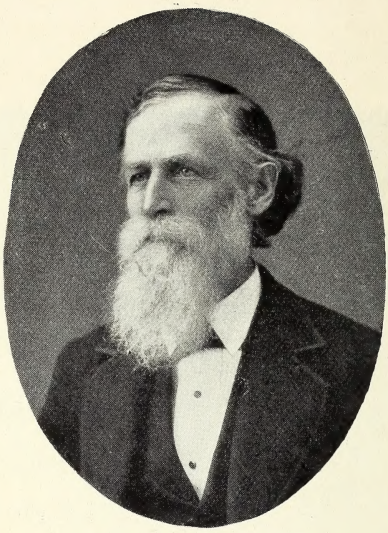
THE GROUT COAT OF ARMS.

I CAN never forget the impression which the words of the familiar song, "The Vacant Chair," made upon me the first time I heard them sung with power and feeling,—coming as it did soon after a great sorrow. They thrilled me with deepest and tenderest emotion, sending the tears stealing down my cheek, and taking my mind back to one who had gone on. It was not a painful sorrow, but a loving, tender remembrance, which the beautiful words awakened. They soothed and comforted the heart. Have not thousands been so impressed? Later, pondering upon it, I wondered who wrote the song and how it came about. I bought a copy from a music store near at hand, but the title-page had only the legend: "Words by H. S. W. Music by George F. Root." That was all. There was no other record; and I could find no account of how the poem came into being, nor information concerning the author. Inquiry in many places failed to gain light on the subject, until, coming from the West to Worcester, Massachusetts, I learned the true story, and later was privileged to meet the author of the poem. And, strange as it may seem, I find that little is known of the poem outside of what might almost be termed an immediate circle of friends, even in Worcester, where one finds that it was written by a former Worcester man, concerning a Worcester boy, and was first printed in a Worcester paper.

How many hearts throughout the length, not of this land only but of others, have swelled with emotion and throbbed with sympathy at the words of "The Vacant Chair!" What tears have started at the memories they have awakened! One will hardly be able to find an American who is not familiar with the song and who has not softly sung the chorus: "We shall meet, but we shall miss him"; but it is hard to find a person who knows the authorship or history of the song. Coming, as we read or sing, to the third verse,



MRS. GROUT.



MR. JONATHAN GROUT.

Lieutenant Grout's Father and Mother.

"At our fireside, sad and lonely,
Often will the bosom swell
At remembrance of the story
How our gallant Willie fell,"

one mechanically wonders perhaps who "Willie" was; but I think the opportunity has never been given the public to gain knowledge concerning the brave lad who, dying in the glow of young manhood, defending the nation's honor, inspired "The Vacant Chair," or concerning the author who wrote the familiar, touching lines with a pen laden with love and sympathy, little dreaming that they were to traverse the whole country and stand a lasting memorial of the bravery of the Union soldier and the loyalty and devotion of fathers, mothers and sweethearts.

Written as the piece was almost at the beginning of the great struggle, it at once found its way into the hearts of all those who had loved ones in the field, and in those homes from which one had gone forth never to return the impression was deep and lasting. Not alone in the North were the words treasured, but in the Southern homes there were those who felt that the poem meant much to them,—it was so simple, so beautiful, so expressive of the longings of every heart in that hour of trial.

The poem was first printed in the Worcester *Spy* in November, 1861, and was copied far and wide, until its fame was soon national. Later on the words were set to music and quickly found their way into foreign lands, and to-day the song has an international recognition and fame. Years have not dimmed its lustre; and while it may have appealed to a larger circle during the terrible times of the Rebellion, it is to-day received with as much tenderness and sung with as much love as when it first swept across the land. There are still vacant chairs, and must always be, in many homes, and it matters little whether they were caused by the cruel hand of war or not. The "vacant chair" can never be filled, and the words of the poem will ever bring back a flood of tender memories to swell the heart. "Absence makes the heart grow fonder," just as it did years ago; and so the song of "The Vacant Chair" finds its place, and always will, in the recesses of every heart.

Honor and recognition often come slowly in this crowded, busy world. We are ready to appreciate and ap-

propriate, but we are not anxious to look far and bestow our grateful thanks where they belong. "Full many a flower is born to blush unseen," sometimes to die neglected. These latter years have seen a recognition to some extent, in Massachusetts at least, of the author of "The Vacant Chair," Hon. Henry Stevenson Washburn of Boston, who is now advanced in years; and through him and others some knowledge has been spread of the life of the brave young officer, Lieut. John William Grout of the 15th Massachusetts Volunteer Infantry, whose heroic death inspired the words; but little is known of either among the many thousands who have long been familiar with the song.



THE GROUT MANSION IN WORCESTER.
Young Grout holds the horse in the foreground.

The investigation concerning the poem, its origin, its author, and its subject, the gallant Grout, has deeply interested the writer. Correspondence with old comrades and officers of the brave lieutenant, together with frequent talks with Mr. Washburn, has enabled me to gather many things of great interest. Nearly all that is given here is printed for the first time. The relics from which the illustrations were made have never been seen before outside the small circle of personal friends of the possessors. There is a strange fascination about the story. As one goes through the faded, musty letters sent home by the brave lad, so full of hope, loyalty and devotion, he must feel that Grout was indeed inspired, and that his life and death, bringing out the poem as they did, performed a part in the rebellion far-reaching in its influence, a wonderful, inestimable mission, stimulating thousands to renewed patriotism and making parents more willing to sacrifice their sons for a cause so just. It soothed many aching hearts and made the memory of the missing one sacred—transfigured him into a holy martyr to the cause of freedom.

Everything connected with Grout's life awakens interest. About his old camp chest, which has hardly been opened since sent home soon after his death, his spirit seems to hover. We

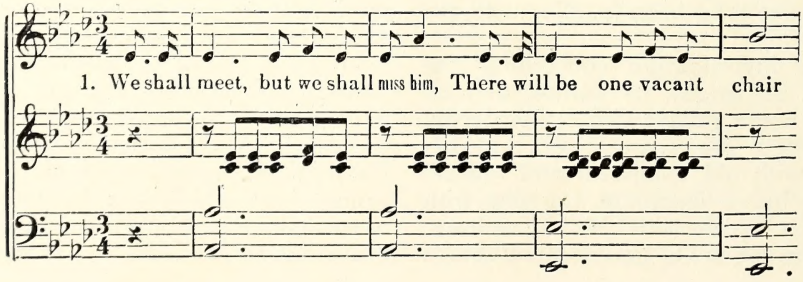
raise the cover. Inside the top, held in place by faded cloth straps, rest a rusty knife and fork, a large and a small silver spoon, black with mold, a broken corkscrew and a toothbrush yellow with age. A checkerboard has been marked out with a pencil on the inner lid which covers the contents of the trunk below. Taking this aside, we find things almost undisturbed—the dress coat with its shoulder straps, an officer's fatigue cap with a brass trumpet encircling the number "15" at the front, a pair of light blue trousers with a black welt down the sides, and many other articles of wearing apparel, neatly folded, but now motheaten and musty. Pulling out a box at the side, letters from loving ones at home fall to the floor. Reading them, one finds words of strength and cheer, through which, however, can be faintly traced the inconcealable anxiety. In another box, cartridges, bandages, buttons, needles, thread, wire and many odd things tell their story of the soldier's camp life impressively and vividly.



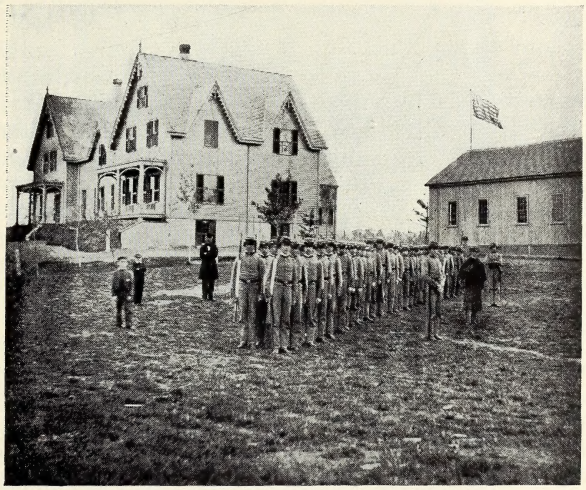
J. Wm Grout

Go where you may among Grout's old comrades, their eyes light with a look of love and admiration when his name is mentioned. It is not strange that Mr. Washburn was inspired to write of such a lad, being as he was in almost daily contact with him through a companionship existing between Grout and his own eldest son.

John William Grout was born in Worcester, Mass., July 25, 1843, the only son of Jonathan Grout, a well-known manufacturer, whose means and position enabled him to give his son the best educational advantages. In early youth, Grout manifested love for military life in various ways, such as the making of swords, drilling companies of boys, and an intense love for military history. This spirit was, perhaps, inherited, as he was of the sixth generation from John of Sudbury, who was the grandson of an English knight, and who distinguished himself for heroism in leading his townspeople triumphantly against the Indians in 1676, for which



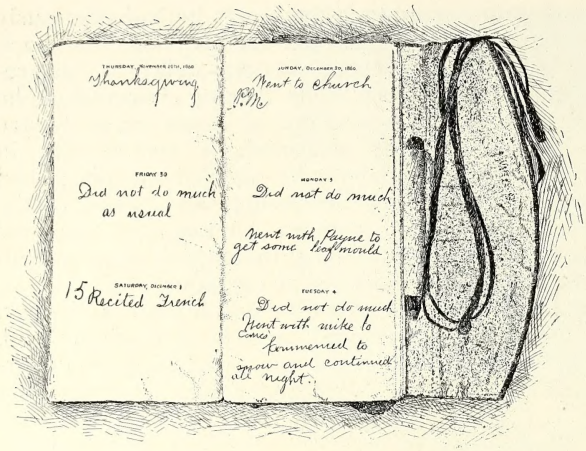
service he was rewarded by a captaincy, then a substitute in some sort among the colonists for the knighthood of England. It was early a question with Grout as to what profession he should devote his life, and his tastes were not gratified until he entered the Highland Military Academy at Worcester, when he at once realized that he had found his calling. He plunged ardently into the work and soon became the commander and drillmaster of the cadets, winning their favor by his noble, manly nature, and the esteem of the faculty by his skill and industry. He was conscientious to the last degree, and when he broke the rules of the school, by whispering or other misdemeanor, kept a strict account of it and at the end of the day reported truthfully to the teacher's inquiries and took his punishment like a man.



THE HIGHLAND MILITARY SCHOOL, WORCESTER, IN 1860.

Probably no one outside of his immediate family got a deeper insight into the boy's character than his old Sunday school teacher, Mr. B. D. Allen, now of Beloit, Wis. "I came to know not only his everyday life," he writes, "but something of the deeper life which every boy has, but which he is slow to reveal to others; and in this way Willie came to tell me of those purposes which I must believe ripened into a consecration to the noblest that life can offer. Quiet, modest, self-reliant, forceful, when the time came he gave himself to his country's service as he had previously given himself to his God. In each case there was no delay to his response. The lasting impression he made was one of character, as I have briefly indicated. I visited him in camp, and he showed me his sword and accoutrements and talked of the strife without excitement. He was simply doing that which came to him as the duty of the hour."

As a boy, he was boyish in his way, but withal serious and thoughtful. He entered into everything he undertook, heart and soul. His ingenuity kept him busy making numerous things for his own amusement. His diary for 1860 shows his industry. In it an account of a wherry which he built is kept. Day after day, closely following one another, one finds the entries, "Worked on wherry," "Launched wherry at long pond," and so on, until the boat was a success. Records of how the little craft leaked at first, and of the sail which was too heavy, are all faithfully kept. In the back of the book there is a tabulated list showing every measurement, and a page is devoted to careful memoranda of the cost, from the smallest detail to the largest. This same industry entered into his everyday life, his studies and his church work. Yet he found time to associate with his companions and was fond of skating, fishing, swimming and all out-door sports. His presence impressed his comrades



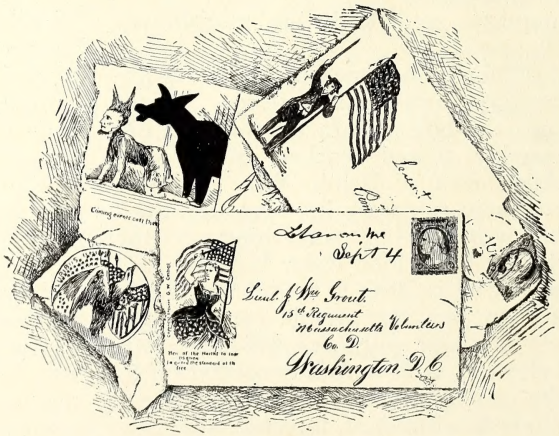
GROUT'S DIARY, 1860.

and he is remembered by them as a boy different from other boys, a master, one born to lead and instruct.

His short life at the Military Academy did much to prepare him for the work to come. In it he found a field which he entered with all the enthusiasm of his nature. When the call came for loyal men, his overwhelming desire was to enter the army; but he finally consented to remain at home for a time at least, in response to the wishes of his parents, who felt that the war would soon be over. But later the cry rang through the North in words that could not be mistaken, and his wish was granted. His joy knew no bounds. Suddenly the lad became a man. He felt that a great calling, a duty to God and man over which he had no control, was before him. With serious, manly enthusiasm he entered into the work of preparation. He inured himself for the hardships of the field by sleeping on the floor of his room and eating coarse food; and, most of all, he looked to God in prayer for guidance and inspiration. Young as he was, he understood what the war meant,—all of its grave responsibilities, its dangers, the importance of the question before the people, and the prize at stake. But he did not falter; these reflections only made him more steadfast in his purpose. He told those about him that he had entered the service for victory or death. "I shall never surrender!" he said; and the fixed gleam in the bright eye told the rest.

He was a magnificent lad to look upon, every inch a soldier in bearing and habit, his very presence commanding respect and admiration. One writer says: "Of medium stature and symmetrical proportions, erect carriage and remarkably fine and manly features, and, with elastic vigor and the glow of health, he might have been selected as a model for an artist." The accompanying photograph, showing the full figure in uniform, is an excellent likeness; it was taken just before his departure for the front.

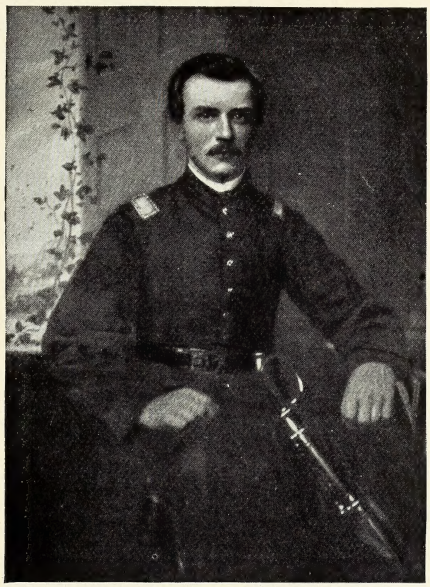
Grout's ability was at once recognized by the regiment, and he was commissioned second lieutenant in Company D of the 15th Mass. Vols.,



WAR-TIME ENVELOPES FROM GROUT'S CAMP CHEST.

making him one of the youngest commissioned officers in the Union army, for he had barely attained the age when his country could legally claim him. His first duty was as drillmaster, and for this he was in great demand, performing his work with unerring skill. After a short time in camp, the regiment was ordered to Poolsville, Maryland. During the weeks of uneventful camp life which followed, Grout became a general favorite throughout the regiment with both officers and men.

For several days previous to October 20, 1861, rumors of a battle were circulated; but on the 20th the news spread like wildfire through the camp that there was to be an engagement upon the following morning. It is needless to say that the regiment, composed of men who had never seen the smoke of battle, slept little that night. Soon after one o'clock on the morning of the 21st the first "long roll" which the boys of the 15th had ever heard broke the oppressive stillness. It did not take them many minutes to get into line. It so happened that Grout was detailed for duty on the 21st as officer of the guard, which would necessitate his remaining in camp; but, learning the news, he lost no time in getting excused in order that he might enter the fight. His duties as officer of the guard would have kept him in camp from nine o'clock on the morning of the 21st (the day of the battle) and would have excused him from duty until the afternoon drills the following day, or if the regiment was gone on continuous duty would have kept him in camp until its return, thus keeping him out of the conflict had he so desired. But the young officer's enthusiasm, his sense of duty, his devotion to his men and his desire to strike the first blow would not let him consider such a thing for a moment. He prepared for the battle with perfect coolness, giving wise counsel to those about him as he did so. There has been some questioning of this statement from various sources; but the detail slip, which is reproduced, proves the fact beyond a doubt, and inquiry among the surviving members of his company confirms it, and it is discovered that Lieutenant Ellinwood of Company K was detailed in Grout's place as officer of the guard.

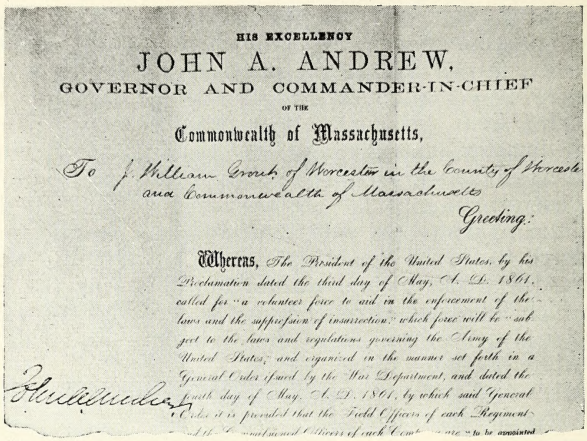


LIEUTENANT GROUT.

From a miniature painting in the possession of Camp Willie Grout, Sons of Veterans, Worcester, Mass.

It had been reported that there was a rebel camp on the Virginia side some miles back, and it was the purpose of General Stone to surprise and capture it. A definite plan of action had been laid out, which it is not the purpose of this article to give save in a general way. The details have been a matter of much discussion. Hardly two men tell the same story. The troops were to be split into two divisions. The first, under Colonel Devens, was to cross the river and surprise the Confederate camp; the second, under Colonel Ward, was to be stationed on the Maryland shore at a position where it could command with light field pieces the slope lead-

ing up to "Smart's mill," on the Virginia shore, to which Devens was to fall back in case he became hard pressed, and where he could be protected by Ward's detachment until he could be reënforced or make his way back across the river. But soon after Devens got into trouble, Ward received word that Devens needed assistance. Ward replied that his orders were to remain where he was; but, as the need seemed urgent, he sent word to headquarters that he should cross the river in half an hour unless orders to the contrary were received; and, as there was no reply, he took his command over at the end of that time and joined Devens. He was of little assistance, and his coming cut off the possibility of a retreat to the mill for protection.



HIS EXCELLENCY

JOHN A. ANDREW,

GOVERNOR AND COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF

OF THE

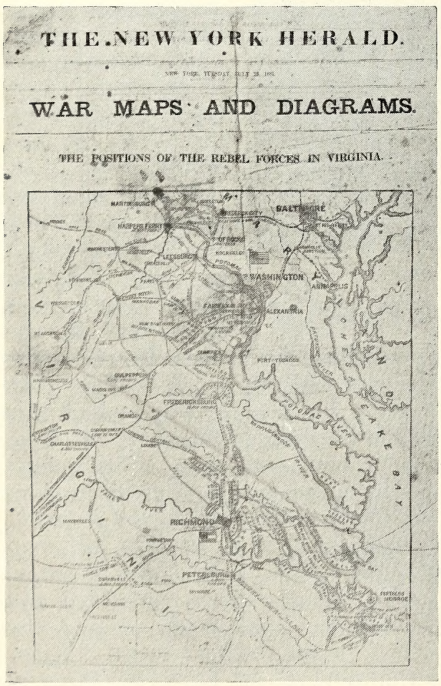
Commonwealth of Massachusetts,

To J. William Grout of Worcester in the County of Worcester and Commonwealth of Massachusetts

Greeting:

Whereas, The President of the United States, by his Proclamation dated the third day of May, A. D. 1861, called for "a volunteer force to aid in the enforcement of the laws and the suppression of insurrection" which force will be entitled to the laws and regulations governing the Army of the United States, and organized in the manner set forth in a General Order issued by the War Department, and dated the fourth day of May, A. D. 1861, by which said General Order it is provided that the Field Officers of each Regiment [illegible] to be appointed

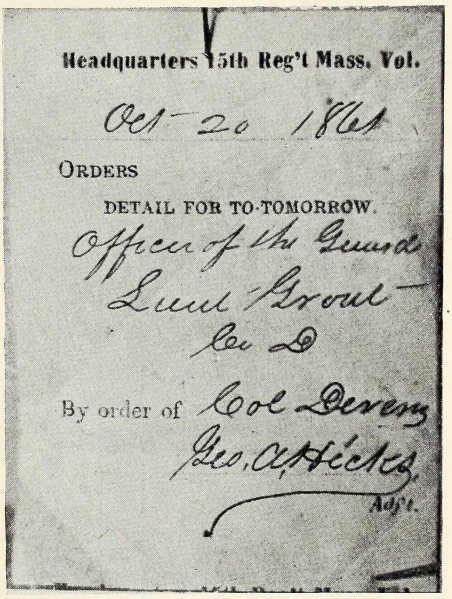
THE HEADING OF GROUT'S COMMISSION FROM GOVERNOR ANDREW.



A HERALD WAR MAP, FROM GROUT'S CAMP CHEST.

Let us follow Devens's division, for Grout was with that. Not long after the roll came the order to forward; and out into the night the soldiers marched, on to a certain death, many of them as hopefully and as bravely as any regiment ever moved. The camp was some four miles distant from the Potomac shore which was soon reached. The faint rays of approaching dawn had begun to appear in the east. The means for crossing the river were entirely inadequate. Harrison Island lies opposite the place where the soldiers stood. The river at this point is about three quarters of a mile wide, and the island lies about two-thirds of the distance from the Maryland shore, half a mile away. Great flat mud scows were the only means provided to take the troops, nearly 1,000 of them, across the river. There were not more than half a dozen of these clumsy things at that, each of which might hold eighty men. These were to be filled, poled across to the island, and then returned for other loads. After all the men had been landed on the island they were to be transferred to the mainland beyond in the same way. Under the best of conditions the prospect of getting the whole command across was

not a promising one. The river was high, swollen by recent rains, and the current was very strong. This made it necessary for the boats to be started at a point some distance above the island, otherwise they would be carried far below by the current. So the men dragged the heavy boats up to the proper point and slowly and laboriously poled their way across. Then they were obliged to carry the scows up the shore of the island a sufficient distance to allow for the return to the right place. After the troops had all been landed on the island the same process had to be gone through with to get them to the shore beyond. It will be readily seen that the morning was well advanced before the soldiers had reached their destination.


Headquarters 15th Reg't Mass. Vol.

Oct 20 1861

ORDERS

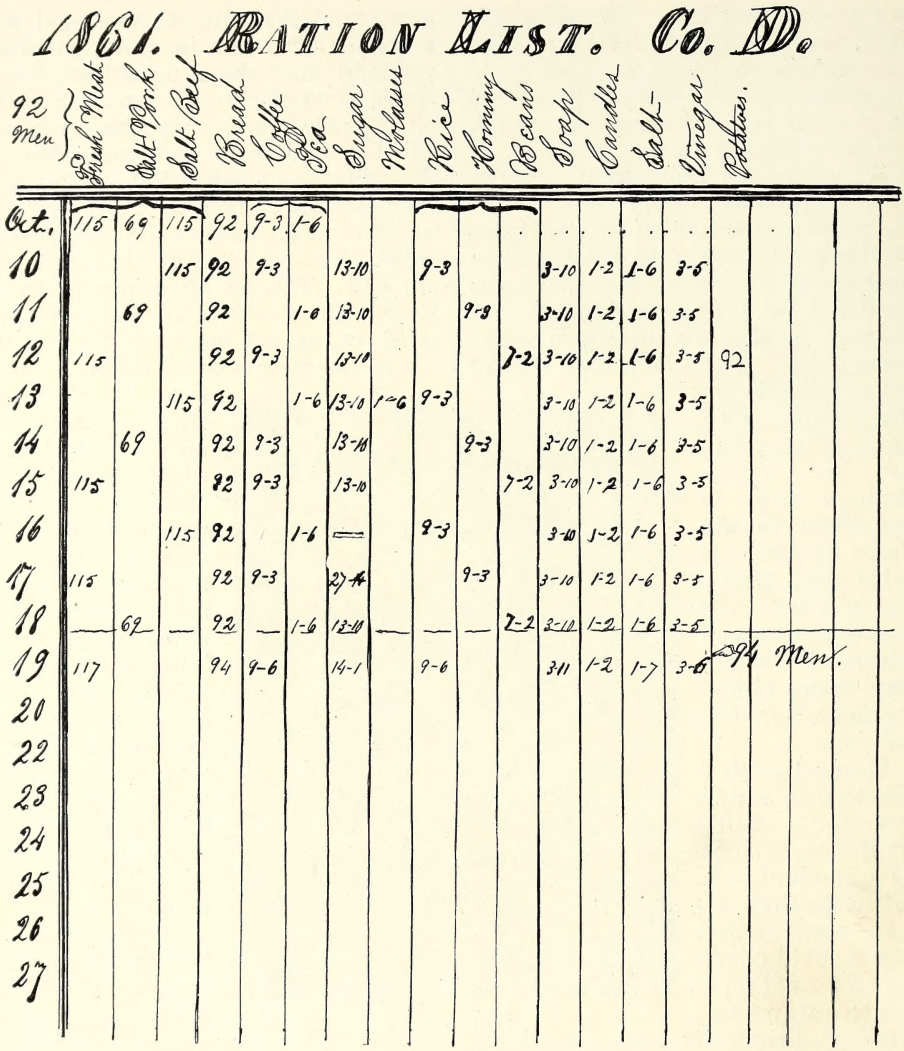
DETAIL FOR TO-TOMORROW.

Officer of the Guards
Lieut Grout
Co D

By order of Col Devens
Geo. A. Hicks
Adj't.

Here another obstacle presented itself. Ball's Bluff rose straight up a hundred feet, so steep that no man with equipments could climb it. Finally a beaten way extending diagonally up the bluff was found, evidently a path which the animals pastured on the land above used to descend to the river for water. The boats were sent to the island in charge of a few men, and up the steep embankment the forces started, having to scramble in order to make the ascent. In the meantime the skirmishers, sent out to reconnoitre, had run pellmell into a company of Confederate cavalry. A sharp fight ensued, in which the rebels were repulsed, and the skirmishers fell back to the officers and reported. Knowing that the alarm would be given and that the rebels would reenforce themselves in every possible way and come down upon him, Devens formed the troops into line with all possible haste. By the greatest effort several of the men succeeded in dragging two small fieldpieces up the rude pathway, which were wheeled into position in front of the line, at the right. The prospect was not a pleasant one. The troops had crossed the river with the idea of surprising a rebel camp beyond, but they now found themselves awaiting an attack, not deeming it wise to advance into a country of which they knew nothing. The line was formed in a little clearing, extending directly back from the bluff, some two hundred yards square and entirely surrounded by woods. There was not a long wait; the skirmishers were soon driven in, and the fight was on in earnest.

It was not a long fight and does not rank in history as a great battle. There were no brilliant charges, no hand to hand conflicts. The Union forces were at a great disadvantage. The rebels concealed in the woods did deadly work without exposing themselves to any extent, and they filled the trees with sharpshooters, who added to the destruction. It was a trying place to put old soldiers, to say nothing of new men; but the boys of the 15th were game and they fought like tigers. Every now and then one of the rebel sharpshooters would tumble from his tree, pierced by a well-aimed bullet. But the peril of the

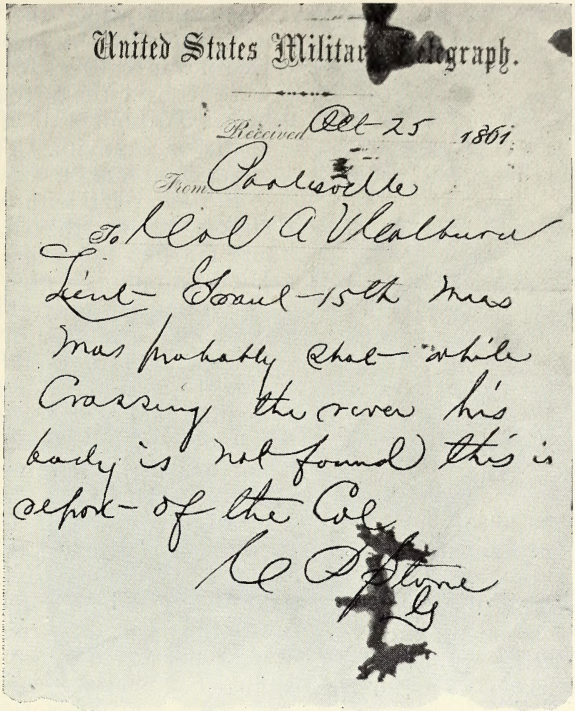


RATION LIST KEPT BY LIEUTENANT GROUT.

His omission of the 21st, doubtless by mistake, in writing down the days of the month, is, when it is remembered that on that day he was shot, a strange coincidence.

situation became more and more apparent.

It is here that we begin to see Grout's character, his courage and self-control. His coolness astonished the men about him and his bravery encouraged them to renewed efforts. He had been ordered to stand his ground until the command came to advance or retreat. The bullets rained like hail, the air was dense with smoke, and the whistling of rifle balls and the roar of musketry drowned every other sound. One man of Company D went down, and the young lieutenant remarked upon it coolly as he stepped up to Captain Studley, near at hand; then another, and another, and so on in rapid succession, until they lay piled in heaps on every side. The woods were swarming with rebels, the fire grew


United States Military Telegraph.

Received Oct 25 1861

From Parkersville

To Col A Wadsworth

Lieut Grout 15th Mass

was probably shot while

crossing the river his

body is not found this is

report of the Col

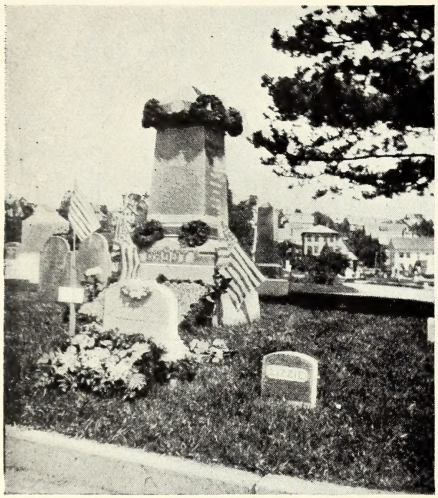
C P Stone

Brig

THE TELEGRAM ANNOUNCING GROUT'S DEATH.

more intense every moment. But calm and unmoved as if upon the drill field was our hero. He seemed to bear a charmed life. While men fell on every side he escaped unharmed, moving here and there, speaking words of encouragement, giving such aid as he could and seeing that the wounded were carried to the rear. The men, realizing their almost helpless condition, were anxious to act, either to advance or retreat. To stand where they were was little short of death. Retreat was impossible, with the steep bank at the rear and no means for crossing the river. The woods at the front and sides were lined with rebels. Ward's detachment had joined in the fight, and Smart's mill offered no protection.

Finally the order came to retreat, and Grout led his men as best he could down the embankment towards the river. The retreat was general. With a terrific yell the rebels followed, swarming up to the edge of the bluff like bees. For a moment resistance was offered, and some of the men kept their guns and fought to the end; but many of the soldiers dropped their arms and tumbled down to the water's edge, mad with fright. There was little or no protection on the shore and no way of crossing the river. Only a few small boats were on the shore. Later one or two of the clumsy scows were brought over; but to cross in either, under the relentless fire, seemed certain death. Some of the men crept into the woods to hide; others dashed frantically up and down the shore; a few were powerless to move; such as could swim sprang into the river and started for the island a quarter of a mile away, with the bullets splashing about them as they went. It was here that the terrible slaughter, hardly equaled in the Rebellion, took place. The men were at the mercy of their pursuers on the



GROUT'S GRAVE IN RURAL CEMETERY, WORCESTER, ON MEMORIAL DAY.

bluff above, who shot them down like dogs while they stood on the shore, while they were crossing in the boats, or were in the water swimming for liberty.

And the Worcester boy! Calm, cool, courageous, he moved about among the distracted men, his sword drawn, his step firm, his face aglow with a light almost divine, apparently oblivious to the turmoil about him. It was a time that tried men's souls. Those who had never known fear were dumb. Here, there, everywhere, Grout seemed to be. "Boys, we *can't* surrender!" he cried to his men. "Take care of yourselves as best you can. God be with you!" He occupied himself with preparing to send the wounded and helpless across in the almost useless boats; and after having crossed with one load to see men shot beside him on the trip returned for others; but the deadly fire made it necessary to abandon the boats. Seeing that further effort was useless he reported to Colonel Devens: "Is there anything more I can do, Colonel,—anything more that can be done for the men?" The reply came: "Nothing, nothing. Take care of yourself."

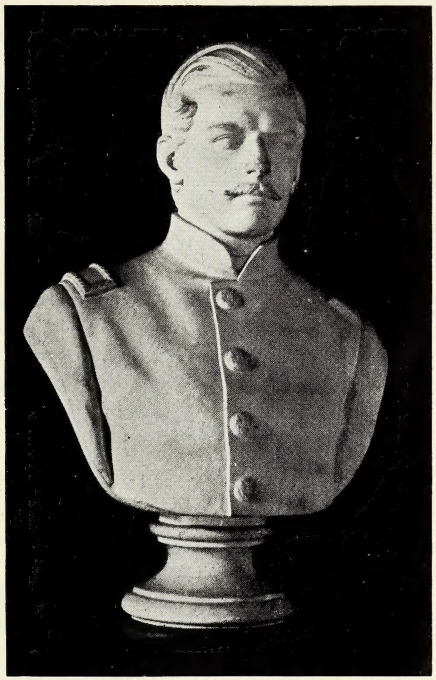
All this while the ceaseless fire from above was doing its awful work. Death was on every hand. The rebels were constantly increasing in numbers. To remain on the shore meant death or captivity. Throwing aside all encumbrances, Grout plunges into the water and with two companions strikes out for the island. The bullets fall like raindrops on every side. He is swimming with a firm, confident stroke; but the current carries him a little apart from the others. The distance is more than half covered. Look!—he falters for a moment, and a little shudder runs through his frame; but he does not cry out. Turning a pale, determined face to his nearest companion he says slowly and quietly: "Tell Company D, I could have reached the shore—but—I'm shot—I must sink." A moment he struggles feebly; the light vanishes from his eye; the strong hand is helpless; an eddy through which the bubbles rise marks the place where he was a moment before—as the bullets whir and sputter.

For some weeks the waters refused to give up the treasured body; but finally it was found at the chain bridge some miles below, and later identified, after having been buried with five others. Back to the home of childhood it came, and, followed by a sorrowing city, was placed in the grave at Rural cemetery, as a roar of musketry sounded the final salute and tearful faces spoke of reverence and love.

But who can say that his mission was ended? The Heart of the Commonwealth mourned its early loss; a father and mother were broken-hearted; but on the scroll of history in glowing letters the gallant Grout had written a lesson of patriotism, of bravery, which was for all time to inspire men to be loyal and true. His death brought out "The Vacant Chair." Had it done only this, was not his place in the war for freedom a great one?

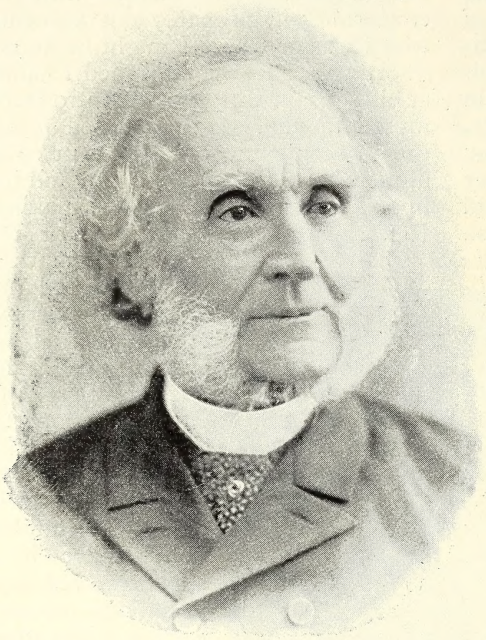
No one was in keener sympathy

with the sorrowing parents than the author of the poem. "The writing of 'The Vacant Chair,'" says Mr. Washburn, "was entirely unpremeditated. It grew out of the interest I took in Grout as a promising young officer, the intimate companion of my son. Deploring deeply his death at the very threshold of a military career, and knowing that he would be missed so tenderly at the fireside and table of his family on the approaching Thanksgiving day, I wrote as if it had been my boy, and because I could not help it. Musing upon the matter in a retired walk, a short distance from my residence, I jotted down the words as they came to me and copied them as they now stand, with hardly a verbal alteration. I gave the verses to the Worcester *Spy*, bearing simply my initials, 'H. S. W.' I had no thought of the poem attaining the popularity it has enjoyed. The fearful loss of more than 300 brave fellows sustained by the 15th Massachusetts regiment alone, including Lieutenant Grout, probably the youngest commissioned officer in the Union army, sent a thrill of sorrow into thousands of homes from which there had gone forth the true and the brave to face the possibilities of a similar fate in subsequent engagements. Into these homes 'The Vacant Chair' soon found its way. Among others it met the eye of Mr. George F. Root, who set it to music.



BUST OF GROUT PLACED IN THE CLASSICAL HIGH SCHOOL, WORCESTER, BY THE G. A. R.

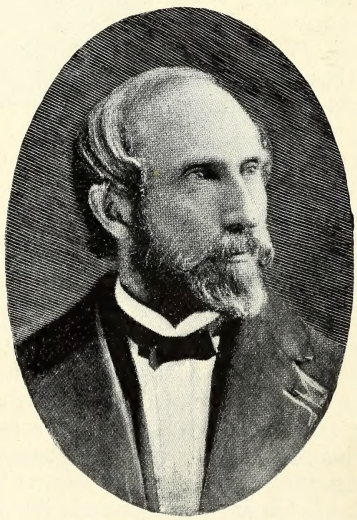
He had no correspondence with me concerning it, probably not knowing who I was or where I might be found. Shortly after it was published I called at his store in Chicago and introduced myself to him. He expressed pleasure in seeing me and spoke in complimentary terms of the poem and the impression it seemed to be making. Referring to the ownership of the poem, he remarked that as I had not taken out a copyright for it I thereby legally waived all claim to it as my property. And so it has come to pass that I have not from the great number which have been sold received any pecuniary consideration. The sheet as it lay before us then bore the inscription: 'Words by H. S. W.—Music by George F. Root.' He did not know me till then, and simply followed the copy of the song from the newspapers of the day, which was perhaps all he would be expected to do. I did not ask him to print in subsequent issues my name in full, presuming he would naturally, now he had come to know me, attend to this matter; but probably owing to the busy life he led it was overlooked, and up to this day it remains: 'Words by H. S. W.,' except in some cases where the 'H' has been substituted for an 'N' reading: 'Words by N. S. W.' The result has been that apart from the immediate circle of my friends I have not been generally known as the author of the poem, and Mr. Root



Henry S. Washburn.

has in more than one instance, without his knowledge I am sure, had the credit of both words and music,—notably in the first edition of songs of the war published by Oliver Ditson, a dozen or more years ago. When attention was called to it the proper correction was of course made at once, but a thousand copies had then been sold and scattered through the country."

Thus the author tells his story. Four-score years and three have gathered around Mr. Washburn's pathway, and now, in the evening of life, he is privileged to enjoy a well-deserved leisure, which affords him increasing opportunity to give time to his literary interests. His life has not been devoted to poetry. He has been actively engaged in business pursuits; his moments of recreation only have been spent in transferring his thoughts to paper. For about thirty years, he was engaged in the manufacture of wire,—first in Quinsigamond village, Worcester, the business which he then founded being finally merged into the Washburn and Moen Manufacturing Company, the largest concern of its kind in the world; later, for a dozen or more years, as manager of the Shawmut Wire Works, East Boston. He has always taken a lively interest in matters of public concern. He was for four years president of the Worcester County Mechanics Association, and during that time the Mechanics Hall was built, Mr. Washburn laying the corner stone, and delivering the dedicatory address at its completion. In Boston he was a member of the school board nine years. In 1871 and 1872 he was in the House of Representatives, and in 1873 and 1874 in the Senate. He was a director of several financial and benevolent organizations; and for a time president of the Union Mutual Life Insurance Company of Boston. Later he went



GEORGE F. ROOT.

The composer of the music for "The Vacant Chair."

said aloud, "I met a man looking for you."

The boy scrutinized him with settled gravity. "He's not much account," he said calmly. "I'd rather stay here."

"Oh, you would!" grumbled the doctor. "Must think I want somebody around all the time to frighten this lady. Nice folks you are, you and your dog."

The boy turned quickly and took off his cap. "I beg your pardon, madam," he said with a smile that was singularly sudden and winning. The action was so elderly and sedate, so very courtly, surprising and incongruous, that the doctor slapped his knee and laughed uproariously; and Mother Wye went through an immediate revulsion, to feel herself permeated with motherly desires. The boy went on unmoved.

"He's an easy dog, ma'am. His name's Poison, but he never does anything";—which started the doctor off again.

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"Well, young man, we'll see what you have to say for yourself. Tut! tut! mother,"—to Mrs. Wye's murmur of remonstrance,—"we'll have no nonsense. This is a practical matter"; and he tramped sturdily into the house, followed by the serious boy, the amicable dog and the appeased, in fact the quite melted, Mother Wye.

"Now, boy," said the doctor, "what's your name?"

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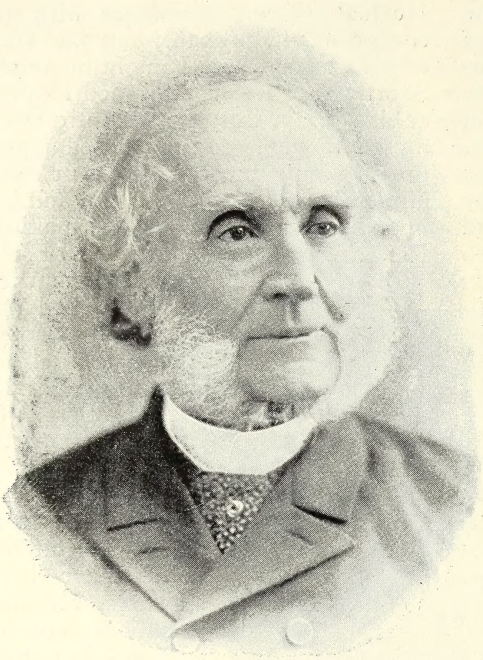
"Jack what? Is that other fellow your father?"

"I reckon maybe he is," returned Jack with a gloomy frown. "His name's Baker. He peddles."

The doctor tugged at his beard and muttered that "at any rate there appeared to be no nonsense about it. But he's looking for you," he said. "He'll take you away."

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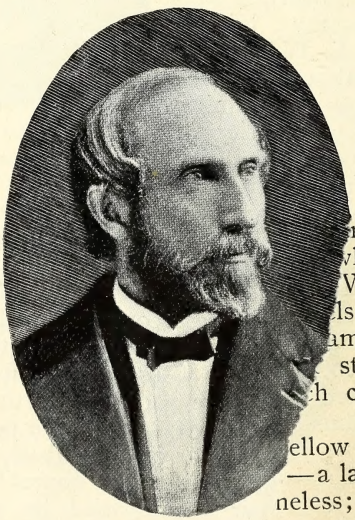
The East End road, which circles the eastern end of the Cattle Ridge, is not at all like the Salem road. It is cleaner and cooler, to begin with, but that is a superficial matter. It passes through thick woods, dips into gullies and changes continually, while along the Salem road there is just the smoky haze on the meadows and dust in the chalices of the flowers; there too the distance blinks stupidly and speculation comes to nothing. But the real point is this. The Salem road leads straight to Hagar and stops there. The East End road goes over somewhere among the northern hills and splits up into innumerable side roads, roads that lead to doorways, roads that run into footpaths and dwindle away in despair, roads of which it must be said with sorrow that there was doubt in Salem whether they ever ended or



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The boy paid no attention to the last remark. "I'll find it out. Other boys are thick-headed."

"That's true," the doctor admitted; "they are thick-headed." Indeed this young person's serenity and confidence quite staggered him. A new diplomatic idea seemed to occur to the young person. He turned to Mother Wye and said gravely:

"Will you pull Poison's ear, ma'am, so he'll know it's all right?"

Mother Wye, with some trepidation, pulled Poison's ear, and Poison wagged the whole back end of himself to make up for a tail, signifying things that were amicable, while the doctor tugged at his beard and objected to nonsense.

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led anywhere. Hence arose the tale that all things which were strange and new, at least all things which were to be feared, came into Salem over the East End road; just as in Hagar they came down from the Cattle Ridge and went away to the south beyond Windlass Mountain.

Along this road, a month later than the last incident, came the black-bearded peddler with his pack, whistling; and indeed his pack, though large, seemed to weigh singularly little; also the peddler seemed to be in a very peaceful frame of mind. And along this road too came the plodding gray horse, with the serious boy driving, and the yellow dog in the rear; all at a pace which slowly but surely overtook the peddler. The peddler, reaching a quiet place where a bank of ferns bordered the brushwood, sat down and waited, whistling. The dog, catching sight of him, came forward with a rush, wagging the back end of himself; and Billy, the gray horse, came gently to a standstill.

"How goes it?" said the peddler, pausing a moment in his whistling. "Pretty good?"

"Mostly."

The peddler took a cigar-case from his pocket, a cigar wrapped in tin foil from the case, and lay back lazily among the ferns, putting his long thin hands behind his head. "My notion was," he murmured, "that it would take a month, a month would be enough."

The serious boy said nothing, but sat with his chin on his fists looking down the road meditatively.

"My notion was," went on the peddler, "that a doctor's boy, particularly that doctor's boy, would get into all the best houses around—learn the lay of things tolerably neat. That was my notion. Good notion, wasn't it, Jack?" Jack muttered a subdued assent. The peddler glanced at him critically. "For instance now, that big square house on the hill north of Hagar."

Jack shook his head. "Nothing in it. Old man, name Map, rich enough, furniture done up in cloth, valuables stored in Hamilton; clock or two maybe; nothing in it."

"Ah," said the other, "just so"; and again he glanced critically through his half-closed eyes. "But there are others." Again Jack muttered a subdued assent.

"Good?"

"Good enough."

The apparent peddler smoked, quite at his ease among the ferns, and seemed resolved that the boy should break the silence next.

"Are you banking on this business, dad?" said the latter finally.

"Ah—why, no, Jack, not really. It's a sort of notion, I admit." He lifted one knee lazily over the other. "I'm not shoving you, Jack. State the case." A long silence followed, to which the conversation of the two seemed well accustomed.

"I never knew anything like that down there," nodding in the direction of Salem. "Those people.—It's different."

"That's so," assented the apparent peddler critically. "I reckon it is. We make a point not to be low. Polish is our strong point, Jack. But we're not in society. We are not, in a way, on speaking terms with society."

"It ain't that."

"Isn't," corrected the other gently. "Isn't, Jack. But I rather think it is."

"Well," said Jack, "it's different, and,"—with gloomy decision,—"it's better."

The apparent peddler whistled no more, but lay back among the ferns and gazed up at the drooping leaves overhead. The gray horse whisked at the wood-gnats and looked around now and again inquiringly. The yellow dog cocked his head on one side as if he had an opinion worth listening to if it were only called for.

"I suppose now," said the apparent peddler softly, "I suppose now

they're pretty cosy. I suppose they say prayers."

"You bet."

"You mean that they do, Jack. I suppose," he went on dreamily, "I suppose the old lady has white hair and knits stockings."

"She does that," said Jack enthusiastically, "and pincushions and mats."

"And pincushions and mats. That's so."

The lowing of cattle came up to them from hidden meadows below; for the afternoon was drawing near its close and the cattle were uneasy. The chimney and roof of a farmhouse were just visible through a break in the sloping woods. The smoke that mounted from the chimney seemed to linger lovingly over the roof, like a symbol of peace, blessing the hearth from which it came. The sentimental outcast puffed his excellent cigar meditatively, now and again taking it out to remark, "Pincushions and mats!" indicating the constancy of his thoughts.

The serious boy motioned in the direction of Salem. "I think I'll stay there," he said. "It's better."

"Reckon I know how you feel, Jack,—know how you feel. Give me my lowly thatched cottage, and that sort of thing." After a longer silence still, he sat up and threw away his cigar. "Well, Jack, if you see your way—a—if I were you, Jack," he said slowly, "I wouldn't go half and half; I'd go the whole bill. I'd turn on the hose and inquire for the ten commandments, that's what I'd do." He came and leaned lazily on the carriage wheel. "That isn't very plain. It's like this. You don't exactly abolish the old man; you just imagine him comfortably buried; that's it, comfortably buried, with an epitaph,—flourishy, Jack, flourishy, stating"—here his eyes roamed meditatively along Billy's well padded spine—"stating, in a general way, that he made a point of polish."

The serious boy's lip trembled slightly. He seemed to be seeking some method of expression. Finally he said: "I'll trade knives with you, dad. It's six blades"; and the two silently exchanged knives.

Then Billy, the gray horse, plodded down the hill through the woods, and the apparent peddler plodded up. At one turn in the road can be seen the white houses of Salem across the valley; and here he paused, leaning on the single pole that guarded the edge. After a time he roused himself again, swung his pack to his shoulder and disappeared over the crest of the hill whistling.

The shadows deepened swiftly in the woods; they lengthened in the open valley, filling the hollows, climbed the hill to Salem, and made dusky Dr. Wye's little porch and his tiny office duskier still. The office was so tiny that portly Judge Carter of Gilead seemed nearly to fill it, leaving small space for the doctor. For this or some other reason the doctor seemed uncomfortable, quite oppressed and borne down, and remonstrating with the oppression. The judge was a man of some splendor, with gold eyeglasses and cane.

"There really is no doubt about it," he was saying, with a magnificent finger on the doctor's knee, "no doubt at all."

The conversation seemed to be most absorbing. The doctor pulled his beard abstractedly and frowned.

The serious boy drove by outside in the dusk, and after a while came up from the barn. He sat down on the edge of the porch to think things over, and the judge's voice rolled on oracularly. Jack hardly knew yet what his thoughts were; and this was a state of mind that he was not accustomed to put up with, because muddle-headedness was a thing that he especially despised. "You don't exactly abolish the old man," he kept hearing the peddler say; "you just imagine him comfortably buried—

with an epitaph—flourishy—stating—"

"Clever, very," said the judge. "Merriwether was telling me—won't catch him, too clever—Merriwether says—remarkable—interesting scamp, very." The doctor growled some inaudible objection.

"Why did he show himself!" exclaimed the judge. "Why, see here. Observe the refined cleverness of it! It roused your interest, didn't it? It was unique, amusing. Chances are ten to one you wouldn't have taken the boy without it. Why, look here—"

"Stuff!"—Here the doctor raised his voice angrily. "The boy ran away from him, of course."

"Maybe, doctor, maybe," said the judge soothingly. "But there are other things—looks shady—consider the man is known. Dangerous, doctor, dangerous, very. You ought to be careful." Then the words were a mere murmur.

Jack sat still on the porch, with his chin on his hands. Overhead the nighthawks called, and now and then one came down with a whiz of swooping wings. Presently he heard the chairs scrape; he rose, slipped around to the back porch and into the kitchen.

The little bronze clock in the dining room had just told its largest stint of hours,—and very hard work it made of it. It was a great trial to the clock to have to rouse itself and bluster so. It did not mind telling time in a quiet way. But then, every profession has its trials. It settled itself again to stare with round, astonished face at the table in the centre of the room.

Jack sat at the table by a dim lamp, the house dark and silent all around him, writing a letter. He leaned his head down almost on a level with the paper.

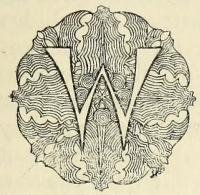
"I herd him and you," he wrote in a round hand with many blots. "I lied and so did he I mean dad. I can lie good. Dad sed I must learn the ten comandments. The ten comandments says diferent things. You neednt be afrad. There dont anithing happen cep to me. I do love Mother Wye tru." And here his head sank lower till it lay on his arm, while the clock went on telling the time in the way that it liked to do, tick-tick-tick.

And then,—"Jack," whispered some one softly, some one with white hair who glided in unseen save by the clock, which told nothing except time. Mother Wye bent over, put her arms around him and looked down at the paper. "What is it, Jack?" He started at the sound, and then, because he understood things quickly, dropped his head again on his arm. "I know another commandment, Jack, that makes them all say the same thing,—a new commandment, 'that ye love one another.' You will stay, won't you, Jack?"

And there in the little room dimly lit, while overhead the doctor slept a troubled sleep, and in Gilead Judge Carter slept a sound sleep of good digestion, Jack learned something of the sweetness that this world does certainly hold, so secretly. What the apparent peddler was doing I have no idea. Far off beneath the moon the Salem road led westward straight to Hagar, and stopped, and the moonlight lay over it all the way; but the East End road led through the shadows and deep night over among the northern hills, and split up into many roads, some of which did not seem ever to end or lead anywhere.

THE LOBBY.

By Raymond L. Bridgman.



HEN Henry M. Whitney was examined in 1890, at the West End investigation, by the House committee of the Massachusetts legislature, he was asked the following question: "Do you state, then, that your corporation, as an applicant for legislation here at the State House, finds such a condition of things that a regular body of men, known commonly as the lobby, stands between the legislature and applicants for legislation, and that, in order to avoid having opposition in the legislature, it is necessary to retain them?" To which he replied: "That was my view of the case entirely." Mr. Whitney testified further that he believed that the employment of those men was necessary in order to give his corporation that fair standing before the legislature which it ought to have and that if he could have presented his arguments to either the Senate or House he should not have felt obliged to employ the lobby.

The West End affair was put before the Massachusetts public more thoroughly than any other lobby case, except perhaps that for the division of the town of Beverly. It is typical of other cases which have occurred at the State House before and since 1890, and it is well worth while to examine further this statement of Mr. Whitney.

In the list of men hired by the West End company to promote the passage of the West End bill were fifteen who may properly be classed as lobbyists,—that is, men who openly made it their business to work for hire to favor or to oppose the passage of bills through the legislature. At least ten of these men probably had no other occupation of importance. But there were also employed by the West End twenty-one other men who were expected to render service to the company in the passage of its bill or to refrain from helping the opposition to it. The fifteen included one man who is usually employed by the anti-cruelty society, one who was then also the representative of a well-known association of business men, one who was wholly superannuated and who probably never affected a vote, and others whose influence with the legislature was doubtless absolutely worthless. On the other hand, the leading counsel of the West End was an ex-president of the Senate, and many men were evidently employed for the prestige of their names. In the list were a Democratic ex-governor of Massachusetts, a leading and popular Democratic lawyer of Boston, the chairman of the Republican state committee, an ex-secretary of the Democratic state committee, a former prominent candidate for the Republican nomination for lieutenant governor and then widely known in business and political circles, five Republican ex-representatives, some of them of recent service, a leading Democratic ex-senator, a Republican ex-senator, a Republican ex-governor, a Republican ex-speaker, and others active in politics or likely to be valuable in secret work. The class of the twenty-one is far more significant than the class of fifteen; and it is because these two classes illustrate the situation regarding the lobby as an 'American institution that it is worth while to take this time to see who they are.

Mr. Whitney said that he would

not have desired to employ the lobby if it could have been eliminated from the legislature and if he had not feared that the lobbyists would have favored some other corporation if he had not employed them. But it is a fact that he not only employed these men whom he wished were out of the way, but he employed a larger number and a more influential set of men outside of the regular lobby and had them working for him. The men in the class of twenty-one were surely far more influential with the legislature than the professional lobby, and the West End company doubtless knew it when it employed them, and doubtless that was the reason for their employment.

The feeling with which the outside corporation regards the legislature is evidently well expressed in the remark of a wealthy man in view of the petition of a certain powerful interest before the legislature of 1897: "They have got to get their bill through; they can't afford to lose it." There was no sign of scruple about the means to be employed, and there was also an evident expectation that any means whatever would be used, and would be justified, for the passage of the bill. The short and the long of it was that a corporation with plenty of money had something which it desired to be enacted. That desire was the standard and the measure of the situation. What the corporation wanted must be had, no matter at what cost, and if the consciences of legislators stood in the way, why, those consciences must be bought up.

Here is a vital matter to consider in all discussion of the lobby. It obtains at Washington and in state legislatures. Certain petitioners want something. The cost is high, but they are perfectly able and willing to pay it. Like the newly-rich father who was told that his daughter at a fashionable boarding-school made only slow progress because she had no capacity and who replied: "Capacity? How much does one cost? Get her one. I am rich enough to afford it,"—these men wait only to be informed what is the amount of the cost to secure the object of their desires. When they know how much it is, they are perfectly willing to foot the bill, no matter if it includes such cheap items as the consciences of legislators and the good of the public. Money is the only standard for them and, having the money, they see no reason why they should not get any legislation which they want. They pay what it costs. Whose business is it? Why should any one complain? That is the attitude toward the legislature which is habitually assumed by the persons who make the lobby dangerous.

It is to be observed in every instance of scandalous lobbying, to take Massachusetts as an illustration, that it is not the professional lobby which costs the most money or which exerts the most influence. Each of the fifteen in the West End's list who can be classed as professional lobbyists was employed at a low figure compared with the price paid to the political manipulators and placeholders of high standing whose services were also secured. This is a feature of the lobby situation which the people do not seem to be familiar with. The statement of Mr. Whitney, that a body of professional blackmailers stood between the West End corporation and the legislature, did not cover the case. In its legal sphere the work of the lobbyist is as honest and as legitimate as the occupation of the counsel who stands on an apparently higher plane and gets much larger fees. The special lobby which is created for the occasion is of most danger in the case. The special lobby varies with every matter which is brought before the legislature. It includes the men who are most likely to have influence with the members, either by reason of politics or business. They are gathered together for an effort in the one particular case

in which they are employed, and for no other. They have their regular and probably honorable occupation away from the State House. They are not known as lobbyists—and therein consists the greater part of their effectiveness and also of their danger. The members whom they approach do not know that they are hired by the petitioner. The members suppose that these lobbyists speak to them from reasons of public welfare, or because of some personal interest in the bill which is pending. It is not dreamed that they are earning a big fee under the cover of a previous good reputation and of an honest occupation.

The cause of the special lobby enables us to realize that, in a broad way, the lobby evil is only one phase of the power which is exerted by unscrupulous people of large fortunes in every branch of life, and even by some people of moderate means who ordinarily pass for honest men. They want a certain thing. They are accustomed to buy what they want. In their ordinary dealings they find that money is the standard of value and that the good things of life are to be bought for so many dollars. As they would secure the services of a high-priced architect for the plans of a new mansion and pay without question the large money value which attaches to ability of this class, so they expect to pay a high price when the unusual and valuable service of procuring the passage of a bill through the legislature is desired. It is this class of people who have debauched our politics and who have made our state capitols reek with the foul odor of corruption. These people very often stand high in social circles. Very likely they are popular and influential in politics. Almost certainly they are prominent in business circles, and in some instances they hold high place in religious activity. They are difficult to reach and not easy of punishment because of their social, political and business standing. Yet these are the very men, who should be a power for political purity and for a broad public policy, who show their moral rottenness by their participation in legislative corruption, and who prove their unfitness for political power by their promotion of bribery in order that they may control the whole state for their personal pecuniary gain. They want the public made tributary to their pockets, and they corrupt the public's representatives in order that this may be done. They bribe the representatives of the public to betray their constituents in order that the wealth of the already wealthy may be increased by further service by those who by natural deficiencies or hardships of condition are put at a hopeless disadvantage from the outset.

The amounts of money which are spent at the State House by these special lobbies, judging by the facts in Massachusetts, are enormously extravagant. Such sums are not needed for the passage of the bills if there is a genuine public need for the service proposed or if the public is to receive any return to be compared at all with what the promoters of the enterprise hope to make. Of what avail are the thousands of dollars spent upon the daily papers for verbatim reports of speeches? The public does not vote upon the passage of the bills. A petitioner with scant means would never imagine that the most economical and effective way to use his money was to lay it out for service of this sort. The entire course of procedure of these petitioners proves that they have gone to the State House stuffed with money which they are ready to scatter freely and ask no questions if only their bill is passed.

The source of evil in lobbying is in the men outside of the State House who have abundant means to pay for any class of service. To the everlasting shame of humanity, it is doubtless true that there is no act so base or so shocking that some man does not

stand ready to commit it if he is paid for it. In the good old times, and doubtless in modern ones, assassins have never been lacking, provided the cash was forthcoming for compensation; and so there is no legislative job so mean or so dirty that some wretch cannot be found to do it, if his services are needed by some distinguished leader in politics, business or religion, whose position will not permit him to do it himself.

Good reason exists for saying that in the last Massachusetts legislature work of this sort was done, and the persons were of exactly the type mentioned. An unregistered lobbyist, nominally a business man, was the go-between for the petitioners and the corrupt members of the committee, and the report is that the sum which the individual representatives thought was a fair compensation for their mercenary souls was five hundred dollars each. Possibly the petitioner did not know that his representative in the third house agreed to pay that price for a vote in committee in favor of his bill. Possibly he thought it was all a fair fee for the go-between whom he employed. Probably the go-between put much of it into his own pocket after exciting the cupidity of the corrupt legislators who were selling out the public for their private gain; but when the enraged and disappointed members failed to get the stipulated price for their betrayal of the public and began to infest the office of the petitioner with demands that he fulfill his part of the Judas bargain, then doubtless the petitioner knew beyond doubt how his money had been promised by his agent and also how it had actually been appropriated.

Nobody can prove these suspicions, of course. Rascals who commit state prison offenses, even if they are members of the legislature, do not stand on a street corner and tell the passer-by, nor do they go to a newspaper office and see that the story is told in print. But there is reason to believe that exactly these things have taken place, and the history of recent legislation is ground for expecting that similarly disgraceful things will occur again. It will be our respectable, high-stepping citizens, with fine turnouts, with beautiful wives and daughters and fast sons, who, judging by the past, will advance the money to debauch the people's representatives in order that their own respectability may continue to hold its exalted position, that the wives and daughters may appear as comports their station, and that the sons may prepare for a course as illustrious as the father's. These future events are as certain as that the people will struggle against enormous odds for the establishment of absolute justice between class and class.

The continued existence of a class of corrupt petitioners for legislation by states and by cities is not a matter of public solicitude to the extent which the evil deserves. In the large cities of the Union constant complaint is made of practices on the part of the municipal legislatures which are no better than highway robbery; and the moral character of the thieves is no better than that of highwaymen. But the responsibility of gathering such gangs of unprincipled men belongs primarily and conspicuously upon the men who pay them for their votes. These thieves would not seek public office for the sake of rendering service to the public; it is preposterous even to suppose such a motive on their part. They are in office for the money which they can make by the sale of their votes. That is, on the average, the councilman or alderman is sure that some measures will come before him which he can hold up until the price of passage has been paid. It is the certainty of such payments, on the doctrine of averages, which leads these men to seek public office.

But the men who pay the money are as guilty as those who take it. These corrupt petitioners, these presidents and directors of street railway

corporations, of gas companies and of other corporations which need public concessions for the continuance of their business, these men who buy aldermen and legislators that they may make more money, belong to the unconvicted criminal classes as truly as jailbirds belong to the convict class; and they are more dangerous to the community than those guilty of coarse and disgusting vice and crime. They have already demoralized utterly many city governments. They have made a stench to arise from many a state capitol. They are to-day the weakest and the worst spot in our system of popular government. They are disguised in respectability; they are powerful by reason of wealth. They are prostituting the government of the people to their private fortunes; and they are dominating millions of workers by legal powers and privileges which they buy and pay for. City Hall lobbies and State House lobbies are solely their creation, and public sentiment should condemn them before it denounces their hirelings who carry out their demoralizing and destructive purposes.

The corrupt lobbyist exists because the corrupt petitioner exists. Remove the latter and the former disappears instantly; he lapses into criminal life elsewhere or tries to make a living by his wits as becomes a person of such a character. Remove the corrupt petitioner, and the temptation to the legislator is removed also and the scandal ceases. Retain the corrupt petitioner and elect honest legislators and then the scandal ceases also. The corrupt lobbyist is not at all the vital part of the situation. He is sure to appear when there is a demand for his services, and that demand is sure to exist as long as there are corrupt petitioners. There are two points, then, at which an effective remedy is theoretically possible,—the petitioner and the legislator. The go-between, mean as he is, does not occupy a critical position, and attention to his case, which is given by the present lobby act, does not solve the problem.

The question comes, whether there is any way by which the corrupt petitioner can be made to cease from his corruption. In the very constitution of a democratic government, every man who is out of jail has a right to petition the legislature; and doubtless the average judgment is correct that many men are out of jail who ought to be in it and that many men of means who have been foremost in business enterprises have made their fortunes by cheating their fellowmen in such a way that the courts could not touch them. Hence it is altogether probable that the supply will never be cut off of petitioners who are ready to buy up the whole State House, if need be, to procure the passage of some money-making scheme. They will do it if the risk of detection is slight and if the promise of reward is large. But it is a most serious concern for both parties to a corrupt act to avoid detection, and it is not proved that future risks can be made any more perilous than the present. Experience proves that such risks are run successfully.

Suspicion at the State House is always alert. Never does it seem to be relaxed at any point. Yet the corrupt transactions are so conducted that only once has any penalty fallen upon any member of the third house under the lobby law; and the Suffolk grand jury, to the great disappointment and wonderment of those who presented the facts for the prosecution, refused to bring an indictment in that case, though each branch of the legislature voted that the evidence was sufficient for disbarment of the lobbyist from practice. It is not to be supposed that remedy of the lobby evil can be found by any device applied to the corrupt petitioners. Theoretically they may be subject to reformation or regulation, but practically they are an exceedingly difficult class to treat by any penal or correc-

tive legislation. They will bribe in the future as they have in the past, if they feel that the passage of their bills is only the question of so many dollars and that the risk is small. Not till the millennium will society be so pure that it may not be expected to yield some unscrupulous petitioner who stands ready to pay a material amount of money in order that he may be authorized by the people's representatives to make still more money out of the people.

In our search for a remedy for corruption in the legislature, we are driven then to the only alternative, to the character of the legislators individually. What is the prospect of improvement there? If the people have elected some corrupt men thus far, is there any likelihood that they will elect fewer in the future? At this point we must note the disposition of the people in recent years to withdraw from politics and to devote themselves more absorbingly to business by daylight and to amusement by gaslight, practically agreeing with Vanderbilt's estimate of the public and of their public duties..

This dangerous disposition found its climax in Massachusetts in the recent movement for biennial elections, whose defeat is in itself a proof of strong public spirit and of willingness to discuss public issues on the part of a large majority of the voters. But there has been a downward tendency in state and municipal legislatures, and it is to-day the shame of our most competent business and professional men that only a few of them are found in either House or Senate, in Common Council or Board of Aldermen. As long as these men deliberately abdicate these legislative offices and wilfully neglect public duties, they must expect that men of another sort will be elected, if they can hoodwink people into voting for them.

It is at this point that we touch the weakest spot, in our times, of our democratic form of government,—the indifference of the voters to their public duties, their ignorance of public affairs, their disposition to allow a few men to have full control of municipal, state and national administration, and their shallow and selfish absorption in their personal affairs. Popular literature runs too much to trivial matters, to whatever amuses and diverts. Popular plays are comedies and farces. Serious, sober, weighty concerns in the struggle of life are looked upon by a great many persons as intolerable bores, to be avoided, if possible. The struggle for liberty being past, the unity of the nation being assured by the bloody cement of fraternal strife, we now plunge into money-making as if that were the only worthy object of manly thought; and then we take to amusement as a relief from the overstraining of our powers in the hustle for the almighty dollar, as if such relaxation completed the round of human existence. Of a great many of our people this is true, and they cannot point to faithful service to the public as a palliation for their neglect of high and patriotic duty. The minority who are faithful may get what comfort they can out of the consciousness of duty done and the realization that they have but little influence upon their times.

What is the prospect that a public of this sort will turn to state affairs sufficiently to improve the quality of the legislature? The outlook is not bright; yet there is encouragement to persevere in the effort to arouse the people to study their political condition more carefully, waiting for the future to show whether our confidence in the people is well founded. We believe that there is so much public spirit and civic virtue in our citizens that bad politics will spur them to a reformation, not to a tame submission,—that if the corruption becomes disgracefully bad, if the honor of the people is seriously blackened, and if their property is foolishly squandered and wasted in heavy

taxes, they will revolt and will elect better legislators. They will persevere in the right way until they forget their lesson and are compelled to learn it all over again by bitter experience; for our American democracy, in spite of its popular and fundamental maxim, has not yet learned practically that eternal vigilance is the price of liberty. They still believe that they can invent some political alarm clock or hire some watchman with a certificate of good character, who will arouse them at the right time, or will keep watch over their peaceful slumbers in the bed of private interests, while they trustfully resign their liberty with their watchfulness. But the heart of the people is all right; it needs only to be aroused. This is not flattery, and there is no occasion for the people to lay any flattering unction to their souls therefor; for if they are all right when aroused, it is only because they are looking out for their own interests. Any one awaking suddenly to find a man picking his pockets would try to seize the thief and not regard his act as proof of his own high moral character or of his unusual public spirit. So the people in our democracy can be trusted to exert themselves, provided they can be aroused to their real danger. With the efficiency of our schools and churches as a basis for appeal, it may be assumed that the people will realize the shamefulness of legislative corruption. There is no doubt that their pockets will show the expensiveness of it to the whole state when excessive corporation powers and extortionate charges for the benefit of private stockholders exasperate still further a people whose beginning of indignation may be seen in the vote for Bryan for president. Every district may have an honest representative, if it chooses. If the people generally put the office on the lofty plane of respect which it really merits, leading men of ability and integrity will be found to accept its powers, responsibilities and honors. To conclude, then, this line of thinking, we believe that our reliance upon our popular democracy is well founded, and that after they have rolled in the dirt of legislative corruption enough to disgust themselves and to appear to the world in a generally shocking condition, they will get up and resolve to do better.

But they can do better only by a thorough revolution in their habits of thought. Unless interest in public affairs becomes a second nature, they will be both ignorant and negligent; they will surely become the prey of men who will seize and hold for themselves those activities which belong to the state. The situation is complex. It involves confusion in the relation of master and servant. Capital is consolidating. Entire branches of industry are being brought under one head. Men who have been independent are compelled to become employees in a system where the business of which they once were owners and masters has been reduced to a subordinate part of a larger whole. Fewer men than formerly, in proportion to the whole number of working men, are their own industrial masters. Most men are the servants of the few who are at the head, upon whose pleasure they depend for employment, and whose imperative wills they are forced to obey without discretion, or leave the employment. Shall the employer dictate how the employees shall vote, and thus dominate them at the most vital point remaining to them where manhood can assert itself? Or shall the employees, true to their manhood and faithful to their function as units in the state, each one of whose well-being is equal to that of any other, assert the mighty power of a majority over their industrial employers and make the employers realize that the state is supreme and that even heads of great corporations are only public servants? To reach this level of intelligence and of vigorous action, our mass of voters needs to rise to the

new crisis which is forced upon them. Their industrial standing, their political independence, their whole prosperity and happiness are involved, tenfold more now than ever before, in the degree to which they give up their recreations and relaxations and apply themselves to the study of political principles and to the discharge of political duties. The battle of their independence is yet to be fought and won, and only as they rise to this real emergency can they be counted worthy successors of the men of '76. Let them do this, and they will have a legislature not controlled by the lobby; for the lobby is only another phase of the corporation power which is already their master and will be their owner if they are not eternally vigilant.

To return for a moment to the lobby law of Massachusetts,—it is pertinent to ask whether it can be made any more effective. It is not the remedy which it should be. In the legislature of 1896, what was probably the most extensive and dangerous lobby was not registered at all. Doubtless the petitioners knew as well as the lobbyists certainly did that they were violating the law. They took their chances of detection. The weak spot of the law is that there is no ready way to enforce it. Men haunt the State House corridors for weeks, doubtless hired by some petitioners for legislation, and there is no one to take the initiative in calling them to account. Massachusetts law permits persons of criminal records, when found in suspicious circumstances, to be taken into custody for the public protection, unless they can give a good account of themselves. When great crowds are expected in Boston, as at the Knights Templar parade, the police can lock up men whom they suspect of being pickpockets, without a warrant and without any intention of bringing them to trial. They are put in confinement for the public good and are released when the peculiar danger to the public is over. So the lobby law ought to permit the chairman of any committee to call to account any person whose continual presence, with no apparent excuse, makes him open to suspicion. The president of the Senate and the speaker of the House should be authorized to command the sergeant-at-arms to exclude from the State House, without trial and for the public good, any and all persons who cannot give satisfaction regarding the cause of their presence. Still further, they might be authorized to employ detectives to see that the corridors of the State House are not infested by unregistered men seeking to influence legislation. Such measures would make illegal lobbying a very risky occupation and would doubtless mitigate the evil; for both employers and employed in this business are naturally exceedingly suspicious and fearful of discovery.

To drop the subject here might leave the impression upon the minds of men who are not familiar with the State House that legislation in Massachusetts is thoroughly corrupt and that no honest and poor petitioner can expect fair treatment. Such an impression would be wholly wide of the truth. The statistics which have been gathered of the session of 1894 are doubtless true of all recent sessions. The first point to be noticed in them is that lobbyists are employed by corporations almost without exception, or by petitioners for corporate powers. Second, not a private interest has employed a lobbyist. The measures upon which these men are hired are public concerns in which many people are sure to be interested in a business or political way. No poor petitioner has been forced to hire a lobbyist to help put his case through. Justice has not been denied to any individual petitioner for legislation because he has been too impecunious to meet the charges of blackmailing lobbyists. This is the case as shown by the record, and

there is no doubt that it is substantially true, though some unsuspected exception should be discovered. A further pertinent point to the credit of the quality of legislation is that lobbyists are employed on only a very small proportion of the cases pending. The number of instances in which lobbyists are engaged varies from two to five per cent of the whole number of matters introduced. That is, from 95 to 98 per cent of all the business is not contaminated by hired agents; and if there are a few great cases in which the law is evaded and defied, the immense preponderance of those which rely apparently upon their merits cannot be materially reduced. This is sufficient to reassure the public absolutely that they will receive just and courteous consideration for whatever business they bring to the General Court. Doubtless there are in most cases minor factors besides the merits of the case which have weight in determining the result, such as accommodations of members for each other (not to use the term "log-rolling"), prejudice for or against the member in charge of the matter or toward the committee which reports it, the favor or opposition of local magnates, the relation to party policy, etc. But these causes of variation in the magnetic needle of a member's judgment are incidental to human nature. They cannot be overcome by legislation and are not a sign of either corruption or incompetency on the part of the members.

One consequence of the lobby law is worth mention, though no proof of what is doubtless true can be given. The docket of "legislative agents" is a public record. It is in the office of the sergeant-at-arms, and any one can see it upon request. It contains, for every case, the name and address of the employer, the name and address of the agent employed, his occupation, the title of the matter upon which he is employed at the State House, the date of his engagement and the time during which it is to continue. Reason exists for believing that corrupt members of the legislature have consulted this book in order to learn what petitioners are employing legislative agents, and that such members have used the information thus obtained as a means of opening communication directly with the petitioners, avoiding the lobby and making one less risk of detection for any petitioner or legislator who is willing to deal corruptly.

It is impossible to learn what are the fees for the special lobby, which is the only dangerous one. The returns under the lobby law show that while some fat fees are paid, others are not large; and it is a fact that some former members of the third house have declined further service because the compensation was small. From the published returns it appears that one lobbyist has made $6,050 in one session. But $3,500 of it came from one wealthy and foolish corporation, which would doubtless have got as good service for $500 and which would have been as well off if it had not hired the lobbyist at all. The same man, at the same session, had three other cases of $500 each, one at $400, one at $250, and two at $200 each. But this was as exceptional as a lawyer with $50,000 a year in fees. Probably most of the lobbyists get less than $1,000 for the session, making allowance for some engagements not returned. One of the most experienced of the present generation has regarded $2,000 as a good figure, while the tail-enders are obliged to be content with a few hundreds. More money than is required is paid to the lobby. Doubtless much of it might as well be thrown away. But there is a field in which an agent at the legislature is of legitimate and valuable service to employers, and the matter of price is for them to arrange between themselves.

The lobby law covers both "counsel" and "agents," and returns must be made regarding the employment

of both, and both must register themselves, though the lists are in separate books. Employers must give certificates to both the counsel and agents whom they employ, which must be filed with the sergeant-at-arms to show the authority upon which registration is made. Within thirty days of the prorogation of the legislature, employers of counsel or agents must file in the office of the secretary of state written statements of the persons employed, with the sums paid them for compensation. The names of delinquents are sent to the attorney general by the secretary of state, and steps are taken to compel compliance with the law. No one has really any intention of defying prosecution. Delinquency is due to ignorance or oversight, and the desired return is forthcoming when the serious nature of the matter is realized. No prosecutions have been even begun under the law. Counsel and agents may be employed on more than one case each. For the period of the law's existence its results may be tabulated as follows, as far as figures can give information:

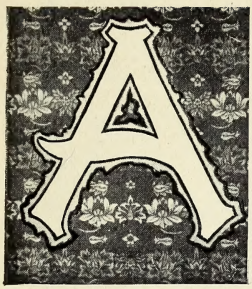
	1891.	1892.	1893.	1894.	1895.	1896.
Number of counsel..	163	183	157	143	138	173
Cases with counsel..	223	276	262	246	236	270
Number of agents...	49	39	20	27	18	22
Cases with agents...	66	57	63	59	41	28
Cases referred.....	67	36	23	33	35	88

The number of counsel is doubtless given correctly. It is equally probable, though incapable of proof, that the number of agents and the number of their cases ought to be larger, probably much larger. As the law stands, it is not of as much value as it ought to be; but it may be made the basis of regulations which will be much more effective, though the perfect exclusion of corrupt influences from the legislature is doubtless impossible.

The observer will not fail to note that the lobby evil is not itself a distinct affair in our system of legislation. It is only one manifestation of a much more serious evil, an evil which demands larger public attention than ever, and which, thanks to recent events, is sure to receive it. Lobbying, so far as it is an evil, is only one phase of the grasping power of strong selfish interests. If there is any self-preserving salt in our civilization, this evil will be remedied. The organization of the body politic will advance from our present crude condition, in which the will of the majority does not make itself felt, in which the intelligence of the majority is uninformed, and in which many of the individual atoms of society have not found any suitable place for employment. If we are to have a future, our civilization will reach a stage in which the great monopolies will be under the collective will of the people for the service of the whole, when the intelligence of the whole will see what is for the good of the whole, and when there will be a realization of the higher political virtue which is sure to come with our higher organization. When that stage is reached, the special lobby, lacking employers, will not appear. Legislative bodies of higher ability and character than are now elected in many of the states will command the respect of the public and will deal with public problems with regard to the good of the whole people along a definite line of political development. The day of the control of legislation by great private moneyed interests will be gone by; for, if the abundant signs of recent legislation reveal anything, it is that the people will control that service to themselves whose present ownership by private capital is the root of the lobby scandal.

WILLIAM MORRIS, THE ARTIST.

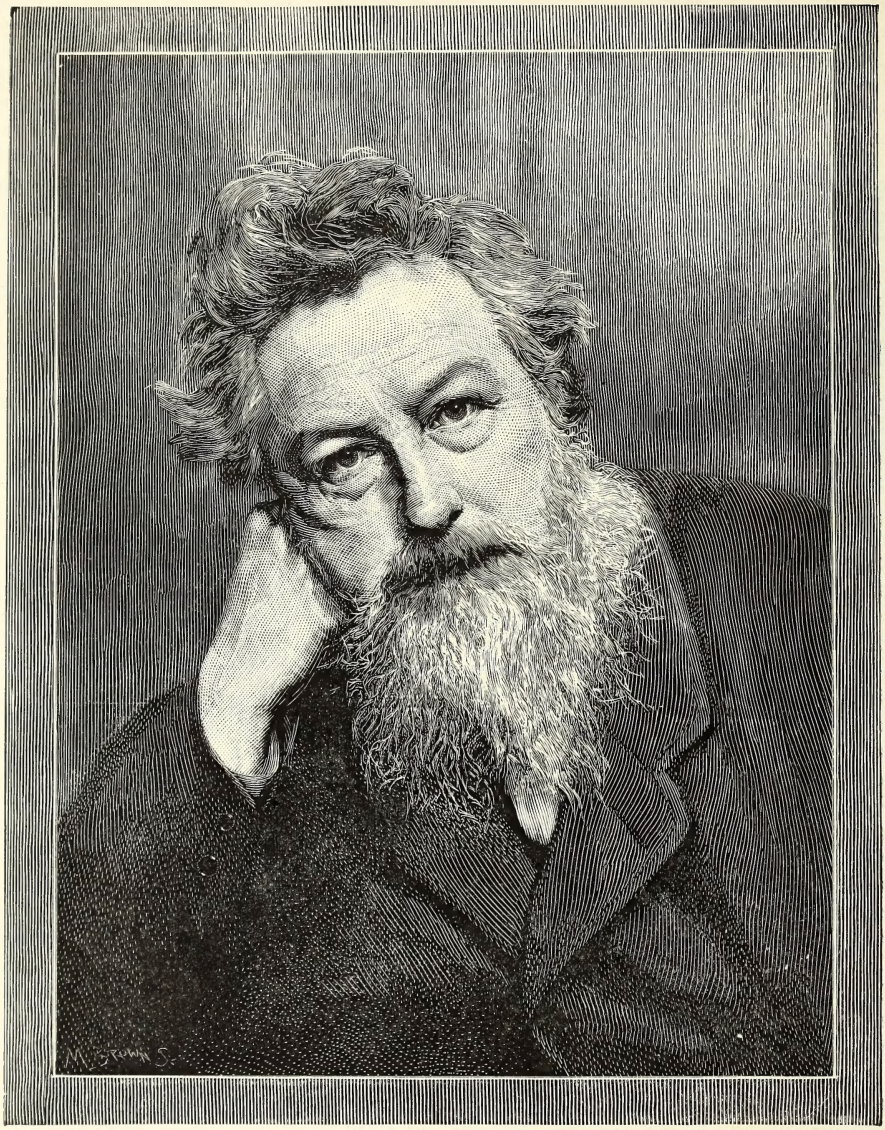
By W. Henry Winslow.



N extraordinary figure has lately gone from us in William Morris, whose name must always stand for admirable things in the world of literature, of art, and of socialism. At first sight it might seem that he lived three separate lives. To-day intelligent persons are puzzled to know what are the relations between the man who wrote "The Earthly Paradise," three decades since, and the man who set the fashion of low-toned wall papers and hangings and beautiful carpets, or him who devoted Sunday hours to radical speeches to London working-men, or to writing for his paper, *The Commonweal.* To show how these were one and the same man, and that whatever else he was, he was first and last and always the artist, is the object of this article.

At the date of Morris's death, October 3, 1896, he was in his sixty-third year, having been born at Walthamstow, Essex, March 24, 1834, his father being a successful man of business, who died, leaving a moderate fortune, when his son was about fourteen. The boy went from Marlborough school to Exeter College, Oxford, where he first met Edward Burne-Jones, the artist, his life-long friend, and where both at one time thought of taking orders. A little later Morris made the acquaintance of Dante Gabriel Rossetti, whose influence was not lessened when through him Mr. Morris and the beautiful Miss Burden who was to be his wife were first brought together. To Rossetti was dedicated in 1858 "The Defence of Guinevere and other poems"; though what Andrew Lang calls "his wonderful prose fantasies" may be found in old numbers of the *Oxford and Cambridge Magazine* of earlier date. It was about the time of this poetical publication that Rossetti and Morris tried their 'prentice hands upon the old debating-hall of the Oxford Union, in conjunction with Burne-Jones, Morris painting a window-bay and some part of the roof. These paintings are, or were not long ago, as dim and ghostly as Leonardo's Last Supper at Milan; and in point of art the world is probably no loser. They and certain panels of a cabinet would seem to comprise all that exists of Morris's actual pictures, his own peculiar field, as he abundantly proved, being the arts of decoration,—though it must not be forgotten that he was articled for a time to G. E. Street the architect. The amateur of mediævalism, in his attempt to rehabilitate the guilty Guinevere, was certainly overweighted, and the result is mainly artificial and ineffective posing. But in the other poems, his vivid picture-making and dramatic force, side by side with considerable youthful unripeness, are at least as evident as in any of his later imaginative writing. In the verses concerning the maid with golden locks, "Rapunzel," Morris, with the characteristic fancy of the inexperienced for the factitiously horrible, composed what was after all mainly a color harmony, his innocent carmine making believe to be blood in this fashion:

"Once came two knights and fought with sword below,



WILLIAM MORRIS.

From a Photograph by Fred. Hollyer, Engraved by M. Lamont Brown.

And while they fought I scarce could look at all
My head swam so. After a moaning low
Drew my eyes down, I saw against the wall
One knight lean dead, bleeding from head and breast,
Yet seemed it like a *line of poppies red*
In the golden twilight as he took his rest.
In the dusky time he scarcely seeméd dead."

An eerie ballad, "Golden Wings," has these lines:

"Many *scarlet* bricks there were,
In its walls and *old gray stone*,
Over which *red apples* shone,
At the right time of the year."

And these other lines:

"White swans on the *green* moat,
Small feathers left afloat,
By the *blue* painted boat."

In "Father John's War Song" he sings:

"We will win a horse for Roland his son
And for Maiden Mary with *hair like corn,*
As red as the *reddest of golden corn!*"

These poems all bear testimony to the perception of the natural colorist.

The tragical episodes styled "The Haystack in the Flood," and "Riding Together" are less picturesque and more human, the high-water mark of his dramatic power, I think being reached in the unrhymed poem, "Sir Peter Harpdon's End." This strongly reminds one of Browning's early manner, though I believe Mr. Morris repudiated the suggestion of Browning's influence. The treatment is broad, the outlines are vigorous, showing indifference to petty details, and the style is quick and tense.

The pictorial element is predominant once more, but the colors are more sombre than usual, more in accordance with the theme. The congeries of rhymed narratives, "The Earthly Paradise," published in 1868-1870, is generally considered to be Morris's literary monument, though he himself declared his high water mark reached in "Sigurd the Volsung" and "The Fall of the Niblungs" published a little later. Like some other monuments, the quality of "The Earthly Paradise" is perhaps hardly commensurate with its bulk. Yet it abounds in beautiful, if sometimes too archaic lines, containing many a gem of pure ray, and the English press, as well as such critics as George William Curtis, Richard Grant White and Charles Eliot Norton have had little but praise for it. The simple motive upon which the twenty-four long poems depend, like beads upon a slender thread is almost the oldest in literature, that of a company of persons accidentally brought together, who narrate stories in turn. In the present case, some are of classic and others of Norse origin, the narrators coming in search of the Earthly Paradise to an unnamed western land, where on the occasion of high festivals they tell these tales to their entertainers. The analogy with Boccaccio's "Decameron" and Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales" is obvious; and as Chaucer deliberately patterned after Boccaccio, so did Morris in a degree imitate Chaucer. All three poets, by a coincidence, sprang from mercantile families, inheriting not a little of the commercial spirit, while decrying mere commercialism; and the same may be said of Mr. Ruskin, Morris's contemporary master and exemplar. The poets have this in common: they weave their tales within "a bower quiet for us," where the harsh discords of life come to the ear but faintly; though the man of our century, unlike his forerunners, soon begins to touch the inevitable minor chords of self-consciousness:

"The heavy trouble, the bewildering care
That weighs us down";

And again:

"Dreamer of dreams, born out of my due time,
Why should I strive to set the crooked straight?"

Yet the "Earthly Paradise" heralded the day when he who asked why he should strive thus answered himself, protesting in an address to handiworkers, against the dishonesty and sordidness involved in certain manufactures: "I would therefore stir up myself and other craftsmen to discontent with and rebellion against things as they are, to the end of our lives, rebelling not against Nature's laws but folly's customs."

It was in 1859-60 that the artist's need of materializing his ideas stirred Morris to undertake that which was to be his daily industry and delight—and to be prolonged, it is to be hoped, far beyond his lifetime. This was the manufacture by hand—in the first instance it was by hand—of woven fabrics, wall papers, stained glass and other decorative work, under the firm name of Morris, Mar-



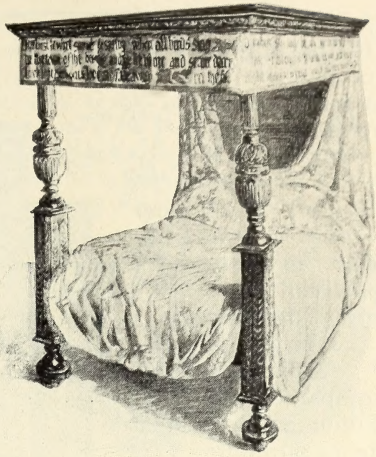
KELMSCOTT MANOR.

shall, Falkner and Company, there being in all eight partners, including the three painters, Burne-Jones, Rossetti and F. Madox Brown. Morris contributed a considerable part of the capital, and was director and general manager. Merton Abbey in Surrey, a simple monastic building, repaired and with modest additions, has long been the site of the industries associated with Morris's name. Here, surrounded by natural beauty, amid the quiet and seclusion of the country, picked handicraftsmen, working with enthusiasm, their employment contingent only upon good behavior and with higher wages than other similar craftsmen, realized the master's dreams for art, as "a joy to the maker and the user." For an average lifetime the happiest hours of him who declared his life to have been a happy one, were spent in these workshops, though latterly the famous Kelmscott Press, adjoining his Hammersmith house, shared his attention. Great pains were taken by him personally in the preparation of pure and lasting colors, nothing being spared to that end, some of his vats requiring years to bring their dyes to perfection. His designs, bearing the stamp of his strong color sense and sobriety of taste, notwithstanding many imitations are inimitable. Yet I am not aware that he ever claimed originality, marked as his originality was, and developed through constant observation of nature, the only perennial source of inspiration. He was not slow to recognize the immense benefit to the arts in England of the Kensington collections, being particularly interested in the Persian textiles; and I think he edited a little hand-book of the Industrial Arts, illustrated by examples in the South Kensington Museum, published by the Council on Education.

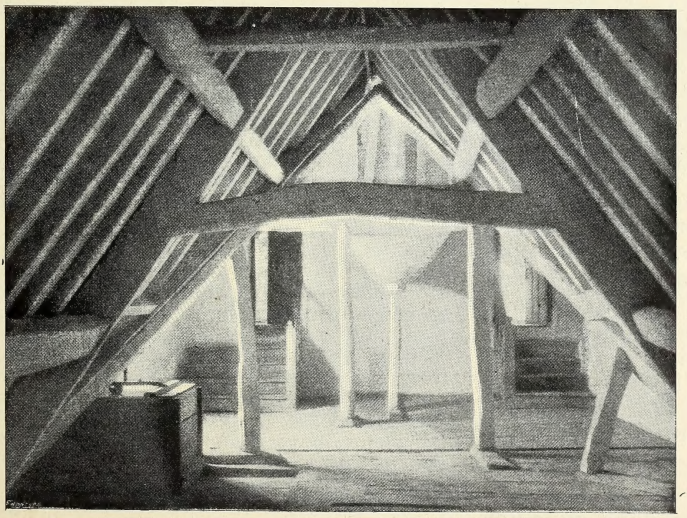
That which makes his experiment of reviving handwork so extraordinary is that this idealist, after sinking his money in what seemed a hopeless crusade against cheap machine-made fabrics, without any skilled assistants, and with little demand for such products finally ceased to foot up losses (these reached the point at one time

where bankruptcy threatened) and for years made his industries profitable like the most practical persons. He had no serious competition on his own ground, it being impossible to *grind out* such wares as his or to produce them on a scale to overstock the market, and by reason of his wise generosity, he had only dependable and friendly workpeople about him: all of which goes to show that there is no necessary antagonism, such as is popularly assumed, between the genuinely ideal and the truly practical, but rather that they are made to be one and the same. It has been objected that Morris, whose favorite maxim was "Art made by the people for the people, as a joy to the maker and the user," sold his wares to the well-to-do at good prices. Yet caring for the maker even more than for the user, who could not joyfully use without the joyful maker to make, good wages and cheerful surroundings for the latter compelled good prices for the finished product.

Morris came to see that if in a civilization like ours there were to be any opening for good art, it must come through the example of the wealthier class, and what would begin as an unintelligent fashion might end in an educated demand for better things, until in the descending social scale it should reach the poorer class,—as in the case of the wonderful Japanese people. So it happened that the man who wrote: "Never have I been in a rich man's house which would not have been bettered for a bonfire of nine-tenths of all it held," found his customers among this very class, though the influence of his work has since spread in widening circles, through the whole field of art-manufacture.



THE STATE BED AT KELMSCOTT.

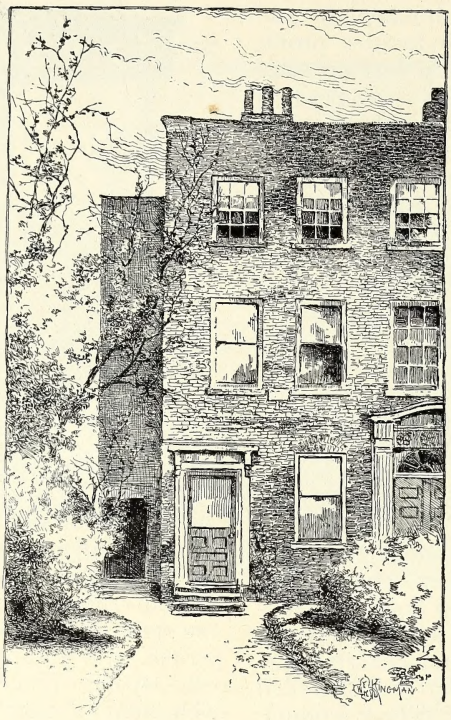


IN THE ATTIC AT KELMSCOTT.

The opinion seems to have gone abroad that Morris was not an artist in the full sense of the word, but a sort of Jack-of-all-trades; and he says of himself: "I cannot claim to represent any one craft, the division of labor which has furthered competitive commerce till none can resist its influence having pressed hard on the field of cul-

ture, thwarting me to the degree of forcing me to learn many crafts, preventing me according to the proverb from mastering any." But this is the familiar modesty of powerful men, simply indicating the height of their aspiration, as compared with its fulfillment. If to spend one's life in elaborating a few pictures, or making statues for the wealthy, each costing a fortune, is to be an artist, Morris was not one; but if to be sensitive to all beauty everywhere, and to defend it passionately against vandalism, to be alive to the peculiar powers of the arts, to sympathetically design and successfully work in most of them, and to be a world-wide influence in these things,—if this is to be an artist, then was Morris beyond question *facile princeps*. The common idea that the market value and material of a work of art determine the rank of the artist, may possibly have to do with the notion that such a one as Morris is "merely a decorator." On the contrary, all which the artist does is and must be art, no matter what the material or the current value, and its true spirit is often found in some trinket of the great schools; while the so-called architecture, for example, of our day, costing millions, is too often nothing but a hideous eye-sore of false construction.

If Morris had not done so much and so varied work with his own hands—thus differing materially from Mr. Ruskin, for instance—I should hesitate to quote so much from his writings; but however questionable theory may be divorced from practice, theory which is justified by practice cannot fail to be valuable.



A CORNER OF THE KELMSCOTT PRESS.

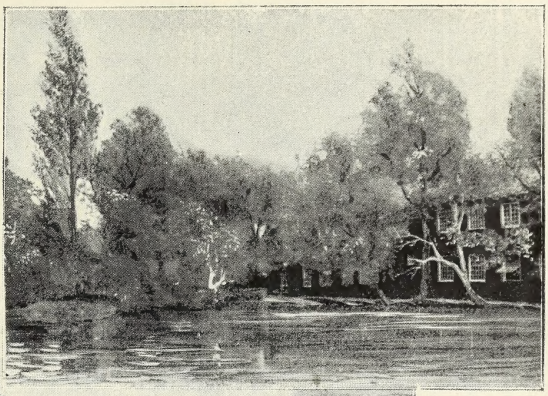
I make an extract, condensing it somewhat, from an address called "Beauty of Life," asking the reader to observe the humanitarian spirit, the interest in the individual workman, which led logically to the socialistic phase of Morris's career:

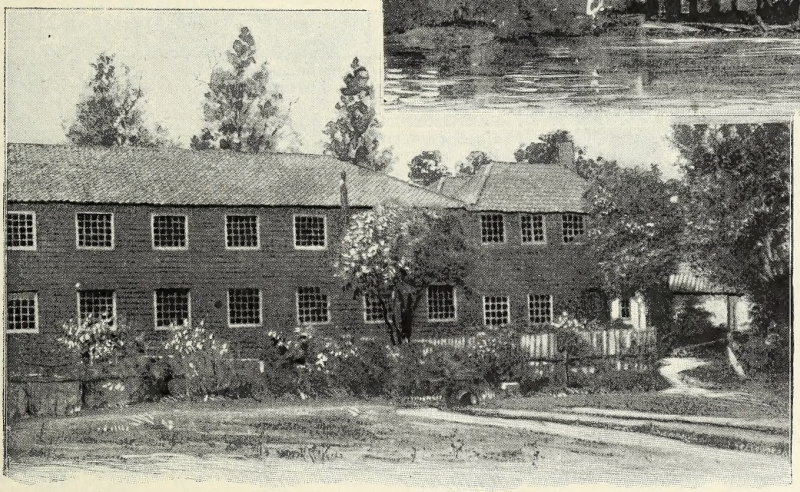
"Refined and educated men who have traveled in Italy and Egypt sit down in their own homes amid brutally vulgar and hideous things. The lack of art, or rather the murder of art, that curses our streets from the sordidness of the surroundings of the lower classes, has its counterpart in the dullness and vulgarity of the middle classes, and the double-distilled dullness and scarcely less vulgarity of the upper class. What is the remedy? Education, not for the few, but for the many. Better civilization for all, freed from slavery, ancient or modern, from the existence of a social residuum. Unmitigated, heart-breaking, slavish drudgery was never intended to exist as a permanent condition. . . . While extending the decencies of life, let us guard the traditions and work of the past, and cherish every germ of art. . . Let us also heed the green grass and the fresh leaves, the running waters and the omnipresent gift of light and air. . . . Many Manchester folk profess to care for art and are picture-buyers, and yet in Manchester the smoke-act is a dead letter, showing how little love or respect for beauty her art-patrons really possess. . . . Another thing, — don't leave your sandwich-papers lying about your hills and in your public gardens;

and how about the ugly posters, and do you try to preserve the trees? Anyone who wantonly cuts down a tree, need make no pretense of caring for art. . . .

Also it is useless talking about art, unless you have good and rational architecture, which is the summary of all the arts. With good timber, stone and lime, a few simple earthy pigments and a little iron, the worthiest architecture is possible, leading at once to all the minor arts, as in earlier times. We are housed shamefully; but it is not the builder's fault. We demand shams and stupid ostentation, and we get them. Simplicity and solidity are the first requisites. But how pay for solid construction?

"Only by not trying to do more than you can afford, and being content without luxury. The most luxurious Greek or Roman would stare at the immoderate comforts of even our middle-class houses. . . . Civilization is peace, freedom, good will, not easy chairs, soft beds and dainties. Better a tent in a desert than these alone. Possess nothing that you don't know to be useful or believe to be beautiful. What more do you require than a well-made fireplace, a few bookcases, a large, steady table, several easily moved chairs, a bench for sitting or reclining, a generous cupboard with drawers, and good pictures or prints, according to your means, a vase or two of flowers, and as many small carpets or rugs which can be easily bundled out of the room? I preach the Democracy of art, the ennobling and beautifying of common, daily work."





THE WORKS AT MERTON ABBEY.

Even more valuable and following the same line of thought, is another address, "Making the Best of It." It is seldom that a great expert of any sort, even if he be willing or able to formulate his rules of action, can, as it were, be buttonholed and induced to relate in a familiar manner what they are, as in the case of this lecture by Morris to his fellow-workers. It is, in fact, more than a series of rules; it is an artistic *credo*, discovering the roots and rationale of art, and touching upon many of its ramifications. He writes, protesting against the unnecessary waste, deformity and misery of contemporary civilization, and pointing out the alleviations which art has to offer:

"Therefore, how to make the best of our daily home life, and our middle-class houses — the basest, ugliest and most in-

HERE BEGINNETH THE TALES OF CANTERBURY AND FIRST THE PROLOGUE THEREOF



WHAN THAT Aprille with his shoures soote
The droghte of March hath perced to the roote,
And bathed every veyne in swich licour,
Of which vertu engendred is the flour;
Whan Zephirus eek with his swete breeth
Inspired hath in every holt and heeth
The tendre croppes, and the yonge sonne
Hath in the Ram his halfe cours yronne,
And smale foweles maken melodye,
That sleepen al the nyght with open eye,
So priketh hem nature in hir corages;
Thanne longen folk to goon on pilgrimages,
And palmeres for to seken straunge strondes,
To ferne halwes, kowthe in sondry londes;
And specially, from every shires ende
Of Engelond, to Caunterbury they wende,
The hooly blisful martir for to seke,
That hem hath holpen whan that they were seeke.

BIFIL that in that seson on a day,
In Southwerk at the Tabard as I lay,
Redy to wenden on my pilgrymage
To Caunterbury with ful devout corage,
At nyght were come into that hostelrye
Wel nyne and twenty in a compaignye,
Of sondry folk, by aventure yfalle
In felawshipe, and pilgrimes were they alle,
That toward Caunterbury wolden ryde.
The chambres and the stables weren wyde

FAC-SIMILE OF THE FIRST PAGE OF CHAUCER'S "CANTERBURY TALES."

By the kindness of Messrs. Copeland and Day.

convenient men have ever built.* As regards dwellings, we have here and there houses which are neither attempted imitations in the academic manner nor ready-made designs for builders. They are gifts to our country, and I call upon you to thank their designers heartily for their forethought, labor and courage. With such few exceptions the dwellings of all our people are built without hope of or care for beauty — mimicking neighboring inanities without independence or manliness of purpose or thought, consequently lacking convenience for the genuine individual needs of their occupants. But how can we turn such dwellings into homes in any degree fit for people free in mind and body? Perhaps by postponing ideals hardly conceivable to-day, and calling the lesser arts to our aid to decorate and ameliorate our houses, insisting that the craftsman, however humble, shall give us good work — however little, — which he shall be as proud of, as we to possess and fairly pay for."

He says a word as to gardens. "Trees, shrubs and flowers must be free and interesting in their growth, leaving to Nature the desired complexity, which should be her part and not the florist's." Alluding to the debasement of wild stocks by the gardener, in the desire to get large flowers and exaggerated color, he adds:

"Eschew too large masses of flowers, and do not have to blush for *carpet gardening*. Fence in your garden. Let it be orderly and rich, not formal and gaudy. It is an appendage of the house, and should be near it, and not be too big, nor should it suggest in any way the largeness or wildness of nature. The exterior of a house should have no varied color or decoration—no blood-red or cockroach color with white facings upon it. Paint sash and frames of light tints to break the dreary window surfaces. Windows are usually too big, with too large panes and too little sash. Solid bars and glass not too large make us feel as if we were protected on cold days. . . . The wall is the most important surface of a room, and it is a great comfort to see the actual floor. If this be handsome, the more of it and the less carpet the better. . . . In a high room nothing should attract the eye above a height of eight feet . . . It is a sign of disease in an artist (why not in any one?) to have prejudice against any particular color."

* The American reader may assume some superiority here, and in England there is improvement since the above was written, though there is room enough for more.

General directions for placing, combining and modifying colors and arranging patterns and grounds are not the least important feature of this address, which should be familiar to all schools of design and decoration, together with the best Morris fabrics by way of illustration. Let me add a few more of his aphorisms:

"Remember that decoration must not be too imitative, and that it requires plenty of knowledge of natural form to conventionalize natural objects so as to be understood or to be ornamental." "Master your material, but never play with it, trying to show how much you can do." "Any degree of care and delicacy may be spent in drawing curves and getting leading ideas right." "Don't have too much furniture, — yet no room should look bare." "No room of the richest man should be too fine for a simple man to be at ease in it. Art was not born in a palace. She has fallen sick in palaces." "Shall not the day come when art shall be considered as one of the chiefest elements of a sane life?"

It is now time to say something of the third period of Morris's life, or the unfolding of a part of his nature which, early showing itself in the form of discontent with the evil of the world and its symbol ugliness, finally spurred him on to take a hand in the struggle against them. He began to learn the old lesson that the only way to ease the burden of fears and make quick coming death a little thing, to paraphrase his own words, is not in "feeling kindly" or in singing of "an empty day," but in fighting a good fight and quitting one's self like a man. Because he learned this and acted upon it, in so high degree, I claim for Morris a high place among the men of his time. Beginning with the artist's natural "lust of the eye and pride of life," which too often debase the man and the artist equally, he came to the point where, postponing his chosen work, he gave time and strength for the cause of the inert English working-man whom he hoped finally to introduce to the world of beauty so dear to himself. And this came about naturally enough, as his desire grew, after the

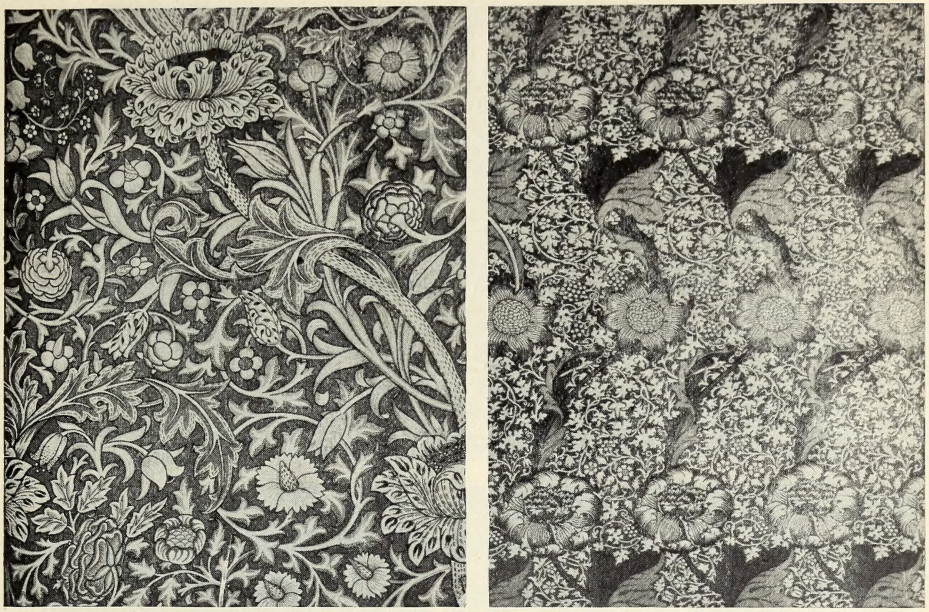


DESIGNS FOR WALL PAPERS, BY MORRIS.*

careless days of youth, to be a preacher as well as a practiser of art, to pursue it not merely for his own sake, but desiring to create beauty and share it with his fellows.

Neither could he like many a man, forget the workmen in their work; for the more interesting it became to him, the more he was interested in them, their condition as a class and their ignorance of what he considered life's purest pleasures, converting him to Socialism. His hope was for peaceful revolution. "This ideal and hope of a new society," he writes, "founded on industrial peace and forethought, bearing with it its own ethics, aiming at a new and higher life for all men, has received the general name of Socialism; and it is my firm belief that it is destined to supersede the old order of things founded on industrial war,

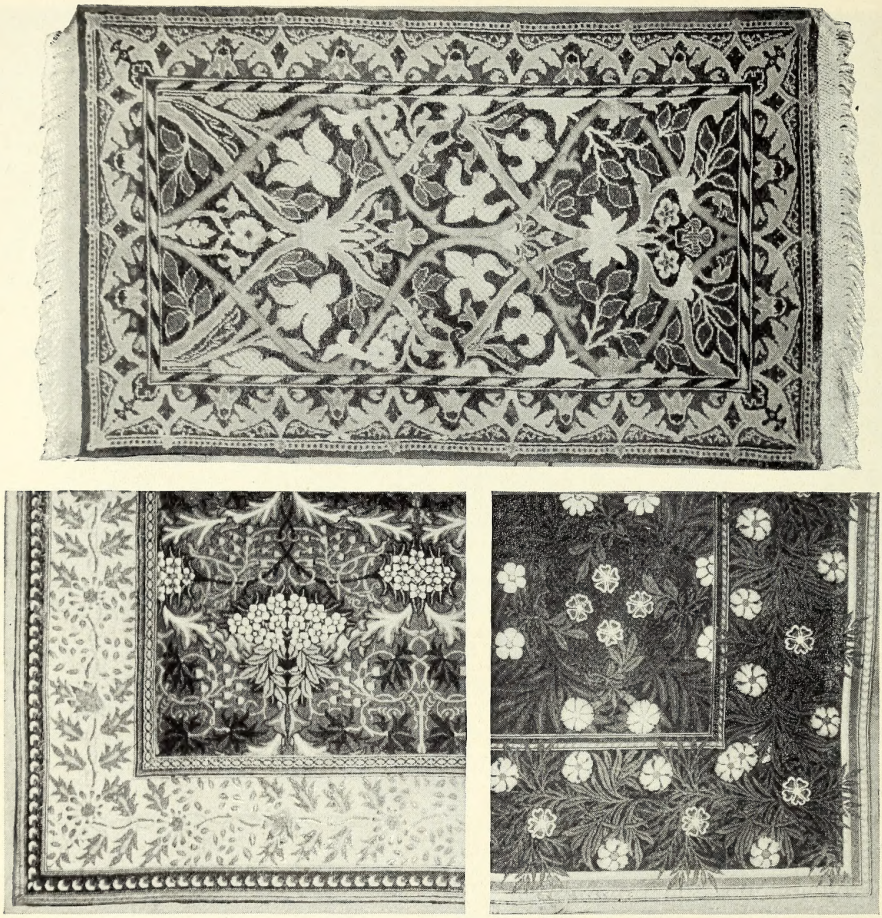
*The Morris designs for wall papers and cretons are given by the kindness of Mr. A. H. Davenport of Boston, the American agent.



DESIGNS FOR CRETONS, BY MORRIS.

and to be the next step in the progress of humanity."

Apart from his speeches and lectures to workingmen, delivered in the open air or in the hall of the Hammersmith Socialistic League, given by him to the League, his ideal for better social conditions is entertainingly set forth in the "Dream of John Ball," a short imaginary sketch in the form of a dream of this same John and his followers, who took part in the insurrection of Wat Tyler during the reign of Richard the Second, in that wonderful 14th century. It is more clearly elaborated in "News from Nowhere—some chapters from an Utopian Romance," published six years since. This loosely constructed story of about two hundred pages is without a plot, purporting to be the experience of an anonymous friend of the narrator, who goes to bed in his house at Hammersmith in this latter part of our century, awaking in the year two thousand and something, in the same locality, finding utterly changed social conditions. Mutual service and pure friendship are the rule of life, crime being almost unknown, as well as civil and criminal law. The accumulation of property and the use of money are no more known, every one voluntarily doing his share of the common work; and marriage is contracted and dissolved by mutual consent. No mills nor factories nor distilleries pollute the air or the earth, and there are no slums in cities, no disfigurements of river or country side. Beautiful art and nature are everywhere intermingled and ugliness has vanished. The stranger is entertained in the guest-house of the community, which is upon the actual site of the Hammersmith Socialistic Hall, next to Morris's house. He is taken to London, and sees the reconstructed city, goes shopping in Piccadilly without the need of money, and finds the British Museum and the Houses of Parliament still standing. Then he is introduced to a very old man who tells him more of the present social status, and explains how it came about, through workman's unions, a mass-meeting in Trafalgar Square,



CARPET DESIGNS, BY MORRIS.

By the kindness of Messrs. Joel Goldthwaite and Co. of Boston, the American Agents.

followed by a massacre of the people by the troops, a general strike, an insignificant civil war, and the rapid passing of power from the privileged classes to the people. Later on, he is rowed up the Thames to Hampton Court, Windsor, Oxford and the reaches of the upper river, being entertained at guest-houses on the way. He becomes acquainted with a very paragon of *new women*, named Ellen, to whom his heart yearns in quite a nineteenth century fashion, and with her and his other new-made friends, he is present at a sort of harvest-home feast in a fine old many-gabled farmhouse. But at last, in the midst of his delightful companions, he finds himself fading from their presence, as if he were "the stuff that dreams are made of," and presently lying in bed "in my house at dingy Hammersmith, thinking about at all."

As in his first poems of thirty-five years before, Morris gives us plenty of word pictures.

"As to the women themselves, it was pleasant indeed to see them, they were so kind and happy-looking in expression of face, so shapely and well-knit of body, and thoroughly healthy-looking and strong. All were at least comely, and one of them very handsome and regular of feature. They came up to us at once merrily and

without the least affectation of shyness, and all three shook hands with me, as if I were a friend newly come back from a long journey."

Here is a picture of the charming Ellen:

"She led me up close to the house, and laid her shapely sun-browned hand and arm on the lichened wall, as if to embrace it, and cried out, 'O me! How I love the earth and the seasons and weather and all things that deal with it, and all that grows out of it, — as this has done.' I could not answer her or say a word. Her exultation and pleasure were so keen and exquisite and her beauty so delicate yet so interfused with energy, expressed it so fully, that any added word would have been commonplace and futile. I dreaded lest others should come in suddenly and break the spell she had cast about me."

Two years after this Utopian romance a much more serious book upon Socialism appeared, written in collaboration by Mr. Morris and Mr. E. Belfoot Bax, being a cursory bird's-eye view of social evolution from the beginning of history until our time, touching upon the Middle Ages, the Renaissance, the period of the Reformation, the modern industrial and political revolutions of France and England, the influence of Owen, St. Simon and Fourier, Karl Marx, and their followers, and ending with a chapter entitled "Socialism Triumphant," outlining the overthrow of present conditions and the substitution of ideal conditions of city and social life, — covering therefore the same general ground as "News from Nowhere." Perhaps the most noticeable thing about it is the introduction, in which Poe's gruesome tale of Arthur Gordon Pym and his luckless crew is used as a simile of modern civilization, represented by the coming ship apparently bringing succor to the shipwrecked mariners, but manned only by grinning skeletons, who raise false hopes with a show of welcome, which fearfully fail on near approach. The central idea as regards the future is summed up in the words: "Civilization undertakes the government of persons by direct coercion. Socialism would deal primarily with the administration of things."

The popular demonstration in London on Sunday, November 13, 1887, luridly distinguished as "Bloody Sunday," showed Morris to the outside world in yet another new and surprising rôle, that of an insurrectionary leader. The strictures of the English press since his decease, upon his failure to provide in his will for the Socialism he advocated justify a brief record here of the circumstances, showing the part he took, and suggesting his readiness for the last sacrifice which any man can offer for his cause, had the occasion demanded. It may also be said that his critics ignore the fact that his heirs are equally with himself identified with Socialism and capable of carrying out his wishes concerning it.

The imprisonment of William O'Brian in Ireland for urging resistance to law led to the call for a mass-meeting to be held in Trafalgar Square, to demand Mr. O'Brian's release and test the legality of the act of Parliament prohibiting popular gatherings in thoroughfares. Sir Charles Warren, the head of the police, to guard against violence, provided a large force of his men and a reserve of military, and gave public notice that no organized gatherings would be allowed in Trafalgar Square. Notwithstanding, various bodies of Socialists to the number of five or six thousand, converged toward the square during the afternoon, where the police were awaiting them. Refusing to disperse, they were attacked at various points, and after severe struggles, in which stones, sticks and clubs were used, they were at the end of the short, dark day finally scattered, many bruises and wounds being given and received by them, though, according to official reports, without direct loss of life. The ominous presence of the military and a magistrate prepared to read the riot act, evidently had not a little to do with



THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM, A MORRIS TAPESTRY. FROM A PAINTING BY E. BURNE-JONES.

By courtesy of The Outlook Company.

their dispersion. Mr. C. Graham, M. P., John Burns, Mrs. Annie Besant and Mr. Morris were the best-known persons concerned in this demonstration. Mr. Morris marched with his local section of the Socialist League, telling them it was their bounden duty to resist, by every means in their power, restriction of free speech, saying it was his and their business to press on to the square *like orderly people and good citizens;* and this they did, till good order became ineffectual, and, confronted with fixed bayonets, they reluctantly dispersed. As the leading figure in the Hammersmith section of the Socialist League, Mr. Morris, when it was determined to march to Trafalgar Square, doubtless felt himself bound to go with his fellows, and he bore himself with dignity and courage; yet it is easy to imagine the inward repugnance of the lover of fields and flowers to the encounter of brute forces and fraternal bloodshed.

It is pleasanter to think of Morris at Upper Hall, Hammersmith, addressing his workmen and others in his former stable, converted by him into a hall, concerning his apocalyptic vision of a new earth. In this new earth, he says:

"All the works of man that we live amongst and handle will be in harmony with nature, will be reasonable and beautiful, yet all will be simple and inspiriting, not childish nor enervating; for as nothing of beauty and splendor that man's mind and hand may compass shall be wanting from our public buildings, so in no private dwelling will there be any signs of waste, pomp, or insolence, and every man will have his share of the *best.* It is a dream, you may say, of what has never been and never will be. True it has never been, and therefore since the world is alive and moving, my hope is the greater that it one day will be. . . . Anyhow, dream as it is, I pray you to pardon my setting it before you, for it lies at the bottom of all my work in the decorative arts, nor will it ever be out of my thoughts; and I am here to-night to ask you to help me realize this dream."

After all what hinders the realization of such a dream but a few more such dreamers to infect the world?

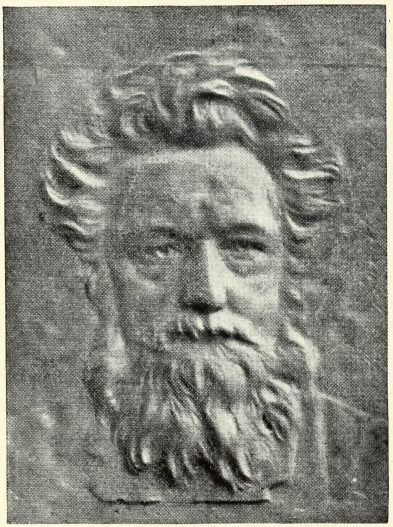
The latest phase of Mr. Morris's activity was connected with the Kelmscott Press, which has made his name welcome to all bibliophiles, as his art products have endeared it to art-lovers everywhere. His active interest in book-making as a branch of the fine arts dates from 1888, his idea being to hark back to the days of the great book-makers and, following in their steps, to produce books whose paper, type, ink and decoration should all be of the best, and worthy of the best literature. This led him to use entirely new and heavy type of his own design, free from the emasculated delicacy of modern fonts, and without their teasing hair lines, the result being strong jet black lettering, necessarily larger and more legible. The wretched paper of our day was rejected for tough hand-made paper, which was found to require the substitution of the old hand-press for the steam-press, implying small and therefore costlier editions. Naturally only the best ink could be used. The outcome of all this has been forty-four works, some of them in several volumes, printed by the Kelmscott Press since 1891,* when its first issue appeared,—Morris's own "Story of the Glittering Plain." The last and by far the most important volume, the works of Geoffrey Chaucer in folio with elaborate foliated borders designed by Morris and eighty wood cuts drawn by Sir Edward Burne-Jones being on its way to subscribers in many lands as Morris neared his end at Hammersmith.

Beginning with a man and a boy to assist him, and later occupying the house next his own, he came to require still more rooms for his men and presses, and again, as in the case of his decorative manufactures, he found his work so much in demand that he had only to announce a forthcoming book with the number of copies and the price he thought best to put upon it, to have his subscrip-

* A list of these may be found in *The Book Buyer* for November 1895 and January 1896.

tion lists speedily filled. Thus the whole edition of Chaucer was subscribed for six months before it was ready for delivery. It has been noted that from the wealthy and well-to-do classes, whose taste Morris frankly decried, came the purchasers of his art products; and it is odd that the Kelmscott Press should have owed its prosperity in a measure to the "forestallers" and "regraters" for whom he expressed a particular contempt.*

It is a subject for regret that with the announced abandonment of the Kelmscott Press, the project for a folio Froissart and the printing of Shakespeare's dramas will come to nought,—as no more appropriate subject matter for such printing can be imagined. Still one can see that the object lesson afforded by comparing the beautiful Kelmscott-Press paper and "Golden" type with the shiny calendered wood pulp and the gray spider-web lines of ordinary books has already had its effect and must be a permanent influence for good in future book-making.



Once more in the master-printer we recognize the artist's eye and hand and feeling, just as in the case of the poet and that of the art-craftsman, the fantastic imagination of youth being tempered and restrained by the practical shrewdness of the experienced artist and accomplished handiworker. Whatever he touched, straightway order, harmony and beauty were evolved from it, and his work became a fine art. Even his Socialism is in a measure an evolution of the art spirit, and a protest against the sordid commercialism which prostitutes beauty to mammon. In "John Ball's Dream" and the Utopian Romance his ideal picture of a perfect social state is composed mainly of outward, visible things. He sees a world of uncorrupted nature and of perfect art. In the latter, virile men and lovely, gracious women, richly and beautifully dressed, are seen boating amid delightful English scenery or interested in communal hay-making, in a region of quaint gardens,—a Utopia differing as much from Plato's lofty Commonwealth or Sir Thomas More's scientifically social islanders as from Bellamy's apotheosis of convenience.

It needed only to look at the face of Morris, his stern brow and brooding, deeply penetrating eye, to recognize the man of insight, the seer. His seafarer's bluffness, leonine locks, blue shirt, cape-coat and slouch hat made him a noticeable figure everywhere and, without the least show of affectation, emphasized naturally his strange individuality. But this sturdy nature succumbed to an unconquerable disease, and in a moment was laid low, and the choice spirit vanished from among men.

Morris's funeral took place on an October day, the funeral train leaving the plain old-fashioned house on Hammersmith Mall, London, for the yet older Kelmscott manor-house near Lechdale, Oxfordshire. Within a few yards of it his remains were interred, in the village churchyard, close to the roadside hedge, a clerical college-friend reading the service at

*"Forestallers" are speculators who buy for a future rise, and "regraters" those who on a smaller scale as middle men buy and sell in the same market.

the grave. Besides his immediate family, Sir Edward Burne-Jones, Walter Crane, John Burns, Mr. Richmond and Mr. Frampton of the Royal Academy and representatives of the South Kensington Museum and the Arts and Crafts Society were present, with a large company of friends. A noticeable feature of the arrangements was the carriage of the coffin from the train at Lechdale, through three miles of hedge-lined country lanes upon an open farmer's wain, beneath a canopy of green vines and branches. It was of unpolished oak with handles of the wrought iron dear to artists, the name and the birth and death dates being incised in the wood. Pieces of oriental embroidery served as a pall. The day was thoroughly autumnal; the heavens wept gently; and drifts of golden foliage lay lightly on "the clay of their departed lover."

ARBITRATION.

By Sam Walter Foss.

I.

THE old blood hungers of a savage prime,
The tiger hates that since the world began
Have vexed the lives of battling clan and clan,
Pass with their clash and thunder; but sublime
From out the distance do we hear the chime
That ushers in the cosmopolitan
And seer-foretold confederacy of man—
The mightiest offspring of the births of time.

Shall not the nations 'mid their reeking graves
From war's red bondage hunger to be free
When they behold two mighty nations stand
With strong hands joined across the sundering waves—
One, the proud mistress of the empired sea,
One, her strong daughter of the kingless land?

II.

Our sundered nations of the single tongue
By this great pact of brotherhood shall clear
The cluttered world of armies. Sword and spear,
Whose clash made music when the world was young,
Must soon upon the rubbish heap be flung;—
Their clash is discord to the world's tired ear.—
The first steps of the reign of peace draw near,
The first knell of the death of war has rung.

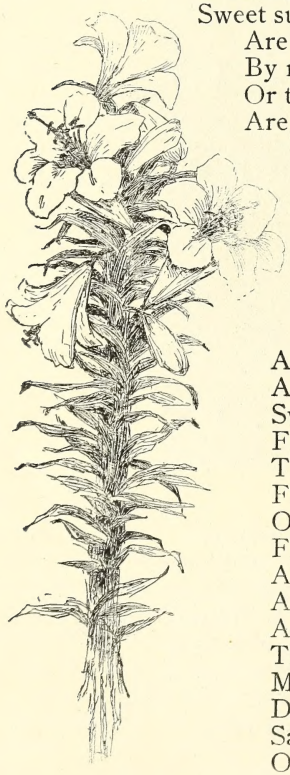
This is a deed of far and potent reach,
A deed that makes for universal good:
By this one deed our sundered nations bind
(Our sundered nations of the single speech),
Bind by this deed all men in brotherhood,
And lead the federation of mankind.

RESURRECTION.

By Mary White Morton.

I.

NAY, speak no more: my heart is dead;
Its hopes are lost, its visions fled;
And like a curtain life hath spread
Before mine eyes its mantle dread.
Did I love once? Oh, long ago
When I was young that might have been,—
Six months since last the trees were green,—
Six centuries for aught I know.
It matters not; the pain is past;
Sweet summer's sigh and winter's blast
Are hushed alike. The shadow cast
By night upon the mountain vast
Or the gold morning on its head
Are to the blind man's eyes as one.
No passion wakes the slumbering stone;
And none can stir a heart that's dead.



II.

A rustling 'mid the dewy leaves;
A twittering faint beneath the eaves.
Swiftly an answer it receives
From grove and bush, till music cleaves
The misty air, and in the sky,
Flushing the east with sudden ray
Of crimson joy, the welcome day
Flings far and wide its banners high.
A simple word—O, foolish heart!—
A wish scarce breathed from lips apart,
And hopes reviving quickly start
The freshening blood, as sunshine's art
Makes the ice-fringe in tinkling rills
Drop from the wet roof where it clung.
Said I, I was no longer young?
Oh, sweet the love my soul that fills!

THE FRIENDSHIP OF JOHN ADAMS AND THOMAS JEFFERSON.

By E. P. Powell.



O episode of early American history is more delightful or more valuable as a lesson in citizenship than the warm friendship of John Adams and Thomas Jefferson. Both men of strong convictions, of marked individuality, of very diverse local association and political sentiments, they were for a time alienated; but in old age they reached over all occasions for prejudice and rivalry and renewed with fourfold tenderness the love of their younger days. This was expressed on the part of Adams in an entirety of confidence in the ability and statesmanship and civic truthfulness of Jefferson; while Jefferson in turn had more confidence in the patriotic honor of Adams than reliance always on his judgment. There was no question of the shrewdness and diplomatic skill of Adams as a minister abroad; but of his pugnacity and doggedness, and equally of his egotism, there was also evidence enough. From these, combined with party zeal, Jefferson at one time had suffered seriously. When Adams in the hour of defeat must yield the presidency to Jefferson, he failed in a generous consideration of the rights of the latter, and filled every possible office to embarrass his successor. This was referred to later in their renewed correspondence. In a letter to Deborah, Adams's wife, Jefferson says in 1804:

> "One act of Mr. Adams's life and one only ever gave me a moment's personal displeasure. I did consider his last appointments to office as personally unkind. They were from my most ardent political enemies, from whom no faithful coöperation could ever be expected. But if my respect for him did not permit me to ascribe the whole blame to the influence of others, it left something for friendship to forgive. . . . I forgave cordially. I maintain for him and shall carry into private life a uniform and high measure of respect."

To Adams himself he expresses himself in a similar manner. But Adams, it must be remembered, had no precedents to work from. The courtesies of administrations had not been established. The Federalist looked upon the Republicans as Jacobins, determined to destroy the scarcely founded institutions of the country. Confidence in the people was not yet established. The New England leaders habitually spoke of

"the rule of the best," and of "the mischief of democracy." Hamilton at a supper in New York responded to the toast, "The People": "The People! Sir, the People is a great Beast." The French Revolution was in progress, with its wild disorder and bloodshed. Cabot, who was the strongest head among the conservatives, went at one time so far as to express a conviction that the Union was a failure, and that the federal government could not be carried on. Adams may be excused for having partaken for a time of the aristocratic spirit. He went so far as to write "Davila," arguing strongly against purely popular government. But when Hamiltonianism developed itself, showing that there was no choice but between monarchy and republicanism, Adams went slowly over to Jefferson, adopted his views, and was the most doughty of New England antagonists to anything savoring of government by the select few. It may be fairly said that, while the United States but for Jefferson would not have escaped the plot to overthrow the government of the people, New England but for Adams would have been wrenched away from the people's republic. In 1803 when the Essex Junto, led by Timothy Pickering, who had been in the cabinets of both Washington and Adams, undertook to create a "Northern Confederacy," Adams watched every movement lynx-eyed, and thwarted the traitors at every turn. Even before his administration closed he was well on the road to Jefferson—but unconsciously so. He had come to blows with Hamilton, who desired a standing army, the abolition of the states, a presidency for life, a senate for life, and a house of representatives dependent on the senate. He was even more bitterly at war with the leaders of New England Federalism, many of them his former supporters and friends. But he never wavered. The plot to tear New England out of the Union he denominated villainy and treason. The story is not a pleasant one to recall; but it shows us by what bridge Adams crossed to Jefferson. Griswold wrote to Wolcott:

"The project we had formed was to induce if possible the legislatures of the three New England states who remained Federal, to commence measures which should call for a reunion of the Northern states. The extent of those measures and the rapidity with which they shall be followed up must be guided by circumstance." Pickering wrote that "New York must be associated; and how is her concurrence to be obtained? She must be made the centre of the confederacy. Vermont and New Jersey would follow of course, and Rhode Island of necessity. Who can be consulted, and who will take the lead?" Cabot thought the separation not yet practicable. "If it is prematurely attempted, those few only will promote it who discern what is hidden from the multitude." Still he thought that if the Jeffersonian republicans could be induced to provoke a war with England there would be a chance for the project. Judge Reeve of Connecticut wrote: "I have seen many of our friends, and all that I have seen and most that I have heard from believe that we must separate, and that this is the most favorable moment." Wolcott, also one of Washington's cabinet, and later of Adams's, said: "We have endeavored to rouse our friends in New England to make some bold exertions. They generally tell us that the Northern states must unite, but that they think the time not yet arrived. While we are waiting, the democracy is making daily inroads upon us. Under these circumstances I have been induced to look to New York."

The end was an alliance of these "wisest and best" with Aaron Burr, who was then vice-president, with Jefferson as president. They would, if possible, elect Burr governor of New York, with this consideration, that he should bring New York into

alliance with New England. This involved the supremacy of Burr. "If," wrote Governor Griswold, "Burr is elevated in New York to the office of governor by the votes of Federalism, will he not be considered and must he not in fact become the head of the Northern interest?" This Hamilton also saw, and he resolved to prevent it. Yet Burr did come very near an election.

The end of all this plotting was the death of Hamilton, the outlawing of Burr, and the driving of Adams completely over to the Republicans. His determination to thwart all such schemes brought upon him the vilest abuse of Pickering and Strong and Fisher Ames and the rest of "the best." But for a time it left Adams alone, almost isolated and, it must be confessed, a good deal roused. The grand old man discussed the "Value of Life" in terms that would suit Mr. Mallock. He decided that nothing would tempt him to start this life over again and endure its disappointments.

Jefferson, a man of far less self-centered sentiment, but of no more readiness for self-sacrifice, understood Adams from the outset. Beating him in their second contest for the presidency, he avowed his intention not only of treating all citizens of all parties with equal generosity, but he would especially invite Adams to participate in public affairs. He wrote to Madison: "I propose as soon as the state of the election is perfectly ascertained to aim at a candid understanding with Mr. Adams. I hope to induce in him dispositions liberal and accommodating." This was while the Federalists were trying by corrupt coalition to throw the presidency over to Aaron Burr. It shows that even while Adams, from his Federal associations, was unjust to Jefferson, the latter never failed of that keen comprehension of his opponent which was one of his marked characteristics in reference to all public characters. It was not his fault that the alienation lasted as long as it did.

I go back now to bring together these two marvelous spirits in their earlier years; for then we shall see more clearly why the gap in friendship closed up over intense partisanship, and their lives ended as literally as possible in each other's arms. Jefferson was born again of Patrick Henry. He became inspired to write the Declaration of Independence by hearing Henry's magnificent plea before the House of Burgesses in 1765. Adams was a democrat by a logic that lay in his own sturdy nature. He owed his inspiration to his historical studies. He was more of a student; Jefferson more of a genius. Seven days apart is a better way to express the distance of Massachusetts from Virginia than to describe it by miles. But more than that, without railroads, telegraphs, a daily post even, the two provinces were months from each other. It is the more wonderful how these two men worked on the same lines, to the same end, and wrought out not only liberty but this federated republic, a rifle's range ahead of all previous conceptions of government. In all studies of American history, too little is made of this parallelism of Massachusetts and Virginia in thought and purposing. Adams never quite got over his chagrin at not having written the Declaration of Independence, and in turn emphasized the fact that he did write something quite as defiant of England at an earlier date.

The two young men came into contact for the first time in 1775. Charles Francis Adams draws this contrast and comparison: "Mr. Adams, the eldest in public life as well as in years, careless of external fame as a writer, preferred the natural channel to his impetuosity, supplied by the unrestrained freedom of debate within the walls of Congress; while Mr. Jefferson, avoiding that arena of conflicting opinion, chose rather the course which gave full play

to the happy faculty of his written word. Never was there a more fortunate combination to advance a single great object. Mr. Adams hewed out the road vigorously but roughly for the pioneers, while Mr. Jefferson smoothed and widened it for the nation to follow; and each felt the value of the other in the common task."

The next time they met was many years later, in Europe, when Mr. Adams had become the representative of his countrymen at the court of their former sovereign, and Mr. Jefferson filled the same position in the presence of the monarch of France. The duty imposed on the two by Congress entailed an intimacy and frequent correspondence which there was nothing to prevent from growing into friendship. Mr. Jefferson in a letter to Mr. Madison recorded the impression he had of Mr. Adams at this time; while Mr. Adams on his side measured Mr. Jefferson with even more friendly eyes. An interchange of visits and frequent civilities as long as they remained in Europe continued to preserve their social relations upon the kindest footing.

In 1787 Adams published a book, which was read by Jefferson at Paris. Rumor was that it would be translated. Jefferson took care to secure a competent translator, so as to prevent its "being murdered." He wrote what he was doing to Adams at London, adding, "I have read the book with infinite satisfaction and improvement. It will do great good in America. Its learning and its good sense will, I hope, make it an institute for our politicians, old as well as young." Adams answered with a delightfully gossipy letter signed, "with every affectionate and friendly sentiment." This letter tells Jefferson that "if it lay in my power I would take a vow to return to my little turnip yard and never again quit it. The approbation you express of my poor volume is a vast consolation to me. It is a hazardous enterprise, and will be an unpopular work in America for a long time." Of the new treaty between France and England, and a new line of traffic opened by Jefferson between France and America, he thinks it will help America; but "John Bull does not see it, and if he does not see a thing at first, you know it is a rule with him ever afterwards to swear it does not exist, even when he does both see it and feel it."

The exchange of compliments was evidently very sincere. Even his official correspondence, always crisp, terse, strong, when conducted with Jefferson had a flavor unlike that with any other of our public men. To others he signs himself formally, "with high esteem," or "with great respect," but to Jefferson he says, "with the most cordial esteem," or "yours most affectionately," or "with the tenderest affection and friendship, I am and ever shall be, my dear Sir, Yours, John Adams." Jefferson as vice-president received these reports in the same friendly spirit. Still there was as yet only a deep conviction of each other's worth, not a flame of friendship. The foundation was being laid for future affectionate fellowship.

I now pass over the breach, which has been sufficiently noted, and bring together the threads of the two lives at a later date. Mrs. Adams was the first to break silence, and wrote two or three letters to Jefferson, sharply criticising him. These were responded to by Jefferson in a moderate key and a generous spirit; but he formed a dislike for Mrs. Adams herself, which he never overcame. The first effort to renew personal relations seems to have come from Adams, who sent some samples of New England homespun to Virginia, to illustrate what could be done in America in way of manufactures. Jefferson answered with thanks, adding:

"Here we do little in the fine way but in coarse and middling goods a great

deal. Every family in the country is a manufactory within itself, and is very generally able to make all the stouter stuffs for its own clothing and household use. For fine stuff we shall depend on your Northern manufactories. We use little machinery. The spinning jenny and loom, with the flying shuttle, can be managed in a family, but nothing more complicated. . . . A letter from you calls up recollections very dear to my mind. It carries me back to the times when, beset with difficulties and dangers, we were fellow laborers in the same cause, struggling for what is most valuable to man, his right of self-government. Laboring always at the same oar, with some wave ever ahead threatening to overwhelm us, and yet passing harmless under our bark, we knew not how, we rode through the storm with heart and hand, and made a happy port. Still we did not expect to be without rubs and difficulties, and we have had them. I believe we shall continue to grow, to multiply and prosper, until we exhibit an association powerful, wise and happy beyond what has yet been seen by men. Of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, I see now living not more than half a dozen on your side of the Potomac, and on this side myself alone. You and I have been wonderfully spared; and myself with remarkable health and a considerable activity of body and mind. I am on horseback three or four hours of every day, visit three or four times a year a possession I have ninety miles distant, performing the winter journey on horseback. I walk little, however, a single mile being too much for me, and I live in the midst of my grandchildren, one of whom has lately promoted me to be a great-grandfather. I have heard with pleasure that you also retain good health, and a greater power of exercise in walking than I do. But I would rather have heard this from yourself, and that, writing a letter like mine, full of egotisms and of details of your health, your habits, occupations and enjoyments, I should have the pleasure of knowing that in the race of life you do not keep, in its physical decline, the same distance ahead of me which you have done in political honors and achievements. No circumstances have lessened the interest I feel in these particulars respecting yourself; none have suspended for one moment my sincere esteem for you, and I now salute you with unchanged affection and respect.

"Thomas Jefferson."

This letter is a fair sample of the charming grace with which the sage of Monticello expressed himself in all his private as well as public intercourse. The war of 1812 was now raging. New England was honeycombed once more with treasonable sentiments. Pickering, one of the least honorable men in American history, was once more attempting to lead in nullification, if not secession. Governor Strong and Governor Chittenden with others were not far behind. The latter ordered the Vermont troops to withdraw to state soil. They sneeringly answered that they were fighting not under his orders but under those of the general government. The Massachusetts House of Representatives issued an address closing with the words, "Let there be no volunteers except for defensive war." For a time these political traitors had much influence with the people. During the whole war New England was placed in a false light; and finally her history was stained by the Hartford Convention.

John Adams rages at the traitors, and circumvents them at every point. His son, John Quincy, is equally leal and true to the government. Madison has his hands more than full with the British and the traitors. He turns constantly to Adams and to Jefferson for counsel and sympathy. They are the Aaron and Hur who hold up the arms of the administration. Adams writes to the president: "All I can say is that I would continue this war forever rather than surrender one acre of our territory, one iota of our fisheries, or one sailor impressed from any merchant ship." This in the teeth of the resolutions of the Massachusetts legislature urging peace on almost any terms, and of the Hartford Convention, which threatened New England scission if the war was protracted under conditions not entirely satisfactory to the states there represented.

Not many months after the homespun was received from Adams, Jefferson writes: "I have it now in my power to send you a piece of homespun in return for that I received from you; not of the fine texture or

delicate character of yours, or, to drop the metaphor, a mere sober, dry and formal piece of logic." He then proceeds to give to Adams, in reply to questions from the latter, some very curious information concerning what were called the Richmond and Wabash prophets. These seem to have been men who were corrupted by British emissaries to prophesy the speedy downfall of democratic institutions. They wrought more or less mischief at a time when England had by no means given up the hope of again securing our subserviency.

These interchanges of goodwill and information were more important than can possibly be estimated by us to-day. The bit of cloth sent by Adams noted the very incipiency of the manufactures and manufacturing interests of New England. The war, checking the commerce and depreciating the value of the agricultural products of that section, was changing the whole character of its industries. Heretofore 96 per cent of the population had been agricultural, throughout all the colonies. The early presidents were farmers. Twice before being elected president, Jefferson resigned office, resolved to retire wholly to his estates and most congenial employment. There he had lived, organizing his large slave family into a complete community, each grouped to its own employment, so as to be self-sustaining. Manufactures, except as subservient to agriculture, were unknown in Virginia. In Massachusetts the people felt their dependence on Great Britain more keenly in economical affairs than in political. A tariff never would have got lodgment in our financial system but for the patriotic desire to secure domestic as well as political independence. The story of the first loom set up in America is a romance.

The correspondence soon fell on the mutually congenial topic of the monarchists and aristocrats who had barely been thwarted in their efforts to create a scission of the republic. A peculiarly charming letter is that of June 15, 1813, from Jefferson. It is the effort of a cooler, calmer, less irascible man to smooth over the past and put the acts of his rival in so generous a light as to take away, if not the blame, at least his consciousness of being blamed. Adams felt regret as he recalled the past at certain points where his antagonism to Jefferson had been most marked. Jefferson would not let him wound himself with remorse. "In truth, my dear Sir," he says, "we were far from considering you as the author of all the measures we blamed. They were placed under the protection of your name, but we were satisfied they wanted much of your approbation. We ascribed them to their real authors, the Wolcotts, the Tracys, the Sedgwicks, the Pickerings, *et id genus omnes*. Many instances showed how differently you would have acted with less impassioned advisers." On the other hand, it must be confessed that Jefferson was as sore under the criticisms of Marshall as Adams under the unjust imputation of being the author of acts properly attributed to his advisers. He adds in this letter to Adams:

"I leave others to judge of what I myself have done, and to give me exactly that place which they shall think I have occupied. About facts you and I cannot differ, because truth is our mutual guide. And if any opinions you may express shall be different from mine, I shall receive them with the liberality and indulgence which I ask for my own, and still cherish with warmth the sentiments of affectionate respect of which I can with so much truth render you the assurance."

This letter was in reply to one from Adams, indignantly denying an attributed sentiment. He says: "A man of seventy-seven or seventy-eight cannot commonly be expected to recollect promptly every passage of his past life or every trifle he has

written. Much less can it be expected of me to recollect every expression of every answer to an address, when for six months together I was compelled to answer addresses of all sorts from all quarters of the Union. For the honor of my country, I wish these addresses and answers were annihilated. For my own character and reputation, I wish every word of every address and every answer were published. You may expect many more expostulations from one who has loved and esteemed you for eight and thirty years."

But no one of Adams's letters more pathetically protests against popular prejudice than that which denies his responsibility for or sympathy with the Alien and Sedition laws. "This Alien law," he says, "was never executed by me in a single instance." Yet it was true that during his administration the Sedition law was in force to a degree of tyranny equal to that exercised in Russia. Matthew Lyon, a Vermont Congressman, was arrested for saying that Adams was a conceited egotist. For this offense he was imprisoned four months and fined four thousand dollars, a sum which Congress forty years later remitted to his heirs. Judge Peck of Otsego county in New York was arrested and carried three hundred miles from his home to be tried for the offense of circulating a petition requesting Congress to rescind the offensive acts.

In religion as well as politics the two friends had originally differed; but they came to as close accord in theology as in affairs of state. In both, in fact, Adams had adopted the larger views of Jefferson. He writes in July, 1813, that in his judgment "piety and morality were the end and object of the Christian system." He says: "I have more to say on religion. For more than sixty years I have been attentive to this great subject. Controversies between Calvinists and Arminians, Trinitarians and Unitarians, Deists and Christians, have attracted my attention whenever the singular life I have led would admit. I think I now can say I have read away bigotry, if not enthusiasm." In another letter he adds: "Conclude not from all this that I have renounced the Christian religion, or that I agree with Dupuis in all his sentiments. Far from it. I see in every page something to recommend Christianity, in its purity, and something to discredit its corruptions. If I had strength I would give you my opinion of it in a fable of the bees. The Ten Commandments and the Sermon on the Mount contain my religion." He refers more than once to a resolution which he formed as early as 1798, to write a formal essay giving his views of the Christian system. He tells Jefferson in 1813 that he has reflected much upon this resolution ever since, and even sketched the outline of such a monograph. But, like Benjamin Franklin's "System of Morality," it was projected, but never worked out.

Dr. Priestley was at this time a refugee from English mob violence hidden in the Pennsylvania woods. He was not yet known so much for his scientific discoveries as for his philosophic disquisitions. It was for the expression of liberal political sentiments that he had had his church burned and home sacked in England. Jefferson immediately sought him out with intellectual sympathy and desired to secure him at a later date as a teacher in the university he was founding. Adams was at first prejudiced against Priestley. The Alien law was framed to get rid of such men as Priestley and Gallatin. Fortunately for America as well as the rest of the world, it failed of ostracizing both. One became the glory of our small but growing group of scientists; the other, by his unequaled skill in finance, prevented the full evil of the Hamiltonian system from ever being felt. Our present system is a not

altogether congruous combination of the two.

In a letter of September, 1813, Adams enters upon an enthusiastic discussion of Dr. Priestley's doctrines of "Heathen Philosophy compared with those of Revelation." He speaks with unusual disregard for his older views, when he says: "God has infinite wisdom, goodness and power. His presence is as extensive as space. He created this speck of dirt and the human species for his glory and with the deliberate design of making nine-tenths of our species miserable forever for his glory! Now, my friend, can miracles or prophecies convince you or me that infinite benevolence, wisdom and power created and preserved for a time innumerable millions to make them miserable forever for his own glory? Is he ambitious? is he vain? tickled with adulation? exulting and triumphing in his power? Pardon me, my Maker! for these awful questions. My adoration of the Author of the universe is too profound to believe such things. The love of God and his creation; delight, joy, triumph, exultation in my own existence, are my religion." Then with true Adams pugnacity he adds: "Now, snarl, bite, ye Athanasian divines! ye will say I am no Christian. I say ye are no Christians, and there the account is balanced." Jefferson, although sorely provoked by the antagonism of the clergy during his first canvass, rarely indulged in even what might be called mild severity.

The correspondence soon turns to the terrorism of 1796–98, when President Adams was so scandalously betrayed by Pickering and Wolcott in his cabinet, and by Hamilton outside of it. He says: "You never felt the terrorism excited in 1793, when ten thousand people in the streets of Philadelphia day after day threatened to drag Washington out of his house and effect a revolution in government, or compel it to declare war in favor of the French Revolution and against England. I have no doubt you were fast asleep in philosophical tranquillity when ten thousand people were parading the streets of Philadelphia on the evening of my fast day, when my domestics in frenzy determined to sacrifice their lives in my defense; and I myself judged it prudent and necessary to order chests of arms from the war office to be brought through by-lanes and back doors, determined to defend my house at the expense of my life and the lives of the few domestics and friends within it." Jefferson, in his diary, referring to these days, does not make light of them, but evidently was less nervous and excitable in his temperament than his good friend from Massachusetts. It was certainly a day of great doubt and instability; and but for the cool, determined, unflinching Jefferson, republicanism would have lost the day.

It astonishes us at the present day to find these men, whom we have been accustomed to consider in the light of statesmen only, to have been after all as learned in Greek and metaphysics as Spinoza and Bentham. Adams exclaims in reply to a scholarly letter: "Lord, Lord, what can I do with so much Greek? When I was your age, young man! (that is seven or eight years ago) I felt a kind of pang of affection for one of the flames of my youth, and again paid my addresses to Isocrates. In this way I amused myself with lexicons and grammars; but I found that if I looked a word to-day, in less than a week I had to look it again. . . . Whenever I sit down to write to you I am precisely in the situation of the woodcutter on Mount Ida. I cannot see wood for trees; so many subjects crowd upon me that I know not with which to begin." He then launches out into a discussion of Belsham, Priestley, Aristotle, Cicero, and Xenophon. A letter of August following begins with a quotation of Greek verse, translated first into English and then into Latin. He

asks Jefferson what he thinks of his translation, and immediately branches off into a discussion of Greek history and philology.

Jefferson replied to the first of these letters after quoting three lines in Greek from one of the pastoral poets: "And I, too, my dear Sir, like the woodcutter of Ida would doubt where to begin were I to enter the forest of opinion, discussions and contentions which have occurred in our day. I should say with Theocritus,

Τι ῶξα του Χαταλεξω επει ῶαξα μυξία ειπην;

but I shall not do it. The *summum bonum* with me is now truly Epicurean ease of body and tranquillity of mind; and to these I wish to consign my remaining days. Men have differed in opinion, and have been divided into parties by these opinions, from the first origins of societies and under all government where they have been permitted freely to think and to speak. The same political parties which now agitate the United States have existed through all time." He then launches into this profound and prophetic discussion, which we shall find as useful in 1897 as in 1797 or as when it was reminiscently penned in 1813. He says:

"Whether the power of the people or *aristoi* should prevail were questions which kept the states of Greece and Rome in eternal convulsions; as they now schismatize every people whose minds and mouths are not shut up by the gag of a despot. And in fact the terms of Whig and Tory belong to natural as well as to civil history. They denote the temper and constitution of mind of different individuals. To come to our own country and the times when you and I became first acquainted, we well remember the violent parties which agitated the old Congress and their bitter contests. There you and I were together; and the Jays and the Dickinsons and other anti-independents were arrayed against us. They cherished the monarchy of England, and we the rights of our countrymen. When our present government was in the mew, passing from confederation to union, how bitter was the schism between the Feds and Antis! Here you and I were together again. For although for a moment separated by the Atlantic from the scene of action, I favored the opinion that nine states should confirm the Constitution in order to secure it, and the others hold off until certain amendments deemed favorable to freedom should be made. I rallied in the first instance to the wiser proposition of Massachusetts, that all should confirm and then all instruct their delegates to urge those amendments. The amendments were made, and all were reconciled to the government. But as soon as it was put into motion, the line of division was again drawn. We broke into two parties, each wishing to give the government a different direction, the one to strengthen the most popular branch, the other the more permanent branches, and to extend their permanence. Here you and I separated for the first time; and as we had been longer than most others on the public theatre, and our names therefore were more familiar to our countrymen, the party that considered you as thinking with them placed your name at their head; the other for the same reason selected mine. But neither decency nor inclination permitted us to become the advocates of ourselves, or to take personally part in the violent contests which followed. We suffered ourselves, as you so well expressed it, to be passive subjects of public discussion. And these discussions, whether relating to men, measures or opinions, were conducted by the parties with an animosity, a bitterness and an indecency which had never been exceeded. All the resources of reason and of wrath were exhausted by each party in support of its own and to prostrate the adversary opinion. One was upbraided with receiving the Anti-federalist, the other the old Tories and refugees into their bosom. Of this acrimony the public papers of the day exhibit ample testimony, in the debates of Congress, of State legislatures, of stump orators, in addresses, answers and newspaper essays; and to these without question may be added the private correspondences of individuals. . . . I have no stomach to revive the memories of those feelings. Shall you and I, my dear sir, at our age, like Priam of old, gird on the *arma, diu desueta, trementibus aevo humeris?* Shall we at our age become the atheletæ of party, and exhibit ourselves as gladiators in the arena of the newspapers? Nothing in the universe could induce me to do it. My mind has been long fixed to bow to the judgment of the world, who will judge by my acts, and will never take counsel from me as to what that judgment shall be."

This philosophical method of looking at the past, and enduring unjust judgment was more in accordance with the temper of Jefferson than that

of Adams. And Jefferson well understood this. He soothingly adds:

"If your objects and opinions have been misunderstood, if the measures and principles of others have been imputed wrongfully to you, as I believe they have been, that you should leave an explanation of them would be an act of justice to yourself. I will add that it had been hoped that you would leave such explanations as would leave every saddle on the right horse. But all this, my friend, is offered merely for your consideration and judgment, without presuming to anticipate what you alone are qualified to describe for yourself. To me it appears that there have been differences of opinion and party differences from the first establishment of government to the present day, and on the same questions which now divide our own country; that these will continue through all future time; that every one takes his side in favor of the one or the other, according to his constitution; that opinions which are equally honest on both sides should not affect personal esteem or social intercourse; that as we judge between the Claudii and the Grachii, the Wentworths and the Hampdens of past ages, so of those among us, whose names may happen to be remembered for a while, the next generations will judge favorably or unfavorably according to the complexion of individual mind; that nothing new can be added by you or me to what has been said by others, and will be said in every age, in support of the conflicting opinions on government; and that wisdom and duty dictate an humble resignation to the verdict of our future peers. In doing this myself, I shall certainly not suffer moot questions to affect the sentiments of sincere friendship and respect consecrated to you by so long a course of time, and of which I now repeat sincere assurances."

These passages clearly show us the masterly influence of Jefferson over his more irascible, although equally noble and learned friend. We cannot but wonder whether if these men were now living they would have any peculiarly strong influence upon American politics. Has the size of the country become so great that no man, except by force of incident or accident, can secure great popular influence? Or have we altogether outgrown this sort of men, and become largely the victims of a much shallower set of politicians? Questions of finance were perhaps as much dependent upon experiment and experience then as now. Both parties, however, were as dogmatically assertive as our living disputants. That which most amazes us is to find in Jefferson so much of the popular leader combined with so much of the student.

The correspondence soon begins to discuss Priestley's Essays; and Adams drops quite into the rôle of a follower. Jefferson writes, still in 1813:

"It is with great pleasure I can inform you that Priestley finished the doctrines of the philosophers of antiquity and of Jesus before his death. And with greater pleasure that I can have a copy of this work forwarded from Philadelphia by a correspondent there, and present it to your acceptance by the same mail which carries you this, or very soon after. The branch of the work which the title announces is executed with learning and candor, as was everything which Priestley wrote; but perhaps a little hastily, for he felt himself pressed by the hand of death."

In August, 1815, Adams writes asking who shall write the real history of the American Revolution. Already several histories had appeared strongly biased by partisanship. Jefferson answers:

"Who can write it? and who will ever be able to write it? Nobody, except in its merely external facts, all its counsels, designs and discussions having been discussed by Congress with closed doors, and no member, so far as I know, having even made notes of them. These, which are the life and soul of history, must forever be unknown. Botta, as you observe, has put his own speculations and reasonings into the mouths of persons whom he names, but who you and I know never made such speeches. In this he has followed the example of the ancients, who made their great men deliver long speeches, all of them in the same style and in that of the authors themselves. The work is nevertheless a good one; more judicious, more chaste, more classical and more true than the party diatribe of Marshall. Its greatest fault is in having taken too much from him. I possess the work, and often recur to considerable portions of it, although I never read it through. But a very judicious and well-informed neighbor of mine went through it with great attention, and spoke very highly of it. I have said that no member of the old Congress as far as I knew made note of the discussions. I

did not know of the speeches you mention of Dickinson and Witherspoon. But on the question of Independence and on the two articles of Confederation respecting taxing and voting, I myself took minutes of the heads of the arguments. On the first, I threw all into one mass, without ascribing to the speakers their respective arguments, pretty much in the manner of Hume's Digests of the Reasons in Parliament for and against a measure. On the last, I stated the heads of arguments used by each speaker. But the whole of my notes on the question of Independence does not occupy more than five pages, such as of this letter; and on the other questions two such sheets. They have never been communicated to any one. Do you know there exists in manuscripts the ablest work of this kind ever yet executed of the debates of the Constitutional Convention in Philadelphia in 1787? The whole of everything said and done there was taken down by Mr. Madison, with a labor and exactness beyond comprehension."

He adds as postscript: "I had finished my letter yesterday, and this morning received the news of Bonaparte's second abdication. Very well; for him personally I have no feeling but reprobation. The representatives of the nation have deposed him; they have taken the Allies at their word, that they had no object in the war but his removal." But with shrewd statesmanship he adds: "They are already parceling out among themselves Poland, Belgium, Saxony, Italy, dictating a ruler and government to France, and looking askance at our republic, the splendid libel on their government."

A little later Jefferson writes:

"You ask if I would agree to live my seventy or rather seventy-three years over again. To which I say, yes. I think with you that it is a good world on the whole; that it has been framed on a principle of benevolence, and more pleasure than pain dealt out to us. My temperament is sanguine. I steer my bark with hope at the head, leaving fear astern. My hopes indeed sometimes fail, but not oftener than the forebodings of the gloomy. There are, I acknowledge, in the happiest life some terrible convulsions, as heavy set-offs against the opposite page of the account. I have often wondered for what good end the sensations of grief could be intended. All our other passions within proper bounds have a useful object. And the perfection of the moral character is not in a stoical apathy, but in a just equilibrium of all the passions. I wish the pathologists would tell us what is the use of grief in the economy, and of what good it is the cause, proximate or remote."

Mr. Adams had not the sanguine temperament which enabled him to look upon life with the same calm satisfaction.

In reply to Adams, who was an omnivorous reader, Jefferson says:

"Forty-three volumes read in one year, and twelve of them quarto! Dear sir! how I envy you! Half a dozen octavos in that space of time is as much as I am allowed. I can read by candle light only, stealing long hours from my rest. Nor would that time be indulged to me, could I by that light see to write. From sunrise to one or two o'clock, and from dinner to dark, I am drudging at the writing table; and all this to answer letters into which neither interest nor inclination on my part enter. Yet, writing civilly, it is hard to refuse them civil answers. This is the burden of my life, a very grievous one indeed, and one which I must get rid of. The result of your fifty or sixty years of religious reading you sum up in the four words, Be just and good. It is that in which all our inquiries must end. What all agree in is probably right; what no two agree in, most probably wrong. One of our fancolored biographers, who paints small men as very great, inquired of me lately, with real affection too, whether he might consider as authentic the change in my religion, much spoken of in some circles. My answer was: Say nothing of my religion. It is known to my God and myself alone. Its evidence before the world is to be sought in my life. If that has been honest and dutiful to society, the religion which has regulated it cannot be a bad one. Affectionally,

"Thomas Jefferson."

This remarkable correspondence lasted until very near the departure of the participants from this life, in 1826. Toward the end both Adams and Jefferson complained of decrepitude; yet their mental faculties remained clear. Adams is inclined perhaps more readily than ever to see the darker side of events; Jefferson, collected and calm, never loses the marvelous optimism with which he inspired American institutions. May 19, 1821, Adams writes: "Must we before we take our departure from

this grand and beautiful world surrender all our pleasing hopes of the progress of society, of the improvement of the intellect, and the moral conditions of the world, of the reformation of mankind? I may refine too much, I may be an enthusiast, but I think a free government is a complicated piece of machinery, the nice and exact adjustment of whose springs, wheels and weights is not yet well comprehended by the artists of the age, and still less by the people." In another letter he suggests: "If I were a Calvinist I might pray that God by a miracle of divine grace would instantaneously convert a whole contaminated nation from turpitude to purity. Will you tell me how to prevent riches from becoming the effects of temperance and industry? Will you tell me how to prevent those same riches from producing luxury?" To all such questions and suggestions Jefferson responds with brightness and an upward look. But when it comes to the Missouri question and the Missouri Compromise, they are not far apart. Adams says: "I know it is high treason to express a doubt of the perpetual duration of our vast American empire and our free institutions. But I am sometimes Cassandra enough to dream that another Hamilton, another Burr, might rend this mighty fabric in twain; and a few more choice spirits of the same stamp might produce as many nations in North America as there are in Europe."

In October of 1823 Jefferson writes:

"I do not use the pen with the ease which your letter of September supposes. Crippled wrists and fingers make writing slow and laborious; but while writing to you I lose the sense of these things in the recollection of ancient times when youth and health made happiness out of everything. I forget for awhile the hoary winter of age, when we can think of nothing but how to keep ourselves warm, and how to get rid of our heavy hours, until the friendly hands of death shall rid us of all at once. I am fortunately mounted on a hobby, which I should have better managed some thirty or forty years ago, but whose easy amble is still sufficient to give exercise and amusement to an octogenary writer. This is the establishment of a University on a scale more comprehensive than William and Mary; but the tardiness with which such things proceed may render it doubtful whether I shall live to see it go into action. I add sincere assurances of my unabated and constant attachment."

This noble tribute to their friendship, taking the letter in its entirety, is one of the finest products to be found in human correspondence.

Adams writes, January 22, 1825:

"Your letter revived me. It is true that my hearing has been very good, but the last year it has decayed so much that I am in a worse situation than you are. I cannot hear any of the common conversation of my family, without calling upon them to repeat it in a louder tone. Your university is a noble employment in your old age, and your ardor for its success does you honor; but I do not approve of your sending to Europe for tutors and professors. Europeans are deeply tainted with prejudices both ecclesiastical and temporal, which they can never get rid of."

It is interesting to find that both these great men are looking forward as well as backwards, and discuss questions pertaining to theology and religion more continuously in their later correspondence. The last letter I can find from Adams is dated January 23, 1825. It is a sharp arraignment of current theological views, and asserts the general principle that religious and political freedom must keep pace with each other. He rejoices that bigotry is passing away as rapidly as aristocracy. He wishes all laws punishing free inquiry to be directly abrogated; adding that "the substance and essence of Christianity as I understand it is eternal and unchangeable, and will bear examination forever; but it has been mixed with extraneous ingredients, which I think will not bear examination, and they ought to be separated."

He turns with delicious interest in these later letters to discuss the character and prospects of his "John,"

who was just then to follow Monroe as president of the United States. No other man up to the present time has ever lived to become president himself and to see his son elected to the same supreme office.

The end was approaching. Jefferson lived long enough to encourage Monroe to form an alliance with Great Britain against the despotic forces of Europe; which is now half known by the people as the "Monroe Doctrine." This was the fitting close to a career that began with declaring independence of Great Britain. Jefferson himself said: "It is the most momentous question since that of Independence. That made us a nation; this sets our compass and points the course which we are to steer through the ocean of time opening on us. By acceding to the proposition of England, we detach her from the band of despots, bring her mighty weight into the scale of free government, and emancipate our continent at a single stroke."

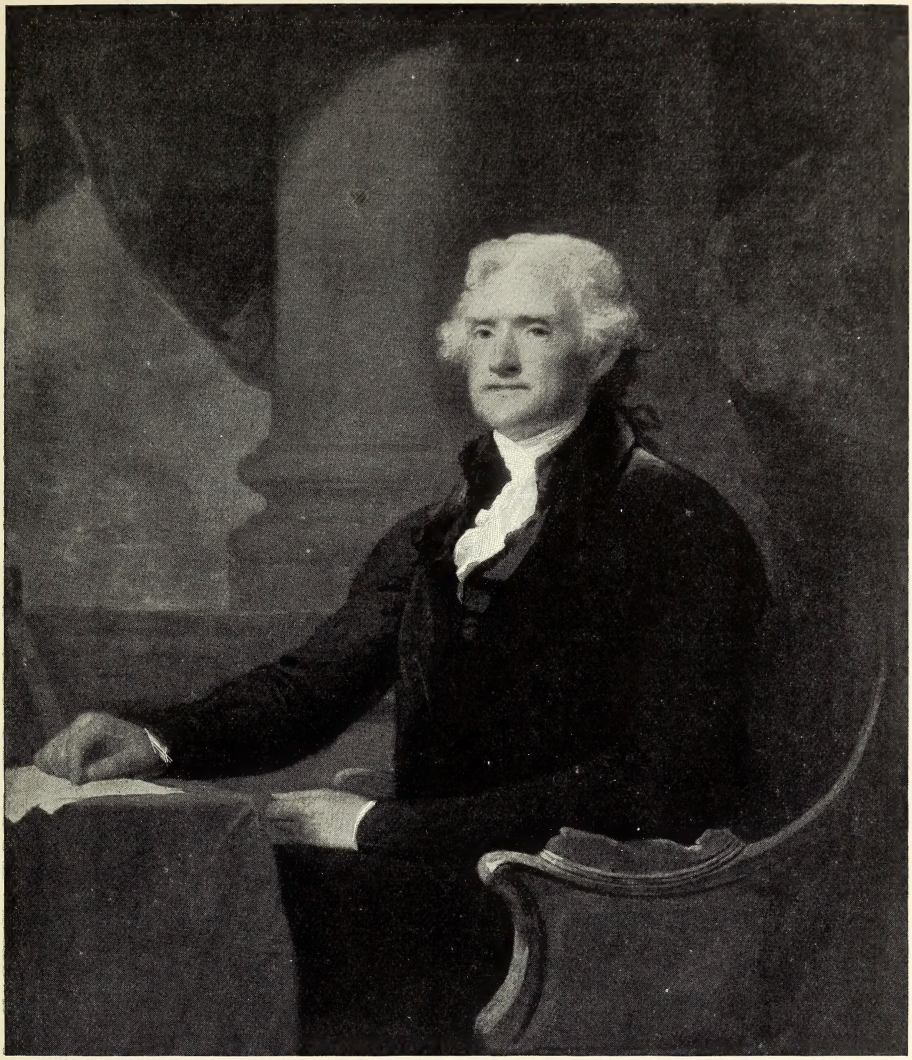
July 4, 1826, found both Adams and Jefferson prostrated and dying. Neither knew of the other's condition. They were nine days apart. Adams dreaded to leave the scene of his life work. He longed still to act for his country. Turning his mind to his trusted friend, he whispered with his last breath: "But Jefferson still lives." So sublime was his confidence in the great Virginian that, if he still lived, the country would be safe. I know of no tribute to friendship like this in all history. Jefferson at the same hour was passing behind the curtain to grasp the hand of his loved brother in another life. They died on the Fourth of July, 1826. So slow was the transmission of intelligence that President John Quincy Adams held a levee five days after his father's death, not knowing the event.

It was to these two, the great commoner of the Puritans and the great commoner of the Cavaliers, more than to any others, that the United States owes its federal character of states, and the broad liberty of its individual citizens. Not only did they initiate these two principles in our institutional building; but only by their united and their separate vigilance did it come about that afterwards we did not lose both, in the inchoate years of experiment. The party of pure monarchists was not small—made up of Tories who were gradually allowed political influence. But much larger was the party of doubters of the success of democracy. "Democracy is our disease," said Ames. Hamilton had declared the most appropriate name for the new nation would be "A Federal Monarchy." In 1791 he said: "I own it is my opinion, though I do not publish it from Dan to Beersheba, that the present government is not that which will answer the end of society, and that it will be found expedient to go into the British form." Unfortunately he did publish these opinions, if not from Dan to Beersheba, at least from Boston to New Orleans.

It is impossible for us now to look back, unless by a most profound study of history, to enter into the difficulties of the situation during the administration of Washington and that of Adams. Washington complained that every step was on new soil. There were no precedents to work from. The people did not know how far to trust democracy. The better educated believed that ruling should be done only by themselves. Wealth had great claims and asserted them. Aristocracy of blood was eminent, especially in New York. That the people could be trusted to discuss and vote on all questions of State and Church few were confident. Adams's administration was the seat of war of the conservative semi-monarchists with the believers in the people. Hamilton was a mighty leader to overcome. His theory of finance was that a great debt was a blessing. He not only advocated a

president for life, and a senate for life, but he would have the states subject to subdivision at the will of Congress. He insisted on a standing army of 50,000, with himself in command, after Washington, who was superannuated. Adams, himself a Federalist, and believing very little in universal suffrage, by not yielding to Hamilton, won his malignant hate. New England had shame enough to endure; but nothing from the Adamses. The president was unflinching. He led off all alone on the road of popular liberties. That road led him finally into alliance with Jefferson. In 1800 occurred "the second Revolution that created American Independence." It involved the defeat of Adams and the election of Jefferson in his place. Jefferson was constituted for a popular leader. Adams was not. The nation in the hands of Federal leaders was likely not to confirm the doctrine of the Declaration of Independence, that all men are born equal,—"a venturous declaration." But Jefferson believed it with all his soul. As president he acted upon it. He knew Adams better than Adams knew himself. In his old age the latter denied he had ever had the least sympathy with aristocrats. But Wendell Phillips was not altogether wrong when he omitted John Adams, and said: "What Wyclif did for religion, Jefferson and Sam Adams did for the State: they trusted it to the people. Their serene faith completed the gift which the Anglo-Saxon race makes to humanity. We have not only established a new measure of the possibilities of the race; we have laid on strength, wisdom and skill a new responsibility." Yet it must be conceded that whatever sympathies Adams expressed with the rule of the few, when it came to action no man was more stubbornly the friend of the masses. We not only have the pleasure of seeing these two men, Jefferson and John Adams, forming the arch of 1776, under which the new nation marched into its heritage, but that of 1800, under which American aristocracy returned into perpetual obscurity. Jefferson, with all his tact, optimism, statesmanship and devotion, would have failed to hold the country together but for the honor, integrity, patriotism and love of John Adams. The effort to form a Northern Confederacy failed in 1803. Burr failed in 1807 to cleave off the Southwest. The disloyal men of the Hartford Convention failed in 1814. Working together, the Union finally became cemented. They were no longer needed to shore up popular liberty. They were permitted, by a beautiful tribute from Heaven, to pass on together—almost a direct indorsement of God—on the anniversary of the Declaration of Independence.

The love of Adams and Jefferson was not alone among the loves of the founders of our institutions. Harriet Martineau, in 1836, visiting Madison, noted the peculiar attachment of that eminent man to Jefferson. Jefferson seems not only to have won the people, but almost all the great men of his time. In his last letter to Madison, quoted by Miss Martineau, he says: "The friendship which has subsisted between us now half a century, and the harmony of our political principles and pursuits, have been sources of constant happiness to me through that long period. It has been a great solace to me to believe that you are engaged in vindicating to posterity the course we have pursued for preserving to them, in all their purity, the blessings of self-government,—which we had assisted, too, in acquiring for them. If ever the earth has beheld a system of administration conducted with a single and steadfast eye to the general interests and happiness of those committed to it, one which, protected by truth, can never know reproach, it is that to which our lives have been devoted. To myself you have been a pillar of support through life. Take



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THOMAS JEFFERSON.

From an original painting by Gilbert Stuart.

care of me when I am dead, and be assured that I shall leave with you my last affections."

The love of Jefferson for Madison was probably warmer than that for Adams, while his admiration for the two men was more nearly equal. The creators of our nation were men elevated above political envy and selfishness. Washington, Franklin, Jefferson, Madison, Adams, Monroe, were of this type; but close at their heels was a pack of veritable hounds in politics. Never since have such unscrupulous measures been proposed or plots been laid. Perhaps never since have men of such might and such purity of purpose been needed to circumvent plots laid at the very foundation of all that constitutes American prosperity and progress.



THE SONG OF RESURRECTION.

By Julia Zitella Cocke.

HARK! the sons of God are shouting the glad day of resurrection!
And the universe is thrilling to its farthest, faintest verge;
While the myriad starry spaces shine with bright angelic faces,
In supernal rapture beaming as the anthems swell and surge!

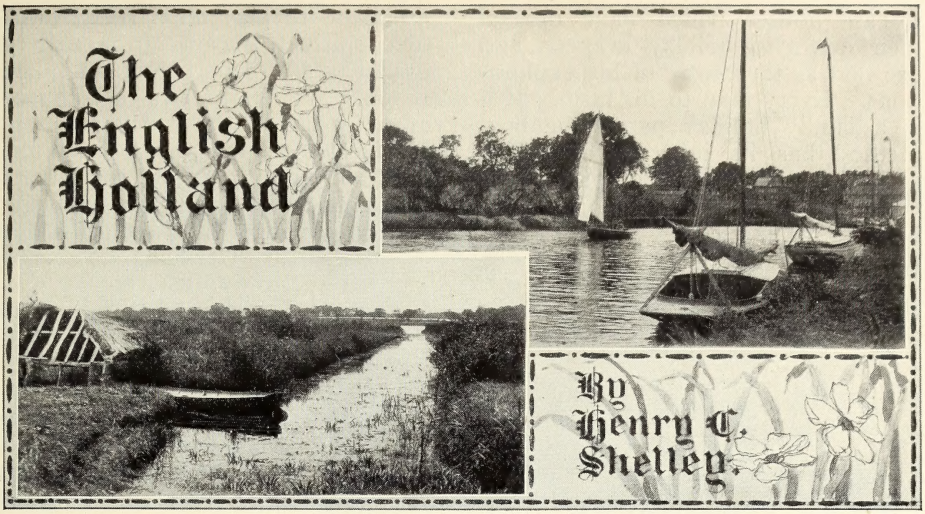
Hark! the morning stars are singing the glad song of resurrection!
And the flaming cherubim and seraphim the tidings tell.
Death is death no more, but sleeping, and the grave is in His keeping,
Who hath conquered hosts of darkness and the mighty powers of hell!

Hark! the angelic hierarchy chant the hymn of resurrection!
And a voice is borne in answer from immeasurably far.
"Lo! 'tis I who once betrayed Him; think ye now I can upbraid Him,
As I hear your song of triumph burst in joy from star to star?

"I, who nearer still and nearer, with each dawn of resurrection,
O ye blessed ones, am coming to the peace of the redeemed,
To the holy, heavenly mansion, waiting for my soul's expansion,
And the beatific vision which for ages I have dreamed;

"Yea, in mine own place still longing for that day of resurrection,
Which shall lift my soul triumphant from the stain and shame of sin
To the presence of that Savior who forgives the base behavior
Of the penitent betrayer, and shall bid him enter in."

Then the angels sang exultant the glad song of resurrection,
And the harping of the harpers burst in joy from star to star;
For with penitential yearning, lo! a sinner was returning,
And a soul was traveling heavenward from illimitably far.

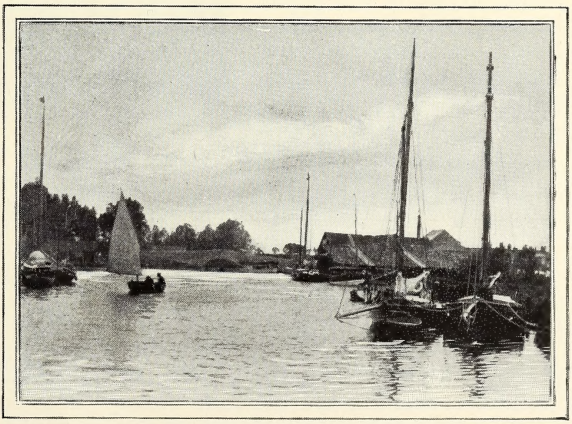


With Illustrations from Photographs by the Author.

THERE are good reasons why one might call this sketch and its subject the English Venice as well as the English Holland. A county instead of a city, massive wherries and dainty yachts instead of gondolas, mill-towers and church steeples instead of palaces—such are the differences between Norfolk and Venice. But the essential likeness is the same; both in the city of the Adriatic and the English county the chief highways are waterways. Where the choice of transit lies between the hard roadway and the limpid path of river or Broad, the Norfolk man never hesitates which to take.

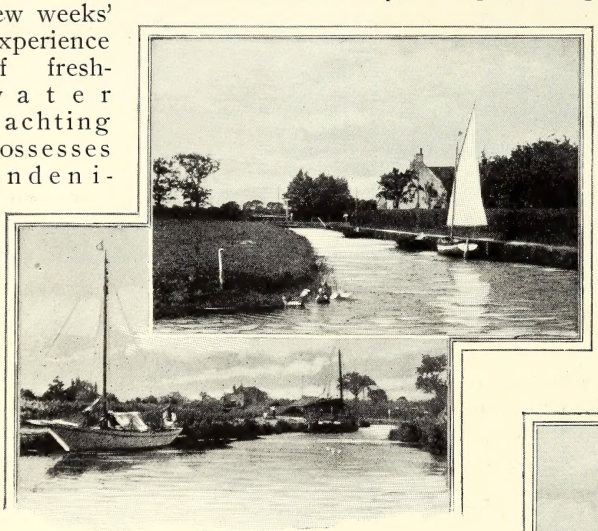
But what are the Norfolk Broads? Roughly speaking, they are a series of small fresh water lakes connected by rivers and dykes. The word "Broad" is generally interpreted by its surface meaning; i. e., a piece of water which has broadened out from its original narrow channel. Altogether these Broads and their connecting rivers furnish forth some two hundred miles of waterway, providing unlimited scope for yachting, fishing, or shooting.

There are two methods of seeing the Norfolk Broads. The visitor may hire one of the characteristic boats of the district and thread the two hundred miles of waterway in as leisurely a fashion as befits the time at his disposal; or he may make his home in one of the many farm or

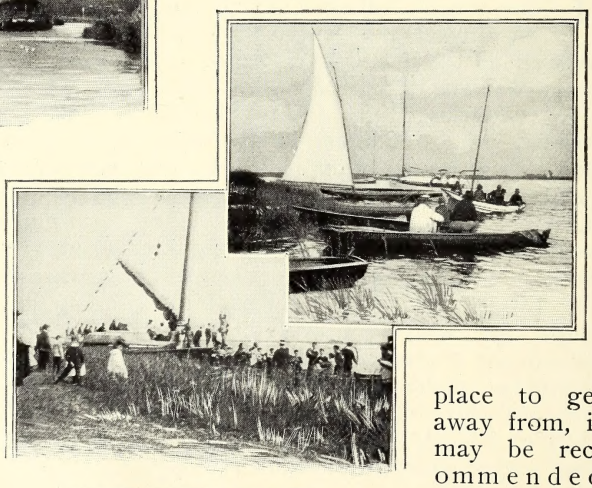


WROXHAM BRIDGE.

private houses which have opened their doors to holiday keepers, and use that as the centre of his explorations. Every man to his taste. If it is a family holiday party, the boat method has its inherent difficulties and discomforts; if the party only comprises two or more young men bent on an unconventional holiday, a few weeks' experience of fresh-water yachting possesses undeniable attractions. Perhaps the real charm of the Broads does not reveal itself to those who make choice of the house instead of the boat; they know nothing of the soothing luxury of being lulled to sleep by the soughing of the wind-swayed rushes, or the gentle lapping of the water against the boat's side; not theirs the keen-edged appetite which relishes even the most primitively-served meal amid unusual surroundings.

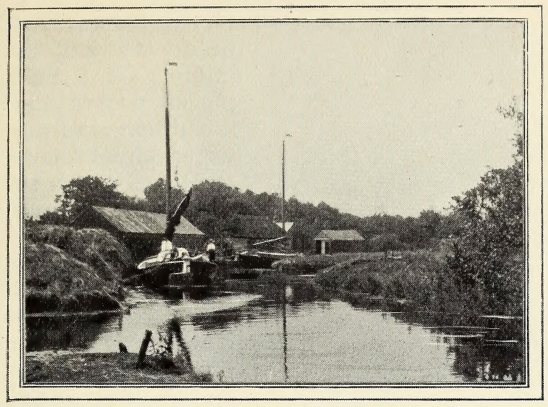


HICKLING AND STALHAM STAITHES.



WATCHING THE REGATTA.

Wroxham is a favorite starting place with those who elect the boat method of visiting the Broads; but it is by no means an ideal centre for those who wish the unworn beauty of Broadland to play upon their town-jaded spirits. Because it is such a popular port of departure it has taken on too many of the airs of a tourist resort; it has all the bad qualities of *urbe in rus*. There are shops in the transition state from the rural store to the city emporium; hotels with "pleasure-gardens" and bands "made in Germany"; merry-go-rounds which aim at greater conquests than village fairs; Aunt-Sallys which too painfully recall Bank-Holiday memories of Greenwich Park and Hampstead Heath. One does not travel a hundred miles from London for such commonplaces as these. But because Wroxham is a good place to get away from, it may be recommended as the starting point for a cruise among the Broads. Here, where the river Bure widens out to a respectable breadth, boats are plentiful, though it would be the height of folly to leave the chartering of one's craft until the hour of arrival. Such a policy would probably achieve an unlooked for Nemesis either in a vain effort to secure a yacht, or in such an experience of Hobson's choice as



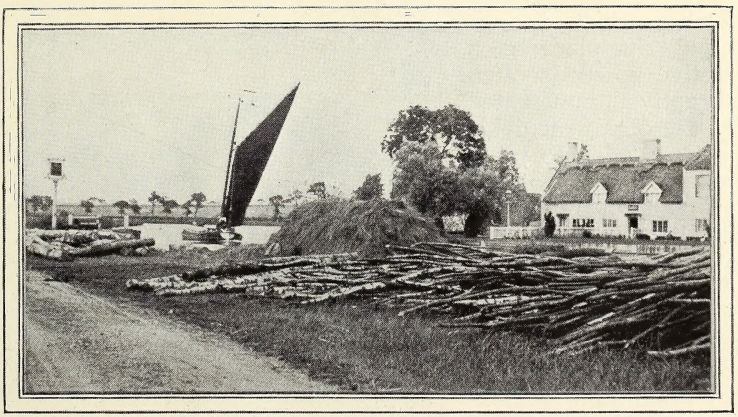
CATFIELD STAITHE.

would not add to the pleasure of the trip.

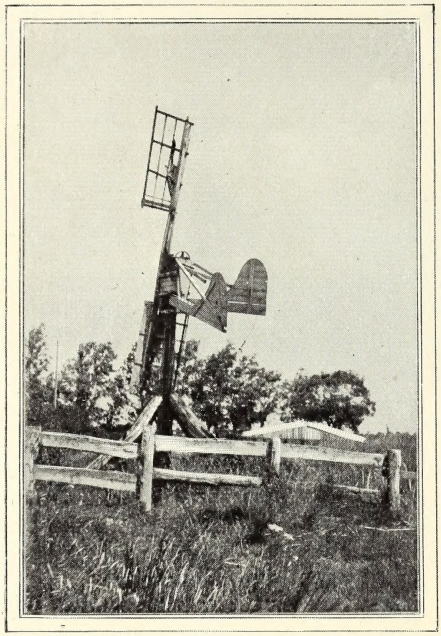
The visitor to the Broads will soon make the acquaintance of one of the most typical words of the district, i. e., "Staithe"; but he will probably reflect little on the period of English history from which it has survived. Those Danish hordes which the pirate fleets of the Norwegian fiords poured upon the coasts of East Anglia in the ninth century brought with them copious additions to the place-names of the districts they spoiled, and this word "Staithe" is one of the memorials of their visits. Originally, perhaps, the word meant an abode or station; but it soon took on a new shade of meaning by being used to describe a portion of the foreshore of a river kept up by faggots,—and hence its application today to the innumerable landing places of the rivers and dykes in the Broads. Sometimes these staithes are the public quays of villages or towns, but in many cases—at Catfield, for example—they are the private wharves of wherry owners. Even in the latter circumstances the holiday seeker will only have his own behavior to blame if he is not made free of their use.

Save, perhaps, for that held at Wroxham, the regattas of the various Broads are simply rural festivities of an aquatic kind. They make no stir in the yachting world; their rivalries find no record in the London press. Each competitor is known to each, and all to the spectators. An amateur band, a few stalls sacred to ginger-beer, biscuits and vinegar-soused whelks, a liberal provision of wicker-cased gallon jars of ale, a display of the most suitable summer attire procurable from rural stores,—such are the outward furnishings of a Broads regatta. But enjoyment loses none of its edge. Doctor measures his sailing skill with rector, schoolmaster strives for victory with farmer, and all will hoard up memories of the day as food for village talk until the revolving year brings back the opportunity to reverse defeats or win new renown.

Amid the fleets of snow-white-



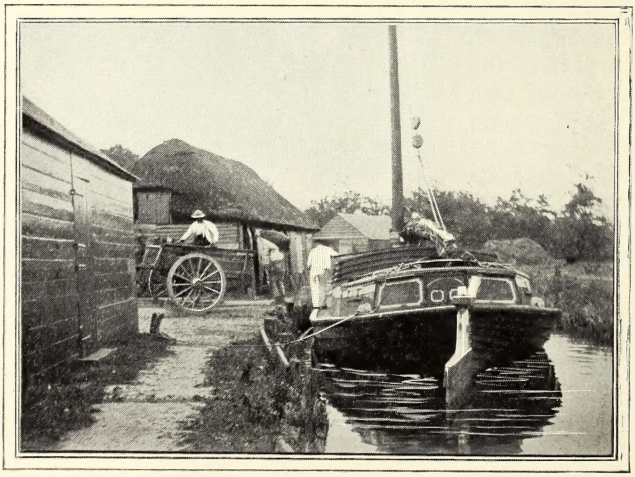
WHERRY ON THE BURE.



sailed yachts which crowd Broads and rivers alike during the summer months, the characteristic wherry of the district asserts its individuality with dignified persistence. These sturdy craft, sometimes of seventy tons burden, constitute one of the chief carrying powers of the Broads, and the adroit manner in which they are sailed up narrow dykes or quanted along in a dead calm impresses the visitor as a unique exhibition of sailing skill. Although they seem so unwieldy, these wherries can attain a speed of seven or eight miles an hour in a strong wind, and their huge brown sails often lend to the landscapes amid which they move a tone of warmth very agreeable to the eye.

The dyke is an essential feature of the Broads landscape; too frequently its presence is aggressively felt. When the wind dies away, the towing which has to supply its place as a motive power is often abruptly punctuated by the persistent dyke, just too wide to jump and yet narrow enough to make a return to the boat wear the air of a cowardly retreat. A judicious distribution of wide planks among the Norfolk Broads would tend to the diminution of profane language. But even these dykes have their uses for beauty as well as utility. On their placid waters the broad leaves of the water lilies lave themselves in freshness and open out their golden and snowy blossoms to charge the air with a perfume as rare in quality as a nightingale's song. There are degrees of dignity in Norfolk dykes. The narrowest only serve as drains for fields or give access to a private landing; the broadest are the highways of the trading wherries and lead to the ports of villages.

Horning Ferry, with its quaint old inn, with its band of singing children who cultivate melody for the base reward of coppers, has always been a popular halting place with visitors to the Broads. Certainly along the reaches of the Bure from Wroxham



UNLOADING A NORFOLK WHERRY.

to St. Benet's Abbey there are few river-side pictures so arresting as Horning Street and Horning Ferry,—the former with its picturesquely massed warehouses and wind-



HORNING FERRY.

courses of rivers by these mills. But steam is fatal here to the picturesque; as it has been in other phases of English rural life. Most of the old windmills are falling into



NEAR WOMACK BROAD.



POTTER HEIGHAM CHURCH.

mill, the latter with its bosky trees and reduplication of shadows in the river's placid mirror. At the Ferry many a merry summer evening party has met to live over again the delights of the day; and this old-world hostel must linger in the memory of thousands who owe to it

"In hours of weariness, sensations sweet,
Felt in the blood, and felt along the heart."

A young lad fresh from India, who spent a holiday in the Broads, is reported to have employed all his days in making toy windmills. That was his tribute to the presiding genius of the district. It was quite natural; even the most inattentive observer cannot fail to be impressed by the ubiquity of windmills among the Broads. Of course the bulk of them were built for drainage purposes, and it is often possible to map out the decay, and ere many generations are gone they will have vanished altogether. Happily the quaint boat-yards which relieve the banks of river and Broad here and there have a more tenacious hold on existence:

"Covering many a rood of ground,
Lay the timber piled around;
Timber of chestnut, and elm, and oak,
And scattered here and there, with these,
The knarred and crooked cedar knees."

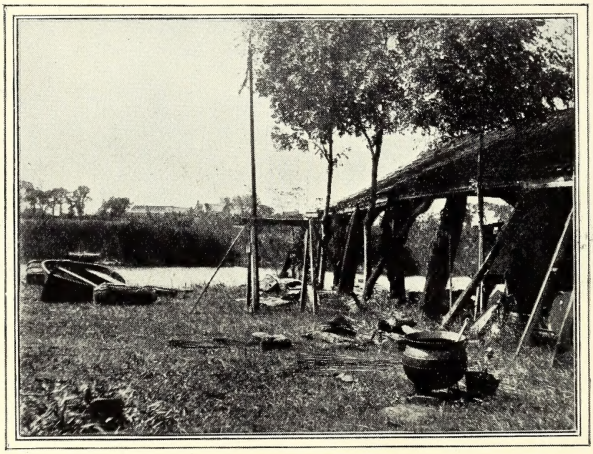
No anglers' stories wear such an air of fable as those which are told among the Norfolk Broads. The most plentiful fish is the bream; and here it is possible to realize that French proverb which measures the warmth of one's welcome of a friend by the quantity of bream in one's pond. Old Izaac asserts that in water and air to its taste the bream will grow as "fat as a hog"; and the



AN EEL FISHER'S HOME.

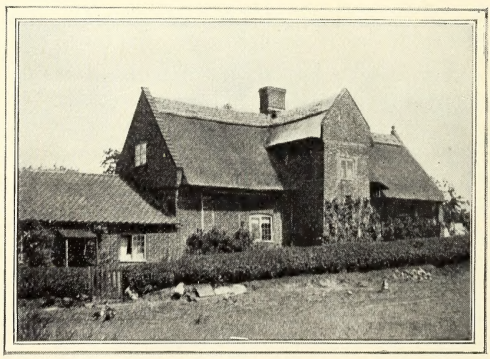
fact that the fish sometimes attains a weight of ten pounds proves the aquatic and atmospheric conditions of the Broads to be wholly to its liking. Eels, too, must find these waters congenial to existence; and many tons of that savory fish find their way from the Norfolk Broads to the London market. The eel fisher's boat with a rude hut covering it in, often greets the visitor from amid its thicket of rushes, a suggestive survival of a time when the conditions of life were simpler and ruder than in this nineteenth century.

It is commonly believed that some of the Broads are fast growing up. One authority on the district points out with reference to a certain Broad that the vegetation grows rankly and dies down, and so adds a layer both in thickness and extent to the shallow margin. When, by a repetition of this process, the mud reaches the surface, the roots of the reeds and grasses make it firmer each year, until at last it can be drained and turned into dry land. Stalham Broad is said to be illustrating this process; but an "oldest inhabitant" scornfully protested that the Broad is as big to-day as at any time within his memory. Womack Broad has had a curious experience. At one period this consisted of nearly fifty acres of water, but during a storm a floating island was blown into its midst and, anchoring on a shallow spot, has turned some of its area into a boggy swamp. Thus it has come about that Womack is now little more than a narrow river channel.



A NORFOLK BOATYARD.

The architecture of the Broads, both domestic and ecclesiastical, harmonizes with the spirit of the district. It is true that at such places as there are not wanting examples of Mr. Ruskin's pet abomination, modern villas "with patent every-



A NORFOLK HOMESTEAD.

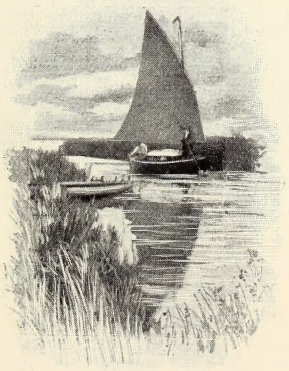


COTTAGES AT LUDHAM.

things going by themselves everywhere"; and the "restorer" has been at work on some of the churches. But the further one penetrates into the heart of Broadland the less one sees of modern influence. The churches, with their round towers and thatched roofs—of which that of Potter Heigham is a good type—recreate a medieval atmosphere and enable us to bridge the "gulf of mystery" that lies between us and the old English. The cottages, with their bright little windows and trim gardens stocked with the old favorite out-of-fashion flowers, make the heart to fall in love with rural life; and here and there a homestead peeps from amid embowering trees to recall the home memories which are wakened by Hood's well-known lines:

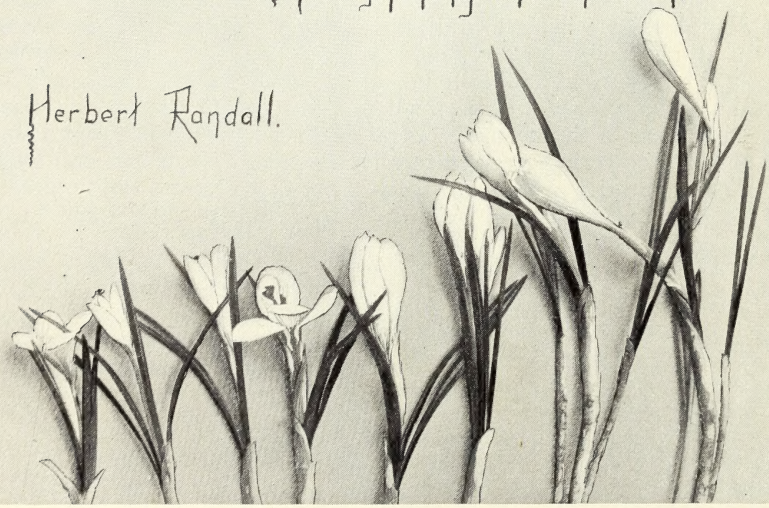
"I remember, I remember,
The house where I was born,
The little window where the sun
Came peeping in at morn;
He never came a wink too soon,
Nor brought too long a day;
But now, I often wish the night
Had borne my breath away."

When at length the last mile has been sailed and a tender farewell taken of these peaceful meadows and reed-bound waters, one realizes how impossible it is to convey to others any adequate idea of the subtle charm of Broadland. Among the granite and slate mountains of Central Europe there grows, in the clefts of rocks and in dimly-lit caves, a delicate little plant which has been christened with the name of "Luminous Moss." If the botanist peers into these dusky recesses, he will see, amid the gloom, innumerable golden-green points of light, which sparkle and gleam as though small emeralds had been scattered over the floor. But if he grasps some of these alluring jewels and examines his prize in the glare of open day, he will find that he has nothing in his hand but dull lustreless earth. The Luminous Moss only reveals its beauty when seen amid its natural surroundings. It is so with the Norfolk Broads. No words can express their peculiar charm; no pictures can hope to delineate their quiet beauty.



A group of sunlit fairies
Is at my door to day;
Their white wings gaily flutter
As passing breezes play;
I half suspect some ruthless Wind
Will carry them away.
But I have caught their music—
A glad unbroken strain:
It promises the summer
Where winter snows have lain,
And rosy rainbows arching through
The lightning and the rain.

Herbert Randall.

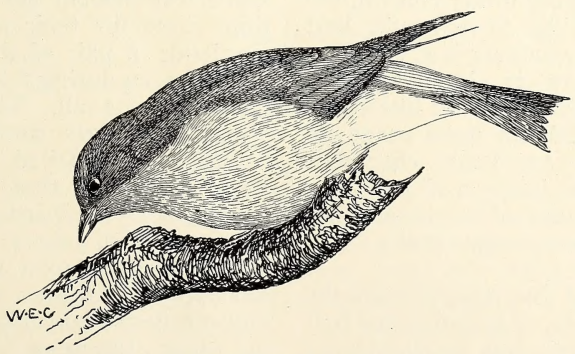


SPRING BIRDS OF NEW ENGLAND.

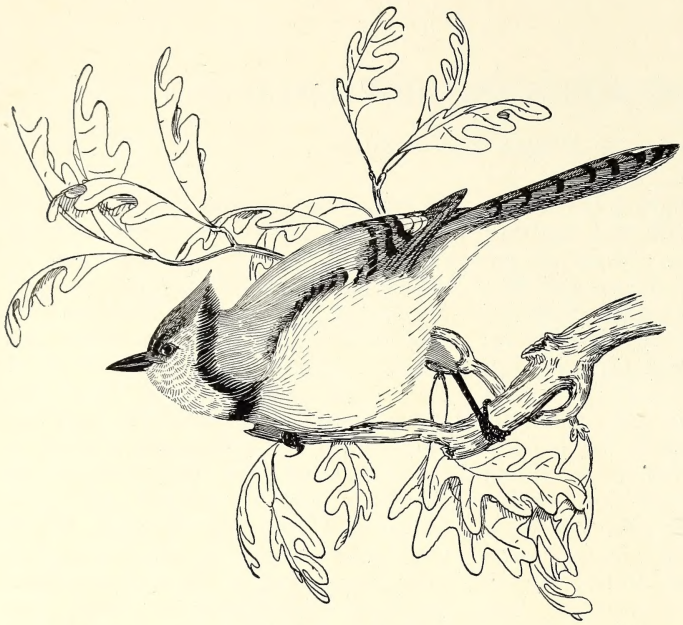
By William Everett Cram.

A NEW England spring is perhaps the most uncertain and contrary thing in nature. Most of the weather that we get before the first of April would be considered wintry enough anywhere else in this latitude; but for all that, the sun runs as high and shines as warmly as on the shores of the Mediterranean, and when the conditions are favorable for collecting its rays and keeping off the north wind the result is even summerlike. Given a clearing in the pine woods on the south side of a hill with scattered bowlders and a spring or two, and if the sun only shines you will find spiders and snow-fleas, moths and caterpillars and even buzzing bluebottles all going about their business as cheerfully as you please, and warm, dry earth, with more green leaves than dead ones; although on the opposite side of the same rock and only a few feet away tracks made in the snow by rabbits or squirrels weeks before show every line and clawmark as distinctly as ever,—proof enough that there the temperature never gets very near the freezing point.

Before the first of March there seems to be no change in the habits or numbers of any bird that can be depended upon, except in the case of the blue-jay. These birds are with us in considerable numbers all winter, but until about the middle of February spend most of their time in the woods, and except when collected together in a mob for the purpose of attacking some owl or hawk or jeering at a fox loping through the underbrush, are generally silent and inconspicuous. At about the same time each year, however, they suddenly increase in numbers and become noisy and garrulous, screaming loudly to each other as they fly across the fields, and come about the farmhouse and into the orchard, where they hop about from branch to branch, pecking at the frozen apples, uttering occasionally a clear, far-reaching, musical call, quite unlike their harsher cries, of which they have an almost unlimited variety. They also spend considerable time digging for insects or seeds or whatever it is that they find in the spots of bare ground at the foot of each tree. It is just possible that they are after gravel at such times, to help digest the corn they have stolen,—for this forms a large portion of their food at this season. The fact that the corn-houses or ricks are made with a space of nearly an inch between every two boards in order to give the corn a chance to dry, must be extremely convenient for the jays who, clinging to the boards, woodpecker-like, rattle off the corn with repeated blows of their heavy beaks. The corn is either swallowed whole



BLUEBIRD.

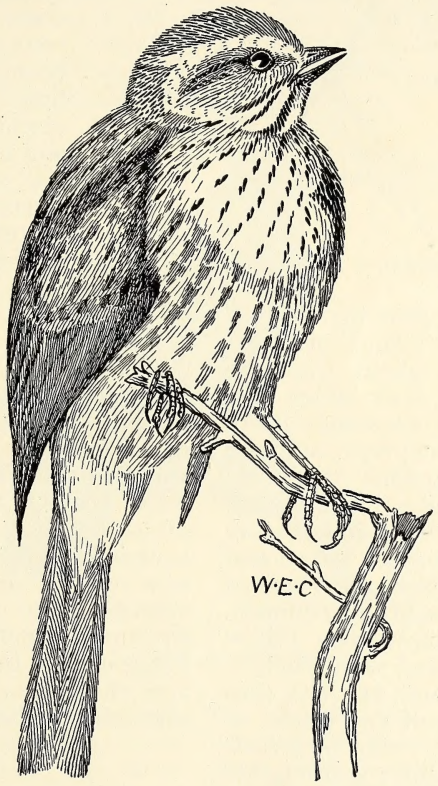


BLUEJAY.

or carried to the nearest tree, where it is wedged into a crevice of the bark and broken into pieces of a more convenient size. After satisfying his hunger, the jay begins carrying the corn into the woods and hiding it in knotholes or under scales of bark, for future use. Bluejays are much more apt to come about houses on still, gray, thawy days than at any other time, and are easily caught in almost any kind of a trap if it is baited with corn. The first panic at being captured seldom lasts many hours; and, once his nerves are under control, the jay usually decides to make the best of it, and eats whatever is given him, chattering away in low, subdued tones, as though he would like to be sociable but had not quite made up his mind as to your character. Nevertheless he keeps a sharp lookout for any chance of escape and improves the first opportunity that offers.

The bluebird has always had the credit, and justly, of bringing the first tidings of spring; but he should not be confused with the bluejay, who is several times his size, being almost as large as a pigeon and as unlike the other in everything except color as could be well imagined. The true bluebirds arrive about the tenth of March, seldom earlier, although in 1891 a flock appeared on the twenty-fifth of February; a week of blustering weather caused them to disappear and no more was seen of them for weeks. Bluebirds have always been so abundant and well-known that their sudden and almost complete extinction during the winter of 1895 caused widespread remark, and various theories were offered to account for it. Of these the most generally accepted was that the fearful blizzards which kept sweeping across the country that winter killed them by the millions in their winter resorts in the southern states; but perhaps the fact of their being so extensively used as ornaments on fashionable hats may have something to do with it. Whatever the cause, their absence was evident enough when the time came for their arrival in New England; a pair of them was occasionally seen during the last of March, but that was all. Throughout the spring and early summer the most careful search failed to reveal the slightest sign of them; and now, if never before, their true value was appreciated. In July I found a small family of them in a wild stretch of woodland; but they were very shy and not in the least like the bluebirds of other summers. The southern flight of bluebirds in October, 1895,

was, however, as large as ever, which encouraged the hope that the time of their scarcity was passed. And happily this hope proved to be well-founded, for last spring,—1896,—they appeared in almost their former numbers, and have been abundant ever since, keeping to their old habit of nesting in birdhouses when these are furnished for them, or in hollow trees when the boxes are not forthcoming. With us the bluebird seldom uses the same box for two years in succession, preferring to hunt up a new one each season; or it may be a matter of necessity, for the white-bellied swallows have a habit of appropriating birdhouses which have been used one season and have a ready-made nest inside, which saves them the trouble of collecting the materials for a new one; and once they have possession the swallows are apt to occupy the same one for years.



SONG-SPARROW.

Either the bluebirds and red-winged blackbirds migrate in company in the spring, or else there has been a strange coincidence as to the time of their appearance. For the last eight or ten years almost invariably the first note of the one has been followed within a few hours or even minutes by that of the other, though nearly six months may have passed without the slightest sight or sound of either. The redwings come in small companies of eight or ten, and betake themselves almost at once to the opening brooks and meadows, where they remain in ever increasing numbers until late in the summer. The robin and song-sparrow also show up at about this time. The former is hardly a stranger, however, being seen in small numbers throughout the winter. The song-sparrows come singly, and at first creep silently about the fence corners and weedy gardens without so much as a chirp or twitter for greeting. On the first really warm day, however, they may be heard going over their song, as if for practice; the notes are apparently the same as those uttered in the summer, but repeated so low and softly as to be almost inaudible. As the weather grows warmer, the song increases in loudness and assurance, and by April rings out from every field and meadow with the best of them.

No other birds need be expected until about the last of the month, at which time they usually come in great numbers, cowbirds and crow blackbirds, pewees, whitebellied swallows, little blue snowbirds, and a half dozen different kinds of sparrows, all keeping about the houses to avoid the hawks that are migrating at this time and make the meadows and forests extremely unsafe for small birds.

The horned larks or shore larks are now moving northward in flocks of several hundred. Usually they keep



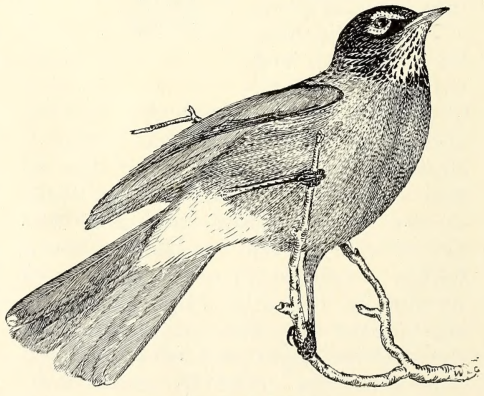
BLACKBURNIAN WARBLER.

to the salt marshes near the sea, but occasionally come inland in great numbers and run about over the plowed lands. In their notes and habits they remind one somewhat of small plovers or sandpeeps, and like these birds rise against the wind when startled, and after drifting about over the fields for a few minutes at no great height are likely to return and alight near the place they started from. They are beautiful, compact, buff-colored little birds with yellow throats clearly marked with black.

The pipits or titlarks are very similar birds, but without any yellow or black. When on the wing they scatter more than the others and migrate much later, seldom being seen before May.

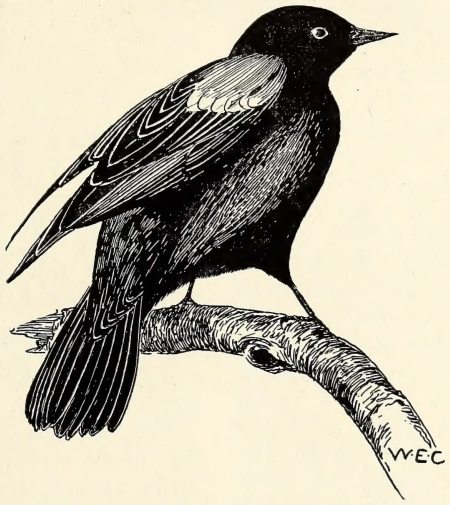
The cowbirds flatten themselves in rows along the large branches of the appletrees, and occasionally gurgle and splutter in a slow, almost musical manner, or cluck lazily to each other, perfectly satisfied with themselves and the warm sunshine and the world in general. If they happen to feel hungry, they fly together to the nearest plowed ground and walk slowly and sedately, like crows, keeping close together and carefully searching for grubs and insects. Though they must do an immense amount of good in this way, they have a most unpleasant habit of never building nests of their own, but, like the European cuckoo, laying their eggs in the nests of smaller birds, whose offspring have to perish in order that the pot-bellied young blackbird may have enough to eat. For the first season the young cowbirds are dirty white and light brown, and for a few weeks after they have learned to fly are dismally lonesome, associating neither with their species nor their foster-parents.

The cow blackbird, the rusty, and the redwinged blackbird are about the same size. The first is black, with the head and neck light brown, the other two are shining black, the redwing being easily known by his scarlet shoulders. The females in all three species are brown. At this season the rusty blackbirds are almost aquatic, and flocks of a dozen or fifteen may be seen wading about the swamps or in the shallow parts of streams or mill-ponds, occasionally flying up into the trees to reconnoitre and chant in chorus, with a result surprisingly like the piping of frogs.



AMERICAN ROBIN.

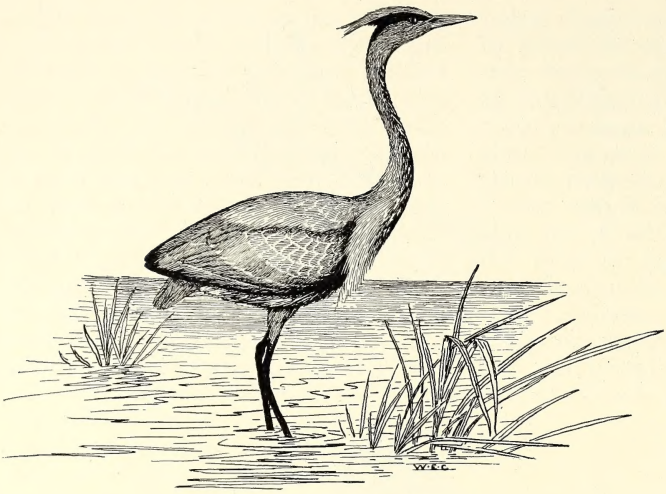
The crow blackbirds are much larger and, flying as they do in flocks of several thousands, are a most conspicuous feature of the landscape, as they pass like cloud shadows over the fields, blackening acres at a time, or passing over towards their roosts at sunset in successive flights with a roar of wings audible for a half mile or more. For perhaps an hour before they fall asleep each bird continues to give voice to a series of doleful, creaking sounds, at irregular intervals, which are anything but musical; yet when some thousands of them are all at it together the combined effect is not only pleasing but really impressive.



MALE REDWINGED BLACKBIRD.

Neither this species nor the rusty blackbirds spend the summer here, but I am inclined to think that a colony of crow blackbirds must have their nesting grounds at no very great distance, owing to the fact that a small flock composed mainly of young birds that have not yet acquired the full use of their wings is pretty sure to be seen here for a few days in the last of July or the first of August, though as a general thing no more are to be seen before November. About the last of March the first of the few waterfowl that still visit the fresh water streams make their appearance, a small remnant, it seems, of the multitudes of only forty or fifty years ago; but even now there are occasional days when the wild ducks are here by the hundreds, and great strings of geese are constantly passing over far into the night. At this time, too, the great blue-herons come flapping out of the south and, alighting in the shallow water, stand sentinel-like watching for fish or anything else eatable that comes within reach. They fish from sunrise until about ten o'clock; from then until three in the afternoon they sleep perched high in the dark pines, after which they go back to their fishing, which keeps them busy as long as daylight lasts. A heavy easterly storm is generally supposed to drive waterfowl inland, but it requires something more than rain and violent east wind to bring many of them in very far from the coast, while with an east wind and a clear sky they would appear to fly farther out to sea than even in still weather. If the wind blows steadily from the west, day and night, for any length of time, seabirds are much more likely to be found in fresh waters than at any other time. Seagulls, duck and yellow-legs may then be found feeding close under the edge of the woods that border the salt marshes and meadows, and are much more loath to take flight than when found on the beach or sandbars at the mouths of rivers.

Perhaps the most favorable conditions for driving in shore birds of all kinds are those of a short, fierce coast-storm, a West India hurricane, for example, followed immediately by a steady, unremitting shore breeze. The birds evidently fly inland before the storm to escape the surf, and if they fail to take flight before the wind has swung into the west, are compelled to fly still farther from the coast as they rise, owing to the fact that,



GREAT BLUE-HERON.

like most of the flying machines experimented with as yet, all birds of this family are obliged in rising to fly against the wind in order to take advantage of its lifting power.

Even the smallest fresh-water ponds and streams are sometimes honored by visitors from the open sea. A few years ago a pair of red-necked phalaropes took refuge in a small stream not far from where I write, and apparently felt quite at home there, five or six miles from the ocean, though according to most writers it is their habit to keep well out to sea in this latitude, only occasionally coming in as far as the beach. These birds are said to breed in the barren grounds about Hudson's Bay; and perhaps these barren, clayey pastures with scattered junipers and willows and dark evergreen woods in the background were not after all, so unlike that they had been used to in their northern home. There are three species of phalaropes, all much alike, forming a separate group by themselves. They might be described as sandpeeps that have acquired the habits of seaducks and developed a close waterproof underplumage, and lobed feet fitted for swimming. Nuttall compares them to diminutive swans, and certainly nothing could be more appropriate, as they swim about with curved necks, or glide between nodding sedge and water grass, constantly dipping their bills into the water after the manner of some species of ducks.

Sometime between now and the first of May there is pretty sure to be a flight of fishhawks, when the great long-winged fellows pass over, sometimes fifteen or twenty together, with perhaps a merlin or other small hawk in their company, steadily beating to the northward, at times high in air and again down under the lee of the woods to avoid the north wind which seems constantly forcing them back. Occasional pairs of both these birds and great blue-herons remain throughout the summer.

For the last seven years some of the more common and well-known birds among the late arrivals have timed their first appearance as follows: barn-swallow, from April 12 to 19; hermit thrush, April 17 to 18;



FEMALE REDWINGED BLACKBIRD.

brown thrush, April 26 to May 5; chimney swallow, from April 28 to May 11; bobolink, from May 5 to 7; whippoorwill, from May 1 to 13; golden robin, May 6 to 10; kingbird, May 5 to 9; catbird, May 6 to 11.

May is also the month of migrating warblers, of which perhaps twenty or twenty-five different species either pass us on their way north or stop for the summer. Together they unquestionably form the most beautifully colored class of birds to be found in the temperate zone. Yet not one person in a hundred guesses of their existence. Some exceptionally observant old farmer may mention having seen a gayly marked little bird all red and yellow and black, the like of which he has never seen before in all his years, though it may have been more abundant every summer in his wood-lot than the robins or thrushes. Hunters seldom notice them and are apt to be surprised at learning of their abundance. This is chiefly due to their smallness and the fact that they spend their days in the thick foliage with a decided preference for the tops of trees. The songs of the different species show a strong family resemblance, being usually clear and sweet, but not easily heard at any great distance.

One of the latest spring migrants is the great yellowlegged snipe or winter yellowleg. Strictly a bird of the salt marshes in the autumn and winter, being seldom driven inland at such times even by the most severe storms, it seems suddenly to acquire a taste for inland scenery as spring comes on, and until after the breeding is over is as decidedly a fresh-water bird as the little spotted sandpiper. In the last of May they come in troops of fifteen or twenty, and alighting in the quiet streams and meadows they seem like an entirely different bird from the noisy fellows of the seacoast, as they wade about among the weeds searching for food or swim out in long lines into the still water as gracefully as teal. When frightened their clear whistle bursts out with surprising loudness, confined as it is by the woods and high river-banks. After a few days they pass on to Labrador and the northwest territory, where they breed; though how they can raise their families and teach them to fly during the time they are absent is hard to imagine, for by the last of August they are back again in full force, while stragglers begin to appear before the first of July. Before the last of the migratory birds have passed, many of the resident species have already got housekeeping well under way, and some of them are even teaching the youngsters what wings are made for; so that in birdland at least, spring and summer fairly overlap.

MEMORY.

By Martha Gilbert Dickinson.

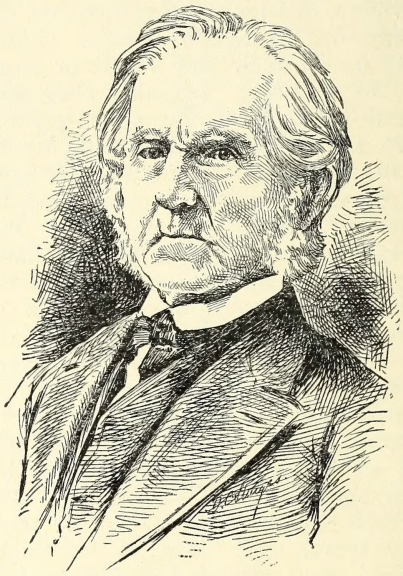
THE present time is like a nearer sail—
Fretted and torn and soiled by stormy tears;
Anchored far out beyond recalling hail
All sails look white across the sea of years.

FROM RUTLAND TO MARIETTA.

Leaves from the Autobiography of Benjamin Franklin Stone.

The following Autobiography was begun by Benjamin Franklin Stone at the age of seventy-eight, and completed when he was ninety-one. The author was a son of Israel Stone, of Rutland, Mass., a Revolutionary soldier and one of the earliest settlers of Ohio. He was a descendant of Gregory Stone of Cambridge, and came of a long line of Puritan ancestors, whose influence was seen in strict integrity and stern religious principles. But he was, withal, a most quaint and lovable character. His strong yet gentle face, framed by the thick, iron-gray hair, and his erect carriage made him a notable figure in the streets of Marietta. He taught school several times in his youth at Rainbow and elsewhere, among other schools the Muskingum Academy at Marietta, where he had been a pupil. Here, under the direction of Mr. Edwin Putnam, he first learned surveying. In the spring of 1832, he was appointed by the Court of Common Pleas county surveyor of Washington County, Ohio, which office he held until 1841. He also held other positions of trust, among them that of Clerk of the 1st Regiment of the Ohio Militia. On March 1st, 1810, he was married to Rosanna Devol, of Waterford, sister of the Jonathan Devol mentioned in the Autobiography. In 1849, he removed his family to Marietta, where he lived until his death, February 4, 1873. The Autobiography is now in the possession of Benjamin Franklin Stone of Chillicothe, Ohio, the son to whom it is addressed. The greater part of the Autobiography is here given, especially the passages relating to the removal from Rutland to Marietta, which illustrate an episode of so great national interest. The earlier pages furnish interesting illustrations of Massachusetts country life one hundred years ago. The paper is dated Marietta, March 20th, A. D. 1860.

I was born February 22, 1782, on the old Stone farm, the farm on which my grandfather Stone lived, and in the same house in which my father was born, in Rutland, Massachusetts. You see by the date it was in the time of the Revolutionary War, when people were necessitated to work hard and live scantily to live *at all* and pay the taxes necessary to support the army.



MR. STONE AT NINETY.

I was a weakly child. My mother used to say that her constitution was much impaired by excessive hard work even before she was married. I recollect some things that must have been soon after I was three years old:—seeing the low mallows that grew near the door stone,—being out in the road on the green grass with other children. I remember the two pear trees that stood in the door yard in front of the house. Mr. Bartlett was the nearest neighbor on the east, and Deacon Reed on the west. My uncle Stone's house was on the northerly side of the Muschopauge pond. South of the road was a large pasture called the Mulikin pasture. My father used (besides his farm work) to drive a horse team to Boston, carrying country produce that the neighbors and others would send, and bring back such goods as merchants sent for.

In the spring of 1786 the family moved to the King farm. This farm was an old worn-out farm, scarcely sufficient with hard labor to pay rent, taxes and the support of the family. My father had sold the old Stone farm and taken a lease of the King farm for three years, intending as soon as he could to purchase a larger tract of new land, enough for his six sons and five daughters. But the continental money depreciated, down, down, so low that people did not pretend to use it at all. About the last of my father's using it was paying 405 dollars of it, Monday morning, for the entertainment of himself and team over Sabbath, on his return from Boston. I never could see any justifying reason for our government's not redeeming that paper currency by which the army was supported and kept in the field till the independence of our country was achieved. So it was my father, with thousands of other patriots, was stripped of all his real estate. This necessitated him to come to Ohio.

My first recollection of going to school was at what was called the work house, near the *pound,* an enclosure to put stray animals into, about one mile east of the King farm. This was probably the summer after I was five years old. The teacher's name was Miss Polly Palmer. She was cross-eyed. I remember getting to the head the first day in spelling, so I think I had been taught to spell at home, but I do not remember it distinctly. At Saturday noon she asked a few questions of the Assembly's Catechism, as was the practice of all teachers in those times. My attention was more upon her manner and pronunciation than upon the meaning of that excellent compend of Christian doctrine and duty. "What is the chief *eend* of man?" This *eend* and her peculiar squint made me stare. I was taught at home, that God made us and all creatures and that he required us to be good,—that he would punish the wicked unless they repent.

When I was six years old I went to school at the other schoolhouse in the middle of the town, near the meeting-house, where Miss Isabella Buckminster (our minister's daughter) taught. When going along the road to school I thought how can it be that God made all things, and no one made him? I finally concluded and said to myself, "There must be one who lives up above him, that made God." This conclusion relieved my anxiety for a time. . . . I had no doubt that there was a Creator. All that I saw confirmed what I was taught of His being, and His government and providence seemed a natural consequence of His being. This belief restrained me from many sins to which I was inclined.

On the last day of this school the teacher gave us some very serious religious instruction. I distinctly remember her saying, "There is always a pen over your heads, writing down your conduct." At this school I learnt to spell pretty well in the easy tables of three or four syllables, in Perry's spelling-book. My father one Sunday put me into a reading lesson. The first sentence was, "The Lord our God is a good God." The exercise was entirely new. I could not tell what to do. I cried and made a great fuss, but he held me to it till I found out what to do—to tell what such letters, so arranged, spelt. Then I went on pretty well, and before I sat down I could read a line or two without much telling; and the next morning on my way to school I opened the book and showed the boys the place and how well I could read. If the teacher had put me to it, I might have read just as well some weeks before. But the method in those times was to make thorough preparation—to spell well before reading, to read well before writing, to write well before taking arithmetic, to commit to memory all the rules and definitions in grammar before attempting to parse.

I was then six years old. I went to school no more till I was ten at Belpre, Ohio. The meeting-house was near, on the west, Wood's tavern on the east, and a baker's shop on the south side of the street. Among other schoolmates were Joseph Buckminster Miles and his twin brother, Benjamin Hubbard Miles. One negro boy and one mulatto boy attended this school. It was a general rule in those times, that children must take off the hat and make a *servant* to every person we passed. When we passed Mr. Buckminster, our minister, he would say, "Brave boy, brave boy." It made us feel smart to be so complimented by so good a man.

At the King farm I worked, loading hay, digging potatoes, or rather picking them up along after the hoer, and picking up stones. This was a common job in the spring on every plowed field. We had on leather aprons; we picked them full and emptied them on the heap. The heaps were in regular rows, as thick as hay-cocks in a meadow. Then they were carted away.

In February or March, 1789, my father, with Joel Oaks, a young man, started in a pung for Ohio, and took the dog, Flora, with him. This was a favorite dog, about my age,—large, black, an excellent watch dog, so celebrated that her pups sold readily for one dollar apiece. She wore a brass collar on her neck fastened with a pad-lock. On the collar was this inscription:

"The property of Israel Stone,
He's my master, or I have none;
My name is Flora, and I am true;
Pray tell me now, whose dog are you?"

She died before the family came to Ohio.

Sardine was then (February or March, 1789) in his twentieth year. He hired himself out to Doctor Frink to work by the month. Jasper lived at Mr. Mead's till sometime in the following summer when he came with Captain Dana's family to Ohio, agreeably to my father's request by letter. Augustus then went to live with Mr. Mead. Israel lived at Rev. Mr. Buckminster's. I lived at Christopher Burlinggame's (his wife was a daughter of Gen. Rufus Putnam), and my brother Columbus lived at Major White's. In that same year, sister Betsy came to Ohio, in the family of Captain Benjamin Miles, who was one of our townsmen; his wife was a daughter of Mr. Buckminster, our minister. Matilda went to live in some family in the town of Worcester, twelve miles from Rutland. Sisters Lydia and Polly Buckley stayed with mother. They lived in a house of Doctor Frink's, in the same yard with his dwelling house. Thus we were and remained scattered, till September, 1790, when we started for Ohio in company with the family of General Putnam and that of his son-in-law, Burlinggame. General Putnam had two ox-wagons and one lighter horse-wagon. My mother's family had one wagon, drawn by four oxen. The oxen belonged to General Putnam. Sardine drove the team.

Mr. Burlinggame's was an unsuitable place for me or any child to live at. I was there about a year and a half before the family came to Ohio. They had but little for me to do. I was not sent to school, nor taught to read in the family. All that time was a blank, or worse than a blank, in my life. I sat on the dye-tub in the corner most of the time. Sometimes Mr. Burlinggame set me to piling up his hat blocks in a regular row on the platform, then to tumble them down and put them up again. I thought then that this was abusive treatment, but since I came to years of discretion I thought it was better so than to keep me idle, as I was much of the time. . . . When I went home Saturday evenings, I saw my younger brothers, as they came home at the same time. One of them usually stayed over night with me, and we went to meeting, Sabbath, and then I returned with the Burlinggame family.

I distinctly remember hearing Mr. Buckminster say something about Christ—that he came into the world to save sinners *between seventeen and eighteen hundred years ago.* I remember hearing his son, Joseph Buckminster, Jun., preach, but I cannot tell the subject of his sermon. This is the man who is called Boyer in the novel of "Eliza Wharton."

The barracks that were built for the prisoners of Burgoyne's army were in sight and within a few steps of Burlinggame's house. Two families, Benjamin Putnam's (whose wife was a sister of William Mason, father of Jonas Mason) and a Mr. Foster's, lived in the barracks. A few rods west of Burlinggame's was Mr. Henry's tavern. A little further west was Benoni Smith's, a saddler. Captain Ruggles lived on the opposite side of the road from Burlinggame's. A few rods east was Mr. Hammond, a shoemaker. At his house a road ran northerly to New Boston, which was a neighborhood name for that part of Rutland. East of Hammond's, about a quarter of a mile, was Jonas Smith, a blacksmith. A little further east was Gen. Rufus Putnam's house. This was the former dwelling of Colonel Murray, the Tory. He was a large landholder in Rutland, whose estate was confiscated, except one farm reserved for his son, Alexander Murray, who was a Whig and served in the Revolutionary army—was wounded, for which he drew a pension. Opposite to Putnam's was Mr. Brimhall, and a road went southerly to my uncle Daniel Demond's. East of Putnam's on the northerly side of the road was a negro family. They called the negro Gad. He was a butcher. Opposite him lived Mr. Hardy.

The next house, east, was Rev. Mr. Buckminster's. I remember being sent there with a piece of fresh meat, sent by my father. They received it thankfully, gave me a piece of bread-and-butter and two coppers, and said, "Give my *service* to your father and mother." It was a common practice for every family to make the minister a present every time they had fresh meat. The next house, east, was Major White's, where Columbus lived. Opposite White's was the house of the Widow Cutting. Next was the meeting-house, top of the hill. The graveyard joined the meeting-house on the north. Next was the schoolhouse,—what we would call the high school of the town. There my father, in a class with young Joseph Buckminster, learned Latin.

On the common between the meeting-house and the schoolhouse stood the *stocks,* a machine in which criminals were punished by having their feet made fast in it. Opposite the schoolhouse was Mr. Larkin's baker shop, where I was several times sent by my parents to buy biscuit, gingerbread and buns. East of the schoolhouse was the tavern kept by Joseph Wood, whose stepdaughters were of the name of Stone and were cousins to my father. East of Wood's was Mr. Newton's house and store. Opposite Newton's were Major Caldwell and Mr. Blake. East of Caldwell's was Frink's store. From Frink's store a road ran southerly by George Clerk's, the tailor, to Doctor Frink's, where my mother lived with Lydia and Polly Buckley from the spring of 1789 to the fall of 1790, when the family started for Ohio. The road continued to Paxton, where my grandfather Barrett lived. Opposite Frink's store, on the northerly side of the *ten rod road,* was the house of Joseph King, and a road went northerly by the house of Mr. Child, the sexton of the graveyard. From King's the road continued easterly down hill, perhaps half a mile, to the King farm which my father leased and lived on three years. A little westerly of the old house on the main road was the remains of the *block house* that had been burnt. I remember playing there and picking up pieces of glass that had been melted

when the house was burnt. On the northerly side of the road, a little further down hill, was William Smith's family. A little further down hill on the southerly side of the road, was John Watson's house and tan yard. Here a brook ran across the road, northerly. On the easterly side of this brook lived old Mr. Watson with his second wife and two daughters, Thankful and Jinny (Jane), and their grandmother, old Mrs. Stratton, the oldest looking woman, I thought, that I ever saw; and in Reed's history of Rutland it is stated that she was ninety-nine years old when she died. This old Mrs. Watson always gave me a piece of bread-and-butter when I went there on an errand. She made me promise to write to her when we should get to Ohio, but I never fulfilled my promise, as it was some years before I *learned* to write.

Further up the hill was the pound, and the schoolhouse on the opposite (north) side of the road, where I first went to school. Here the road forked. The right hand went by Deacon Reed's to my father's old home, and on to Mr. Bartlett's. The left hand went by Captain Reed's or Howe's store, and on to uncle Wheeler's, and then turned south, to uncle Stone's.

Rutland must have been on the height of land between Connecticut River and Merrimac River, for one of the springs on the King farm ran into Merrimac, and another into Connecticut River. And my cousin, Louisa Clap Turmbull, of Worcester, tells me that the spires of several meeting-houses may be seen (in different towns) from the old Stone farm.*

I remember the morning of our starting for Ohio. Mr. Burlinggame's family (and I was one of them) went to General Putnam's the evening before. The next morning, after family prayer and breakfast, they began to tackle up the teams, and Sardine, with my mother's wagon and the family and grandmother Barrett, came along. Here my grandmother took leave of us all and returned. This was in September, 1790—I can't give the day of the month.

Putnam's family consisted of himself and wife, two sons and five single daughters, viz., Elizabeth, Persis (who married to Perley Howe), Abigail (who married to William Brauning), Patty (who married to Benjamin Tupper), and Katherine (who married to Ebenezer Buckingham). The sons were William Rufus and Edwin. General Putnam had two hired men, his teamsters, William Brauning and Samuel Porter, both natives of Rutland. Burlinggame, whose wife was a daughter of General Putnam, had two children at that time, Maria, who married to Benjamin Hubbard Miles, and Susanna, who married to George Corner. My mother's family that were there then were Sardine, Matilda, Lydia, Israel, Augustus, myself, Christopher Columbus, and Polly Buckley. Samuel Bridge, a single man of Rutland, and Charles Mills, an older brother of Col. John Mills, were also of the party—twenty-six in all.

It seemed, even to the old folks, a vast enterprise to go 800 miles into a savage country, as it was then called! There were three ox-wagons with two yokes of oxen to each, and General Putnam's two-horse carriage and one saddle horse. My mother had one cow, and Putnam had three or four neat cattle, including a bull of a choice breed.

We were eight weeks on the journey. I was then eight years old—too young to remember much about the journey. I think we did not travel on the Sabbath, for I distinctly remember that we tarried at Bethlehem, in Pennsylvania, and attended public worship. This was a settlement of people of the Moravian church. Mr. Hakewelder, the mis-

*A large elm tree on the old place marks the centre of the state of Massachusetts, and is called the Central Tree.

sionary to the Delaware Indians, was then there. I remember seeing their flouring mill, and heard it said that the great wheel had not stopped, day nor night, summer nor winter, for many years. I remember our crossing North River (Hudson) and Lehigh. The town of Reading, Penn., drew my attention, it being a larger and more splendid looking town than I had ever seen. There I first saw a rifle-gun. I remember the town of Carlisle. At seven miles this side of Carlisle we put up one night. Here was the largest negro man that I ever saw, before or since. Here, too, was the largest spring of water that I ever saw. It seems to me that as much water issued from it as would fill a tube of the circumference of a large barrel. Within sight of it was an overshot grain mill that was propelled only by the water of this spring. I think this place was called Mount Hope. Here, or near this place, my mother's cow fell sick with the hollow horn. There was no hope that she would be able to travel the rest of the journey, so Sardine sold her for a promissory note for seven axes to be sent on the next year. The axes came according to promise, but the carrier (Stephen Guthrie) demanded two of them for carriage. So the net proceeds of the cow were five axes, at one dollar apiece.

Among other preparations for the journey, my mother and sister Lydia had knit up a large quantity of socks and stockings. They were packed in a bag, and that bag was used by the boys who lodged in the wagon, for a bolster. By some means the bag was lost out of the wagon or stolen. The boys missed it, of course, the first night. Next morning, Sardine went back the whole distance of the previous day's journey, inquired and advertised it, but without success. I do not remember how many pairs of stockings were in it, but from the size of the bag I judge there were at least one hundred. One pair to each of the family were saved, besides those we had on our feet, being laid aside in another place to be washed. It was a severe loss. My mother had foreseen that we should have no sheep for some time in Ohio, and had labored hard to provide this most necessary article of clothing for her family. And so it was. We had no sheep till six years after that time; and then, being unable to buy, my father obtained some by taking a flock to keep one year on shares; that is, he agreed to keep the flock one year and then return the old stock and half the increase and half the wool that had been sheared. If any were killed by wolves or dogs, it was to be his loss; but none were lost in that way, as we put them in a yard every night. By this means my father had, perhaps, six or eight young sheep, which soon increased, so that he had abundance for the family use and could afford to kill some every year for mutton.

Our ox-teams were quite a curiosity to the Yorkers and Pennsylvanians. They called them the *cow-teams*. On that journey I first saw and ate wild plums,—the red plums; such are natives of Ohio. I remember the steep rough roads in the mountains. Sometimes they would take the foremost pair of oxen and chain them to the hind end of the wagon, when going down a steep place, where they would naturally hold back, and so make it easier for the other pair to hold back. Once, when one of the wagons tipped and seemed on the point of oversetting,—when the teamster (Samuel Porter) cried out in despair, "It's going!" Charles Mills sprang to the off side, set his shoulder to the upper part of the wheel, and braced with all his strength and poised it back. It was a daring and a noble act. The road here was on the edge of a precipice. If the wagon had gone over, it would have been instant death to the team, and total destruction to the loading. At another place, one of Putnam's wagons did upset; but it was on com-

paratively level ground, and no injury was done to the team nor much damage to the loading.

General Putnam had traveled the road three or four times before, and he had a list of all the houses that he meant to put up at, and every morning would tell the teamsters, "So many miles to such a house, to-night." He would generally go forward, horseback, and make arrangements for the night. Two nights only, in all the journey, did we fail of reaching the appointed place, though sometimes it was at a late hour, owing to the badness of the roads on rainy days.

We had but little rainy weather till we reached the head waters near Simrel's Ferry on the Yohogeny, or Youghiogeny. We waited a few days at the house of Mr. Carnahan till the boats were finished, which the General had engaged the summer previous, when he was returning from Ohio to New England. This was the place, we were told, where Colonel Silas Bent of Rutland buried a daughter, the year before, on his journey to Ohio, and paid *ten dollars* for a coffin of the plain cheap kind such as was usually furnished for a dollar and a half in those times.

At this place, Carnahan's, my father met us. It was a year and a half since we had seen him. Soon after my father came the boats were ready, and we embarked. The water was low;—we frequently got aground. I think Simrel's Ferry was twelve miles up the Youghiogeny. Just before coming into the Monongahela, my father dipped up a pail of water, that we might observe the difference in the water of the two rivers. I remember how Pittsburgh looked,—quite a town then. We observed the western line of Pennsylvania, where it crossed the Ohio. It had been marked by cutting down all the trees, a space of three or four rods wide. We stopped at Buffalo (now Charleston) and Wheeling, where there were but few houses, log houses only. There were no settlements on this side the Ohio between Pittsburgh and Marietta.

It was slow, tedious work on the river,—often getting aground, when all the men from both boats had to unite to shove the boat over the shoal place. Some of our party, writing to their friends in Rutland, informed them of our getting aground on the fish-dams, above Pittsburgh, but carelessly left out the word *dams*,—so it read, "got aground on the *fish*." The answer came, "You must have very large *fish* in the Ohio."

At length we arrived at Marietta about nine o'clock in the morning—I cannot tell the day. The first resident of Marietta that I knew was Colonel Bent. He came into the boat to welcome us. His house was on Front Street (though the streets were not distinguished from other parts of the great cornfield which covered most of the town), near Goose-neck Run,—about where the post office now stands. Large girdled trees were standing all along from the Point to Campus Martius. The present dwelling of Judge Nye was then the southeast corner-house of the Stockade, or Campus Martius, and belonged to General Putnam.

We pushed on, the same day, to Belpre. Here, at the little log cabin, we found sister Betsy and brother Jasper. Betsy had been living in Captain Miles's family. Jasper and my father had been keeping bachelor's hall in the little cabin, about fourteen feet square, and one story high. It was not large enough for the whole family to lodge in conveniently. Some part of the family slept in the boat till the new, larger cabin was put up near the old one. This, our first residence in Ohio, was the southwest corner of what is now the Browning farm, then owned by General Putnam.

All the settlers (as the inhabitants were generally denominated) gave us a hearty welcome. It can scarcely be realized now, by persons born and brought up here, with what feelings

the first settlers welcomed every accession to their number. They had just passed through a time of scarcity of provisions. Corn was now ripe; Providence had favored them with good crops; it was a time of peace, and they were full of hopes that soon they would be relieved from all the privations incident to a new settlement so far beyond the abodes of civilized man. This was in November, 1790.

My brother Israel kept a written journal of the journey, stating the distance of each day's travel, the name of the place and of the house-holder where we put up for the night, etc.,—but it was not preserved.

I was considered as one of Burlinggame's family yet, but was permitted to stay some days at Belpre. Burlinggame wished to keep me till I should be of age, and teach me the hatter's trade; so after a few days I was sent back to Marietta in a canoe, with a party that were going from Belpre. It was dark at night when we reached the point at Marietta. I inquired for Colonel Bent's house, and went in. They sent Nahum Bent with me to Burlinggame's in the Stockade. (*Stockade* was not then used, as some foolishly use it now, to signify *all the plain*, like the Narraganset Indian who said, when asked where he was born, "*all along that shore.*") I stayed but a short time. My father chose to have me at home, so I returned with Sardine by land, afoot. It was woods all the way. My father's house was the uppermost house of Belpre then.

Within a few days the massacre of the settlement at Big Bottom took place, which carried dismay to every mind in the infant settlements. The news came to Belpre at evening. Some of the family watched all night. My mother would let none of us undress for the night, saying, "If any one escapes he will not be naked." Morning came, and we were all alive, but fearful that we should not live much longer. In the course of the day a consultation of all the inhabitants of Belpre was held, and an agreement made to build, forthwith, a garrison about the centre, on the lands of Ebenezer Battelle, Nathaniel Cushing and Griffin Greene, Esquires. Within a few days (I think a week), the eleven block houses were so far constructed that the people moved into them. I need not relate all the scenes of the five years' war. Most of them I think you have, in a copy of the narrative of Brother Jasper, which I wrote for your cousin, J. C. Stone. Many of them may be seen in Hildreth's "Pioneer."

At first my father's family lived in the southwest corner block house with two other families—Nathaniel Sawyer's and Benjamin Miles's. After a few weeks, when the houses were finished, some changes were made. My father's family went into another block house with Major Cushing's and Capt. Jona. Devol's families.

The winter was mild, the spring early. On the eleventh of March, brother Israel brought my mother a bouquet of wild flowers. Some of those kinds of flowers are not known now. For greater safety that spring the people kept their cows on Blennerhasset's Island, and so had to go over in canoes to milk. Brother Israel soon learned to manage a canoe. He made a new paddle for himself and obtained leave of his mother to go out in a canoe and try it. He went, and returned to the landing. No one saw him fall into the water, but from the circumstances we supposed that he was rising from his seat in the stern at the instant the canoe struck the shore, and that the jolt pitched him overboard. Two boys were in another canoe that was fastened to the shore within two rods below. They heard the splashing of the water, looked up, and saw him struggling, and sink, and rise the third time. The last time he rose, he was almost within their reach. He held out his hand, and they thought if they had been two inches nearer they might

have saved him! They screamed, and all the people were soon on the bank, and several good swimmers dove down, and continued searching a long time. Your uncle Jonathan Devol took a grappling iron and raked the bottom of the river near shore, several rods down the stream, even below where the body was, as appeared afterwards, but all without success. On the ninth day, my mother, with some others of the family, went on to the bank to watch; and within a few minutes some men discovered the body rising within a few rods from where he fell in. It was brought ashore in a canoe and buried the same day. Colonel Ebenezer Battelle performed the funeral exercises. He was buried on the Bluff. I do not know that more than one person had been buried there before. That was Captain King, who, it is supposed, was killed by Indians before the war commenced. The knowledge of King's grave (the identical spot) was lost even when my father's family was there, as no monument was preserved. Israel's death was a sad blow to the family, especially to my mother. She kept the new paddle a long time.

Some Continental troops were stationed at Marietta during the war, and a short time also at Farmer's Castle, which was the name of this first garrison at Belpre. Some of the inhabitants at each station in the Territory were enlisted and drew pay and rations during the war, though permitted to stay at home. Twice while we were at Farmer's Castle, Aaron Waldo Putnam and Nathaniel Little were fired upon and chased into the garrison. Some cattle were killed. A large pair of oxen of Captain Miles's were wounded, and came in,—one of them so badly that he was butchered and the meat divided among the people. The heads of families and all property owners entered into an association, agreeing that the loss of anyone by Indians should be the loss of the whole, and so each one should pay to the loser in proportion to the number of the individual livestock. Mr. Benoni Hurlburt, one of the spies, was killed by Indians near the mouth of Little Hocking—shot through the breast, scalped, and tomahawked. I remember seeing the wounds. It was a sorrowful sight to his wife and children.

I remember the marriage of A. W. Putnam to Charlotte Loring, and of Simeon Wright to a Miss Dunham—ceremony performed by Rev. Daniel Story, in public, under the great bower on the parade ground, right in front of the house in which we lived.

This summer (1791) I learned to swim. All the boys (fifteen or twenty sometimes) would go in together and stay in the water perhaps an hour, till our lips looked blue. One of the principal chores that I had to do that summer was to feed the fattening hog. It was white, and being kept very clean in the pen was much admired. The pen was on the bank of the river, a few rods above the garrison, where I went three times a day to feed the white pig. The way in which people had to cultivate their lands—by working in parties, changing work, going armed, and having sentinels, as you have heard me relate, was a hard way of living. And having to travel so far to their farms added to the trouble, so that the people of the upper and the lower settlements moved back in the fall of 1791 and built the upper and lower garrisons. The upper garrison was on the farm of Captain Jonathan Stone. The lower garrison was on Major Nathan Goodell's farm. The news of St. Clair's defeat by the Indians, after we had moved back to the upper settlement, spread terror through all the infant settlements. But we kept close in our garrisons, and the Indians never attacked a block house all the time of the war. They passed by us into Virginia, and killed many more there than in the Territory.

Colonel Israel Putnam and Kit, his negro, lived part of the time in the

upper garrison. My sister, Harriet Hubbard, was born in the garrison, February 27, 1792. While rocking the cradle, my mother set me to reading the Bible. I read in the Bible that had been my brother Israel's. I remember how he obtained that Bible. When he lived at Mr. Buckminster's, a drover hired him to salt a flock of cattle during one summer, and paid him one dollar. He came home and asked mother (father was in Ohio then) what he should do with it. She told him, "Get a Bible with it." He did so. While we lived in that garrison I read the Bible through. I was ten years old when I commenced it. I was quite ignorant of many things that I should have known if I had lived with my father and mother all the time. I did not know what was meant by the date of the year that I saw in books; 1790 was the first date that I noted, and I asked my father what it meant. He told me it was so long since our Saviour Jesus Christ came into the world. Nearly the same time, I found out that the earth was *round*, and *turned over* once in twenty-four hours—which seemed very strange to me. By reading Morse's geography, I got some idea of the different countries of the world; but geography was never taught in any school that I attended, till after I had *taught* school. In the upper garrison I attended all the schools that were taught, viz., the school taught by Lysander Curtis one winter, by Silas Bent, Jun., one summer, and by Joseph Barker one winter.

But I have got a little before my story. The people began to move out of Farmer's Castle in the fall of 1791 into the old cabins, each on his old clearing, hoping that they could live that way without being destroyed by Indians, depending upon the information which the spies would give of the approach of Indians near the settlements in time for the people to flee together back to Farmer's Castle or to build a new garrison nearer their fields. They hoped also to hear soon that Governor St. Clair, who had some months been marching his army up the Great Miami, would defeat and intimidate the Indians so that we should soon enjoy peace. But the event was the reverse of our hopes. In December, 1791, came the news of the defeat of St. Clair with the loss of most of his army. The people then met, consulted, and built the upper garrison in a few days, and lived there, as already stated.

The winter of 1791-2 was moderate. I remember running barefooted, catching squirrels with other boys and my father's big gray dog named Pull. We frequently made temporary moccasins for our feet with the squirrel-skins drawn over our feet wrong side out, which were quite warm; but they would soon get out of shape, and we would throw them by. The squirrels were very numerous that autumn and winter, and ate much of the corn before it was harvested. They came into fields from the woods on the north, and after eating upon the corn a few days traveled on south and swam the Ohio River, and their place was filled by a new set from the north.

My father had no oxen till he raised them from calves in Ohio. He had no money to pay for team-work, but paid in men's labor, day for day. In the fall of 1791, he bought a little red bull calf of Mr. Hewitt, and called it *my* calf—if I would take good care of it. I attended to it punctually,—cut up a pailful of pumpkin for him every night and morning and stood by till he ate it up, to keep other creatures off. The next year by some means he obtained a mate for the little bull, and in 1794 had them trained to work.

The woods in those times afforded good pasture for cattle and hogs all the spring, summer and fall, and the cattle would live through the winter in the woods with but little feeding at home. But many of my father's hogs became wild in the woods, and so were lost. One year, I remember,

he took all his store hogs in a canoe up to Middle Island and put them on there and scattered some corn round in the woods for them, in hopes that they would stay on the island where he could feed them a little and keep them tame. But in a few days they swam off on to the mainland. One year my father put his calves (after they were weaned) over the Ohio below the Kanawha to pasture. We could see them on the bank almost every day, and my brother Columbus and I would frequently go over and carry them some green corn stalks, and salt them, to keep them tame. But after a while the wolves killed two of the three; then we brought the last one back.

Brother Augustus lived with General Putnam's family at Marietta, about three years of the war. I had learned to swim at Farmer's Castle. At Stone's garrison swimming was a great amusement to boys of my age. We learned to navigate on planks. Taking two planks, about eighteen inches wide and ten feet long, one boy would, with a pole, cross the Ohio and back. Playing gould, cat ball, and baseball were the common amusements of the boys. Sometimes we played cards, but were a little sly and ashamed of that. Some of the old and middle-aged men played cards and even gambled on a small scale and at late and unseasonable hours. But the greatest vice that was common in those times was the free use of spirituous liquors. "As crows the old rooster, so crows the young." We boys thought it a manly thing to get together rather slyly and have our egg-nog. One would get eggs or milk, another sugar, and another whisky; and we acquired the art of mixing and stirring them together till we made what connoisseurs called good egg-nog. The difficulty of getting the ingredients for this dish with our parents' consent induced some of the boys to steal the whisky or sugar. I cannot accuse myself of ever stealing for that purpose. When I look back on those times and the circumstances in which we were placed, I wonder that we, the children, were not more wicked than we were. Public worship was not very regularly kept up,—no Sabbath schools,—but a small proportion of consistent Christian professors. I think there were not more than three or four families in which family worship was regularly kept up, in all Belpre.

The principal articles of food in the time of the war were Indian bread, pork, potatoes and other garden sauce, occasionally venison, bear meat, raccoons, opossums, squirrels and wild turkeys. The war prevented our hunting much in the woods. No apples, peaches, or other cultivated fruits till the trees had time to grow from the seed. Great use was made of pumpkin. We used to cut up and dry a great quantity of pumpkin. Corn in the milk was dried for use in the winter and spring. Pumpkins, melons and all garden vines grew more luxuriantly than in these times; they were not eaten by insects then, as now. But flies, the fleas, the gnats and the nettles were very annoying. Mosquitoes were not so numerous as in these times.

Among the first settlers that went from Marietta to Big Bottom, in 1790, was a Mr. Putnam, son of Major Ezra Putnam, who then lived in Campus Martius. Young Putnam was furnished by his parents with some cooking utensils to begin with, among which was a large iron dinner pot. When the appalling news of the massacre of the party by the Indians came to Marietta, the people all huddled round the messenger, Eleazer Buttard, to hear all the particulars of the awful catastrophe, when everyone trembled with fear of a like destruction soon. Old Major Putnam (who probably was then in his dotage), after listening to the sad story, broke out with the inquiry, "Did you see or hear anything

of my big pot?" General Rufus Putnam, losing all patience, turned his large wall eyes square upon him and said: "Damn your big pot!"

My mother died in the upper garrison, October 30, 1792. No event in my life previous to that time had ever caused me such grief. She was buried beside my brother Israel on the bluff. The procession went in canoes to the landing place, and then walked up that steep, sandy, high bank to the grave. In 1793, brother Sardine, wishing to do something for himself, went to Fort Washington (Cincinnati), where Wayne's army was, and got employment as an assistant in the quartermaster's department, where he continued (moved on with the army) till after the decisive battle in which the Indians were defeated, in August, 1794.

In 1792, Moses Hewitt, a young man of Neal's Station, one mile up the Little Kanawha, was taken prisoner by Indians. They kept him closely tied or closely watched; but one day, on the way, when they were letting him walk untied, they discovered a bee-tree and stopped to take the honey. There were three Indians. One started off some distance to fetch some water, leaving his gun at the bee-tree; one climbed the tree with his tomahawk to cut away an opening to the honey; the third stood by the guns. Hewitt pretended to be very anxious about getting the honey, but he had high hopes that the time of his escape drew near. He thought that the Indian would have to climb up to hand the tin pail to the other to put the honey in. In that case he thought he could easily shoot both, and have a loaded gun left with which he could kill the other as he should return with the water. But as soon as the Indian on the tree wanted the bucket, he took from his pouch a long string and, holding one end, let the other down to be fastened to the pail. So all Hewitt's hopes were crossed. They had a feast of honey and traveled on, not stopping to hunt for food lest pursuers should overtake them; till, near their towns and being almost starved, they stopped to hunt for some food. It seems probable that the Indians intended to torture Hewitt, burning him at the stake. The party met some Indians and stopped and talked awhile. Hewitt lay down and pretended to be asleep. Drawing one hand over his face, he could hear some words and see their gestures, pointing to him. He was convinced that they meant to burn him when they should arrive at their towns. They left him at their camp, safely tied, as they thought. As soon as they were out of sight he commenced struggling to get his hands loose. After several hours' perseverance, he succeeded in getting one hand loose, and then soon unbound himself. They had left a small piece of jerked meat in the camp. He took that and started, shaping his course as well as he could for the left branch of Muskingum. He traveled all that day and night and till dark next night. He then lay down, fell asleep, and when he awoke the sun was an hour high. He pursued his course, and in due time intersected the left branch of Muskingum. He made a little raft of dry sticks, on which he hastened down stream till within sight of Fort Frye at Waterford. He was so exhausted that he could not travel fast, so he concluded to go on rafts. He thought too that the Indians could not track him if he traveled that way. He went ashore, and carefully advanced till he was within speaking distance of the sentry. He was nearly naked and so exhausted by fatigue and hunger that it was with difficulty that he could make the sentry understand his case and induce him to come to him. He was supplied with clothing and food, and as soon as he was sufficiently recruited he returned to his friends at Little Kanawha. I remember seeing him soon after at our garrison and hearing him relate the whole story.

The last inhabitant of Belpre who was killed by the Indians was Jonas Davis, a single man, from my native town, Rutland. This took place in the winter of 1795, while brother Sardine with some others were at Rainbow, making sugar. It was after the Indians had agreed to a cessation of hostilities, but before the treaty of peace. Davis had discovered a skiff wrecked and lodged on the banks of the Ohio. To get the nails (which were scarce articles here in those days) out of that skiff, he borrowed a pair of large pinchers of my father and went alone to the place (I remember seeing him start away from the garrison); and while he was at work on the skiff, a party consisting of two Indians and a negro (as was ascertained by the tracks) approached to the top of the bank where he was at work, on the second bank, and shot him dead. They tomahawked him, scalped him, took all his clothes except his drawers, and the tools; but in their haste it seems they dropped the old Yankee pinchers a short distance from the place. As he did not return at evening, we suspected that he was killed. Next morning a party from our garrison (brother Jasper was one of them) went, found the body and brought it in. Some time before the party returned I was at the old cabin, a little way above the garrison, feeding the hens and doing chores, when Samuel Branch, a young man from Vermont, one of the party, came running in great fright and said to me, "Davis is killed, and the Indians chased me! I snapped my gun at them several times, but it missed fire." I asked where the rest of the party were. He supposed they were killed. I ran with him to the garrison. He told the same story there, which put the people in great anxiety, till Caleb Bailey of the party came running forward to get a blanket to lay over the body before bringing it into the garrison. I saw the body before the cloth was laid over it; it was a most shocking sight. It was fastened with strips of bark to a pole, and borne by two men. The ravens had picked out the eyes. It was carried into my father's house, and the funeral was attended there the next day. Colonel Ebenezer Battelle performed the funeral services. My sisters cut a lock of his hair and sent it in a letter to his sisters in Rutland. Davis was a man who was much respected, and was soon to be married to Amy Barker.

Branch was more scared than hurt. The Indians were far enough away before the party went out; but as soon as he saw the body he turned and ran and, looking back among the trees, imagined that he saw Indians.

Notwithstanding the hardships and privations of those times, the people generally enjoyed good health. Fever and ague was the most common disease. It was light in comparison with what is now called chills and fever. In the fall of 1793, the smallpox was taken from some boat people who landed at Marietta, and some Belpre people were exposed before they were aware of the danger; so they were obliged to be inoculated to avoid taking it in the *natural way*, which is known to be much more dangerous. Doctor True and Doctor Barnes, both of Marietta, were employed, and they inoculated and attended upon every family in Belpre and at Neal's Station on Little Kanawha. People generally had it pretty light, not losing much time from their ordinary labor; others had it severely. Five persons, in all those places, died of it. Most of the old men (the Revolutionary officers) had had it before.

Though the winters in those times were more moderate than in these times, yet it seems to me that there was more ice and thicker ice in the Ohio then than of late years. I think that in at least three of the five winters of our residence in Belpre, the Ohio was shut over with ice. Probably the weather was much colder on the headwaters of the river.

I recollect but one high flood in the Ohio River in the time of the war, and that was not so high by some feet as the one in 1832 and some since. There was no uncommon drouth that injured the crops of grain. Most of the traveling was done by water, in canoes. People became very expert in propelling a canoe. One instance I remember: a Mr. Dewee of Belville took a grist of corn in a canoe from Belville to the mill on Wolf Creek (a mile and a half up that creek) in one day—something over fifty miles. Many times since I had a family, I have taken a canoe-load of cider, apples, potatoes, etc., from Rainbow to Marietta in a canoe and back, alone.

The first school in Belpre was taught in Farmer's Castle garrison in the summer of 1791, by Mrs. Patterson, the wife of the spy. Other teachers in that garrison in subsequent years were Miss Bathsheba Rause, Mr. Daniel Mayo, Mr. Jonathan Baldwin, a college graduate, and perhaps others. In Stone's garrison, the first school was taught by Lysander Curtis, in the winter of 1793. Subsequently Silas Bent taught a part of one summer, and Joseph Barker (Captain Dana's son-in-law) taught in the winter of 1794.

Among the boys of Stone's garrison I should have named Kit (or Christopher) Malbone, a black boy, Colonel Putnam's servant. He was liked as a playmate as well as a white boy. He was brought from Connecticut by Colonel Israel Putnam.* He came pretty near being drowned once. Early in the spring of 1793, A. W. Putnam and Major Bradford of Farmer's Castle put their cattle over the Ohio above the mouth of Little Kanawha, to run in the woods where they were less exposed to Indians. They took them over in a flat-boat. While they were on the river, the cattle took fright and crowded to one end and sunk the boat. The cattle swam away. Bradford, Putnam and Kit clung to the boat till it rose. They could not swim. They stood on the boat about up to their waists in water, calling for help. Two men went out to them in a very small canoe. It was not safe to take in more than one at a time. Kit, being shorter, stood deeper in the water and seemed more overcome. Bradford and Putnam both said, "Take Kit first." They did so, and brought him ashore at the garrison. He could not walk. He was helped up the bank into my father's house. One man only returned with the small canoe and took off Putnam and Bradford. Then the flat-boat was towed to shore and secured. This version of the story does more honor to Bradford and Putnam than Hildreth's "Pioneer." This is the true statement. I was an *eye-witness*.

In the autumn of 1794, brother Sardine returned from Wayne's army. He had acquired some money. He went to Wheeling and purchased and brought down some sheep, the first (as far as I know) that were brought into the territory. Before returning from the army, he had sent money to my father, to be laid out in young cattle for him.

In February, 1795, Sardine, Stephen Smith and brother Columbus and others from families in Marietta who were proprietors of lands in Rainbow went to Rainbow to stay some weeks to make sugar. They returned in March, and on the 25th of March my father and all my brothers, Stephen Smith (about a year previous he was married to my sister Matilda) and Simeon Wright with some hired men started for Rainbow with some of our cattle, to put up a little garrison for the families to live in for the present; for we were not certain yet whether the war would close or be continued. Some of the party went by land with the cattle, the rest in canoes with some of the household furniture. It was quite a warm day. Vegetation was

*See the journal of Israel Putnam, "A Journey to Marietta in 1794," in the *New England Magazine*, January, 1896.—Editor.

forward, as usual,—feed in the woods so that the cattle could live. Some of the cows and the younger neat cattle were left in my care. That night the weather changed suddenly, and it snowed, and before the next night the snow was six inches deep. It was a deeper snow and continued on the ground longer than any that I had seen in this country. This made my task of tending the cattle and hogs pretty hard; and what added to the trouble was that three or four of the calves and yearlings, being without a stable, were nearly frozen, sick and unable to walk. One lay in one place, and another some distance off. I carried shingles and made a shelter over some of them, and boiled corn and fed them as well as I could; but some died, notwithstanding all my care.

In about two weeks some of the party returned to take another freight up. In this journey I went by water. Within a few days after my arrival, the garrison was finished, and the men returned to Belpre and to Marietta for the families, leaving Augustus, John Lake (a nephew, not a brother, of Andrew Lake, as the "Pioneer" states) and myself to keep garrison till the families should arrive, which, I think, was about a week. We had not much to do but milk the cows, feed the young pigs and guard the garrison, barring the gate at night. We had a gun, and two or three times a day we fired it off to scare away the Indians. We were not instructed to fire; it was a boyish notion of our own. If there had been Indians near, our firing would have helped them to discover us.

The woods presented a beautiful sight,—wild flowers in abundance and all the native plants and weeds, making fine pasture for cows. All the low bottom land, from Joseph Stacy's land down to Rainbow Creek, was covered with Indian wheat—a native plant that resembled wheat.

Some time in the winter past my father had received in a letter from my uncle Stone of Rutland forty-nine pear. seeds. Judge Wood had just cleared and formed a garden spot. My father got leave to plant his pear seeds there, as he knew it would be late in the spring before he should make any clearing on our own land. Next spring we transplanted them on to our own farm, and in due time set them out, where you can remember seeing them. They did not bear fruit till 1810, the first year of my occupying the farm. You may judge from this fact that the pear is a long-lived tree. I have been told by old people that a pear tree will live a hundred and fifty years.

The families were brought up to Rainbow in General Putnam's barge —the beautiful cedar boat in which he went to treat with the Indians at Vincennes, Indiana. The name "Rainbow" was given to the settlement, and this settlement of the Donation Land, from the bend in the river where it passes through these lots (though the bend resembles an ox-bow more than the rain-bow). Twenty-three of the twenty-seven donees were New England men, and nine of them were from my native town of Rutland, Mass. We continued in that garrison only till the autumn, or till January, 1796.

[The following part of the autobiography relates to family matters, rather than to topics of general interest. In a word at the end, dated February 16, 1871, the author says: "I commenced this autobiography, as you know, before the war of the rebellion. If I could have finished it without interruption, it would have been more thorough and complete. In time of the war we were all so excited, and so anxious that your head might be covered in the day of battle, that I could not compose my mind to think and write of past scenes." He speaks, too, of the serious illness, in 1865, which had so enfeebled him. But his journal, as we have it, affords glimpses of old Rutland and Marietta days, which, at a time when there is such a revival of interest in the movement into Ohio, led by General Putnam, have a peculiar value.]



By Edward Mitchell Blanding.

BANGOR is picturesquely located at the head of navigation on the Penobscot, Maine's largest river. The city has had an interesting past; its present is auspicious; and a bright future surely awaits this "Down East" metropolis.

It was as far back as 1769 that Jacob Bussell, Bangor's first white settler, established his home near the present site of St. John's Roman Catholic Church. Little probably did this sturdy pioneer imagine, as he built his log cabin on the banks of the Penobscot, in the heart of the forest, that here would spring up a prosperous city, the home of as enterprising and progressive people as are to be found on the globe.

Bangor's present site was, in the early days, the camping-ground of the Tarratines, a leading Indian tribe. The name has been adopted in recent years by a social club composed of leading business and professional men of Bangor. The place was for a time known as Kadesquit, afterwards as Condeskeag, and later as Kenduskeag. It was a favorite abode of the red men because of the abundance of fish and game in the vicinity, the river abounding with salmon and other migratory fish in the open season, while during the winter months the surrounding forests teemed with moose, caribou, deer and bear.

The French visited the locality as early as 1605, and the Jesuits contemplated planting a mission here in 1613, but were persuaded to locate at Mount Desert, where they were later wiped out by the piratical Argall. Baron de Castine found his way to this region from Canada about 1670, and, marrying one or more of the daughters of Madocawando, a Tarratine chief,—whose name is likewise borne by a Bangor club of young business men,—acquired great influence over the natives, establishing his trading place on the bay where is now the picturesque and historic town of Castine, named in his honor. From this trading post as a base the Penobscot was frequently visited for purposes of traffic, and the river became a highway of communication between Canada and the French posts in this section.

The fierce struggle for dominion in America, which had been in progress for years between England and France and her savage allies, culminated in 1759 with the fall of Quebec, by which the power of the French was broken and the country wrested from their hands. Hailed with demonstrations of rejoicing was this event by the settlements of Maine, so long harassed and imperiled; and from this time immigration set in from Massachusetts and other New England states. Until after the erection of Fort Pownall in 1759 there were no traces of English settlements above Fort Point, where the waters of the Penobscot River unite with those of the bay, but from that time on settlers gradually established themselves further up the river. The



BROAD STREET AND WEST MARKET SQUARE.

Penobscot in the early days bore the name Norombega, and that historic name is still retained by a large hall in the Central Market, which is located in the middle of the Kenduskeag in the very heart of the city. Norombega Hall is the Faneuil Hall of Bangor, and in years gone by its walls have echoed with the voices of the most famous speakers in the land.

Jacob Bussell came from Salisbury, Mass., bringing with him to this home in the wilderness a wife and nine children. In the following spring Mr. Bussell's son Stephen, who had just married, brought his wife, and also Caleb Goodwin, his wife and eight children from Castine. These established themselves in log huts a little south of that of the first settler; and therefore by 1770 the settlement aggregated about twenty in numbers. The following year more families came and the next still others, among these being such names as Howard, Dennet, Crosby, Smart, Webster, Rose, Rowell, Harthorn and Mansel, some of their descendants bearing the same names being among the prominent citizens of the Bangor of to-day. One of these, Thomas Howard, built a cabin near the river, but later, in 1782, erected a house at the corner of State and Howard Streets, which has been occupied by his descendants down to within four years, when it was purchased by A. H. Thaxter, Esq., one of Bangor's leading business men, who has remodeled it into an elegant and modern dwelling, yet retaining enough of the original to show its style. These early settlers were all squatters, with no title to the soil, but imbued with faith that the government would confirm the claim of their pioneer enterprise and labor. The faith of these pioneer settlers in the justice of their country, to which they were thoroughly true in the stormy days of the Revolution, was realized in 1801, when the General Court of Massachusetts provided that each settler prior to 1784, for five dollars, and each settler between 1784 and 1798, for one hundred dollars, should have a deed of one hundred acres of land.

Kenduskeag Plantation was but a little hamlet at the time of the Revolution, and during the time when the British had control of the river its hardships were severe. But as the clouds of war finally lifted, the ener-

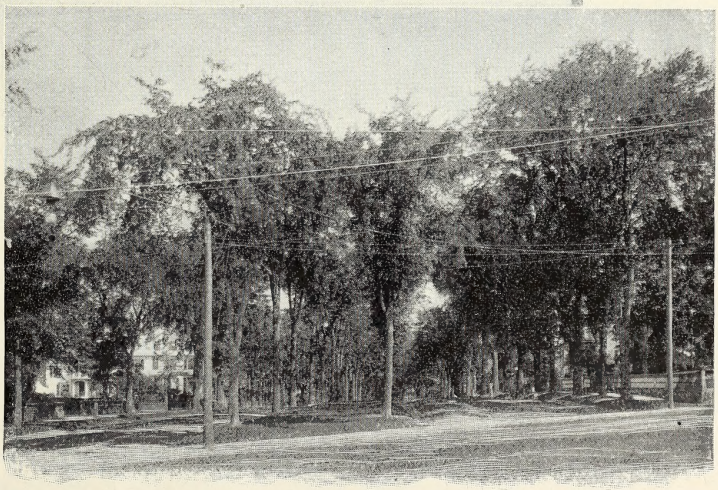
gies and enterprise of the people resumed their wonted channels. Many who had been called away to take part in the conflict returned, and fresh immigrants came to join in the activities which the rich resources of the region called into play. As the population increased they became impatient of the plantation organization. Rev. Seth Noble, Bangor's pioneer minister, had given the name of Sunbury to the locality, and the people finally delegated him to proceed to the General Court in Boston and secure an act of incorporation. Minister Noble was a great lover of music, and the hymn tune of "Bangor" was such a favorite with the reverend gentleman that that name was substituted for Sunbury, and the act incorporating the town of Bangor was passed Feb. 25, 1791.*

Parson Noble, who had the honor of christening this virgin settlement in the Maine forest, was a clergyman who at the opening of the Revolution was in the Maritime Provinces. He was a native of Westfield, Mass., and was a Congregationalist. He was a zealous patriot and served as chaplain under Col. John Allan. After the Revolution the government gave him a tract of 300 acres on the east side of the Penobscot, in what is now the town of Eddington, and he came

* One version of the way Bangor obtained its new name is this: Rev. Mr. Noble, who had gone to the General Court of Massachusetts to secure an act of incorporation, was in the lobby humming his favoritce tune when he was approached by one of the officers of the court with the query "What is the name?" Mr. Noble thought reference was made to the tune and replied, "Oh, Bangor," and paid no more attention to the man who turned and left him. The court-official had construed the answer as the name to be used in the act of incorporation, and the name of Bangor was thus inserted.



BROADWAY IN WINTER.



IN SUMMER.

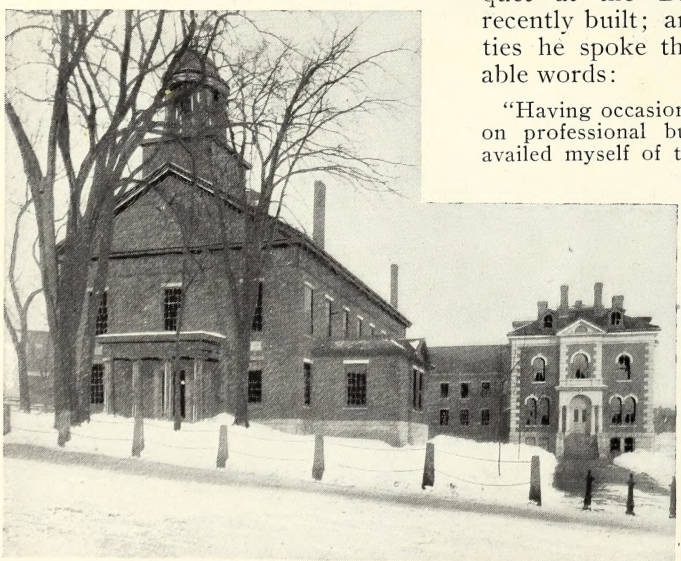
here with his family in 1786 to take up his residence. At that time there was no organized church in this vicinity, but an arrangement was soon made among the religious people here by which Mr. Noble became their gospel teacher, receiving $400 per year. Mr. Noble lived in a log cabin near the river, and, in addition to preaching, he taught singing.

Bangor entered upon the nineteenth century, 31 years after its settlement, with a population of 277. Remote as it was from business centres, and in the heart of the great wilderness of the Northeast, attention was gradually being directed thither, the population receiving very material acquisitions during 1800 and the years immediately succeeding. The legislative provision of farms for the asking had its effect upon young men of enterprise and adventure, and the immigration increased yearly. The situation of Bangor at the head of navigation on the Penobscot, and at its junction with the waters of the Kenduskeag, and from its central location destined to be the converging point for two-thirds of Maine when settled, had large influence in increasing the tide of immigration thither.

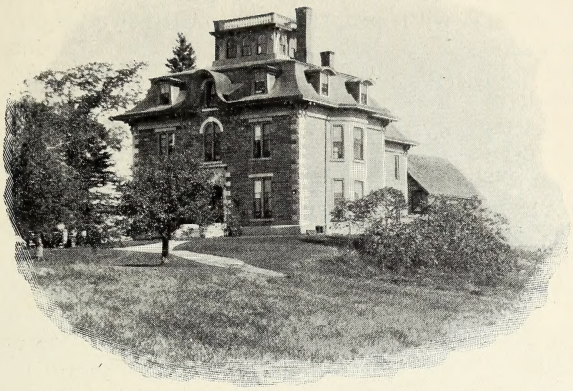
During the stormy days of the Revolution Bangor largely escaped, although in 1779 a portion of the broken fleet of Commodore Saltonstall was pursued and captured at the mouth of the Kenduskeag; but the victors appear not to have molested the inhabitants. In 1814 Bangor was less fortunate. The city was taken possession of by the British, numerous vessels were burned, stores, offices and deserted dwellings were pillaged, and the inhabitants were rudely and in some cases outrageously treated.

In the early thirties Bangor made rapid growth, land valuations materially advancing and the era being one of great speculation. From 1830 to 1834 the population increased from 2,808 to about 8,000. It was in the latter year that Bangor became incorporated as a city, Hon. Allen Gilman being the first mayor. It was in the fall of the following year, 1835, that Daniel Webster, who was then in the zenith of his power, and who, in his young manhood, came near locating in this city, was tendered a banquet at the Bangor House, then recently built; and during the festivities he spoke the following memorable words:

"Having occasion to come into the state on professional business, I have gladly availed myself of the opportunity to visit this city, the growing magnitude and importance of which have recently attracted so much general notice. I am happy to say that I see around me ample proofs of the correctness of those favorable representations which have gone abroad. Your city, gentlemen, has undoubtedly experienced an extraordinary growth; and it is a growth, I think, which there is reason to hope is not un-

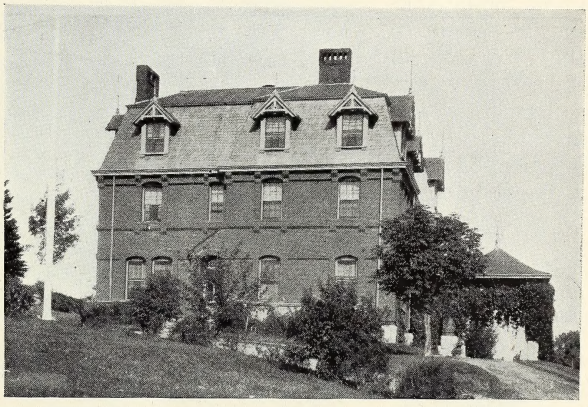


COURT HOUSE AND COUNTY JAIL.



THE EASTERN MAINE GENERAL HOSPITAL.

natural, or greatly disproportionate to the eminent advantages of the place. It so happened that, at an early period of my life, I came to this spot, attracted by that favorable position which the slightest glance on the map must satisfy every one that it occupies. It is near the head of tide water, on a river which brings to it from the sea a volume of water equal to the demands of the largest vessel of war, and whose branches, uniting here from great distances above, traverse, in their course, extensive tracts now covered with valuable productions of forest, and capable, most of them, of profitable agricultural cultivation. But at the time I speak of, the time had not come for the profitable development and display of these advantages. Neither the place nor the country were then ready. A long course of commercial restriction and embargo and a foreign war were to be gone through before the local advantages of such a spot could be exhibited or enjoyed, or the country could be in a condition to create an active demand for its main products. I believe some twelve or twenty houses were all that Bangor could enumerate when I was in it before; and I remember to have crossed the stream which now divides your locality on some floating logs. It is quite obvious, gentlemen, that while the local advantages of a noble river and a large surrounding country may be justly considered as the original spring of the present prosperity of the city, the current of this prosperity has nevertheless been put in motion, enlarged and impelled by the general progress of improvement and growth of wealth throughout the whole country. At the period of my former visit there was, of course, neither railroad nor steamboat nor canal to favor communication; nor do I recollect that any public or stage road came within fifty miles of the town."



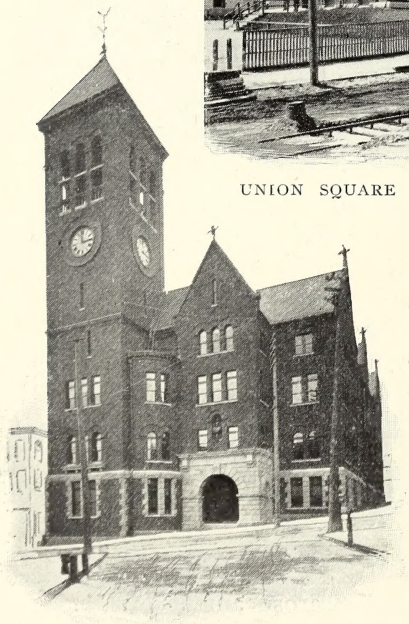
THE CHILDREN'S HOME.

Among the events that have left their imprint on the history of this region was the famous Aroostook War. In 1826 arose the northeastern boundary dispute, and it was not till the early forties that the controversy was finally settled. Until 1812 there was no question raised regarding the boundary, the St. Croix being agreed upon as the correct division; but beyond the monument marking the head of the river all was undetermined. After the treaty of Ghent a commission of English and American engineers was appointed to run the boundary line. It was to extend north to the highlands, from which the waters flow to the Atlantic and to the St. Lawrence. No difference of opinion arose among the engineers until Mars Hill was reached; then the English engineers claimed they

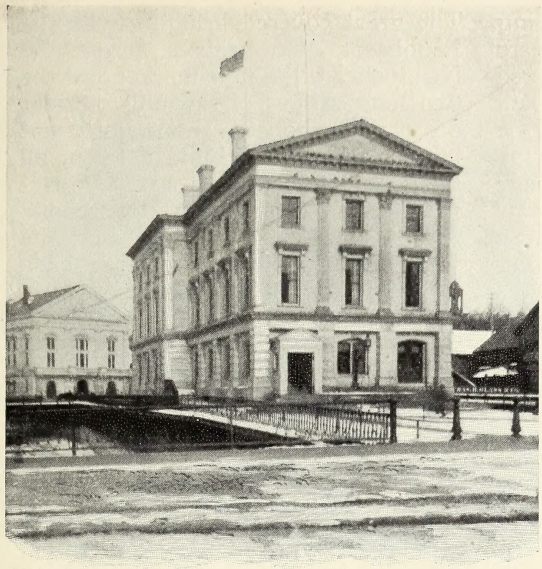
had reached the "highlands," while the Americans dissented, and both parties reported to their respective governments. To be ready in case of an emergency the United States sent a detachment of troops to Houlton, and they remained in barracks there until 1842, when the boundary settlement was finally reached. In 1828 Congress made provision for a military road from Bangor to Houlton, and this was completed in 1830, this great highway being an important factor in opening up to development the fertile lands of that region. In 1837 an agent of the Federal government, while taking a census of the French in the Madawaska settlements, was arrested and imprisoned; but a conference of the governments of the United States and New Brunswick resulted in his release. The agent had acted with propriety, the British authorities intending by their actions to show that Maine would no longer be allowed to exercise authority in that region. The claim of the British was a large one and meant that Maine would be robbed of about a third of its territory. In 1839 it was reported to the state authorities that New Brunswick lumbermen were carrying on extensive lumbering operations on the disputed territory. The sheriff of Penobscot County was then ordered to Aroostook, and took with him a posse of 200 men, the trespassers retiring into New Brunswick; but breaking into the government arsenal at Woodstock they returned armed and ready to meet the sheriff, in the meantime having captured the Maine land agent. The Maine legislature immediately appropriated $800,000 to defend the public lands and the Governor called out 10,000 militia, while the United States Congress appropriated $10,000,000 to meet probable expenses and authorized the President to raise 50,000 volunteers. In due time the trouble was settled by a mutual withdrawal of troops and the protection of the lumber by a civil posse of Maine. Thus ended the bloodless Aroostook War; but those were stirring times in the vicinity of Bangor. The boundary question was permanently settled in 1842 by Lord Ashburton and the American Secretary of State, together with the commissioners appointed by Maine.



UNION SQUARE GRAMMAR SCHOOL.



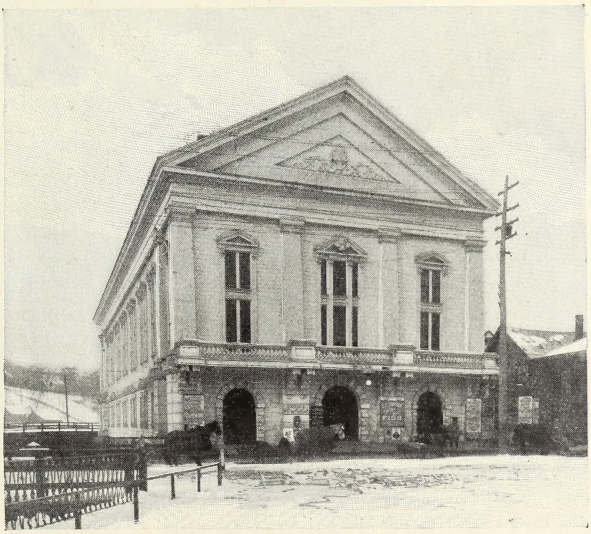
CITY HALL.



CUSTOM HOUSE AND POST OFFICE.

There were many picturesque phases to that notable struggle; and the best historian of the Aroostook War is Hon. Albert W. Paine, the Nestor of the Penobscot bar and the second oldest lawyer in continuous practice in New England. He furnished daily correspondence from Bangor to the Boston *Advertiser* during that eventful period.

A prominent place in the city's history was filled by the great flood of 1846. The conditions that winter were exceptional, and the entire bed of the river, except the channel, seemed to have become an almost solid body of ice. With the approach of spring the river began to break up for thirty miles above the city, while it continued firmly bound for twelve miles below. At different points above the city there were jams or ice dams, the two most formidable being seven miles above the city, in the vicinity of the two largest and most important ranges of sawmills. These mills were raised from their foundation by the high waters, and as the jam gave way they were swept down the river. The jams gradually worked their way down, carrying destruction to bridges and buildings along the banks until they were all concentrated in one immense mass four miles in length, of great height and depth, filling the river, while above the jam the water was twenty to thirty feet above its usual height, making a dead level of the falls. The first injury to the city was by the breaking way of a section of the dam, resulting in the inundation of a score of houses on the west bank and the sweeping of buildings and lumber on the wharves. Meanwhile another auxiliary to the fearful work had been preparing by the breaking up of the ice in the Kenduskeag River, which flows through the heart of the city. The whole flat on the margin of the river is covered with stores and public buildings. At midnight the bells



NOROMBEGA HALL.

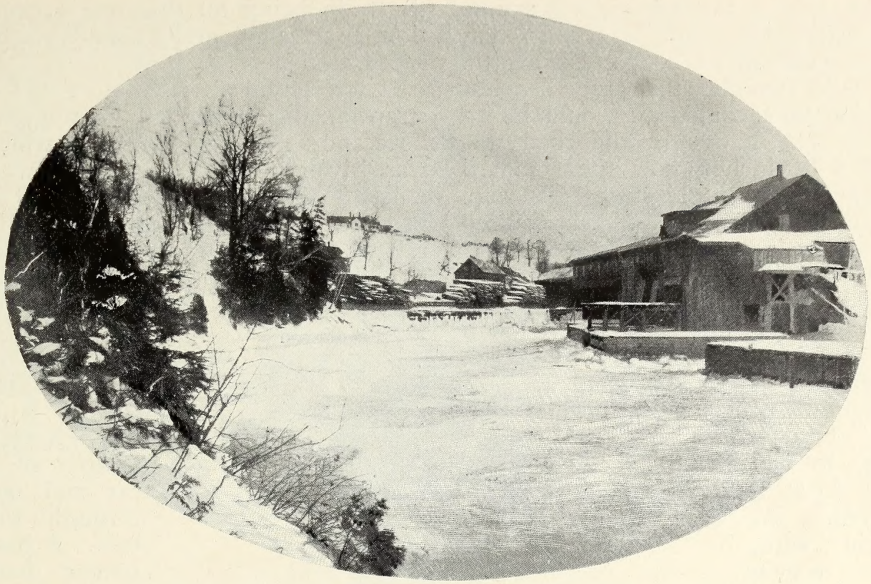
were rung to announce the giving way of the ice. The streets were thronged with people, who gathered to behold the ice avalanche. The jam passed on to High Head, but in the narrows it came to a halt, and quickly the water commenced to roll back upon the fated city. So quick was the revulsion that it seemed but a moment before the entire flat comprising the business section was deluged, and it required the utmost speed on the part of the people to escape the rising water. The following day, Sunday, was the saddest and most serious ever passed in Bangor. In the early evening the alarm was again rung, and the citizens came out to witness the climax of this unparalleled disaster. Darkness soon shrouded the scene, but the terrific uproar beat upon the ear, and amid the roaring of the waters and the crash of buildings, bridges and lumber, the eye could trace the mammoth ice jam of four miles long, which passed on majestically but with lightning-like velocity, bearing the contents of both rivers on its bosom. The great covered bridge across the Penobscot, two bridges across the Kenduskeag, the new market and the two long ranges of sawmills, besides other mills, houses, shops, logs and lumber enough to build a town, all swept on toward the sea. Fortunately the disaster was not accompanied with loss of life, but the were ready to undertake large busidreds of thousands of dollars.

Bangor's citizens in the early days were ready to undertake large busi-



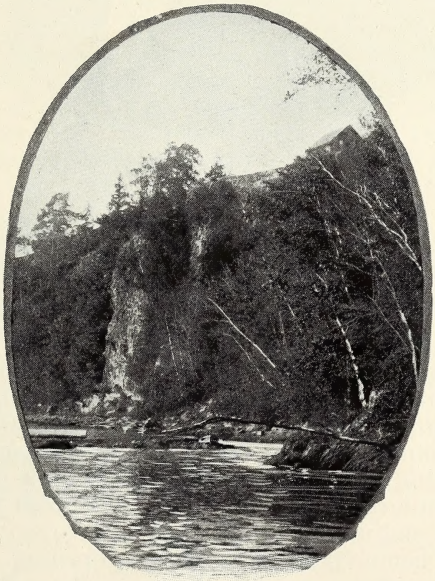
ALONG THE RIVER FRONT.

ness enterprises; and back in the thirties they built and operated the first steam passenger and freight railroad in Maine, and one of the first in the country. The road was built by the Bangor and Piscataquis Canal and Railroad Company, which was subsequently changed to the Bangor, Oldtown and Milford Railroad Company. Prominent among its promoters were Messrs. E. and S. Smith, two brothers actively interested in real estate and timber lands. Later General Samuel Veazie, one of the wealthiest business men of the Penobscot Valley, secured control of



ON THE KENDUSKEAG.

the line, and it subsequently became known as the Veazie Railroad. The road was started in 1835 and begun operation during 1836, the formal opening being a red letter day throughout this section of the state, people flocking from miles away to join in the celebration. The road was originally twelve miles long, but afterward was extended to Milford, the cost of the railway and equipment being $600,000. At first there were two engines, the "Pioneer" and "No. 6," a third, the "Elliot," being later secured in Boston. The two original locomotives were of the Stevenson make and came from England. They had no cabs when sent here, but were afterwards provided with rude contrivances called cabs. The old engines weighed, including the tender, about ten tons each. They burned wood and were provided with bells somewhat resembling a cow bell. The original cars were also of English manufacture and were in style decidedly unique, especially in comparison with the modern railway coaches. They were merely platform cars upon which were placed a boxlike arrangement resembling the ancient stage coach, which would carry eight people to a car, two seats facing each other carrying four persons each. The passengers entered on the side, as in



LOVER'S LEAP.

the case of a carriage. After a time the cars were made larger, so that they were all of 20 feet in length. It was thought that the heaviest engine they could use would be 13 tons. The gauge of the road was 4 feet 8½ inches, now the standard gauge, and the old strap rails were 1⅝ inches thick. The speed acquired by the trains over this road was not terrific, the run of twelve miles being made in about forty minutes; but that was considered pretty swift in those days. The construction of the track was, to say the least, novel. To begin with, piles were driven into the ground just as far as the nature of the ground would permit, the piles being 12 feet apart in two rows. Some were driven in 25 or 30 feet, and others more. Then they were cut off so that the rows would be nearly of a height, and on top were laid stringers and on them sleepers. On these were spiked down heavy narrow timbers, and on top of all a flat piece of iron for the rail, making what was called the strap iron rail. These iron pieces were spiked down, but by the action of the cars running over them they became loosened in a short time, and a man was accustomed to ride on the front part of the engine, holding in his hand a sledge hammer, and as he espied a spike sticking up he would reach down and drive it home, the train being all the time in motion, proceeding at its usual rate of speed.



HON. HANNIBAL HAMLIN.

It was found after a time that the strap rail was inadequate for the purpose and a "T" rail was used, which was driven into a cast iron chair, with a key to hold it in place. Then as prosperity shone on the road an "H" rail was laid. The former was a 34-pound rail and the latter a 52. One day one of the old strap rails became loose, and as a train went over it it was projected violently up through the bottom of a car and out through the roof. A passenger narrowly escaped death, the rail missing him by a hair's breadth. The road used what were called Baltimore frogs, and the switches were sent ready made, the angles being given the manufacturer. A considerable portion of the roadbed traversed a bog, and in driving the piles a pile-driver dropped down into the lower regions, the machine never being recovered. The road continued for years to do a large business, but early in the seventies the Veazie road was bought up by the European and North American Railway, a line which had just been built from Bangor to St. John, President Grant being present at its formal opening. The new owners removed the rolling stock and rails, and the running of trains perma-



BANGOR THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.

nently ceased. An excursion was run over this famous railroad on the last day, and the occasion was a memorable one.

Bangor has ever been a pioneer in transportation matters. Not only did the city have one of the first railroads in the country, but the pioneer iron steamship constructed in America was built to run to this port—and bore the name *Bangor*. The steamship registered 230 tons. She was built on the Delaware, her owners being the Bangor Steam Navigation Company of Maine, and the firm of Betts, Harlan and Hollingsworth of Wilmington, Del., her builders. The *Bangor* was designed for passenger and freight service between Boston and Bangor; but, on the second trip from Boston, August 31, 1845, she caught fire off Castine and was burned to the water's edge. She was afterwards towed to Bath, rebuilt, and ran again on the line until December, 1846, when she was purchased by the United States Government for $28,975, and renamed the *Scourge,* at the time of the breaking out of the Mexican war. During her employment as a war steamer she was equipped with three guns. After two years of war service she was sold by the government to John F. Jeter of Lafayette, La. The hull of the *Bangor* was formed by bar iron ribs or frames secured by numerous wrought iron clamps, and her plating was put on in the lapped or "clinker" style instead of the modern "inside and outside" method of arranging the sheets.



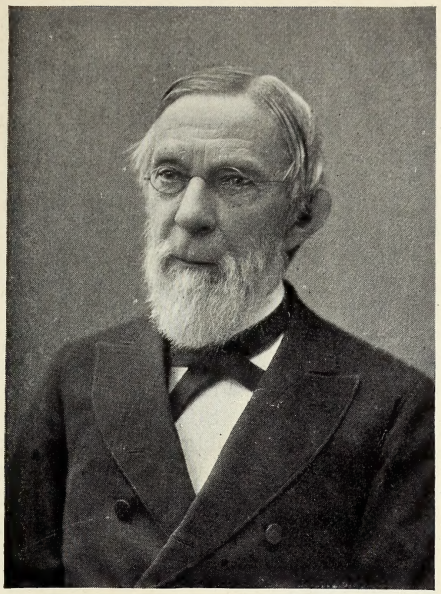
THE HOME OF HANNIBAL HAMLIN.

The Bangor of to-day is a flourishing city of about 25,000



A GROUP OF BANGOR CHURCHES.

people, and the towns immediately environing, including the city of Brewer across the river, swell the population to 40,000. Located as the city is on the bank of the Penobscot at its junction with the Kenduskeag, the business portion is largely in the valley while the surrounding heights afford picturesque sites for residences. The diversified aspect is heightened by the wealth of trees along the residential streets. Few localities are to be found with greater scenic attractions. From the high lands overlooking the city the view is particularly fine, the mountains which fill the eastern horizon making a fitting background to

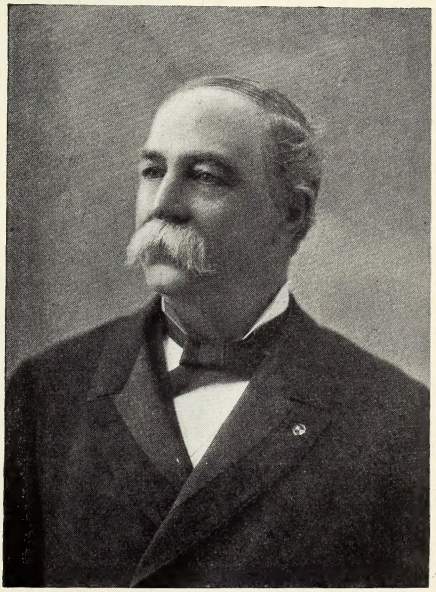


REV. GEORGE W. FIELD.

the picture. The Kenduskeag has, through much of its course, very precipitous banks, a notable illustration being the historic Lover's Leap a mile above the city; and along this picturesque stream are innumerable gems of scenic beauty.

Bangor has a fine harbor easily accessible for vessels of large size; and the scene in the open season along the docks, where craft of varying rig are loaded with lumber, ice and the diversified products of this region, is an animated one. Although thirty miles from the bay and sixty miles from the ocean, the tide rises about seventeen feet, and there is a sufficient depth of water to float the largest of ocean steamships. The exports, foreign and domestic, for the Bangor customs district for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1896, were valued at $1,414,791, and the exports for the calendar year ending Dec. 31, 1896, were $1,544,616, while the imports for 1896 were $1,404,959. Bangor's foreign commerce is steadily expanding, the exports by vessel from this port for the season of 1896 being $261,396 against $186,242 in 1895, while the imports for 1896 were $46,884 against $3,468 in the previous year. In addition to the usual shipments of fruit box shooks to the Mediterranean and spoolwood to Scotland, there have gone abroad two cargoes of deals, one to Hull, England, and the other to Cardiff, Wales. The latter comprised 2,075,102 feet of deals and went forward in the big steamship *Cundall*. In years long gone by the shipment of deals abroad was an important part of Bangor's commerce, yet these two cargoes shipped during 1896 are the only shipments of this kind of lumber sent across the ocean from the Penobscot for many years; but a large order has already been received for delivery in 1897. In the long past Bangor made important lumber shipments to South America, but for some years none has been sent there from here until during 1896, when the schooner *Susie M. Plummer* carried to Buenos Ayres 773,102 feet spruce lumber and 31,562 feet pieces of lumber.

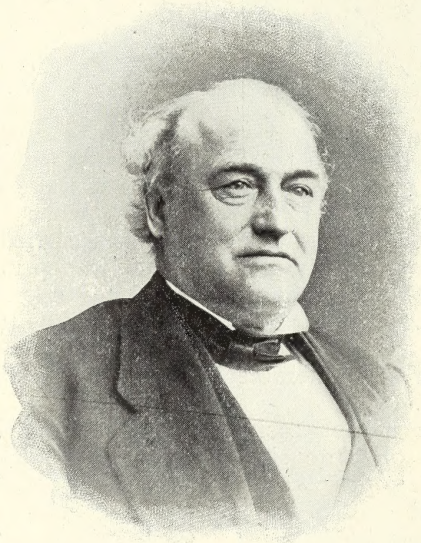
The city has tributary to it a large and fertile territory, and it is the metropolis of eastern Maine. In business



HON. CHARLES A. BOUTELLE.

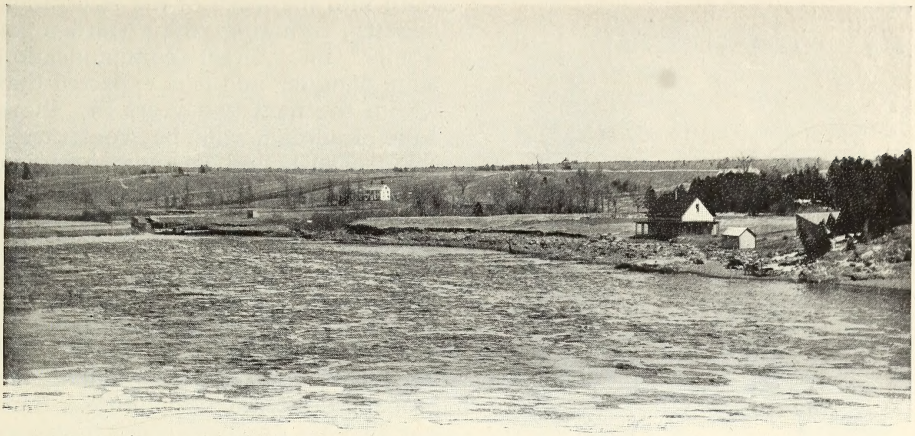
enterprise and public spirit Bangor is unsurpassed, we believe, by any city of its size. Being midway between Bar Harbor and Moosehead Lake it is a favorite resort with summer tourists and sportsmen. It is famous for its beautiful drives, the towns contiguous to the city having most varied scenic attractions in mountain, lake, pond and stream.

Bangor enjoys the unique distinction of being the only place of size on the globe where salmon-fly fishing can be successfully practiced within the city's limits. In one season a Bangor lumber manufacturer brought to the gaff and successfully landed twenty-seven fish aggregating 500 pounds in weight. The Bangor salmon pool, whence are taken all the salmon caught with a fly on the Penobscot, is situated about a mile above the city, just below the falls that span the river at the Bangor Water Works. The Penobscot River Salmon Clubhouse, a neat and commodious headquarters for the salmon fishermen, is located directly opposite the salmon pool on the Brewer side of the river. The largest salmon thus far taken with the fly at the Bangor pool tipped the scales at thirty pounds. In the fall months the Bangor markets and taxidermy establishments are filled with trophies, indicating the city's place as the centre of a wonderful game country. Northern Maine is the sportsmen's paradise, and Bangor is the key to that great territory. Moose, caribou and deer have of late years, as the result of wise and well enforced laws, very materially increased. The state is now a great deer park; and so abundant are the deer as to become almost a nuisance to the farmers because of their propensity to devour growing crops. During the three months of open season covering October, November and December, 1896, the Bangor and Aroostook Railroad shipped from stations along its line 2,245 deer, 133 moose and 130 caribou.



GENERAL SAMUEL F. HERSEY.

From the earliest days lumbering has been one of the chief occupations of this region. Solomon and Silas Harthorn in 1772 built a sawmill at the mouth of the Penjejawock, near where is now located the beautiful Mount Hope Cemetery. Five years later a mill was built on the Kenduskeag near Lover's Leap; and in 1795 a mill was erected further down the Kenduskeag on the site of the present extensive woodworking plant of Morse and Company. From small beginnings lumbering on the Penobscot expanded until the industry assumed immense proportions. Up to the present time there has been cut, on the Penobscot and its tributaries, about 10,000,000,000 feet of lumber, enough to encircle the globe seventy-seven times. An army of men and horses are kept busy in the winter months in the woods of northern Maine, and with the advent of the open season the logs are driven down the streams and rivers, finally bringing up at Penobscot Boom, some miles above Oldtown, where they are sorted and rafted. At



THE SALMON POOL IN THE PENOBSCOT.

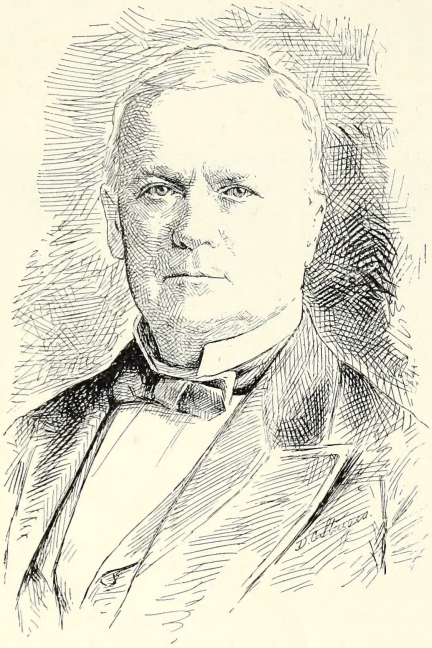
numerous locations above the city are big water sawmills, while below Bangor and across the river in Brewer are large steam sawmills. Great changes have been wrought in this industry in recent years and the old mill equipment has largely given place to modern band mills. The past season has not been an especially brisk one with the sawmills along the Penobscot; yet there was surveyed in the port of Bangor 137,949,005 feet of lumber in 1896. Bangor's lumber output is to be further enhanced by bringing here by rail for shipment by water the product of the big sawmill which several Bangor citizens under the name of the Ashland Manufacturing Company have recently erected at Ashland, the terminus of the Ashland branch of the Bangor and Aroostook Railroad. The lumber industry has been materially affected by the advent of the pulp and paper mills; already there are many great plants for the manufacture of pulp and paper along the Penobscot, and more are destined to come.

During the winter months extensive ice operations are conducted here, great ice-houses being located along both banks of the river. Bangor has numerous other lines of industry, and the location is most favorable for manufactures, the transportation facilities being excellent, the raw material for many industries near at hand, and there being a good supply of capable help at reasonable prices.

The city is supplied with water from the Penobscot River by the Holly system, introduced in 1876 at a cost of a half million dollars. Improvements have been made from time to time, and a $30,000 Warren filter has recently been completed. The city's streets are lighted by electricity by a plant of its own, power



THE Y. M. C. A. BUILDING.



CHIEF JUSTICE JOHN A. PETERS.

being furnished by the Bangor Water Works. Electricity for domestic lighting and general power purposes is furnished by the Public Works Company, the latter corporation having at Veazie, four miles above the city, one of the greatest water power electric plants in New England. Power is also furnished at Veazie to operate the electric street railway systems in this vicinity; and in this connection it may be noted that Bangor's street railway was the first electric railway in Maine and one of the first in the country.

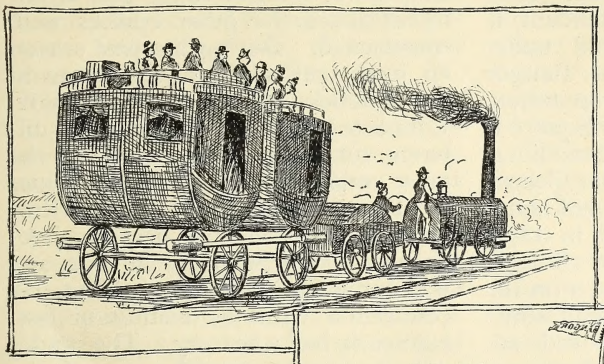
Bangor's future is especially promising because of movements inaugurated in recent years to open up and develop the boundless resources of the extensive region to the north and east The Bangor and Aroostook Railroad has been pushed far northward into the heart of the Aroostook country, bringing the "Garden of Maine" into direct communication with Bangor; and it is expected that within the next two years the Shore Line Railroad will be constructed east to Calais and Eastport, bringing prosperous Washington County, heretofore almost without railroad facilities, into direct communication with Bangor and the outside world. The Maine Central Railroad Company is making extensive improvements in this vicinity, and a new and large passenger station is among the probabilities of the near future. Bangor also has excellent water transportation facilities and among the steamships plying between this port and Boston is the new and palatial *City of Bangor*, which the Bangor Board of Trade provided with a full outfit of colors in honor of her being christened for the city. Electric railways have recently been built up the river to Oldtown and southward towards Winterport, and other important lines will be constructed in the immediate future.

Bangor's City Hall—the Hersey Memorial Building—is an imposing edifice, which reflects credit upon the city. The corner stone was laid July 4, 1893, and the dedication took place just a year from that date. On the front of the building is a bronze



BANGOR WATER WORKS.

bust of the late General Samuel F. Hersey, donated by his four sons. The General was long a prominent and wealthy business man of Bangor, and represented this district for two terms in Congress. He died in 1875 and left numerous bequests, among them one to the city, which, when paid over by the executors some years later, aggregated $100,000, this sum being subsequently appropriated

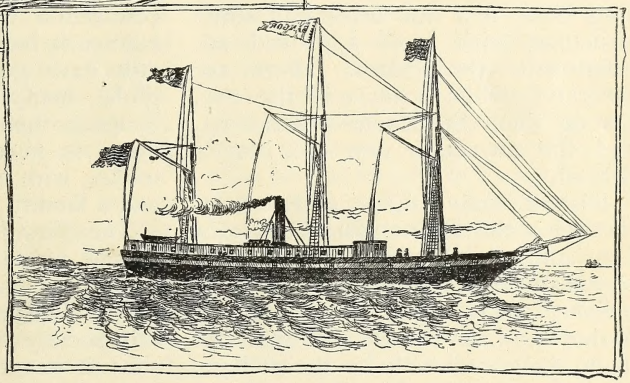


EARLY TRAIN ON THE VEAZIE RAILROAD.

by the city as an endowment for the Public Library. Later, through the efforts of Hon. F. O. Beal, mayor of the city, the Hersey Fund was utilized to construct a Hersey Memorial Building, this being designed to meet all the requirements of a City Hall; and the city pays interest to the Public Library.

The Bangor Public Library has to-day about 40,000 volumes, and it is expected that ere long, through the generosity of public-spirited citizens, a handsome library building will be erected. The Bangor Board of Trade has handsome and commodious rooms in the City Hall building. This flourishing organization of more than 250 members will this spring observe, with appropriate exercises, its twenty-fifth anniversary.

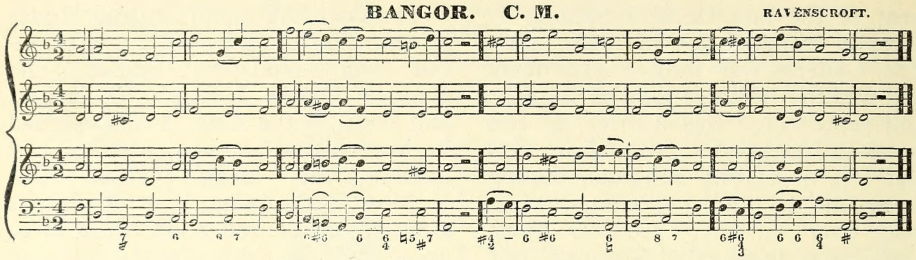
The Post Office and Custom House is centrally located and is a substantial and handsome edifice. The Bangor Opera House, the largest and finest in the state, is unsurpassed in beauty and convenience by any outside the largest cities. The Y. M. C. A. building, built in 1891, is a model edifice, reflecting credit alike upon the city and the association. The Court House was built many years ago but has undergone various changes and enlargements. The County Jail is near by, and connected with it is a commodious workshop. The Children's Home has for many years been one of the city's most worthy institutions. The Eastern



THE FIRST AMERICAN IRON STEAMSHIP, "BANGOR."

Maine General Hospital occupies a picturesque site overlooking the Penobscot, and in the immediate vicinity of the Bangor Water Works. In the same vicinity, and commanding an extensive view, are the spacious grounds of the Eastern Maine Insane Asylum; the administration building was completed the past season, and other large buildings will be erected during the next two years.

The city schools have always been noted for their excellence, and the standard has never been higher than to-day. Bangor is behind none of



her sister cities in providing the youth with the best of instruction. Miss Mary S. Snow, the superintendent, is thoroughly progressive, and under her able management the Bangor schools justly enjoy a high reputation. The High School in Abbott Square is centrally located and commodious. The Union Square Grammar School on the West Side is a large and handsome brick edifice, erected in 1876. The Palm Street Grammar School, erected during the past season on the East Side, is a fine brick and stone structure, with most approved appointments throughout. There are several Catholic schools in the city, among them St. Xavier's Academy, and the attractive new St. Mary's School.

Distant only nine miles from Bangor is the Maine State College, a flourishing institution with upwards of 300 students, destined, as its friends believe, to be "The University of Maine" and, as the electric cars run from Bangor directly to the college, the educational advantages offered there are open to the youth of this vicinity.

The Bangor Theological Seminary is one of the notable institutions of New England. In 1810 "The Society for Promoting Theological Education" was formed in Portland. In 1814 a charter was secured under the name of the Maine Charity School. Under this charter a theological seminary was opened in Hampden on the Penobscot in 1816; but three years later it was removed to Bangor, where an eligible site was provided on elevated land overlooking the city. The first building erected was the chapel. Later this was burned. The present chapel was built in 1859; and at different times the other edifices were constructed. During the past season an important addition was made in the erection of a fine gymnasium. Connected with the Seminary at different times have been many of the most eminent Congregational divines in New England. The late Rev. Enoch Pond, D. D., became associated with the Seminary in 1832, and was for long years its president, his connection with the institution lasting nearly half a century. The graduates have gone to all parts of the globe, many of them attaining eminence in their profession. The Seminary is in a flourishing condition to-day, with a large body of students and a faculty notable for its ability.

The First Congregational Church is the pioneer religious society of Bangor, having been organized in 1811. The handsome brick church of this society occupies a commanding site; it was erected in 1831, but has undergone many improvements. The Hammond Street Congregational Church was organized in 1833; the Central Congregational Church in 1847, its present house of worship being erected in 1853. The Independent Congregational Society (Unitarian) lost its church by fire in 1851, and erected its present handsome structure, dedicated in 1853. The First Baptist Church was organized in 1828, its church being dedicated the next year and a commodious chapel built at a later date. The Second Baptist Church was organized in 1845; the Free Baptist Church in 1836; the First Methodist Church in 1827; the

Union Street Methodist Church in 1847; the Universalist Church in 1841. The two Catholic churches are large and imposing edifices, the corner stone of St. John's having been laid in 1855 and that of St. Mary's in 1872. St. John's Episcopal Church is a handsome edifice; and there are other houses of worship in the city and its suburbs. Bangor's clergy have always held a high place in their respective denominations, many of them being favorably known throughout New England. Conspicuous among these is the Rev. Geo. W. Field, D. D., who came from Boston in 1863 and for nearly three decades was pastor of the Central Congregational Church, his brilliant pulpit utterances attracting wide attention. A few years ago he retired from active preaching on account of advancing years; but he is still vigorous in mind and body, and on April 1 is to deliver an historical address at the semicentennial of the Central Church. Through the efforts of Dr. Field the people of Bangor have for many years enjoyed lecture courses of rare excellence.

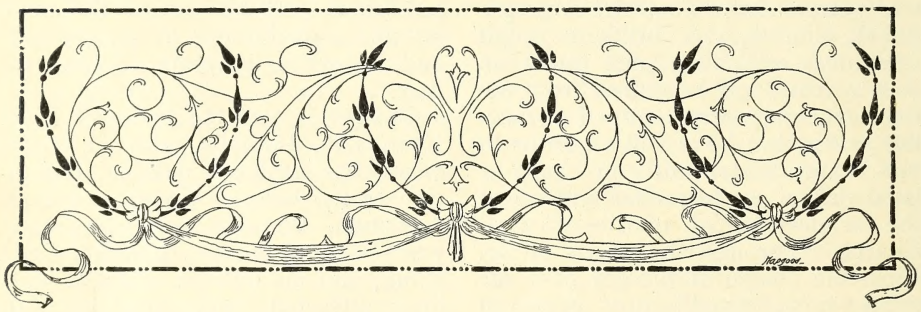
The most eminent citizen whom Bangor has had in all the years of her history was Hon. Hannibal Hamlin. Every Bangorian takes a just pride in his eventful career. Reared amid the hills of Oxford County, he studied law with Messrs. Fessenden and Deblois at Portland, and thence removed to the Penobscot Valley, establishing himself in the adjoining town of Hampden and later taking up his residence in Bangor. For five terms he served in the Maine legislature, three of these years being Speaker of the House of Representatives, being first elected to that responsible position when only 27 years of age. Later he went to Congress, serving in the House of Representatives two terms and in the Senate for a long period of years. He was elected Vice-President of the United States on the ticket with Abraham Lincoln, and was the companion of the martyr President during the trying days of the Rebellion. He also held the positions of Governor of Maine and Collector of Customs of the port of Boston; and his official career closed with his term as Minister to Spain. He was a devoted lover of his adopted city, and his closing years were peacefully passed at his comfortable home on Fifth Street. Fitting indeed it was that his end should occur on July 4, the anniversary of the birth of the country to the promotion of whose welfare he had labored so zealously throughout his life. The biography of Mr. Hamlin, from the pens of his son and grandson, soon to be published, will be one of the most notable contributions to the political and historical literature of the century.

Bangor is also the home of Hon. Charles A. Boutelle, who, in recent years, has achieved national reputation in the halls of Congress. Congressman Boutelle was for many years editor of the Bangor *Daily Whig*, and his forcible editorial writings attracted wide attention. In 1882 he was elected to Congress from this district and has continued in the House of Representatives down to the present, being one of the most brilliant and conspicuous of Maine's "Big Four" in the popular branch of the nation's legislature. During the war he served with distinction in the navy, and he is at present chairman of the Naval Committee of the House.

Bangor's unique position among New England cities was never more graphically portrayed than by Hon. John A. Peters, formerly a member of Congress and now for years the honored Chief Justice of the Supreme Judicial Court of Maine, in his brilliant address at Bangor's Centennial. This brief survey of the city's life can be closed no better than in his words:

"A town has a character as much as an individual, and becomes known by it at home and abroad. I never knew a decent person who did not enjoy the atmosphere, so to speak, made of the social, moral and business qualities of this city. Bangor has

a character peculiarly her own. While it may be difficult to analyze or describe it, there are certain rather distinguishing characteristics which she may well claim to possess. She is distinguished for her correct tone of society. Bangor is democratic in the better and purest sense of that term. She is distinguished for her independence, for she speaks and acts for herself; for her generosity and benevolence, for in no cause did she ever fail freely to contribute. Bangor bears a high palm for courage, patriotism and pluck. The sons of Bangor and the Penobscot Valley were among the very first to volunteer their lives to crush out rebellion. Our city has always been distinguished for her remarkable unity of sentiment and action. She is rarely much divided in any good cause which affects the well being of her citizens. There are fewer old fogies here than anywhere else. The old men are younger, the young men older, than in other places. Bangor has always been distinguished for the energy of her inhabitants. Her business men have pushed her products over the earth and seas. She has sent her population almost everywhere. You may meet a person from the most distant state or the farthest territory—if he knows you are from 'down East' he inquires about Bangor; not so much about Maine as the best-known place in the state of Maine—to him—Bangor."



AN EASTER ANTHEM.

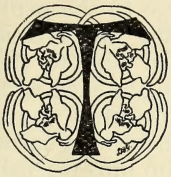
By Minna Irving.

OH, I heard an Easter anthem,
And its music was not rolled
From the throats of vested singers
Nor the organ-pipes of gold.
Cushioned pew nor painted window
Nor the lilied font were there;
But it touched my heart to weeping,
And it stirred my soul to prayer.

It was in a narrow garden,
At the dawn of Easter Day,
Where the flowers were slowly lifting
From their graves the frozen clay;
And a little bird that tilted
In the branches to and fro
Sang it o'er the earth arisen
From its sepulchre of snow.

THE GLORY OF HIS SHAME.

By Andrew McKenzie.



HE Sunday afternoon had come when the term of Convict 317 was to expire, not by the decree of the court, but by his own decision. Convict 317 was sentenced for life. On this Sunday afternoon he had determined to hang himself.

In the prison books he was entered as "George Smith"; but his fellow prisoners called him Mister Square-jaws, a name which the guards had adopted in the easy way in which the guards of this ramshackle Southern penitentiary fraternized with their charges, as the residents of a tramp's shack are familiar with the curs which hang about.

What Mister Square-jaws had determined was likely to come to pass. It was the middle of the afternoon, and summer. The heat was intense. The hundreds of men locked in their old-fashioned cells swore and gasped and longed for the guards to unlock the door and march them to the "feed shed" for Sunday school. Every Sunday afternoon, a few good women, a few romantic girls and half a dozen men who, not having lived behind the bars themselves, believed the one thing needful to a convict's perfect happiness was religion, gathered in the long stone building and held a Sunday school. The wretched morale of the penitentiary had recently stirred up legislative talk, so the warden surlily tolerated the school as a sop to public opinion. He himself remarked scornfully to Major Talliaferro, the superintendent of the school: "Yer might better fool away yer time with my hounds than with this gang o' thugs; the hounds is cleaner." Those of the convicts who wished it were marched to the shed each Sunday afternoon. Most of them welcomed it, but not from religious motives. Some few cried out for God from the ache of their sore hearts. Others liked to be taught by the sympathetic girls,—for there are cavaliers in every prison. More of the convicts craftily traded upon their teachers' sympathy to smuggle out notes, to obtain sums for gambling in the yard during the coming week, or for more substantial favors when they were released. There was a lot of such coddling going on in this odd Sunday school. Most of the convicts came, however, because any change in their lives of monotonous torment was a thing to be eagerly seized. Mister Square-jaws was in this class.

The striking miners had driven hundreds of striped-clothed workmen back to the old penitentiary, now crowded to a far greater suffering than even its ordinary unsanitary, unsavory, ill-kept condition entailed. They had talked about a new penitentiary before the war, and were still talking about it. Shortly before the rioting miners had played havoc with the unholy convict lease system, the harness and the wagon shops in the prison yard had been burned. The rustic legislators on the hill were not going to spoil their boasts of lower taxes to their farmer constituency by voting appropriations for "them niggers and white trash in the pen." So between the miners in the county and the legislators from the county the convicts were punished beyond their sentences by being deprived of the blessed privilege of labor.

To have kept them in their tiny cells day and night during the awful heat of a Southern summer would have been to repeat the history of the

Black Hole of Calcutta. So they were herded in the yard, practically unrestrained, save for the rifles of the guards, the massive walls and the careless harshness of the wardens, who with stout canes and surly dogs lounged and cuffed and cursed the day away among the convicts. Immorality of all sorts was unrestrained. Young boys were forced into association with hardened criminals; vice found a fertile breeding-ground; guards gambled with those convicts who had money; the convicts gambled among themselves, sometimes for their socks, the only thing which the poor fellows could spare of their filthy clothing. Unwashed, suffocating in vermin-infected cells, swearing and sworn at, amid vice and idleness, with self-respect crushed, stolid in despair, vengeful in hate,—these were the associates Mister Square-jaws had chosen to leave by the only way open to him.

Mister Square-jaws was a mystery. Both the guards and the convicts suspected his superiority to themselves, and hated him accordingly. He was a young man and might be expected to crave comradeship. He grimly held himself aloof from all. He was handsome, with his six straight feet of height, his broad shoulders, his fair hair and beard and his blue eyes. In Sunday school he had chosen to be of old Mrs. Gerry's class. The guards looked upon his quiet contempt of them as insolence, and used him with harsh disfavor. Though he said not a word to his companions in the yard, they cursed him volubly, perceiving he still felt himself a gentleman. He preferred sweltering silence to a pen of men offensive with the familiarity of assured ill or desperately clinging to the strong with the despair of broken hearts. He made friends only with the bloodhounds which growled at the other men in stripes and cringed before the canes of the guards.

During the three months that George Smith had been Convict 317, or for that matter had been George Smith, the warden had vowed a dozen times that he would "break his high mightiness." But only once had the many indignities put upon him led Convict 317 into overt rebellion. When he had first come to the penitentiary, the warden, big and coarse and strong, had bullied him to the point of striking him in the face with a cane. He would certainly have killed the big warden had not guards been at hand to club him into insensibility. The warden was in bed a couple of days. "I fixed him for yer all right," said Jim Williams, the deputy, telling the warden about it the day that battered worthy resumed his pipe in the dingy office. "Me and Bill Hayes heated the poker in this yere stove and nigh burned the legs offen him. He never let out a yip—only set those square jaws of his'n squarer 'n ever. But it's made him powerful quiet since then."

"War he ironed?" asked the warden.

"You bet he war," grinned the deputy.

"Wal, you air plumb cowards," said the warden with unexpected severity. "I hit him in a squar fight. See yer keep yer mouth shet about that hot poker."

After that, though the warden let No. 317 alone, Jim Williams saw to keeping his life sufficiently harsh. Yet never had the man ceased to keep his shoulders braced squarely back. Never did the defiant light leave his blue eyes nor the hard lines his face. Standing this summer afternoon in his stifling cell, with a rope of braided blue ribbon in his hand, he was still unbroken. He even smiled as he raised the gay rope to his lips. All night long he had lain on the floor of his cell with his face to the crack beneath the thick wooden door. It was the way the dwellers in this inferno dodged stifling. There was a small grating in the top of the door; but no man can sleep every night standing up—so the convicts stretched them-

selves on the floor with their mouths close to the crack beneath the door. In this position No. 317 had thought the whole night through. He thought of how his mother had died so many years ago in his beautiful English home, and of how he had grown up unkissed. He thought of his many quarrels with Sir Charles, his father.

"He insulted me a dozen times before I was fifteen," muttered Convict 317; "and yet—he made me proud of the old name."

He thought of athletic triumphs at Oxford and the foolish liaison in London, which had caused such a wrathful outbreak from Sir Charles. "Very well, sir," he had said doggedly to his father, "if you do not like her as my mistress, we shall see how she pleases you as my wife." So he had married the notorious woman, and had settled on her most of the fortune he had inherited from his mother, on condition that she leave him for good. Then he had sailed to the States. Somehow his life had gone wrong, wrong, wrong. In a bitter, angry mood he had wandered into a Southern city, a stranger.

How could it be so hot and yet so dark, he wondered, as he lay on the cell floor panting. He groped for the rope of satin ribbons and rubbed it against his face. To him it was softer than the cheek of a woman. His thoughts went back once more. He was again in the gambling house, winning large sums of money, a stranger to all. The sledges of the police crashed at the door, and in they came. One of them, with his revolver drawn, had seized him violently by the collar, and had thrown him from his chair to the floor. Again he felt the same terrible anger making red the blackness before his eyes, making a choking in his throat, as it had done when he had grappled with the officer and had shot him with the officer's own revolver,—shot him four times.

"The man struck me," was all the defense he had made when he was arrested. The district attorney was a gentleman who discriminated. He visited George Smith privately. "Look here, sah," he said, "I don't want to get your neck stretched. Suppose you retain Jedge Banks or some other right good lawyer with a reputation, and have him show the co't as how you are a gentleman and was much provoked, sah. No doubt you can bring family inflooence to bear. I reckon your name spells different from Smith, don't she? I know a gentleman when I see him,—and I don't have to press this case for a reputation, anyhow."

George Smith curtly thanked the district attorney, and said he believed he would not bother his family or Judge Banks. He got a life sentence —and took it gamily. Lying there on his cell floor in the darkness, with a streak of light slashing his face, he moaned now in bitterness of heart. For he understood now, what the district attorney had meant when he had said, "'Fore Gawd, I'd rather hear my son sentenced to be hanged than to hear him get six months in our pen."

Impatient at the utterance of his own despair, he scrambled up. The black heat seemed a burden under which he could scarcely straighten his shoulders, broad though they were. The barred patch of light which streamed under the cell door from the lamp in the corridor showed a face rigid and awful. Turning, he stretched out his hand to where the narrow plank that served for his bed was cleated to the stones. When he felt a second plank fastened above it, he said slowly: "Yes, that settles it."

That very afternoon he had watched them put in this second narrow bunk and had heard Deputy Williams say with a chuckle: "We thought yer might be lonely, Mister Square-jaws, an' we air going to turn ole Bud Hill in with yer."

If the deputy had only known, his revenge was accomplished. Bud Hill was a villainous old negro, shunned

even in the prison yard for his evil passions, his vile tongue, and his filthy person. Even the prison doctor would not let Bud Hill into the hospital, though the old rascal was nearly helpless with a loathsome disease.

"Ole Bud Hill in with yer!" The sturdy young Englishman, with all his national love of cleanliness, shrank with unspeakable horror as he thought of the close personal contact and the intimate association with Bud Hill in a torrid eight-foot cell, day after day, year after year, till the slow progress of the disease should have eaten the life out of the old fellow. The negro's repulsive face seemed to leer at him through the dark from out the new bunk. He retreated, with his back against the stones, and groped nervously till his hand again reached the rope of silken ribbons,—ribbons given him by the dainty Miss Baskerville. She had taken his Sunday school class during old Mrs. Gerry's absence. She had asked him so sweetly if she could not bring him something "to brighten his room," carefully avoiding the harsher word "cell," that he had found a sardonic smile creeping over his face when he had asked for some wide ribbon,—thinking to braid it into a rope for a grim decorative purpose. When his frantic fumbling had found his silken noose in the darkness, he grew still once more. So the dawn found him in his old position, as it found other poor convicts, flat on the floor, with his mouth to the crack under the door.

Now the old bell in the prison tower began to jangle in the midst of that Sunday sultriness. The guards were unlocking the cell doors. It was time for Sunday school. "After Sunday school!" whispered Mister Square-jaws. He smiled when he took his place in the long, close-stepping line.

"Yer'll be ready ter entertain yer boarder ter-night, I reckon," sneered Deputy Williams as he passed him.

"I can make room for him, I fancy," replied the fair-haired convict cheerfully.

They marched down the yard to the "feed shed." A group of teachers and visitors stood by the door of "the office" and watched them cross the yard. The feed shed was a long, narrow building of stone. It was whitewashed within and without. There its cleanliness stopped, as if the officials had wearied of their unwonted endeavor. The floor was of black earth tramped hard by years of listless feet. The shed was filled with a double row of heavy benches rude in workmanship, greasy and worn. They stood insecurely on the floor, which slanted steeply with the natural cant of the prison yard. The windows were so thick with dirt that the light was dim, though the windows were many. A rickety platform was propped up in a little clearing among the benches, midway in the shed. The sole adornment of the walls was a cheap print of the Virgin. Underneath the print hung a motto in straggling red letters, which proclaimed:

"Prison would a palace be,
Did Jesus dwell with thee."

It took some time for the strange Sunday school to assemble, there being several hundred members. On the right of the platform the negro prisoners crowded, for the most part good-humored. On the left, up the hill, the benches were filled with white faces, sullen and stolid or sad and despairing. A dozen teachers and a few visitors gathered on the benches around the platform whereon Major Talliaferro, old and pompous and still wearing the stock and the frock coat of "befo' the wah" gentlemen, stood to open the exercises in the same good-natured bullying way in which he used to talk to his slaves. Then the teachers fluttered to their classes, a few colored men and women walking down the incline to the negroes, while the white ladies scat-

tered up the hill to blend with the mass of stripes worn by white men.

No. 317 roused himself from his thoughts to find Miss Baskerville standing by the bench on the end of which he sat. With instinctive courtesy he rose to let her pass in. For the first time it struck him that she was remarkably beautiful—in a way which he mentally called "thoroughbred." She had the poise of a society girl, with beauty of character.

"Good evening, Mr. Smith," she said cordially. He bowed as calmly and as easily as if he were again Sir Charles's eldest son and at Oxford. At any other time the bitter consciousness of his ragged striped shirt and his baggy striped trousers which failed some inches of reaching the tops of his prison brogans—all emblems of his shame—would have made him rigid. But in some strange way he felt as if that which was to happen after Sunday school had already set him free, and in quiet self-possession he lost all sense of shame.

"You come in too, Ted," said Miss Baskerville, stretching out her hand with a look and a gesture so tender that No. 317 turned with quick surprise. A young man, carrying a Bible and a lesson help, stood in the earthen aisle. He was a slender yet athletic young fellow, dressed in a clear-cut way that No. 317 recognized at once as the work of a tailor who knew more than any who hung their signs in any city round about. His face was grave and strong, and there was a certain alertness, quiet, and self-possession about him which spoke of having seen much in many places.

"All right," said the stranger, smiling back at Miss Baskerville. As he moved into the space between the benches, he nodded and said cheerfully, "How are you, fellows?" He looked straight into Mister Square-jaws' eyes; and he, serene in the knowledge of the silken rope, allowed himself to feel the glow of comradeship with a gentleman once more. A young convict with slick black hair, an oily skin and an ogle, gallantly spread a newspaper on the greasy bench. Miss Baskerville sat down with a "Thank you" which had a touch of haughtiness in it.

The lesson was the story of the Prodigal Son. No. 317 listened dreamily for a while. His spirit was absolutely at rest. Though he paid but little attention to the words, he liked to hear the soft flow of her voice. "Think of the tender kindness of your Heavenly Father, who will forgive all your sins if you will only bow down in repentance," she said. He woke from his dream to harshness. "Think of leaving the husks of this world and returning to the ease and plenty of your Father's love, more tender, more compassionate than even the love of your earthly father." She was looking involuntarily at No. 317. " 'Like as a father pitieth his children.' Who of you does not remember the loving kindness of your earthly father?" she asked. No. 317 smiled grimly. "Who of you does not yearn to return to his father's house and say, 'Father, I have sinned; make me as one of thy hired servants'—and so find ease and plenty once more?" She was looking at Convict 317 when she paused.

"Ease and plenty got in that way would cost too much," he answered curtly. "They are not necessities of life, anyhow."

The bitterness was coming back to him. Miss Baskerville's face became troubled. Intuitively she knew she had struck the wrong note—and yet she wanted to help him so much! With a little gesture of uncertainty, she turned to the young man at her side. She saw in his grave eyes the indorsement of the fiercer protest of the convict.

"If you cannot find peace in thinking of your own father's home," she began again pleadingly, "think of the mansions above prepared for you by your Heavenly Father, who watches over you with such infinite ten-

derness and wisdom." Again she paused,—and again Mister Square-jaws spoke from the bitterness of his heart:

"If He has guided me with infinite wisdom, why do I wear this?" He spoke with quiet intensity, as he held out one ragged sleeve in which the black and white stripes were blended by dirt. Once more the troubled girl turned toward the young man beside her; but he was looking gravely at the convict's set face.

"He spared not his only begotten Son for you that you might have eternal life," she faltered, saying the best thing that she knew how to say, while the tears stood in her big gray eyes. But the convict only said with increased bitterness: "He may have murdered his Son for strangers, but I am Convict 317 all the same."

"Come, come, everybody!" shouted the old Major in his jerky way, hopping up on the platform and tapping a bell frantically. With a few words of parting the teachers left their classes and made their way to the seats about the Major. Miss Baskerville hurried away without a word, for she could not keep the trembling out of her voice. "Now, boys," shouted the Major, waving his hand toward the white convicts, "you keep quiet while the niggers sing 'Swing low, sweet chariot' for some Yankee visitors we've got here this evening." There was a broad display of ivories and a shuffling of feet among the colored prisoners down the hill. "Pete, you black rascal," shouted the Major, "jump out hyar and lead the boys." A grinning, gray-haired negro came hulking forward with a plantation gait. There was a low murmur, like wind rising in a forest; then a rhythmical chant arose, swelling with a melodious chorus, to which the Major kept time with waving hand.

"Now, boys," he began briskly when Pete had slouched back to a seat, "I reckon you've all paid attention to the lesson. It ought to touch yer right smartly. Now we've got some visitors to talk to yer. Mrs. Winston of Boston is the president of a something or other, and she'll say something good, I reckon. Let me help yer right up hyar, madam," and Mrs. Winston was helped up and for ten minutes gushed over "you poor dear men," till the prisoners felt like martyrs. Then the Major stood up again and said in his jerky way:

"I've been right proud ter meet this evening Mr. Edward Ring, a brilliant young journalist from the staff of one of the great New York papers, who has traveled nigh all over the world, I reckon, and who has seen a heap of life none of us ever will see. He said afore Sunday school that he didn't feel like speechifying; but perhaps the gentleman has changed his mind —and I'd be proud ter surrender the platform ter him." He turned toward the young man who was sitting beside Miss Baskerville.

"Yes," said the young fellow quietly, "I've changed my mind." He stepped quickly on to the platform, then turned and looked over the mass of stripes to where No. 317 was sitting. No. 317, the old turbulent spirit rending him, threw back his head defiantly. The two young men looked straight into each other's eyes.

"Men," said Ring with quiet earnestness, "law rules everywhere, in nature and in society. The way of the transgressor is hard, and ought to be. Through the world at large, justice is just. It may be that some of you are innocent men. If so, the thought of it is the preservation of your self-respect, and self-respect is the annulment of your punishment. But I am talking for the most part to men who have done wrong and deserve punishment." Faces scowled at him. "But, my friends, from the depth of my heart I want to help you, —not by weak pity, not by condemning justice, not by fake promises, not even by holding out prospects of happiness in a life hereafter. You need real strength now,—need it

more than any set of men I have ever looked in the face. Your way must ever be hard, I fear. Some of you will eventually be given a suit of clothes and a railroad ticket with your freedom. But your way will still be hard, for the world will be slow to regard you save as convicts. You must struggle, struggle, struggle—and you must indeed be good soldiers to endure the hardness. Others of you must wear your life out in stripes. You will need strength most of all,—strength to live this life."

All his surroundings slipped away from No. 317. Every fibre in him quivered with the force with which he faced the young man on the platform. "Yes, oh, yes," he whispered.

"I preach you a hard doctrine, but an honest doctrine of strength," said Ring. His own face had become grim; his own jaws were square. "I preach you the joy of battle. I preach you the honest gospel of expiation. Is there not some man here who feels honest exaltation in the acknowledgment of justice, in the possibility of retrieving a bad, mistaken past by the patient endurance of that which is deserved? Don't whimper, men—that is what I say to you; don't cringe; brace your shoulders; shut your teeth; clench your hands; pay your debt. So shall you be a man; so self-respect shall return to you; so you shall be free, even though in prison. There was a time when strong men of old *sought* peace from the memory of their sins by punishment, self-inflicted punishment, to which yours is light. Which of you is a St. Simon, chained for forty years to the top of a pillar, scorched by sun, frozen by frost, stricken by disease, eaten by maggots? What power put him there? It was the sense of justice inherent in every true man,—a desire to pay his debt. I tell you, men, the most important thing in the world to you is your own character—not what the world thinks your character to be, but what you know yourself to be. Know yourself to be a true man at the bar of your own heart, and you may find peace. Fight out your just punishment, made endurable by the fierce knowledge that it is a just debt you are paying. So you shall prove yourself a man; so your character shall grow; so you shall have joy, the grand joy of battle, the joy of enduring blows bravely, the joy of striking hard at the terrible odds against you. If to others you are a convict, to yourself you shall be a man, one who has the right to hold his head erect. You have hurt society. Pay your debt to society. If you be of great heart, you will do more than bear suffering sullenly. You will give generous measure. You will bear others' burdens. You will help men who are not so strong as yourself." He paused a moment, and there was a silence which could be felt. Then he added quietly: "I have tried, men, to give you present help. You can, each one of you, be the grandest man of all the world by being the greatest warrior, though none save you may know it. Fight,—fight,—without thought of the future, and so be at peace in the present. The only way you can make a failure of any true man is to put him six feet underground. He who never stops fighting is a victor, though he die in a cell." His eyes were shining with a deep light. "It's so,—you know it's so!" he cried, with a strange note of triumph in his voice.

"Yes, yes!" whispered No. 317 again. He drew a great breath; a war-drum was beating in his heart. He trembled, Ring stopped abruptly, and stepped down to where Miss Baskerville was sitting. She half shrank from him,—then, before them all, slipped her hand into his in timid awe. The old Major was bewildered. Some of the teachers pursed up their lips.

"Look at Mr. Smith," Miss Baskerville whispered. The convict's face was glorified. It was stern,—so stern; but its haggard look was gone;

its bitterness had disappeared; in its place, glory shone.

The convicts were forming in line again when Ring stepped among them, holding out his hand to one of them. Convict 317 grasped it hard. "Thank you," he said simply. Then he drew a bunch of braided blue ribbon from the breast of his shirt. "Let me give you this," he said.

"Thank you," said Ring in turn, as quietly as if he had accepted a proffered cigar.

That night Deputy Williams threw open the door to Mister Square-jaws' cell. "Hyar's yer boarder," he sneered.

Old Bud Hill began to curse with horrible vileness. He was nearly blind and could not see the narrow door.

"Let me help you in, old man," said No. 317 gently, holding out his hand.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE centennial of the inauguration of John Adams as president of the United States revives many thoughts of that great patriot and statesman, the sturdiest and strongest of the champions of independence when independence needed champions. In the preceding pages the memorable friendship of Adams and Jefferson is warmly pictured; and the story will be read with special interest at this centennial time. Peculiarly independent and self-reliant as John Adams's nature was, there are few men of the period of whom we think oftener in their relations with others. There is none whose domestic relations have been studied with more earnest and constant interest, or which are worthier of such interest. The letters of John Adams and his wife have been read by thousands who never read one of the great man's speeches or essays or messages to Congress. His relations with Jefferson, their community and opposition, the antagonisms and parallelisms in their doctrines and purposes and efforts, the coincidences in their lives, were such as make the association indeed a most significant and notable one, worthy of being presented again and again for the sake of its great lessons. We wish in this brief space to consider another of John Adams's memorable relations, no less significant than that with Jefferson, and more influential, doubtless, in determining his political career than any other—his relation with his great kinsman, Samuel Adams.

The position of the two revolutionists is in many respects unique in our history. We speak of Samuel Adams as "the father of the Revolution," and the honor is properly his. Yet it is doubtful whether half the hearers of speeches on the early struggle—and one is tempted to add half the speakers of speeches—know, when the name of Adams is on the tongue, which Adams is meant. "Hancock and Adams" is often an ambiguous exclamation.

Henry Adams of Braintree was the first American ancestor of the great Adams family. He brought with him from England eight sons, and he was the great-great-grandfather of John Adams and Samuel Adams. The eighth son of Henry Adams was

Joseph. The first son of this Joseph was Joseph, and the second was John; and this Joseph and John were the grandfathers respectively of the John and Samuel of history. Such was the family relationship of the two great patriots. Samuel Adams was thirteen years the senior, born in 1722. He was the oldest and the greatest of the Boston revolutionary agitators. It was he who, at the town meeting at Faneuil Hall in 1764, first spoke with the firm accents of independence for the men of Boston. It was the next year that John Adams first took prominent part in the struggle which was assuming such proportions in Massachusetts. At the time of the meeting of the Massachusetts Assembly in September, 1765, when Samuel Adams, in behalf of the town, prepared instructions for the "Boston seat," John Adams performed a similar service for the town of Braintree; and the two kinsmen put their heads together in the preparation of their work, as they did in so much work afterwards. John Adams was introduced into the larger public life by Samuel Adams, when, in December of the same year, he was employed by the town of Boston at the suggestion of the latter to serve on the committee to support the memorial for the opening of the courts—of which committee Samuel Adams was chairman. While in Boston at this time John Adams was taken by his elder kinsman to the famous political club in which most of the leading politicians of the town who were afterwards prominent in the Revolution met together for conference; and in his account of his visit in his diary we find his first important recorded impression of Samuel Adams:

"Adams, I believe, has the most thorough understanding of liberty and her resources in the temper and character of the people, though not in the law and Constitution, as well as the most habitual radical love of it of any of them, as well as the most correct, genteel and artful pen. He is a man of refined policy, steadfast integrity, exquisite humanity, genteel erudition, obliging, engaging manners, real as well as professed piety, and a universal good character, unless it should be admitted that he is too attentive to the public, and not enough so to himself and his family."

From the first there was an affectionate intimacy between the two men. The glimpses of Samuel Adams in John Adams's diary are very frequent. We read of a drive which they take together in the neighborhood of Boston on a beautiful June day about this time. They often called one another brother. "My brother, Samuel Adams, says he never looked forward in his life,—never planned, laid a scheme, or formed a design of laying up anything for himself or others after him." No words were warm enough for John Adams's expression of his admiration for his great kinsman. Sam Adams, he said, was "born and tempered a wedge of steel to split the knot of *lignum vitae* that tied America to England." One of the most graphic passages in his writings is that in which he describes the scene in the council chamber when Samuel Adams, representing the great assembly at the Old South Meeting House, appeared before Hutchinson to demand the removal of the regiments from the town, and suggests the scene as a fit subject for a historical painting. Much association with Samuel Adams had something to do perhaps with the development in John Adams of the "obstinacy" of which a few months after this we find Governor Hutchinson complaining. "The people about the country," he writes, "have certainly altered their conduct, and in this town, if it were not for two or three Adamses, we should do well enough. I don't know how to account for the obstinacy of one [John Adams], who seemed to me, when he began life, to promise well. The other [Samuel

Adams] never appeared different from what he does at present, and, I fear, never will."

There is no more notable tribute to Samuel Adams as the father of the American Revolution than that of John Adams in a letter to a friend in 1819. "Samuel Adams," he says, "to my certain knowledge, from 1758 to 1775, that is for seventeen years, made it his constant rule to watch the rise of every brilliant genius, to seek his acquaintance, to court his friendship, to cultivate his natural feelings in favor of his native country, to warn him against the hostile designs of Great Britain, and to fix his affections and reflections on the side of his native country. I could enumerate a list, but I will confine myself to a few: John Hancock, afterwards President of the Congress and Governor of the state; Dr. Joseph Warren, afterwards Major-General of the militia of Massachusetts, and the martyr of Bunker's Hill; Benjamin Church, the poet and the orator, once a pretended if not a real patriot, but afterwards a monument of the frailty of human nature; Josiah Quincy, the Boston Cicero, the great orator in the body meetings, the author of the Observations on the Boston Port Bill and of many publications in the newspapers." To this list, as Samuel Adams's biographer observes, John Adams might with propriety have added his own name. A London journal of the time of the Revolution describes John Adams as "the creature and kinsman of Samuel Adams, the Cromwell of New England, to whose intriguing arts the Declaration of Independence is in a great measure to be attributed."

The two men were appointed together upon the Committee of Safety in 1774, the other members of the Committee being Thomas Cushing, John Hancock, William Phillips, Joseph Warren, and Josiah Quincy. The two were closely associated in the Continental Congress, their names standing together as signers of the Declaration of Independence; and during John Adams's long diplomatic residence in Europe their correspondence was intimate and important. A word worth noticing is that in a letter from John Adams at The Hague, in which he speaks of an invitation just received to sup with the Prince and Princess of Orange: "All this is right. The Sons of Liberty have the best right of any people under heaven to dine and sup with this family. I wish you could be of the party. I always think of you when I see any of the portraits of the family. William the First looks much like you." The word is the more noteworthy as it is not the only recognition of the likeness between the great Dutch Washington and "the last of the Puritans." A letter of rare personal interest is that which John Adams, upon receiving his appointment to England, wrote from France to his kinsman and sent by his son, John Quincy Adams, now returning home.

"The child whom you used to lead out into the Common," writes the father, "to see with detestation the British troops, and with pleasure the Boston militia, will have the honor to deliver you this letter. He has since seen the troops of most nations in Europe, without any ambition, I hope, of becoming a military man. He thinks of the bar and peace and civil life, and I hope will follow them with less interruption than his father could. If you have in Boston a virtuous club, such as we used to delight and improve ourselves in, they will inspire him with such sentiments as a young American ought to entertain, and give him less occasion for lighter company. I think it no small proof of his discretion, that he chooses to go to New England rather than to Old. You and I know that it will probably be more for his honor and his happiness in the result, but young gentlemen of eighteen do not always see through the same medium with old ones of fifty."

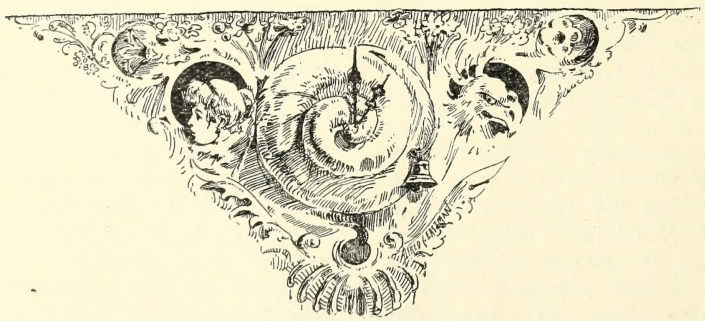
"The child," says Samuel Adams in reply, "whom I led by the hand, with a particular design, I find is now become a promising youth. He brought me one of your letters. God bless the lad! If I was instrumental at that time in enkindling the sparks of patriotism in his tender heart, it will add to my consolation in the latest hour."

With the development of conflicting political principles and of parties which ensued upon our birth as a distinct nation, the two great Adamses, who had stood shoulder to shoulder through all the struggle for independence, found themselves gravitating apart and at times sharply opposed to each other—as in the case of John Adams and Jefferson,—though never with any sacrifice of personal esteem and personal affection. At the time of the adoption of the Federal Constitution, Samuel Adams, although when the test came he was a power in the securing of its ratification by Massachusetts, was of those who feared that some of its cardinal features threatened those local responsibilities and rights for which he was always so jealous. It is right to think of Samuel Adams and Jefferson together as the fathers of the Democratic party, or "Republican," as it was called at the beginning. They stood side by side through the antagonisms and jealousies of the last decade of the century, which ended in the inauguration of Jefferson in 1801. In the month of his inauguration Jefferson wrote to Samuel Adams from Washington: "In meditating the matter of my inaugural address I often asked myself, Is this exactly in the spirit of the patriarch Samuel Adams? Will he approve it? I have felt a great deal for our country in the times we have seen, but individually for no one so much as yourself. When I have been told that you were avoided, insulted, frowned on, I could but ejaculate, 'Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.' I confess I felt an indignation for you which for myself I have been able under every trial to keep entirely passive. However, the storm is over, and we are in port. . . . How much I lament that time has deprived me of your aid. It would have been a day of glory which should have called you to the first office of the administration." It should be remembered that in the vote of the electoral college for president at the time of the election of John Adams, Samuel Adams was honored by Virginia with fifteen of her votes, ranking next to her own Jefferson, and ranking fifth in the whole list of candidates. The honor was probably due to the direct influence of Jefferson or his friends.

It was in the year following Jefferson's inauguration that there were published in Boston "Four Letters: Being an Interesting Correspondence between those Eminently Distinguished Characters, John Adams, late President of the United States, and Samuel Adams, late Governor of Massachusetts, on the Important Subject of Government." The letters had been written twelve years before, in 1790, when the whole world was excited over the French Revolution, and when that more aristocratic stage in John Adams's political thinking was beginning, in which Jefferson and he drew apart, to come together by and by in the noble and beautiful manner depicted in the preceding pages. "What, my old friend, is this world about to become?" writes John Adams in the first of these letters. "Is the millennium commencing? Are the kingdoms of it about to be governed by reason? Your Boston town meetings and our Harvard College have set the universe in motion. Everything will be pulled down. So much seems certain. But what will be built up? Are there any principles of political architecture? What are they?" The effort of the correspondence is to determine what they are. John Adams lays stress upon the function of "the natural and

actual aristocracy among mankind." The existence and proper permanent influence of such an aristocracy he thinks cannot be denied. "You and I have seen four noble families rise up in Boston,—the *Craftses, Gores, Daweses* and *Austins*. These are as really a nobility in our town as the Howards, Somersets, Berties, etc., in England." Samuel Adams appears as the firm, confident spokesman of the people and the believer in the miracles to be wrought by progressive education and enlightenment. "Where is this aristocracy found? Among men of all ranks and conditions. The cottager may beget a wise son; the noble, a fool."

These Letters on Government by John and Samuel Adams should be reprinted and read by the people. They would make a good Old South leaflet. John Adams presently had lessons in the superior political wisdom of the Boston "aristocracy." In the end he and Samuel Adams and Jefferson stood together. In the very years that he was writing the beautiful letters to Jefferson of which we get a glimpse in the preceding pages, when Samuel Adams had been long years dead, we find him writing to William Tudor about his great kinsman. The letters of June 5, 1817, and February 9, 1819, especially should be read. "You seem to wish me to write something to diminish the fame of Sam Adams." Mr. William Tudor had made that attempt more than once; but he got very little satisfaction out of honest John Adams. The more he asked him to curse Samuel Adams, the more the old man blessed him. "Who can even attempt to draw the outlines of the biography of Samuel Adams? Without the character of Samuel Adams the true history of the American Revolution can never be written." He was one of the "essential characters. Great Britain knew it, though America does not." John Adams closed his political life as he began it, the sincere and warm admirer of the great democrat, with whom his relations were as memorable as those with Jefferson. It is pleasant to remember them to-day.





THE MONUMENT TO JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY, BOSTON.
By Daniel C. French.

THE

NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE.

NEW SERIES. MAY, 1897. VOL. XVI. No. 3.

DANIEL CHESTER FRENCH.

By Mrs. Helen B. Emerson.

THE models of the sculpture used in connection with the buildings at the World's Fair are now in the rotunda of the Field Columbian Museum in Jackson Park, Chicago. It is an artistically arranged hall and patriotically eloquent. In the centre, facing the north court of the building, now its public entrance, stands the colossal heroic statue of Columbus by St. Gaudens; and it looks even more majestic there than when it stood at the entrance of the Administration Building. In an angle behind it is the small model of French's quadriga, which surmounted the Columbus Arch of the Peristyle, with its figure of the discoverer standing and almost unconsciously guiding his chargers. Other horses with young men as outriders and pennant bearers are on either side of the chariot, while in advance of them and of Columbus are still other horses, between whom stand, as upon clouds, young women with hands lightly touching the bridles of their steeds. All of the diverse elements of this group are pervaded and controlled by the unity of a single purpose, that of the forward movement of Columbus.



THE MINUTE MAN.

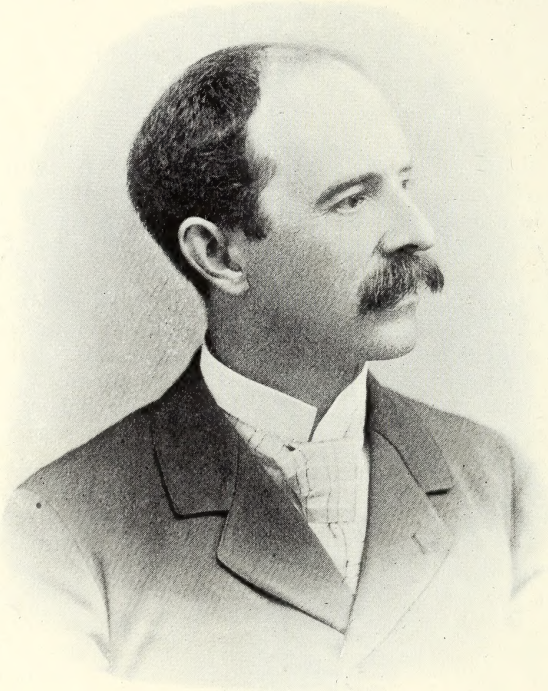
Three spacious rooms in this Museum are filled with mementoes and memorials of Columbus. Turning wearily away from the large wall-spaces which are covered with varying portraits of the immortal discoverer, it is a relief to stand with genuine admiration and satisfaction by the Columbus of the quadriga. His figure is tall and graceful, his face is intent with a far-away look, the look of one to whom dreams become true and visions a reality, the expression of one whose "thought dives through the ocean, and whose wishes thread the air."

It is gratifying to know that the land discovered by Columbus has given at this historic time and in these statues by St. Gaudens and

Daniel French the best embodiment of the invincible hero, who had an enthusiasm which belongs to the highest order of mind, as well as to the "passionate patience of genius."

The sturdy young men by the side of Columbus are partakers to some extent of his hopes, while they make a substantial rear-guard to the advancing young women who seem to be the avant couriers not only of an undiscovered country but of unrealized ideals for womanhood and the world.

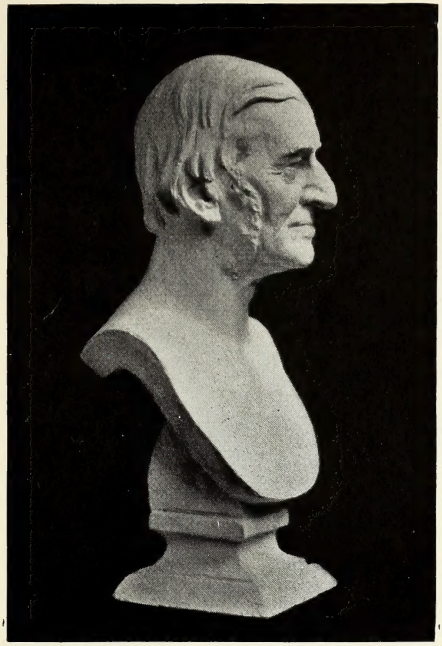
This type of American and modern womanhood, always individually and uniquely rendered by Mr. French, is more fully realized in his model of the majestic statue of the Republic, which stands near the quadriga. From the south door of this same museum could be seen until recently the original statue of the Republic, bereft of her gilding but still a queen, as in the midst of surrounding desolation she lifted her hands over the rippling waters at her feet and her eyes to the cloudless sky above her,—a true Goddess of Liberty welcoming the nations. When the peristyle was burned at the close of the Fair, this statue, then scorched by the flames, was preserved by the heroic exertions of the firemen. One of the greatest features of the Exposition, its colossal proportions towered over surrounding objects until its rapid disintegration necessitated its being burned, and it passed away in flames with the rising sun of an August morning in 1896.



DANIEL CHESTER FRENCH.

With this statue Mr. French inaugurated a new type of the Goddess of Liberty, a simpler and stronger type than had before existed, one fitted to confer honor upon the grand court over which she presided, one worthy of Hunt's wellnigh perfect Administration Building and of St. Gaudens's Columbus, which she faced, and of the national stability and dignity which they all fittingly represented.

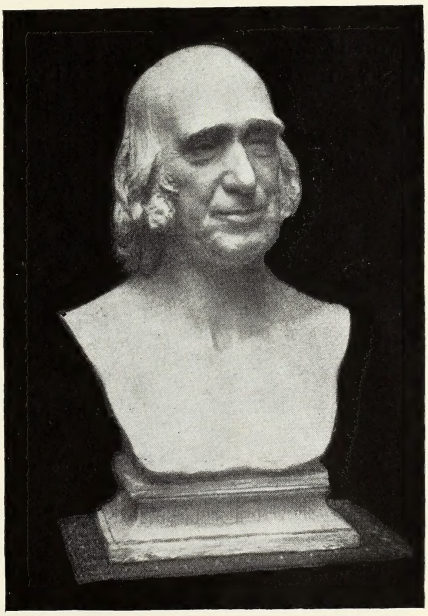
The rotunda of the Columbian Museum also contains the four models of bulls and horses, with their attendant figures, by Mr. French, representing the Teamster, a reconstructed Negro; the Farmer, a sturdy young Northerner—the two typical of the toilers of the country; while Indian corn and wheat typify American prod-



BUST OF EMERSON IN MEMORIAL HALL, CAMBRIDGE.

ucts. These last are represented respectively by an Indian woman and a white woman, holding in their hands stalks of corn and wheat. The fine animals of these groups, and the spirited horses and pages of the quadriga are by the eminent animal sculptor, Mr. Edward C. Potter. The enlarged casts of this joint work stood originally on either side of the landing places on the Grand Canal in front of the Court of Honor. The figures are all of great interest and worth, the "Indian Corn" having justly been a favorite. To the mind of the writer, the negro, as a teamster, with his bright, intelligent face and shapely form, is not only more interesting in himself, but is suggestive of the helpful outcome of a chapter of our national life which is pleasanter to dwell upon than the results of our connection with the red man.

In the west court of the Museum building, which was then the Fine Arts Building, there stood during the Exposition the model of Mr. French's well known relief of "Death and the Sculptor," made as a monument to his brother sculptor, Martin Milmore, the bronze reproduction of which stands in Forest Hills Cemetery, Boston. Memory recalls vividly the almost daily pilgrimages made to it, as to a shrine, during the months of the Exposition, and it is not difficult to see again the robust young sculptor, chisel in hand, the inexorable but placid face of the Sphinx, and the motherly figure of the Angel of Death, —a figure to whose kind touch one would willingly yield, to whose loving embrace one would almost eagerly turn, and whose strong and wonderful wings could bear one from the perplexities of the present life to the realm of perpetual purity and peace. The various degrees of relief make here their impression, as they did in the Parthenon sculptures, from the low relief of the inimitable frieze to the perfection of the tympanum statues in the round. In the work of Mr. French we have the low relief of the

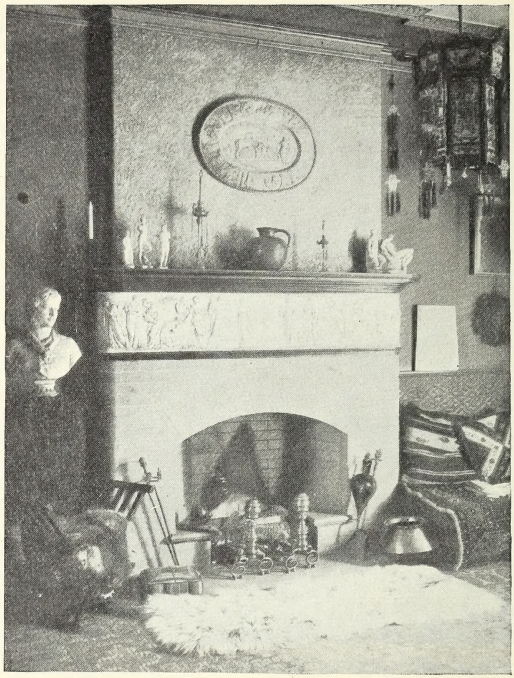


BUST OF ALCOTT IN THE CONCORD LIBRARY.

face of the Sphinx and the high relief of the Angel of Death, while the young man is an almost detached figure, the mind and the eye being both interested and rested by the variety of altitude and perspective. It does not matter that the face of the angel is hooded; neither is her slight handful of poppies needed, unless it be as a suggestion of an awaking from sleep "in His likeness." The hand of the young man is arrested as he works upon the Sphinx, whose expression recalls Emerson's lines:

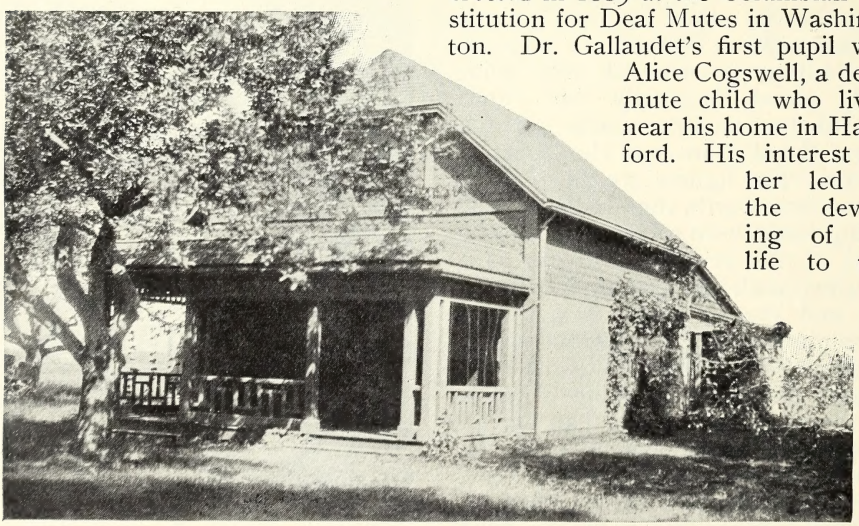
> "Say on, sweet Sphinx! thy dirges
> Are pleasant songs to me;
> Deep love lieth under
> These pictures of time;
> They fade in the light of
> Their meaning sublime."

It is no marvel that this was the most admired and popular piece of modern sculpture at the World's Fair, for it has a universal message to the universal heart, a message not of darkness and death, but of life and light and of "bringing life and immortality to light."



A CORNER IN MR. FRENCH'S NEW YORK HOME.

We can no longer enter the Manufacturers' Building and find in the educational section of its galleries Mr. French's cast of Gallaudet and his first pupil; but this also is easily recalled. It was the cast of a bronze group, erected in 1889 at the Columbian Institution for Deaf Mutes in Washington. Dr. Gallaudet's first pupil was Alice Cogswell, a deaf-mute child who lived near his home in Hartford. His interest in her led to the devoting of his life to the



MR. FRENCH'S STUDIO AT CONCORD.

education of deaf-mutes, and to the introduction into our country of new methods in that education. In this group the instructor is seated in an arm chair, with Alice standing closely by his side, and his left arm about her. Her head is leaning upon his shoulder, and her face, with an eager, questioning glance, is reading his, while she is trying to reproduce with one of her hands the signs made by the right hand of her teacher. What an inspired face is that of this teacher, a face which immediately suggests that of Arnold of Rugby,—as if great teachers have underlying currents of thought and sympathy which show themselves in the expression! The other hand of the sad, beautiful child clasps to her breast an open book with raised letters. Her strained, almost startled look, is met by an encouraging smile on the face of her teacher, while both their faces indicate that she has caught the idea of which the sign is a symbol.

It is a prophetic as well as a pathetic group; its beauty and suggestiveness prefigure the artist who created the relief of Death and the Sculptor in 1892, and that of the child angel upon the Clarke monument at Forest Hills in 1894. The latter brings to mind the older angel with the candelabrum by Michael Angelo on the tomb of San Domenico in the church of that saint in Bologna; but it seems to the writer that in some respects the angel by Mr. French is even more beautiful and angelic than the more famous one by the great Italian sculptor.

Mr. French's spirited statue of the Minute Man occupies the spot on the Concord battle field where the militia stood in 1775,



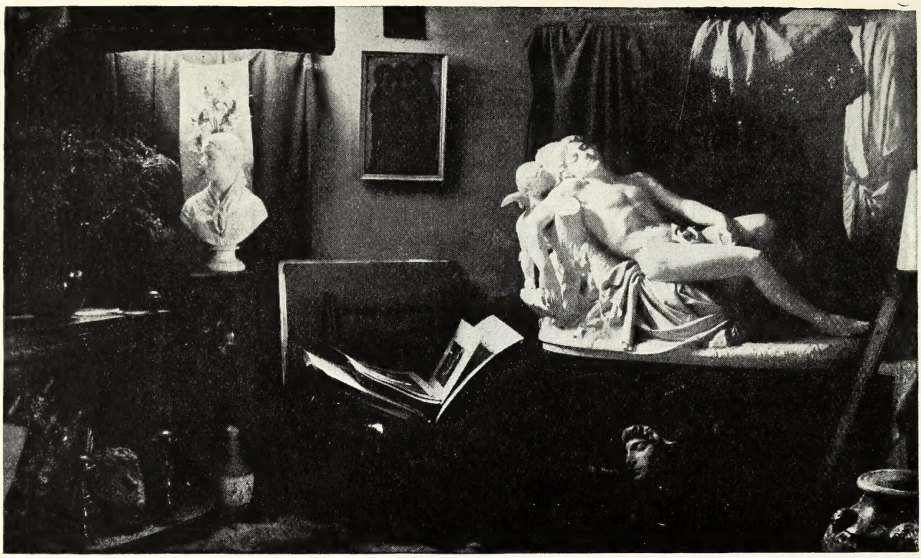
MR. FRENCH IN THE CONCORD MEADOWS.

"By the rude bridge that arched the flood,"

where

"Once the embattled farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard round the world."

Ebenezer Hubbard was a patriotic farmer citizen of Concord, who never failed to hoist the stars and stripes on April 19th and on the Fourth of July. He had inherited land in the village upon which British troops had committed depredations, and he could never forgive the town for erecting a monument in 1836 on the place occu-



IN THE STUDIO AT CONCORD, — SHOWING THE ENDYMION.

pied by the enemy, instead of the defenders in the fight.

He therefore left a sum of money to his fellow citizens, on the condition that a monument should be erected on the other side of the bridge and on the exact place where the Militia and the Minute Men had fought. At the same time he bequeathed an additional amount to build a foot-bridge across the river in the place of the bridge of 1775.

Funds for the monument and bridge being thus provided, the site was needed. This was donated by Mr. Stedman Butterick, a descendant of Major Butterick who gave the command to return the fire of the enemy in 1775.

All things were now in readiness, except the sculptor; and he too proved to be close at hand. With the advice and under the direction of his wise father, young French submitted a design for the monument, — which had previously passed the ordeal of family criticism, — to the town-meeting, in March, 1873. At the same time he offered to make the statue in plaster, of heroic size, and if the authorities would appropriate $400 for expenses he would deliver the statue to the town; if it chose to pay an additional sum for his work he would be grateful, and if not he would endeavor to be content. This modest proposition was seconded by Ralph Waldo Emerson, Judge Hoar and others, with the result that the favored sculptor was soon enthusiastically engaged upon the work in the Studio Building in Boston.

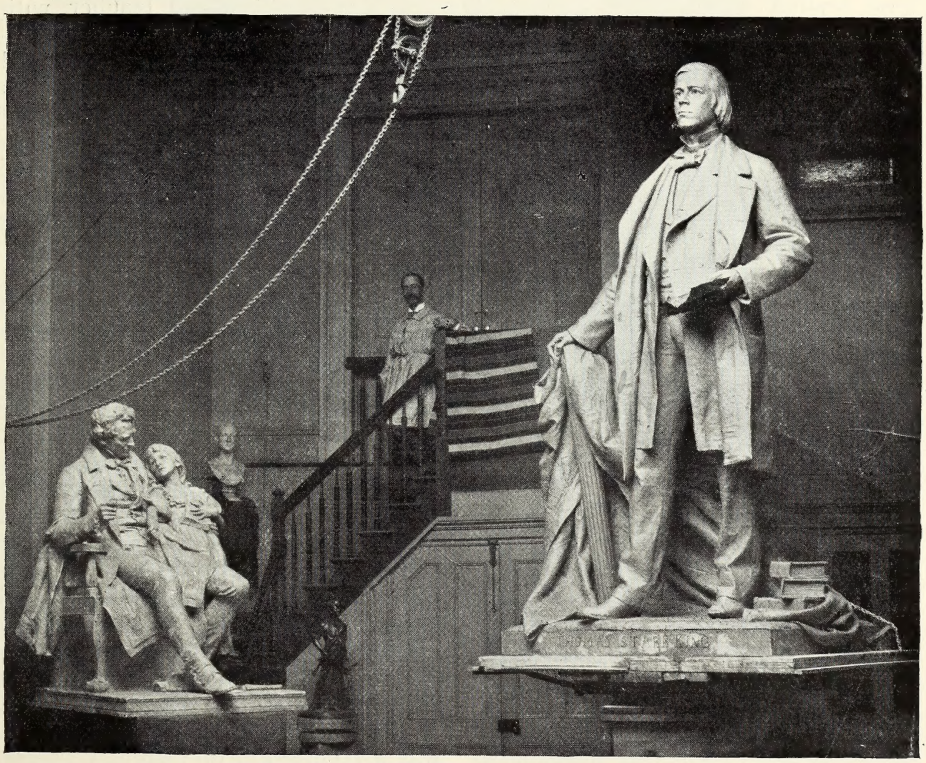
All the American world at least knows of the successful completion of the statue; but when it was unveiled, on April 19, 1875, the artist who had put his best endeavor into it was not present. It was a pity that he should have missed that historic occasion, in which the dedication of his work was so prominent and essential a part. Emerson made a brief speech, Lowell gave the poem, and George William Curtis, who that day pronounced the statue "masterly," delivered the oration to a great and distinguished assembly.

Mr. Preston Powers, son of the sculptor, Hiram Powers, said of this work, that "it was the best recent statue," and he invited the artist to spend a year with him in Florence;

and there Daniel French was, intent upon his work, on this momentous day, which closed his own twenty-fifth year.

It was a graceful as well as a generous deed for the citizens of Concord to present, as they did in 1889, a re-modeled statue of the Minute Man, on a smaller scale, to the United States war vessel, the Concord. The writer, at that time a resident of Boston, well remembers the enthusiasm in the old city, as well as in Concord, when the statue of the Minute Man was completed, and the difficulty she had in finding standing room among the crowd on the inclined plane of Park Street sidewalk, in front of the show-window of a picture store which contained statuettes of the Minute Man, who was the hero of the time.

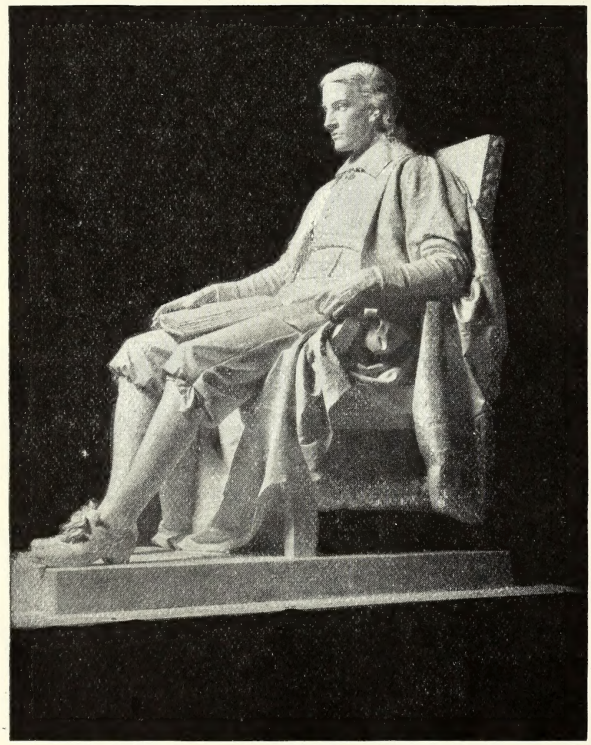
Later the bust of Ralph Waldo Emerson, ordered for the Harvard Memorial Hall, a replica of which is in the public library of Concord, was seen by my husband and myself for the first time in Emerson's study in Concord. The poet and seer was no longer there, but his gifted and loyal daughter and son and his still beautiful and ethereal wife, then eighty-nine years of age, dispensed such hospitality as would have delighted the husband and father. Entering the study from the parlor in the rear, we faced a cast of the bust standing upon a shelf in the corner of the room. Mrs. Emerson, who had deftly replaced books upon the library shelves as we passed in, and had drawn up the Boston rocking chair which her husband used when writing, to its accustomed place by the centre table on which he wrote and which held his



MR. FRENCH IN HIS STUDIO,—SHOWING MODELS OF THE GALLAUDET AND STARR KING STATUES.

ink-stand and pen, stepped quickly to that corner and gracefully changed the position of the bust, so as to give a different angle of vision, one that suited her better. Then looking at it thoughtfully she said: "It is—it is an inspiration!" Mr. Cabot says that "it is the best likeness of Emerson by any artist, though unhappily so late in life,"—and Mr. French writes of those memorable sittings in this same study in 1879:

"I think it is very seldom that a face combines such vigor and strength in the general form with such exceeding delicacy and sensitiveness in the details. James speaks somewhere of 'the overmodeled American face.' No face was ever more modeled than Mr. Emerson's; there was nothing slurred, nothing accidental, but it was like the perfection of detail in great sculpture—it did not interfere with the grand scheme. Neither did it interfere with an almost childlike mobility, that admitted of an infinite variety of expression and made possible that wonderful lighting up of the face so often spoken of by those who knew him.* It was the attempt to catch that glorifying expression that made me despair of my bust. When the bust was approaching completion, Mr. Emerson looked at it after one of the sittings and said, 'The trouble is, the more it resembles me, the worse it looks.'"



THE JOHN HARVARD STATUE AT CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

Quite as remarkable a likeness, though of a different type of face, is the bust of Emerson's neighbor and friend, A. Bronson Alcott, which is in that gem of a building, the public library of Concord, where the benevolent philosopher and wise teacher, with his impressive head and brow, is surrounded by many reminders of the past and the undying fame of the patriotic and literary village.

When we inquire into the history of the artist who has done so much work and that of such excellent quality, we find that he comes of a long line of distinguished New England ancestry. His paternal grandfather, Daniel French, was attorney general of New Hampshire. His maternal grandfather, William M. Richardson, was chief justice of the same state. His grandmother, Sarah Flagg French, was a connection of Daniel Webster, while his great grandmother, Dorothy Whittier, was related to the poet

* See the illustrated article on the Portraits of Emerson, by Frank B. Sanborn, in the *New England Magazine* for December, 1896.—*Editor*.



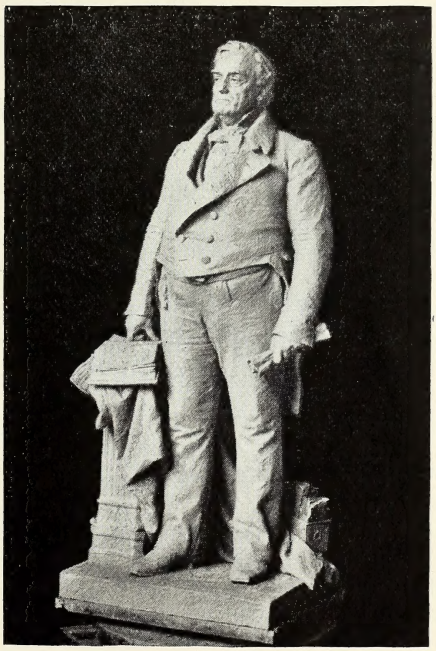
STATUE OF HERODOTUS, IN THE CONGRESSIONAL LIBRARY.

Whittier. His mother, Anne Richardson French, died when he was six years old, leaving four children, two daughters and two sons, the younger son being the subject of this article. The eldest son, W. M. R. French, a man of many and diverse gifts and accomplishments, is the able and efficient director of the Art Institute in Chicago. One of the sisters, Mrs. E. J. Bartlett of Concord, Mass., died in 1883. The other sister, Mrs. A. Hollis, lives in Concord, N. H.

The children speak of their mother as "a gentle and judicious woman," and they characterize their father, as "the wittiest person they ever knew," saying also that "he was a man of great activity, energy and dignity"; that "he loved poetry and landscape gardening," and that "he beautified every place in which he lived." Some of their ancestors for generations were farmers, and a love of nature, of cultivating the soil, of flowers, birds and animals is a marked characteristic of their descendants.

The family homes have been numerous. The first one was in Exeter, N. H., where the sculptor was born in 1850. When he was ten years of age they removed to Cambridge, Mass. After some years of residence there they went to Amherst, Mass., and finally, in 1867, they settled in Concord, Mass., where the family homestead remains; in it, after the death of their father, lived their second mother, Mrs. Pamela Prentiss French, an unusual woman, to whom the children were much attached, and whose death occurred there in March, 1895. These homes in New Hampshire and Massachusetts, and in these historic, educational and literary centres, left their impress upon a family of refined tastes, great intelligence and large natural gifts.

The sculptural tendencies of Daniel did not begin to show themselves until after the family had settled in Concord, although a taste for drawing, inherited from artistic male ancestry, was notably developed in the elder brother,



STATUE OF GENERAL LEWIS CASS, AT WASHINGTON.



THE GALLAUDET STATUE, INSTITUTE FOR DEAF MUTES, WASHINGTON.

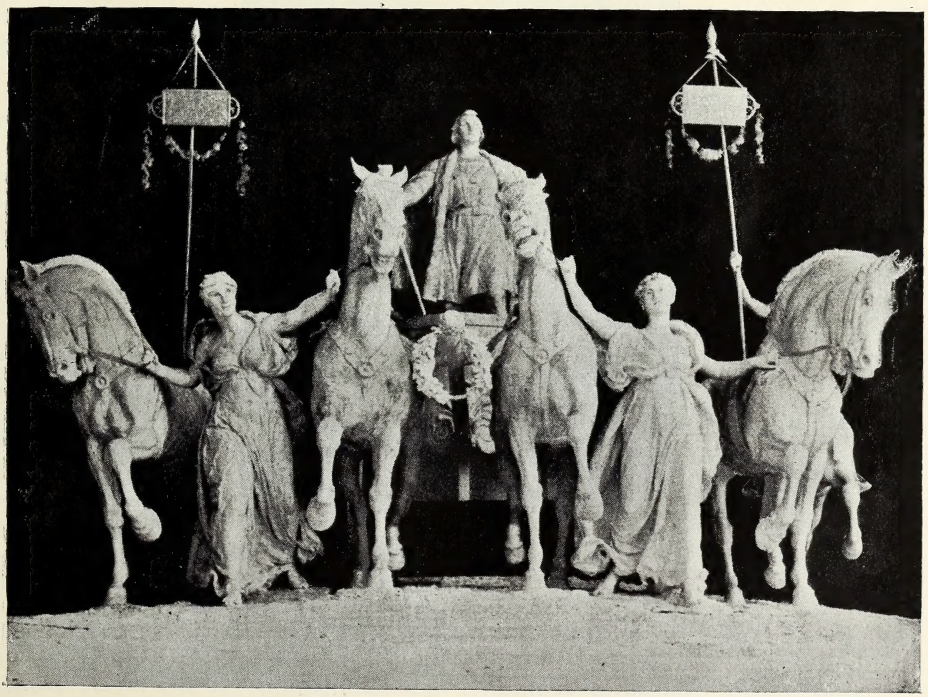
William, whose work Daniel had imitated. Daniel's most pronounced proclivity in his youth was for the study of birds; and in connection with his friend, Mr. William Brewster of Cambridge, he became a practical ornithologist,—a taste and practice which has since served him well, for there are no sculptured wings comparable to the majestic and feathery ones of the angel in the relief of "Death and the Sculptor" and the exquisite and dainty ones of the child angel in the Clarke monument.

After a year of study in the Institute of Technology in Boston and a period of work upon his father's farm, Mr. French found his true calling. When he was about eighteen years of age he emerged from his room one day with a grotesque figure of a frog in clothes, which he had carved from a turnip.

His discerning step-mother said upon seeing it: "Daniel, there is your career!" It immediately arrested the attention of his thoughtful father, who gave to him from that time onward his appreciative encouragement.

Young French's vocation, then chosen, was entered upon with a quiet but steady enthusiasm. May Alcott, the "Amy" of "Little Women" and the artist of her family, was then teaching drawing in Boston, and as she and Daniel's father travelled to and fro upon the cars, they conversed upon the future of the young artist. She saw his work, was much interested in it, and offered to lend him her modeling tools. The French family lived on a farm near Concord; and the evening is still a memorable one in their annals, when Daniel was bidden by his father to harness the horse and to go and bring from the village Miss Alcott's material. Upon his return the family gathered around the dining table, and all had an evening of modeling, Daniel making a dog's head. It is a curious fact that he who now employs another to make the animals of his groups began his own artistic career with the modeling of dogs, birds and other animals. Of a wounded deer made by him in his youth, Mr. Cobb, himself a sculptor, said that "it was better than anybody about Boston could do."

The next step in Mr. French's development was that of making bas-relief portraits and busts of his family and neighbors; but while this was less than thirty years ago, there was then no school of art in Boston which he could attend. He learned of Dr. Rimmer's Artistic Anatomy classes, and went to them for some time; but in those days art schools did not exist to any extent in America; artists were rare, and art collections meagre. There were a few casts of antique sculpture in the Boston Athenæum, and those and the public statues of Boston Mr. French knew well and

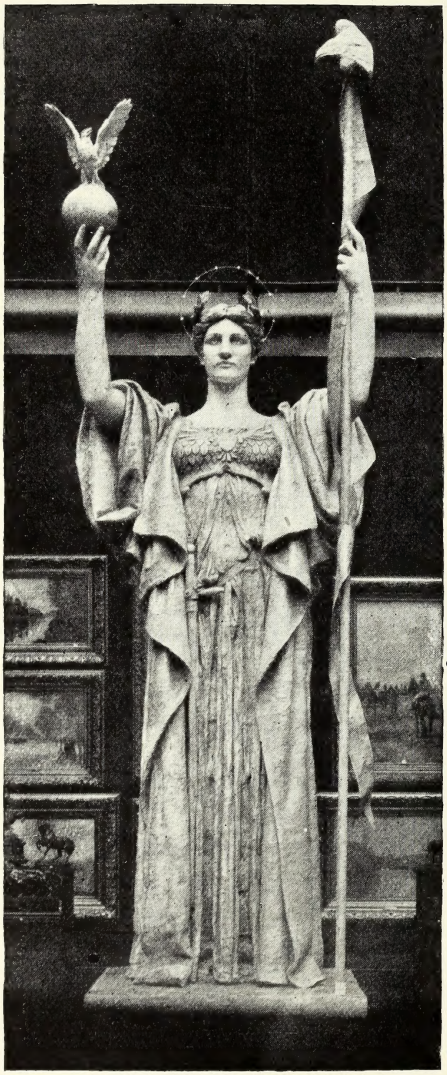


THE COLUMBUS QUADRIGA AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.

had studied with care, and they influenced him somewhat in his statue of the Minute Man. At one time when he was visiting relatives in Brooklyn, he profited by the privilege of working for a month in the studio of J. Q. A. Ward, which was the beginning of a continuous friendship between these sculptors.

In 1870 Daniel visited his brother William, then a resident of Chicago, and while there he made his first exhibition in the form of a bas-relief of his sister Sarah, Mrs. Bartlett, which was favorably commented upon by the Chicago press. He had previously received his first commission, a bas-relief portrait of a Chicago lady, and from that time until the present he has been held in the highest esteem in Chicago and the West.

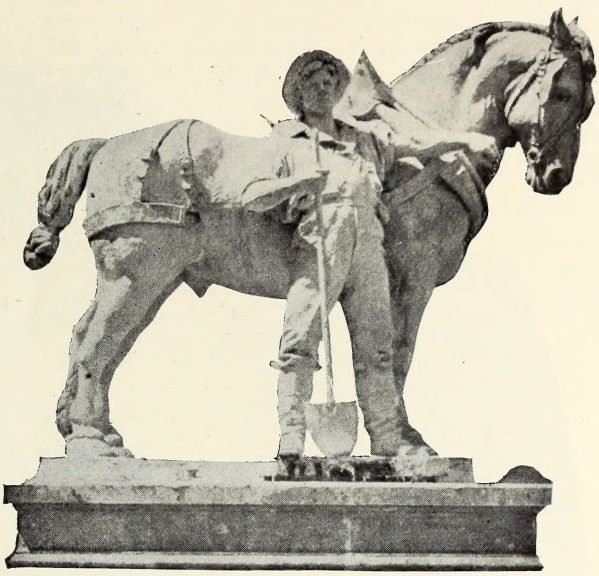
After the completion of his Minute Man, for which he was paid the sum of $1,000, and before it was unveiled, Mr. French accepted the invitation of Mr. Preston Powers to be with him in Florence; and for a year he worked there in the studio and under the instruction of the American sculptor, Thomas Ball, the artist who made the imposing statue of Washington for the Boston Public Garden, considered by many critics the best equestrian statue in our country. While in Italy, that lotus land of artists, he made his beautiful ideal figure of the Sleeping Endymion, which long adorned his Concord studio, a studio built in the orchard of his father's farm. Welcomed upon his return by his family and his country, his father, Henry Flagg French, then Assistant Secretary of the United States treasury, sending a revenue cutter to meet him in Boston Harbor, he was given an opportunity to develop, upon public works, that civic interest which is the birthright of every true son of the republic. This work his father was able to secure for him at once from the Supervising Architect's Office; and for some years Mr. French was largely occupied upon colossal ideal figures for public buildings in St. Louis, Philadelphia and Boston. This work gave him excellent advantages, at an opportune time in his artist life, and it enabled him to lay foundations for his future work.



MODEL OF THE STATUE OF THE REPUBLIC FOR THE COURT OF HONOR.

In more recent years Mr. French

has been several times for a brief season in Paris. He is not, however, the product of any French school or master. He is an essentially American artist, working out his own ideas untrammeled on American soil and under American influences and conditions. His relief of "Death and the Sculptor," for which he received a gold medal from the Paris Salon, though cast in bronze in Paris was made in New York; and it is probably the only work of art executed in the United States upon which the medal of the Paris Salon has been bestowed.



"INDUSTRY."
World's Fair Grounds.

Mr. French has recently made statues of History and of Herodotus for the Congressional Library at Washington. The "Father of History" stands, in classic buskins and drapery, leaning upon his pilgrim staff and shading his eyes with a roll of parchment from the fullness of light which might dazzle him, while he searches the vista of the past with a clear and eager vision.



THE REPUBLIC.

Mr. French is now completing an order from the city of Boston of a full length statue of Rufus Choate, in which the unique personality of the great lawyer is vividly portrayed. He has from Boston also a commission for three pairs of bronze doors for the magnificent New Public Library.

Those who remember the impetus given to their own artistic and patriotic education by the Columbus and Washington bronze doors of Crawford and Rogers in the Capitol at Washington,—perhaps long before they saw Ghiberti's "Gates of Paradise" in the Florentine Baptistery,—are awaiting with eager interest the completion of such doors as Mr. French can make, with their bas-relief ideal figures of nearly or quite life size.



DEATH AND THE SCULPTOR, MONUMENT TO MARTIN MILMORE, FOREST HILLS.

In August, 1896, there was dedicated in Boston a monument from Mr. French's hand to Boston's adopted son, John Boyle O'Reilly, the poet, journalist, orator and patriot, whose poems at the dedication of the Plymouth monument and before the Grand Army at Detroit won and deserved such wide recognition. This monument consists of a thick granite slab, bluntly pointed at the top, which forms its architectural basis. On one side of this slab and against it stands on a pedestal a bronze bust of the poet, with an appropriate inscription. On the reverse side of the same slab and against a Celtic cross, sketched in low relief—a delicate allusion to the poet's nationality,—are three seated allegorical figures. A noble woman, "Erin," is the central figure. She is entwining a wreath of oak and laurel leaves. At her right sits "Patriotism," a strong man, who is offering a branch of oak leaves and acorns to "Erin." At her left is "Poetry," a wonderfully beautiful and graceful figure, with an intellectual and spiritual expression. He holds a harp with one hand, and offers with the other a laurel bough to "Erin." This group, like the Milmore monument, marks an era in American monumental work, an era, let us hope, which has relegated to the past the dominance of monotonous statue monuments and brought to the front a more complete and inspiring combination of reality and symbolism typical of those commemorated.

Mr. French has studios in Concord and in Enfield, Massachusetts, where he worked summers upon the Grant and O'Reilly monuments. He has recently bought a farm in Stockbridge, Massachusetts. He also has a New York studio where he spends most of his time, and which is connected with his home, a home graced by the presence of his accomplished wife and his little daughter. In this studio can now be seen the model for his monument to the architect, Richard M. Hunt. Mr. Bruce Price is his architectural collaborator in this work, which is to be placed in the wall of Central Park, New York, on Fifth Avenue, facing Eighty-first Street. Mr. French has also undertaken to make a large number (fifteen) of statues for the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences. A committee of Americans has recently given him a commission for a statue of Washington for the city of Paris. This will be the first statue by an American sculptor to be placed in Paris and will be a fitting reciprocation of the gift from Frenchmen of Bartholdi's statue of "Liberty Enlightening the World."

In the recent past Michigan selected Mr. French to produce for the Hall of Statuary in the Capitol at Washington the figure of her massive General Cass. The citizens of San Francisco sought his artistic hand to work out for them a life-size statue of the eloquent Thomas Starr King. Harvard University has upon her grounds before her Memorial Hall his ideal figure of John Harvard, which represents the refined young scholar of Old Cambridge and gives the gentler aspect of a Puritan divine. Within Memorial Hall there are busts of famous sons of Harvard from the chisel of the same artist, among them those of Colonel Lowell and General Bartlett. The public buildings of St. Louis, Philadelphia and Boston are adorned by his strong allegorical figures of Peace and Vigilance; of Law, Prosperity and Power; of Science Controlling the Force of Electricity and Steam; and of Labor Sustaining Art and the Family. Art galleries, colleges, public institutions, and the homes of many a city have busts, statues and casts from his hand.

The World's Fair brought to him, as to others, the heroic opportunity; and his response was his statues of Columbus and the Republic, which the White City placed in its most conspicuous positions. Philadelphia



RELIEF FOR THE CLARKE MONUMENT, FOREST HILLS.

must have him make for her beautiful Fairmount Park an equestrian statue of General Grant which will be dedicated next autumn, and the Americans of Paris ask of him the statue of General Washington.

From the date of the unveiling of the statue of the Minute Man at Concord to the present time there can be traced in the work of Mr. French a steady growth. Character, dignity, simplicity and an innate spirit of rightness have characterized all of the work which he has executed. A competent critic says: "A certain sustained power belongs to all of his work." The technical treatment of his subjects, which was at first somewhat narrow, has taken on greater amplitude, the right spirit in them becoming enlarged, while their force and delicacy are not less marked; and he is now pronounced by well-nigh universal consent the best American sculptor for large monumental work.

Personally Mr. French is as modest and unassuming as he is sincere and gifted. He has a fine presence, a cheerful disposition and a winning personality. Fortunate in his honorable ancestry, nourished in the atmosphere of Exeter, Amherst, Cambridge, Concord, Boston, this descent and these surroundings, while they have helped and developed him, did not create the artistic mind and soul manifest in all his work. What he is in himself, the qualities of the man, the power he possesses of doing "the steadfast work that rules the world," are what entitle him more and more to Mr. Emerson's commendation, at the time of the unveiling of the Minute Man: "What a masterly person Mr. French has become!"

The artistic career of Mr. French, which is allied to that of a noble group of artists in the East and in the West, is instructive and affords ground for national as well as individual encouragement. It leads to the hope that our country is developing a school of art and artists which, while not too independent to learn what can be and should be learned from other and older nationalities, and to engraft upon its art what may be needed from other sources, will still be originally and distinctively American.

THE TWO MISS BURNHAMS.

By Caroline Ticknor.

MATTHEW DALTON was in love with Miss Adele Burnham and not with her twin sister, Miss Isabel; but he might as well have been in love with both of them for all the satisfaction he derived from his decided preference for either one of the inseparable sisters.

That he should find one twin so much more charming than the other seemed very strange, considering that for a while Matt could not even tell the two Miss Burnhams apart. Indeed when he first met them at a small informal dance he was convinced that he had never seen two human beings so much alike. He hovered about them trying vainly to discover some point of difference, and stared at them until they must have thought him very rude; but the more he stared and hovered the more he seemed to find out points of similarity. They were both dressed in pale pink gowns, made just alike, both had blue eyes, the same blonde hair, profiles identical; each wore a white rose pinned at the same side of a smooth coil of hair; they both were tall and slight, and when they smiled revealed rows of white teeth which challenged the most observant to distinguish any point of difference.

After Matt had danced twice with each Miss Burnham, he retired to a distant corner where he could watch them attentively; and as he stood there he began to wonder whether, after all, he had not danced three times with one, and only taken one turn with the other. Or had he danced the whole four times with number one? It was humiliating to be put to confusion by a mere resemblance, and Matt determined to learn to distinguish the exasperating pair before the evening ended.

Later fortune favored him, for he discovered that Miss Adele Burnham wore a small gold dagger in her dress, whereas her sister wore no pin at all. This gave him confidence to assert that he could "easily tell them apart," a feat which he accomplished with success until Miss Isabel, seeing his eyes fixed on the tiny dagger, surreptitiously transferred it to her own dress and so exposed his shallow pretense. In fact, so utterly did they confuse him by changing the misleading dagger from time to time, that he went home quite furious with both sisters, and poured into the sympathetic ears of Hall, his special chum, his tale of woe, declaring he would "rather not be born at all than be born a pair of twins like that."

Matt vowed moreover that he would never try to tell the twins apart again,—a resolution which he kept until he met them the next time, when the same intense desire to solve the fascinating problem seized him and he became their indefatigable attendant. Still he could not tell which of the twins was which. While they talked he failed to comprehend what they were saying, so closely did he analyze each tone of voice, each small peculiarity of manner; for he felt sure that at some time he should light on something tangible. Often he fancied that he had within his mind a clearly defined idea of each; but when he thought the matter over he could not for the life of him decide which name went with which traits.

The sisters invited Matt to call

upon them, and he spent many harassing evenings in their drawing room trying to decipher which was Miss Isabel and which her sister,—and if so, why? One evening when he called, however, Matt found Miss Isabel alone, her sister having gone away to spend the night; and as Isabel talked to him he seemed to recognize distinctly what he missed, and as he continued to converse with her he suddenly discovered that Adele's personality was as clearly outlined in his mind as if she had not been a twin at all. After that call Matt never mixed them up again, but only marveled that he had ever thought them alike. Adele was sympathetic and responsive; Isabel, dull of comprehension and indifferent. In fact, he came to the conclusion that he had never known two girls more totally unlike. Adele's eyes were a deep and lovely violet; her sister's an uninteresting shade of blue. Adele's hair was a true angelic gold; while Isabel's was just an ordinary blonde.

Now, although Matt was conscious of such a decided contrast in the twins, they themselves seemed wholly unaware of it, and acted as if it could make no difference to him which one he talked to. He always saw them both together, and on occasions when other visitors were present he usually fell to Isabel's lot, while Adele, unconscious of his righteous indignation, invariably entertained the others. Several times he tried inviting Adele to go to walk but with no satisfactory result, for she always responded, "Thank you, we shall be most happy to take a walk with you if Isabel has not made any other engagement for that afternoon,"—as if a walk with only one of them was something quite out of the question. Indeed Matt found that it was really useless to try to separate the twins, they were so thoroughly convinced that anybody who desired the society of one must of necessity be doubly pleased with the society of both.

Then Matt, who was not easily daunted, tried asking another man to make a fourth on such occasions, in order to insure him a little of Adele's society; but despite his efforts to make a suitable distribution of the twins, he was invariably worsted by some unlucky chance, which somehow always made the wrong twin fall to his lot and left the lady of his choice to be monopolized by the obliging friend, who, quite unable to tell the sisters apart, unwittingly bore off the prize while trying to benefit the luckless Matt. Matt schemed and planned, but by some evil fate his plotting brought him small returns. It was either both the twins or the wrong one.

Matt constantly upbraided himself for his short-sightedness in seeking the society of such attractive twins. He might have known, he argued, that he would end by falling in love with one of them, if not with both; and then what could a man expect but trials and perplexities? The heart of either twin would doubtless break if she were separated from her sister unless Matt could provide a man to marry number two. That form of consolation was not an easy one to proffer, as he could testify,—for had he not tried faithfully to interest three of his friends in Isabel, and had he not discovered that each in turn was rapidly succumbing to Adele's charms? Further experiments in this direction were far too dangerous. Indeed visions arose before Matt of Adele, the adorable, snapped up by one of his own friends provided for her sister, while he himself remained a hopeless victim in honor bound to do his best to console the forlorn twin. Again he saw himself as ultimately successful in his suit, but pictured his unspeakable joy at Adele's favorable attitude towards him diminished by a subsequent request that Isabel make her home with them. Much as he loved Adele, Matt could not become reconciled to the idea of Isabel forever at his elbow,

passing him cream at breakfast and reading aloud to him her favorite authors, while Adele sat meekly by, admiring her sister and quite contented, while he grew constantly more miserable. As he dwelt upon this picture Matt's dislike for Isabel became unreasonably increased, until at times it almost overshadowed his fondness for her sister.

After having brooded sufficiently by himself upon the problem of the sisters, Matt invariably confided his woes to Sherwood Hall, who was justly distinguished for his ability to take a logical and philosophic view of all affairs—except his own. And if Hall failed to help him solve the baffling problem, he at least listened to Matt's tragical recitals with that rapt attention which had long since earned for him the reputation of being a most delightful talker. While Matt talked, Hall smoked encouragingly, and at the close of his discourses invariably averred his readiness to "help Matt out," if he could do so without great inconvenience to himself. Beyond this point his wise suggestions were not apt to go, unless his frequent offers of "another cigarette" might have been deemed soothing and helpful.

Hall did at one time go so far as to propose a picnic up the river, which he assured Matt could not fail to prove a great success, since the twins must of course be put into separate canoes. "And I will paddle Isabel so far up stream that you'll have nothing to complain of," he protested unselfishly. This plan seemed promising to Matt, and with Hall's assistance he at once mapped out a most delightful trip, with moonlight to come home by and all the chaperons stowed away in one large boat rowed by several younger brothers. They promptly carried out their plans; and upon this occasion everything went well—except that most important detail, the separation of the two Miss Burnhams, who at the start succeeded in fastening together the two canoes in which they were, and in their keen enjoyment of each other's company unconsciously deprived Matt of his long sought opportunity for one delightful tête-à-tête. And when, the evening over, he quite dejectedly assisted Hall in carrying armfuls of wraps and empty baskets up the boathouse steps he murmured: "It's no use trying to talk to her alone; whatever's to be said to one has just got to be said to both."

Dame Fortune, who had surely frowned upon Matt's picnic and had persistently maintained her hostile attitude for some time afterwards, seemed to relent and favor him with just a fleeting smile at the New Year's Assembly. Beneath a distant and secluded palm he sat beside Miss Adele Burnham, blissfully unconscious of the dancing, promenading throng which circled gayly round the hall. Others might fancy that a brilliant multitude whirled on the polished floor; but Matt knew better,—he perceived that he and his fair partner were the only occupants of the great room. He was dimly aware that, somewhere in the distance, miles away, Miss Isabel was safely merged in that imaginary multitude, and that she would not soon return to trouble him. Seated beneath the friendly palm, he had already enjoyed a good half hour of his fair partner's society without one cruel interruption. His spirits rose; he felt that now at last he was to reap a suitable reward for all his past devotion. His partner was more radiant than usual this evening and did not seem at all concerned as to her sister's whereabouts. Matt wondered if it would be such a dreadful thing to separate the twins. He longed to ask Adele if she thought she could exist for any length of time without her sister; but somehow it was very hard to bring the conversation to a point where such a question would seem a natural or appropriate remark. At last he ventured suddenly:

"What would you do, Miss Burnham, if your sister should get married? I mean—that is—you know you seem to be so utterly inseparable."

Adele gazed dreamily away from him. "I often wonder what I should do," she responded thoughtfully.

"I don't suppose you could be—ah—really happy without her,—now, could you?" Matt questioned anxiously.

"Why, I should miss her awfully, of course," she answered frankly, eying Matt with a half curious glance.

"Of course you would; but would you be, you know, quite miserable without her?" he persisted.

Adele laughed. "I declare you make me feel uneasy about my sister," she answered lightly. "I hadn't thought till now that there was any immediate danger threatening."

Matt regarded her with the utmost seriousness. "You never know when you are in the greatest danger," he remarked, feeling that he was skillfully guiding the conversation into the long desired channel. He felt that he was very diplomatic in pursuing this method of approach, as it would certainly be wise to accustom Adele to the idea of a possible separation from her sister before making too decided advances.

"When I say separated from your sister," he went on, "of course I do not mean never being able to see her any more; that would be dreadful." He paused to see what effect such a suggestion might produce.

"Oh, yes, indeed," Adele exclaimed, eying him with increasing wonder.

"I only mean not being with her every minute, as you are now," Matt continued, sighing unconsciously at the depressing thought. "Of course, if she were married, you would expect to make her nice long visits and be with her a great deal,—say six months at a time," he went on earnestly; "but you would not really expect to be with her quite all the time,—now would you?"

So intense was Matt's own interest in solving the vital problem which he felt to be confronting him that he quite failed to note the evident astonishment which was depicted upon his fair companion's face. When he paused she said with extreme coldness:

"You may be sure that I should never thrust myself upon my sister unless I knew that I was more than welcome. No one whom she might ever marry need fear that I should constantly inflict myself upon them. Will you be kind enough to take me back into the hall," she added distantly. "We certainly have been here a long time."

It was in vain for Matt to offer any protest, or to endeavor to beguile her to remain, so he obeyed, filled with contrition for he knew not what. He felt that his remarks had somehow missed fire and had produced a wholly opposite effect from that intended, though why, he could not understand. One thing he did know, and that was that he was filled with bitter disappointment at this conclusion of their interview. He was about to ask for the next waltz, when someone else stepped up and carried off the prize, leaving Matt quite forlorn. Despite his efforts, he failed to obtain another tête-à-tête during the remainder of the evening; only a brief and tantalizing Lanciers was meagrely vouchsafed him; and therefore he consoled himself by standing sulkily against a door and frowning at his successful rivals who selfishly bore off the lady he desired to monopolize.

So much for Fortune's fickle smile, which had quite faded out before the evening was half spent. Just at its close, however, she favored Matt with one small token of her regard. As he stood at the foot of the long stairway, with his ulster collar stiffly elevated, and watched the muffled-up procession of fair ones slowly filing

down, while he waited for a chance to call the Burnhams' carriage, a voice said in his ear:

"Oh, Mr. Dalton, would it be too much trouble for you to find a cab for us? There has been some mistake about our carriage, I'm afraid."

Matt turned, and saw the Burnhams' aunt standing beside him. After assuring her that it would be no trouble at all to do so, he dashed out through the doorway and began rapidly to disprove the truth of this assertion. Indeed there was not a cab to be found anywhere. One by one, the carriages whirled off, and vainly Matt endeavored to get hold of some conveyance for his friends. When he returned, after his fruitless efforts, he found the crowd had vanished. Only a few weary and drooping figures stood grouped about the hallway patiently waiting for their belated chariots. All the animation which these figures had possessed but a short time before had been extinguished when they put on their outside wraps. They stood immovably against the wall eying one another with stoical indifference. Matt caught a glimpse of the two Miss Burnhams seated upon the topmost stair talking to Sherwood Hall, while their aunt greeted him from the interior of the vestibule where she was waiting.

"I'm very sorry," Matt regretfully exclaimed, "but I can't get hold of any kind of a conveyance. If you will wait a little longer, however, I'll go and telephone and——"

"Oh, no, Mr. Dalton," the aunt broke in, "we won't wait any longer for a carriage. The girls say that they don't mind walking, in the least, and I am good for half a mile, I'm very sure," she added with a sigh of resignation.

Matt eagerly offered to act as escort, and Sherwood Hall called from the stairs: "May I go too, if I'll be very good?"

Just then a carriage drove up for some of the belated guests, who suddenly regained their animation and called out to the Burnhams' aunt: "Oh, won't you come with us? We have an extra seat." And that most weary chaperon gratefully accepted their invitation, after admonishing her charges to hurry home as fast as possible.

Matt, after helping the tired aunt into the friendly extra seat, turned round to find the two Miss Burnhams and Hall issuing from the doorway. In the dim light which the street lamp shed grudgingly upon them, he could but just distinguish the colors of the long plush cloaks worn by the twins. Adele's was a pale blue, while Isabel's was a deep crimson.

Hall was crossing the threshold just behind them when Matt said to the pale blue cloak in tones of deepest satisfaction: "I'm so glad that the carriage didn't come, for now I'm going to have the pleasure of walking home with you," and in a moment they were advancing briskly, while Hall and the red cloak followed some distance behind them. Matt felt his heart begin to beat most strangely. "Now or never," he mentally ejaculated, realizing that such a chance might never come again. His fair companion meanwhile walked on quietly beside him without attempting any conversation.

How should he begin? This important question Matt asked himself repeatedly, fully aware that every step he took was lessening the distance between them and the Burnhams' house. If he let slip this opportunity now that he had Adele all by herself, he might seek vainly for another. In his anxiety he unconsciously quickened his pace, and by so doing partially abridged the time he so heartily desired to lengthen. And so they hurried on in perfect silence, Matt cudgeling his brains in vain for some suitable introduction to what he was so anxious to say. At last the moon took pity upon him and peeped out from behind a cloud. Matt broke the oppressive silence.

"The moon is out as well as we," he murmured sensibly. "How beautiful it is to-night!" he added, with increasing courage. The pale blue cloak assented with a nod. "And yet," Matt went on recklessly, "I must say I prefer beautiful things not quite so far away. I've never sighed much for the moon, you see, though possibly I might as well do that as to hope that you care, or ever could care, anything about me. Oh, Miss Burnham," he continued with added intensity, striding on still faster in his stress of emotion, so that his companion had difficulty in keeping up with him, "you must know what I want to say and how I've tried in vain to say it. You see I never seem to get a chance—" Here they had almost reached the Burnhams' gate, while, thanks to Matt's most rapid pace, the others were still some way behind. "You surely know I love you," he murmured tenderly. "Don't answer me to-night, but think it over. Even if you merely tolerate me now, you might in time begin to like me better, you know,—and——"

At this important point Hall's most unwelcome voice broke in upon them. "I never saw such walkers," he called out. "I guess Miss Burnham must be just a trifle out of breath. Why, we have done our best to keep you two in sight,"—and he and his companion paused outside the gate.

"Nonsense," Matt rejoined impatiently, "we only strolled along at ordinary pace. Didn't we?" he said, turning to the blue cloak with an effort at composure, and realizing for the first time that she was breathing rapidly.

"I don't think that we loitered much," she panted in response. Matt started. Something in her voice gave him a frightful shock and sent cold chills of terror up and down his spine. A horrible suspicion flashed across him, and with it came the question, "If this is so, what shall I do?"

They mounted the front steps and stood a moment under the blazing gas lamp saying good-night. Matt's head was in a whirl, but he was dimly conscious that the door flew open and the Burnhams' aunt stood on the threshold, supplementing the twins' "Good-night" and adding her thanks to theirs; then he and Hall were walking rapidly away. One thing alone was clear to Matt,—Matt the unlucky, Matt the miserable; he had proposed to the wrong twin! Oh, false, deceptive pale blue cloak,—how could you play a poor young man so pitiful a prank!

The weary chaperon had said good-night to both her nieces and dragged her tired frame to bed, after suggesting that they should follow soon and not sit up till daylight "talking things over." The long plush cloaks with their wide ermine collars had toppled helplessly upon a hard carved foot-rest, where they hung at pathetic angles, miserably disregarded.

The twins were evidently in widely differing frames of minds. Isabel hummed a snatch of music and glanced at her reflection in the glass. "Such a gorgeous time!" she murmured. "Oh, I shall never have so fine a time again,—I know I never shall."

Adele had dropped into an arm-chair, where she sat listlessly regarding her sister. As Isabel transferred her gaze from her own gay reflection to her sister's melancholy bearing, a sudden comprehensive and mischievous light gleamed in her eyes.

"Oh, Adele," she murmured, "I must tell you,—it is such a joke,—oh, such a splendid, tragic joke! Why, I declare you look as sober as an owl!"

"I'm tired," Adele answered briefly.

"And so am I," rejoined her sister, sinking down upon a sofa. "I never sat down once till supper time, while you,—oh, you were having nice long tête-à-têtes with one young man at least. You had a little fun—now, didn't you?" she added slyly.

"No," Adele replied decidedly, "I had a horrid time, a horrid, stupid time."

"Oh, did you?" Isabel responded with a curious glance. "Well, I am sure that Mr. Dalton was enjoying himself under that distant palm tree."

Adele pulled off one glove impatiently. "Don't speak to me of Matthew Dalton," she exclaimed. "I can't endure him."

"You will relent and pity him in a few minutes," her sister cried. "Now don't you speak till I get through,"—and picking up a large stuffed sofa cushion, she planted it upon the floor beside Adele and then sat down upon it.

"You remember," she began, "that I picked up your blue cloak in that crowded dressing-room while I was looking round for mine, and you suggested I should put it on, as you could get mine out of the pile of things across the room, where you were hunting for your fur-topped boots. Oh, Adele! Imagine poor Mr. Dalton waiting down below for the blue cloak, which he has seen you wear so often. Think of him in the darkness gallantly offering to walk home with that same blue cloak and never dreaming that you were not inside it! Now listen," she went on, "for here begins the tragedy. What does the foolish fellow do but shower all his admiration on the wrong girl. Just fancy the terrible mistake!"

Here she proceeded to repeat Matt's ardent protestations, and at the end turned to her sister for some expression of sympathy for the unfortunate fellow. But to her surprise Adele sat coldly staring at the toe of one small slipper, with a derisive, cynical expression, and as her sister paused she said with a hard little laugh:

"And you expect me to believe that he thought he was walking home with me?"

"Of course he did."

"Nonsense," Adele said bitterly, "you needn't think that I shall for an instant believe such an absurdity. Of course he knew he was with you."

"Really, Adele, I never spoke one word all the way home, so there was nothing to shake his confidence in the blue cloak."

"Perhaps not; but all the same you are the one he is in love with. He just about the same as told me so this evening."

Here it was Isabel's turn to be skeptical. "You must have been mistaken," she said.

"Oh, very likely," Adele continued, mockingly. "Perhaps he didn't ask me if I could manage to exist without you if you were married? Perhaps he didn't say he hoped that I would not feel called upon to visit you quite all the time? Perhaps he didn't act as if he longed just to get rid of me! —Oh!—Oh!—And then you can pretend he thought that he was offering himself to me! Don't ever speak to me of him again! I hate him!"

Jerking up the luckless blue cloak from the foot rest, where it still hung in drooping and repentant attitude, she swiftly went upstairs. After she had gone, her sister sat for some time wrapped in deep meditation, a little pucker in her forehead denoting the difficulty of the problem she was grappling with. She did not move when the French clock behind her bespoke the flight of another hour, but only sighed as she continued to smooth out her long gloves. Presently, however, a smile played about her mouth, and with it came a look of satisfaction; and then she also rose and gathering up her wraps wended her way to bed.

Matt in his overwhelming misery turned from the Burnhams' door and walked away with Sherwood Hall. It seemed to him that there could be no possible escape from the terrible consequences attendant upon this evening's blunder. He had made love to Isabel,—and how could he ever explain that he had meant his tender speeches for her sister! Surely now the only honorable thing

for him to do was to back up his protestations. No matter what his misery might be, he could not take back anything that he had said. His only hope lay in the possibility of Isabel's refusing him. He felt that it was very probable she would do so. And after that, it wasn't likely that he would stand much of a chance with Adele; she surely wouldn't want a man who had preferred her sister. He turned to Hall for some advice or some consolation; but even this was for the time denied him, for his friend, catching sight of an approaching car exclaimed: "Oh, that's my car. I'm sorry to desert you, but I know it doesn't go your way,"—and, rushing off, left Matt to shelter all his woeful thoughts in his own troubled breast.

Before he reached home, Sherwood Hall made the discovery that he had carried off Miss Burnham's fan in his coat pocket; and he decided to return it the next morning on his way down town. Accordingly he rang the Burnhams' doorbell at a somewhat early hour and gave the maid the fan to be returned to Miss Adele, realizing that it was too early to expect to see the ladies of the household. Just as he reached the lowest step, however, he heard the front door open again, and a gay voice called out: "Good morning, Mr. Hall, won't you come in a moment? I want to thank you for bringing back my fan."

Hall turned and ran up the steps again and shook hands with Miss Isabel Burnham, who stood smiling in the doorway. "I can't stop but a moment," he replied, stepping inside, "as I am on my way down town; but I will stop just to inquire how you are after last night's festivities. Please tell your sister how promptly I brought back her fan."

"My fan," she corrected him emphatically.

"Oh, was it yours? Excuse me," he laughed. "You see your sister asked me to take charge of it just as we started out."

Isabel looked at him reproachfully. "Why, Mr. Hall, have you forgotten that I gave it to you?"

Hall stared. "Oh, now, Miss Burnham," he said, "perhaps I didn't walk home with your sister last night, but came with you instead."

"Of course you did," she answered. "I feel quite injured to think that you don't yet know us apart."

Hall looked at her suspiciously. "I shall have to get Matt to take my side," he said. "I'm sure that he will testify——"

"Oh, that's just it," she interrupted quickly. "You mustn't let him. Do sit down, Mr. Hall, for just a minute and let me talk to you; it's most important, I assure you."

Hall sat down, wondering what she could be aiming at. "I'm at your service," he responded; "if there is anything that I can do, I shall be more than happy to do it."

"Yes, there is something," she answered hurriedly, "and it is this: I want you to remember that you walked home with *me* last night, and not with my sister. This must seem a very strange request; but if you only knew how grateful I should be, I know you wouldn't mind doing it."

"I shall be very happy to do so," Hall replied smiling vaguely. "But Matt, whom did he come home with? Doubtless he'd like to know," he added in a rallying tone.

"Why, with Adele, of course," she answered. "He may think he didn't, but you must convince him. No matter what he says to the contrary, you must declare that he is quite mistaken. Am I asking too much?"

"Oh, not at all," he assured her, as he rose to go. "It will give me pleasure to tell as many—er—wrong stories as you think necessary."

"Oh, please don't put it that way," she protested, "or I shan't let you do it. Can't you just manage it without any wrong stories? I'm sure you can, you are so clever."

"I'll try," Hall answered, touched by her appreciation of his merits; and with her words of cordial gratitude

still ringing in his ears he went upon his way, immensely puzzled. In vain he racked his brains for any explanation of this remarkable request. But before the day was out the answer came. Matt had poured into his sympathetic ears his sorrowful confession, concluding his recital with these words:

"If you will believe it, I never dreamed that it was Isabel until she spoke just at the gate; and then when we stood under the gas lamp I saw the awful blunder I had made."

Now Hall understood. "Look here, Matt," he exclaimed, "I rather think you were so nervous last night that you hardly knew which sister you escorted home."

Matt eyed him miserably. "That's what I've just been telling you," he said.

"No, but I mean," Hall went on calmly, "that when you reached the door you were so,—well, excited,—that you were mistaken about the twins, and just imagined you were with the wrong one."

Matt regarded him scornfully. "Please make yourself a little clearer," he said.

"I will. You're trying to make me think that I don't know which of the Burnhams I went home with myself."

"Oh, am I!" Matt scoffed.

"Well," Hall continued, "I must insist that I walked home with Isabel myself."

Matt sprang up. "It's all very well for you to joke, but I'm in no condition for it now."

"Nor I," Hall answered soberly, reflecting that lying was more in his line just then.

"Do you mean to say," Matt cried, "that you escorted Isabel Burnham home last night?"

"I feel that I am authorized to make that statement. Perhaps you'd better go and ask *her,* if you don't believe me."

"Oh, if I only could believe you," Matt said despairingly. "But I can't, I can't. Didn't I see her—and hear her voice? Why, they are as different—Hall, you must be joking. You're the one who was mistaken. You thought you were with Isabel; you were deceived like me by that blue cloak."

"I beg your pardon,—I knew nothing about the color of their cloaks. I see it does no good to argue with you, Matt, so I only say once more, go and ask Miss Isabel herself."

"I will," Matt cried excitedly.

At five o'clock that afternoon the two Miss Burnhams sat on either side of a cozy wood fire. Both were thoughtfully regarding a blazing log which neither of them saw.

"Perhaps you will believe him if he tells you so himself," Isabel said, tapping the fender impatiently with one foot. "I wish you could have seen the look of terror which flashed across his face under the lantern. I never saw such despair on any countenance."

Adele sighed faintly. "And yet he did keep talking about *your* getting married," she said.

Isabel laughed. "Why, that was just his clumsy way. He didn't dare say 'If *you* were married,'—but that is what he meant.—Hark, there's the bell, Adele. Now if that should be Matthew Dalton, I'll speak to him in the reception room, and you can sit right here and listen to every word,—and then I'll turn him over to you. You'll stay here, won't you?"

"I will not promise," Adele said.

Matt, pale and desperate, was ushered into the little reception room. He sat rigid upon a small, straight sofa and waited his doom. He heard a rustle of silken garments, and stood up fairly shaking in his shoes. Isabel crossed the threshold, smiling and unconcerned.

"So very glad to see you," she said gayly. Matt murmured that he wanted to inquire how they had survived the Assembly.

"Oh, splendidly;—and it was so

kind of you and Mr. Hall to see us safely home."

While she was speaking so lightly, Matt was asking himself frantically, "Is this the girl that I walked home with or is it not?" The power of speech seemed to have forsaken him. At last he said: "I hope you were not tired out by that final promenade after dancing so much, and that your escort didn't walk too fast for you." He paused and looked at her fixedly.

"Oh, no," she answered, smiling demurely. "You see we didn't pretend to keep up with you; we were more moderate and sensible."

"You, you,—" Matt stammered,—"why, you got home first, didn't you?"

Isabel laughed. "Oh, I am afraid that you were so interested in your own conversation that you were unconscious of our being far behind you. Mr. Hall and I couldn't pretend to keep up any such rapid gait. You and Adele seemed to be walking on a wager."

Matt drew a long breath. A crushing weight seemed suddenly to have fallen from his shoulders. The old light gleamed once more in his eyes. So Sherwood Hall was right! Oh, joy unspeakable!

"Won't you walk through into the sitting room?" a voice (how sweet it sounded) seemed to be saying. "Adele is by the fire, and you can gossip all you wish about the Assembly, as I have an engagement and must beg to be excused."

As Isabel withdrew Matt gazed admiringly after her. Just then she might almost have been her sister,—so sweet she was, and beautiful.

With a great wave of thankfulness filling his soul, Matt found his way to Adele seated by the blazing fire. "I've come for my reply, dear," he said, coming close beside her. "I told you last night that I loved you, Adele; but that was not half, not one hundredth part of all I had to say. I know I am not good enough for you, and that of course you love your sister best; but don't you think that you might learn to care for me enough to be my wife?"

What Adele said on this occasion is of slight consequence, the fact that Matt was satisfied with her response being all important. With her response came doubtless a confession regarding the real wearer of the blue plush cloak, and the duplicity which had been practised, and many other vitally important things intended for Matt's ears alone.

That young man's opinion of the sad deception was best summed up in his own words to the devoted Sherwood Hall, when that tried friend dropped in to offer his congratulations. As he grasped Sherwood warmly by the hand he said decisively: "Truth is all very well at times; but there is nothing after all which can compare with a judicious falsehood now and then."

So it came about that Matt proposed one night to one twin sister, and was accepted by the other the following afternoon.

THE WAIFS OF THE WHITE CITY.

By Virna Woods.

THE gates of the great Fair in Chicago had just opened, one beautiful September morning. A line of people had formed in front of the ticket window, and crowds were hurrying through the turnstiles. There were brisk, energetic looking people who had mapped out their day and knew just what they wanted to see; there were bewildered people with guide-books, experienced tourists with note-books, and merry parties with baskets of luncheon. There were tall silk hats and wide-brimmed hats, beribboned hats, plain traveling caps and Shaker bonnets and an occasional fez or turban worn by Turk or Hindoo who had strayed from the Plaisance or the Art Institute, where the great Congress of Religions was in session. It was a strange and varied throng of people: and in its midst, by one of the gates, pushed and jostled by the crowd, two little waifs stood hand in hand. Their clothes were soiled and torn; their pinched faces wore a look of bitter disappointment; their large dark eyes were full of tears.

"We can't get in," sobbed the little girl, clasping the boy tighter with her dirty little hand; "and maybe mamma will be looking for us."

The people passed by in an endless stream. Some looked at them with a glance of wonder, and hastened on through the enchanted gates. A gentleman who brushed against the children turned and spoke to them.

"What are you crying for, my boy?" he said.

"We have walked so far," the boy replied. "We are so tired—and they won't let us in. No one told us we would have to pay."

A look of mingled pity and amusement crossed the man's face. "Wait a moment," he said, and went back to the ticket window. Soon he returned and led them to the children's gate. They passed through and were lost in the throng.

"Now we will find mamma," the little girl said, clinging to her companion. "Tell me what she said, Teddy."

"She said," answered the boy, "that she was going to the great White City; and we must be good, and after a while we could go there too and find her. And then she got cold and didn't talk or kiss us any more; and they put her in a box and took her away in a black carriage."

"And that was a long time ago, wasn't it?" asked the child; for though she had heard the story a hundred times, she always wanted to hear it again.

"Yes," said the boy, "a long time ago, when mamma lived with us, and we used to laugh at old Tommaso when he took out his organ, and we ran away sometimes to play with the monkey. We didn't think then we would ever have to beg for Tommaso and he would beat us if we didn't get enough; for we thought we would always have mamma to take care of us. But now we will go and find her and stay with her forever."

"But how will we find her?" asked the child. "It is so big in here."

"Never mind, Marjory; we will follow the people."

They walked on and on, so tired by and by they could scarcely drag their little feet over the way, but inspired with a great hope that shone in their

eager faces. But they were bewildered and did not know where to go. The crowd parted and went in different directions. They walked on until they came to water and a great white building in the front of which was a long flight of steps.

"I think mamma is here," said Marjory, "it is so lovely."

"It looks like the great white throne ought to be in there," said the boy. "Let us go in and see."

With hearts beating fast they climbed the steps that led to the entrance of the great Art Palace. People looked at them curiously as they passed; but no one spoke to them. They stood a moment in awe and wonder at the door, for they thought that it was heaven. They saw numberless beautiful white figures, that seemed to them to be the forms of angels. They went in and looked timidly about them. They were in the French section of the sculpture exhibit. They approached a reclining figure and stood looking at it.

"It is not alive," said Marjory, the tears starting to her eyes. Teddy put out a little finger and touched it cautiously. "It is stone," he said.

Still the tired children wandered about, not knowing what to do.

"Have you seen the Christ and Child in the United States exhibit?" said a sweet voice at their side. They turned and saw a lovely lady speaking to a gentleman.

"No," the man replied, "let us go and see it."

The children followed, pushing by people who came between them and the beautiful lady, terrified lest they should lose her.

"We will follow her and find Christ," they said; "he will take us to mamma."

At last the lady stopped and the gentleman with her. They stood gazing at a great white image of a man with his arm around the form of a little boy. The man's face was beautiful, and Marjory felt that she would like to speak to him; but he was only stone like the rest. She wondered where Christ was, and she longed more than ever to see her mother. She approached the lady timidly and plucked her sleeve. "Please, where is Christ?" she said wistfully.

The lady looked down at her in kindly surprise. "You poor little midget!" she said. "That is Christ"; and she pointed to the white image.

Marjory burst into tears. "But that is not alive," she sobbed.

"Did you think you would find him alive?" said the lady gently, laying her hand on the little one's shoulder. "You will have to go a long, long way before you will find him alive."

She did not think how the little ones would understand her words. The man looked down and saw tears in the children's eyes. He put his hand into his pocket and, drawing out a half dollar, slipped it into the boy's dirty little hand.

"Come," whispered Marjory, "it is a long way to Christ,—and mamma is there." They turned and passed through the great door and went down the steps to the street by the lagoon. They walked around the water for a long time, following the crowd. They saw people going into the buildings along the way; but they saw no other building so beautiful as the great Art Palace, so they did not stop. "Mamma will be in the very prettiest place," said the boy, "by the great white throne."

They hesitated a moment in front of the Woman's Building, but passed on. "It is not so pretty as the other," they said, looking across the lagoon. At last, as they were walking along the way, they heard the sound of music. It was the great pipe-organ in Festival Hall.

"She is there, she is there," said Marjory, clasping her hands; "for don't you know how she said the angels sang round the great white throne?"

"Yes, she must be there," said the

boy; "we have come a long way."

They went up the steps hand in hand and would have gone in at the central door, but a man stopped them. "You can not go in," he said; "you have to pay to go in there."

The boy held up the coin the gentleman had given him in the Art Palace.

"Wouldn't you rather buy candy or pop-corn?" asked the man good-naturedly.

"No," said Teddy, looking at him with pleading eyes; "we want to go in."

When they were in, they wandered down the aisle and sat timidly down in two vacant seats near the front. People looked at them wonderingly; but no one spoke to them. They sat with timid, awe-struck faces turned up to the organ. The music swelled higher and higher in strains of unearthly sweetness. It was the "Chant Seraphique" of Guilmant; and many heads in the vast assemblage were bowed and many eyes were filled with tears. The children had never heard such music before,—and they thought that now surely they were in heaven. They sat in rapt attention until the music died away. A sound arose like the rustling of leaves in a forest, and grew louder and louder. It was the noise of the people clapping their hands. The man at the organ turned and bowed; then he began to play again. The children grew restless and looked about in vain for their mother. They began to realize that they had suffered another disappointment; for in that great building in which sat thousands of listening people, there was no white throne, no Christ, no angel choir. Their mother was not there; they must look farther.

The concert had ended and the children followed the crowd out into the grounds. All day they wandered through the beautiful streets and buildings of the great White City. They crossed the curved bridges and looked down into the shining water of the lagoon. They lost themselves in the rich pavilions of the Manufactures Building and stood fascinated before the wonders of Machinery Hall. They heard the chimes play "Nearer, my God, to Thee,"—a song by which their mother used to sing them to sleep.

"Mamma, mamma!" they cried, and the great bells seemed to call them on, but they could not find her. They wandered through the peristyle and into the Court of Honor. The great golden statue of the Republic shone before them, and they tried to reach it; but the water was all around it and they stretched out their little hands in vain. Once they thought they had found the great white throne. They had entered the Administration Building and looked up into the beautiful dome.

"There it is," whispered Teddy, "'and the angels hovering round.' Don't you know what mamma used to sing?" They looked up eagerly, but among the lovely frescoed figures they did not find their mother's face.

"I am so tired, Teddy," said Marjory at last.

"Just let us go here," said the boy. "I think we will find her now."

They climbed the steps that led to the intramural railway, and some one, smiling at the little pathetic figures, paid their fare. They went into a car and sat down. The train began to move, and their eyes shone with excitement and joy. They were up so high, surely now they were going to the great white throne! They looked down on white walls and gleaming statues and shining water; they looked up on glistening towers and gilded domes. It was all so beautiful; and somewhere near them was the dear mother with her sweet smile and the dark eyes like their own! When she lifted them on to her lap and held them in her arms they would not be tired any more. And they would never have to go away; they would not have to go back at night to old Tommaso and his wife, who beat them.

And the dear Christ, too, would take them in his arms, as he did the little boy in the stone picture. Every little while the train stopped and people got on and off the cars. But they would not get off until they came to the place where mamma was. They were sure they would know when they came to it. At last, as the train stopped, the gentleman beside them touched the boy on the sleeve.

"It is time to get off, my boy," he said. "This is the place where you got on."

They got out, bewildered, and followed the crowd down the steps. Then they saw that it was indeed the same place where they had got on to the train. Marjory began to sob. "I am so tired," she said; "and we can't find mamma at all."

They sat down on a bench to rest and sobbed piteously in each other's arms. A guard stopped and laid his hand on the boy's shoulder. "What's the matter, my little man?" he asked. Teddy looked up with his eyes full of tears. "We can't find mamma," he said, "and we are so tired."

"Did your mamma come with you?" asked the guard.

"Oh, no," said the boy. "Mamma is dead, and she told us she was going to the great White City, and we thought we could find her here. But it is so big,—and we don't know where to look."

The guard did not know what answer to make. At last he spoke abruptly, but with a strange dimness in his eyes. "I am afraid you cannot find your mamma to-night," he said. "You had better go home."

The children did not answer, but their lips quivered, and they made no movement to leave the place.

"This is not the White City of which she spoke. She is dead, and you cannot go to her," the guard said gently.

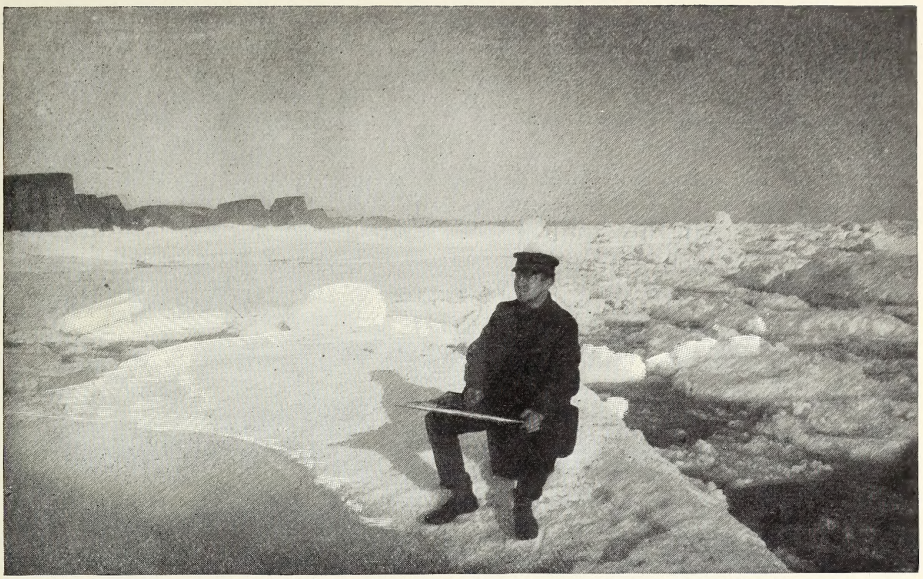
The boy looked at him with appealing eyes and little Marjory broke into sobs. The guard drew a coin from his pocket and slipped it into Teddy's hand. "You must go away," he said; "it will be dark before you get home."

The children turned silently away and passed out of the gates, and a moment later they were lost in the throng on the streets.

THE STATISTICIAN.

By Frank Roe Batchelder.

A JUGGLER with percentages, who works
In parts and totals, may-be's, might-have-been's,
Ranging his numerals in rows, like pins
Set by machine, on paper; a clerk of clerks,
Who knows how many shoes we sold the Turks;
Revels in figures like a fiend in sins;
Makes merry when a fiscal year begins;
And says Wise Government behind this lurks.
But after he is done with all his sums,
Pounds, dollars, yards, tons, cases, barrels, bales,
How can it be that still his country ails,
With little children starving in the slums,
The rich still growing richer, and the poor
With bursting hearts still learning to endure?



THE ARTIST IN GREENLAND.

By Russell W. Porter.

IN this enterprising age, when the artist as well as the explorer is finding his way everywhere, it is strange that Greenland with its wonderful, striking and characteristic scenery has so long escaped the attention of the art world. From the time of its colonization by the Danes in the beginning of the eighteenth century down to the present time, the number of men, good, bad and indifferent, who have gone to Greenland for the sake of painting its life and scenery can be counted on the fingers of one hand. Yet here is an island of continental dimensions, whose scenery at almost any point along its coast rivals Norway and the Alps in grandeur.

The cause of such neglect is laid by some at the door of the early American and English explorers, whose descriptions are on the whole disparaging rather than otherwise. This misrepresentation and mistake are easily explained. They only gave Greenland a passing glance on their way north in search of the pole. They wintered on its northern shores through the long, dark night, and, as was human, on reaching the comforts of home again dwelt on the bleak and desolate side of their Greenland surroundings, magnifying their terrors and ignoring their beauties.

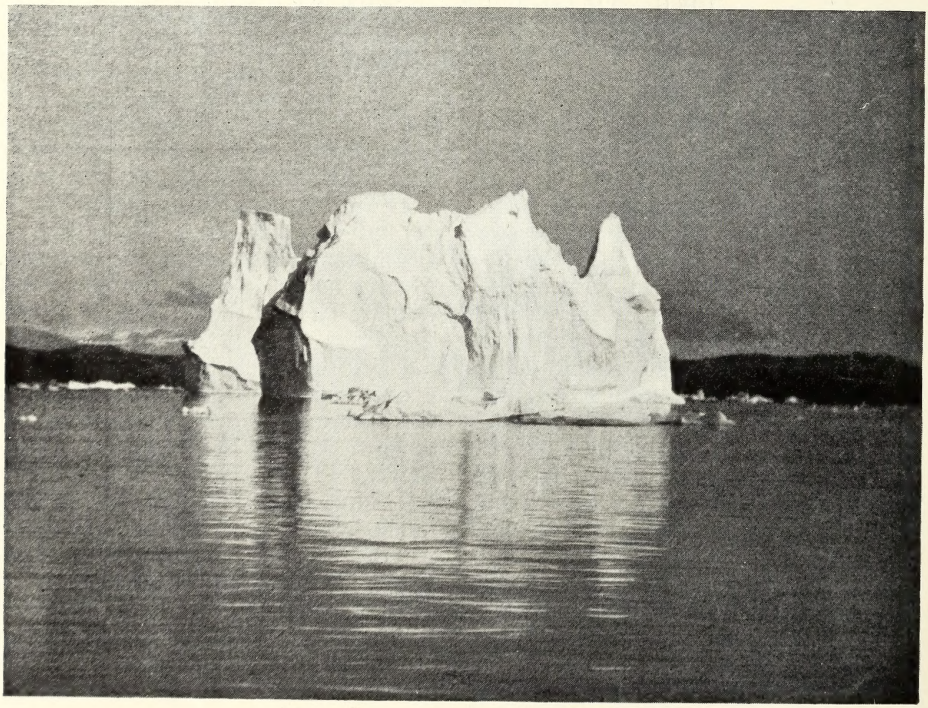
The supposed difficulty of access has also undoubtedly played an important part in keeping away the tourist and the artist. Navigation in the landlocked waters of Davis Straits and Baffin's Bay has been proved, however, by the six consecutive and successful expeditions of Lieutenant Peary, to be safer even than that of the Atlantic. As far as danger or difficulty is concerned, an artist can make a journey to Greenland as confidently and securely as to Switzerland.

Of the few artists who have visited

the far north, especial mention is due to one who was a pioneer in the work. Recognition of him will be more common and pronounced as time goes on and the beauties of the north are opened up to the public; and the present writer cannot take up the subject of the artist in Greenland without paying tribute to him at the outset. William Bradford was a native of Fairhaven, Mass., and a Boston artist. He caught a glimpse of what lay hidden beyond the circle of ordinary artistic venture in the reports brought back by Dr. Kane of the Grinnell Expedition, and determined to go north and see for himself. Through the assistance of Dr. J. C. Sharp of Boston he fitted out, in 1861, a small sailing vessel, and for six successive summers cruised along the Labrador coast. What he then saw only stimulated him to further effort; and the spring of 1869 saw his dream realized, when through the generosity of Le Grand Lockwood he chartered the steam sealer, *Panther,* and in company with Dr. I. I. Hayes started for Greenland.

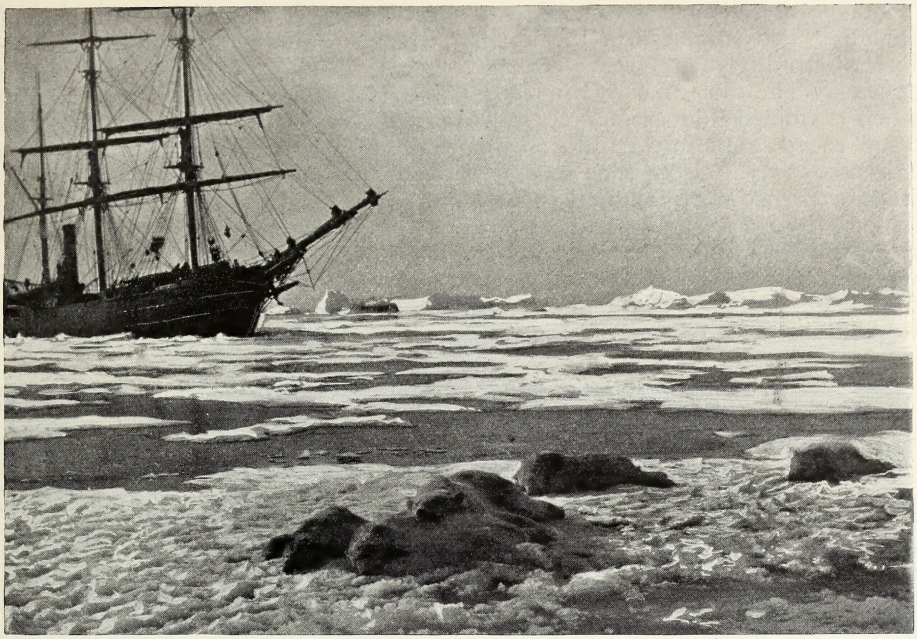
The summer was an ideal one, spent in cruising slowly up the western coast, penetrating the fjords to the glacier fronts, painting the scenery, and also for the first time successfully photographing the ice formations by the wet plate process. The views of glaciers, icebergs and floe-ice taken on this trip have never since been equalled in strength and fineness of detail. There seems to have been some property in this crude process for photographing ice which the modern camera and dry plate fail to supply.

After pushing a short distance into Melville Bay, the expedition returned to the United States, and Bradford began work on his pictures. Here-



AN ICE GIANT.

From a photograph in the Bradford collection.



THE HOME OF THE POLAR BEAR.
From a photograph in the Bradford collection.

tofore nothing had been done in this field except in an imaginative way, and Bradford's paintings received immediate recognition and were in great demand. He painted pictorially but represented truthfully the savage grandeur of the scenes and the overpowering size of the bergs, entering fully into the feeling which an Arctic marinescape presents.

In England his work created great interest. When he visited that country in 1871 he occupied a unique position, combining in himself as he did the artist, the explorer and strong, simple Quaker. He numbered among his friends such men as Tennyson and Tyndall, and such persons of Arctic fame and association as Nares, Rae, Dufferin and Lady Franklin. His paintings are in the private apartments of the Queen at Windsor, in the collections of the Princess Louise, the Baroness Coutts and the Duke of Westminster, and in many places in Europe and Australia, as well as in our own country.

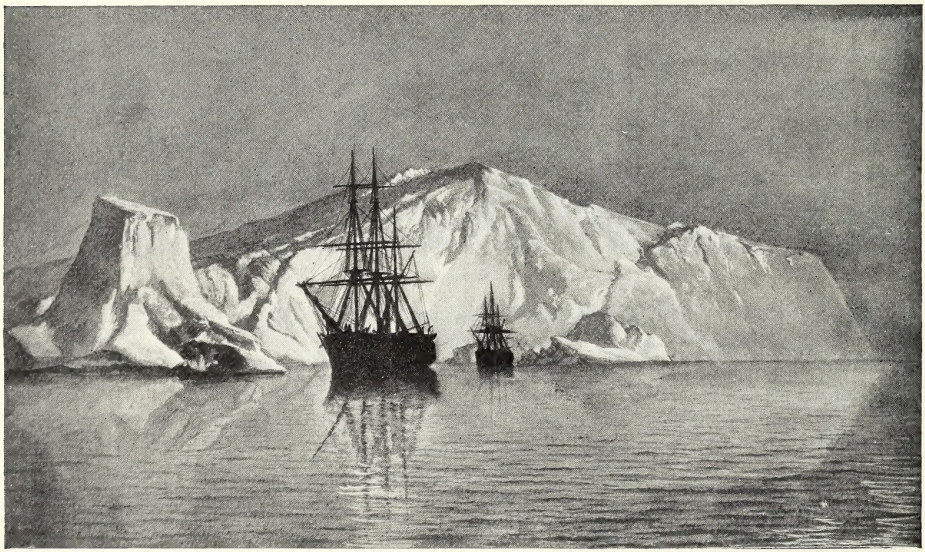
Bradford published a beautiful book containing large photographs of his paintings and of northern scenery accompanied by text. It was sold by subscription, the list being headed by the Queen and the Duke of Argyle. Whittier recognized his friend's deep love of the north and his peculiar relation to it when he dedicated to him the beautiful poem, "Amy Wentworth."

Upon Bradford's grave in Fairhaven there rests a large granite bowlder, brought from Greenland last year, smoothed and polished by the glaciers, and bearing his name, along with the lines from Whittier:

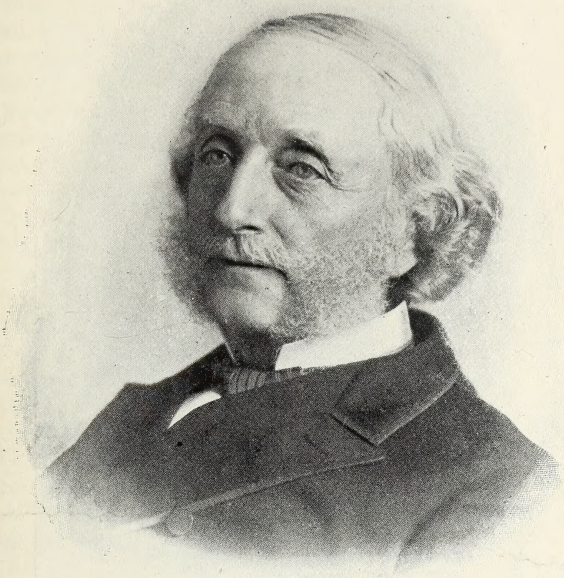
> "Something it has — a flavor of the sea,
> And the sea's freedom — which reminds of thee."

This Greenland bowlder was procured and brought to Fairhaven by a friend who had heard of his last request that he might have for his headstone a rock from the land he loved so well.

I have myself had the pleasure of spending two summers in the north under strikingly different circumstances. The first time was in 1894, when I joined the "Cook Expedition," more commonly known as the Miranda Party. From start to finish on this trip we were followed so persistently by a hard and relentless fate as to almost inspire superstition. It was certainly a curious body of men that made up the personnel of this expedition, a mixture of tourists, scientists, sportsmen and business men; but in spite of the hardships attendant on the fortunes of a shipwrecked party it proved itself a most harmonious and congenial body. In the first place, the *Miranda* was an unlucky ship. Her first bit of misfortune after we had started north was to run squarely into an iceberg off Belle Isle Straits, damaging her nose to such an extent as to require a retreat to civilization for repairs. The expedition, materially diminished in numbers by the loss of several members who had "got enough of Arctic navigation," tried it once more, and succeeded in reaching the west coast of Greenland in about latitude 65 degrees. The party spent one highly satisfactory day in the little Eskimo town, trading with the natives, hobnobbing with the Danish governor, and photographing scenery; but that was all. The next morning, coming out of the harbor, the fated ship picked out about the only submerged reef available and steamed directly over it. The sea brought her down three times as she passed the rock; rip went the iron plates on her bottom; and we were shipwrecked in Greenland! She did not go down then, for the hole which had been made only filled one of the compartments—the ballast tank. She settled in the water some five or six feet. But let me assure the reader that those few moments spent in leaning over the rail, a life-preserver in one hand and a few worldly effects in the other, watching the water creep up the side of the ship, were among the most harrowing that a man is ever called upon to experience. Yet I think we all remember most ludicrous



IN GREENLAND WATERS.
From a painting by William Bradford.



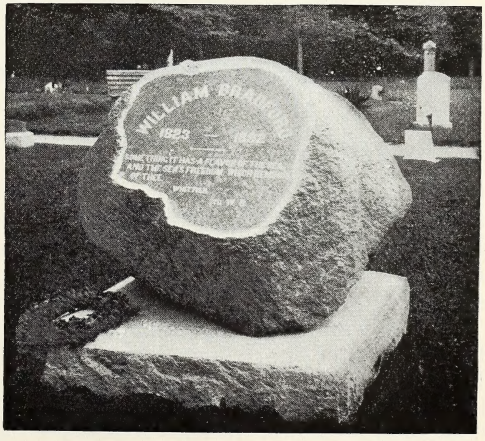
WILLIAM BRADFORD.

things which happened in the midst of the horrors.

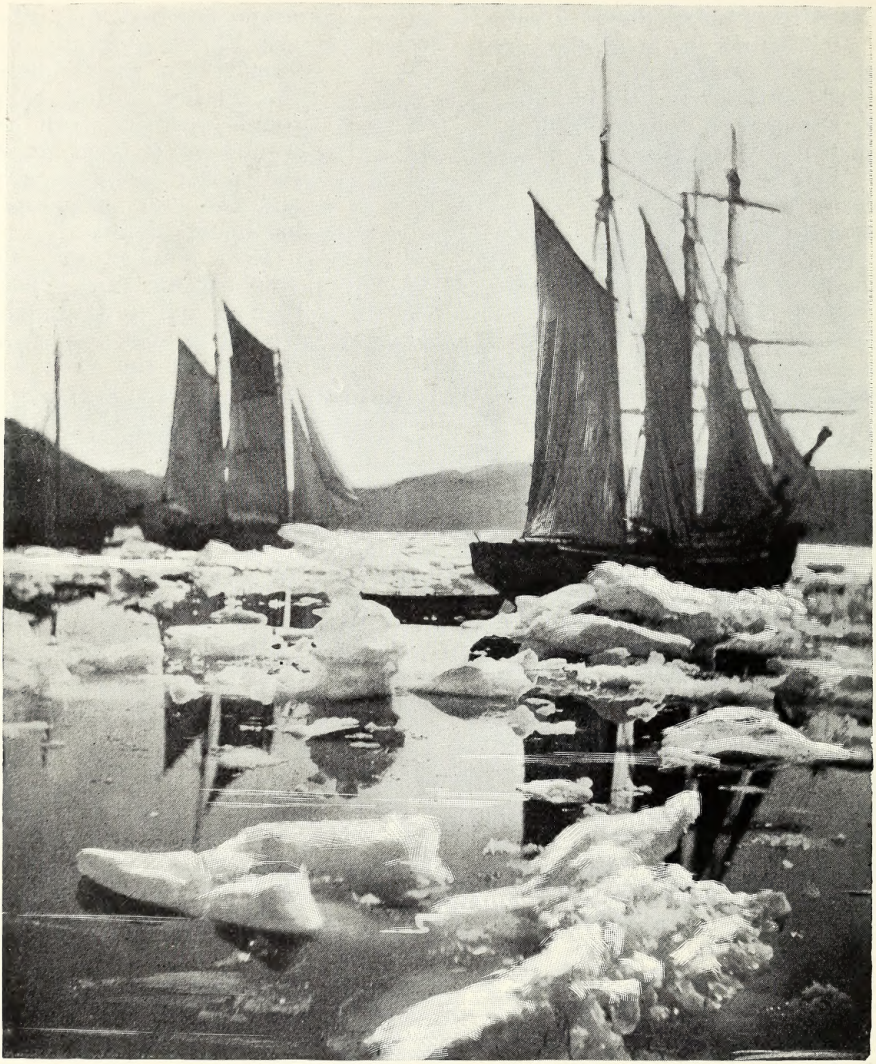
I skip much that followed. We managed to get back to "the States" that autumn, all in good health and spirits. After the accident there was of course nothing to do but find some safe means of returning home; and five of us took an open boat and went up the coast one hundred and fifty miles, where, just above the Circle, we found a Gloucester fishing schooner, and induced her captain and crew to abandon their fishing and come to our rescue. With the members of the party salted down in the hold, student and professor alike (for the god of shipwrecks, whoever he may be, is no respecter of persons), we started home towed by the *Miranda* by a hawser from her stern. She was on her last legs,—if a boat has even metaphorical legs,—and never reached the other side of Davis Straits, but foundered in the middle of the Straits during some rough weather, when her wound broke open afresh, the ballast tank gave way, and the crew abandoned her in the life-boats.

The number on the schooner was now swelled to over ninety souls, and we were soon on short rations and the water was running low. When Sydney was reached, a seedier lot of individuals never crossed a gang-plank. As for myself, I made straight for a clothing store, clad in a complete suit of Eskimo fur garments, hood and all.

It is needless to say that I did very little sketching on this first trip. By no stretch of language could I have called myself an artist in Greenland. The sum and substance of my sketching comprised an attempt to depict the agonized expression on the face of one of our party as he gazed into the depths of the sea, his chin hooked over the side of the schooner, experiencing his first



BRADFORD'S GRAVE AT FAIRHAVEN, MASS.



FISHING SCHOONERS IN THE ICE.
From a photograph in the Bradford collection.

rough weather on this small vessel, and a pencil sketch of a dozen forms stretched out on the salt in the hold, motionless and packed together like sardines.

But I wanted to go again. The terrors of the north—ice, fog and Danish brandy—were not enough to keep me away. I had got the Arctic fever. So thoroughly had I become seized by it, that the summer of 1896 saw me, sketch-block in hand, again headed north. It was in connection with the sixth Peary Expedition; and the trip was, in point of mishaps and accidents, the very opposite of that of the *Miranda* party. We started and returned on schedule time, followed out the work that we had laid out in every detail, and came back stocked with photographs, curios and a fund of delightful recollections to live over

in years to come. In personnel also the party differed greatly from the other, nearly all of the men being scientists of some kind. Lieutenant Peary had his own party of six; and the prime object of the expedition was to secure and bring back the big meteorite in northern Greenland. Professor Tarr of Cornell University had a geological party of six from that institution, who were landed on the west coast of Greenland, on the south shores of Melville Bay. The Boston party, which was under the leadership of Professor Burton of the Institute of Technology, and of which I was a member, had laid out a plan of work among the fjords and glaciers of the Umanak District, which lies about half way up the Greenland coast, some five degrees beyond the Arctic circle. We left Sydney, Cape Breton, July 15, 1896, on the *Hope*, a typical whaler, fitted with sails and steam and built especially for ice work. She is a sister ship to the *Windward*, which is the vessel the English explorer Jackson has used in taking his expedition to Franz Joseph Land. All these whaling and sealing vessels are built of wood, have sides fifteen or more inches thick, and are "shod" on the outside with green heart oak, which makes a tough skin to resist the action of the ice. Around the bows boiler plates are riveted on, transforming the stem into a veritable battering ram. With this formidable prow the vessel makes at full speed directly for a pack of floe ice and, striking it, rides up over the cakes by the momentum obtained, the weight of the ship crashes down through the ice, and she then retreats a hundred feet or so to repeat the operation.



A NATIVE.

It was hard for me to get used to this pounding and punching, my last experience in this line on the *Miranda* off Belle Isle having left a very vivid impression on my memory. We encountered our first ice at night, and the first bump found me tearing across the fore cabin and up the steps. Visions of the *Miranda* pulling her nose out of a huge berg and the suspense of waiting while the carpenter sounded the hold came up before me. But a week of this sort of thing made it too prosaic even to be noticed.

In this way we forced our way



OLD GREENLAND RUIN.



IN THE FROZEN NORTH.
From a painting by Bradford.

through several belts of floe ice going up the Labrador coast and around the entrance of Hudson Straits. An unusual amount of ice was met with, and during the return we were caught and held in its grasp for two days. The scenery along the Labrador coast is not very striking, being made up mostly of low mountains almost bare of vegetation rolling back into the interior, rounded and polished by former glacial action. There are no glaciers here, and only a few patches of winter snow were seen. The northern extremity of this great country, however, east of Ungava Bay, is quite bold, cut up by numerous fjords, and the mountains as seen from the ship looked like a succession of sawteeth. North of the straits in Baffin Land this rugged character of the scenery continues; and here in the extreme southern part is a small ice cap. It is probably the last of the ice sheet covering this land, and is but a drop in the bucket compared to the great continental ice sheet of Greenland.

We reached Godhavn, the capital of Greenland's northern inspectorate, obtained the necessary permission to land the different parties in this Danish Colony, and after steaming through the Wiagatt, the "Rhine of Greenland," as it has been termed, reached our destination at Umanak. The *Hope* left us on its way north after the meteorite; and then began five weeks of the most delightful experiences, cruising among the fjords along with the natives in their skin boats, hunting, fishing, studying the movement of the great ice streams, determining the forces of gravity and magnetism and investigating the geology of the country. It was over all too soon, when, on September 9, the *Hope* appeared to take us back to civilization. As for myself, I never gave up anything with greater reluctance than the sight of those snow-capped summits fading away in the blue horizon and the warm friendships I had formed with the Danes. They were supposed to frown on the advent of the foreign tourist, but really they could not help enjoying our being among them, isolated from the world as they are, with only an occasional connection with it through two or three ships which bring them the mail and supplies from Europe. I have given this hurried and meagre sketch of my personal experience to enable my readers, and especially any artists to whom my word may come and for whom it may have some serious interest, to understand what the circumstances were under which I gained my impressions of Greenland and gained so much in the way of artistic suggestion and inspiration.

There are three things which impress themselves upon an artist, or indeed upon any one who goes to Greenland with an eye open to the art side of things: the scenery in general, the ice in particular, and the natives. These three are thoroughly and inseparably related in every visitor's recollections of the north, and descriptions fail miserably to give any adequate idea of the condi-

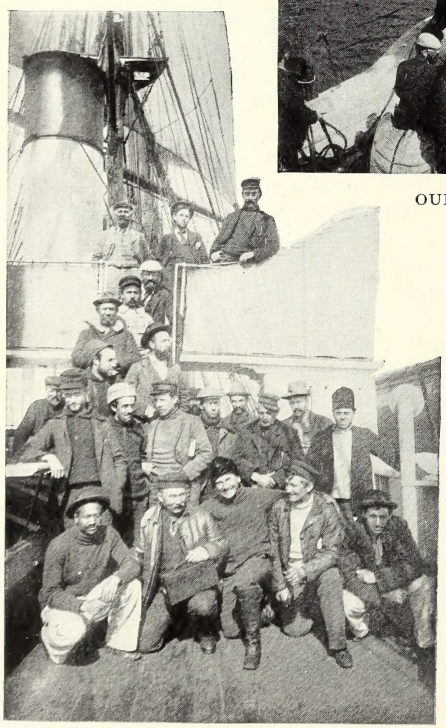


ON THE SHORE OF A GLACIER.

tions. The mountains of the west coast of Greenland reach their greatest height between the sixty-eighth and seventy-second parallels of north latitude. Here, in the Godhavn, Jacobshavn, Ritenbenk and Umanak districts they soar up out of the fjords to elevations of four, five and even six thousand feet. Upon their sides and clinging to them rest the glaciers, pushed through between the summits here and there from the vast snow fields



OUR FIRST ICE.



ON BOARD THE "HOPE."

behind and occasionally descending to the water's edge. The impressiveness of the scene is heightened by the presence of the icebergs, which slowly and majestically pass on their way out to sea and down the Labrador current finally to waste away and disappear in the warm waters of the Gulf Stream. These giant wanderers, from the time they are first met with, many hundred miles from their birthplace, to the glacier face itself, where they are born, form the grandest procession which nature is capable of producing. Men have never wearied in describing them; but they are indescribable—to be appreciated they must be seen. To see them to the best advantage you must go to the fjords in which they originate and where they congregate, choking up the entrances to all but small craft and, with the cliffs for a background, frame themselves into a picture of stupendous proportions.

So much for the outline. But color plays the more important part; for here in midsummer shines that wonder of nature, the midnight sun, enveloping the entire land and marinescape in tints and gradations of color such as only a midnight sun can create. Rolling along the horizon for the greater part of the day, rising a little towards noon and dipping a little at midnight, he is continually occupied in producing a long drawn out sunrise or sunset.

Ice, under these conditions, has almost the chameleon's power to respond to the environment of color. At times the bergs look as blue as topaz, with arches, caverns and veinings of indigo; again they are tinged emerald green; and at sunset they are shrouded in the pink of the "Alpine

Glow." The picture is completed when the reflection in the deep waters of the fjords repeats each color above, in a slightly darker tone.

Immense as the icebergs are, the effect of their size would be lost were it not for their texture and outline. There is a striking resemblance in the appearance of the side of a fresh iceberg, where it has been torn from the face of the glacier, to pure specimens of feldspar. Its myriads of curving surfaces at slight angles to each other, when receiving the light from the side, break up the white wall of ice into tiny graded shadows, and give a hugeness and stateliness to the whole mass which otherwise would not appear.

With the cliffs which rise from the water to such vast heights the question of size is still more bewildering. For here there is absolutely nothing to give the landscape scale,—not a tree, not a man, not a house, nothing that can be used as a measure by which the scene may be estimated. The effect is most deceiving, especially in the middle of the day, when the air is clear and one can see to a great distance. I think of a good illustration of this point. Across the fjord from the town of Umanak rise the cliffs of Stören Island. They look to be only a short distance away, and you think you would like to take a ten minutes' row over to them and see what they are like. But the ten minutes lengthen out into two hours; you put mile after mile behind you,—and when you are at last under their shadow you have come six miles. The secret is that the cliffs are over half a mile high sheer from the water's



OUR GUIDE IN UMANAK.



FAST IN THE ICE.

edge, and at such a distance, with nothing to give them scale, they look like an ordinary cliff a short distance away. In attempting descriptions of Greenland and its scenery one always finds one's self falling into superlatives; but Nature has turned out her work in Greenland on such an immense scale that one must be pardoned for it.

The sides of the mountains and the inland valleys are bare of snow in summer, and there is comparatively

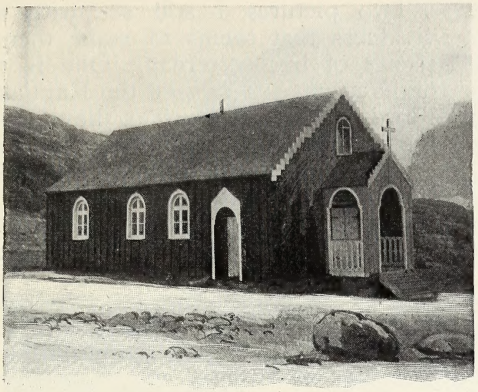


UMANAK VILLAGE AND FJORD.

little soil. Wherever soil is found, however, and vegetation can once get a foothold, there will invariably be found a carpet of moss, grasses and low bushes, dotted here and there with brilliant beds of wild flowers, which do what they can to relieve the monotony of the gray rocks. The flowers seem to have gone all to color; they are completely saturated with color, if one may so speak, but this at the sacrifice of their fragrance, for the wild flower of the north is odorless. The visitor is met with a succession of surprises, for he finds scattered about in profusion such old friends as the yellow buttercup, the dandelion, the red primrose and the stonecrop. Here, too, the Arctic poppy is at home and daintily lifts its golden cup, sometimes even through the snow.

The scene up the valleys, strewn with rounded, ice-worn rocks, carried me back, when I first saw it, to New England, to the smoothed ledges in the hill pastures of Vermont, New Hampshire or Massachusetts, dotted here and there with bowlders, remains of our own ancient ice sheet.

There is one exception to this gray, gneissic rock. On the island of Disko and on either side of the Wiagatt stratified and volcanic rocks make their appearance and completely change the color of the landscape. The red basalt and brown sandstones banded in places by coal black belts



UMANAK CHURCH.

contrast beautifully with the blue glaciers; and I am told that, excluding the latter feature, they resemble in color the cañons of the Colorado rivers.

For choice bits of bright color, for absolute freedom from affectation or conceit, and for originality of dress, I praise the Eskimos. They are just what a town needs to give it life. Their houses, artistically speaking, are uninteresting enough on the outside, being built up with stone and turf and covered with boards and slabs of stone; but the sight of a crowd of women in their characteristic dress and attitude, separated in groups of twos or threes, make an interesting picture of an otherwise dull landscape. They make admirable models, and when once posed remain as immovable as a statue until one gives the word to rest. Among my pleasantest hours in Greenland were those spent in painting the portrait of Mathalina Sigurdsen and in studying her expression and features—the tilted, almond-shaped, Japanese eye, the pug nose with its bridge almost gone, the full cheeks and lips, and over all that top-knot as rigid as steel, the black hair drawn tightly over the head and bound with a bit of colored ribbon. She was an eighteen years' old girl from the big Nugsuak peninsula. There was a little Icelandic blood in her veins, but only a little. She had passed the marrying age, and will probably live and die an old maid. She could not skin a seal or chew as many birdskins in a day as the other girls, and so was not in demand by the men for a wife. I painted the portrait of Laars Fredericksen, a big overgrown boy of sixteen, a pure blooded Greenlander, a fact certified to by the Danish pastor, who looked up the fellow's ancestry in the old church records. I also



GOVERNOR KNEUTZSEN AND HIS WIFE.

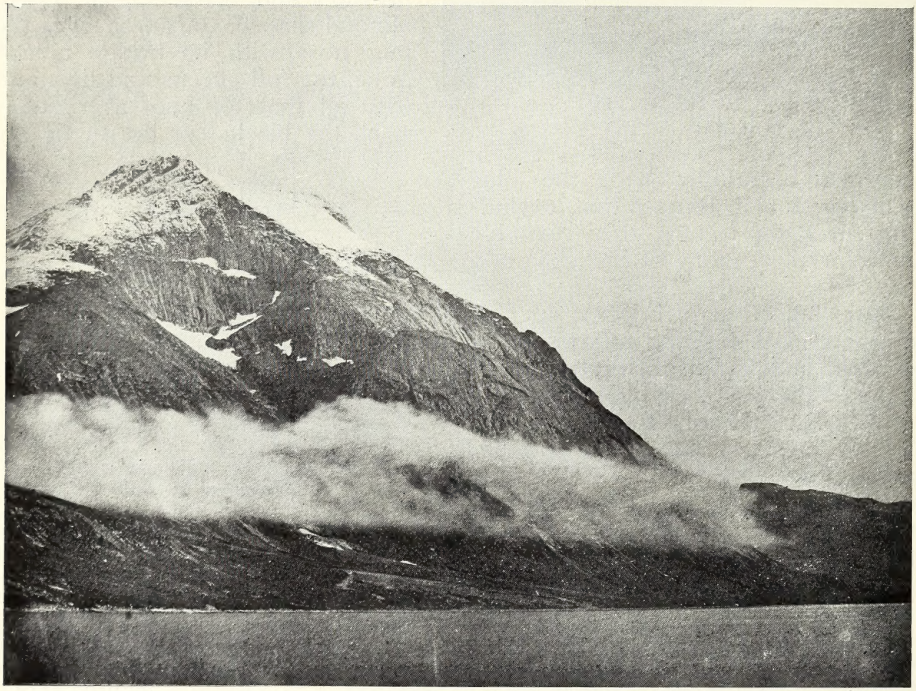


THE GOVERNOR'S HOME.

painted Rasmus Abrahamsen, a younger boy than Laars; but although more attractive in looks he had none of the characteristic Eskimo features, some Danish blood having crept in during the generation of his grandparents.

The kayaker, in his long, needle-shaped boat, with the complete equipment of spears, gun and sealskin float, forms a striking feature of the Greenland marinescape. Whether seen on a calm, quiet, sunny day in midsummer, among the towering bergs and small ice-cakes, resting motionless on his paddle behind the shield of white cotton cloth awaiting the advent of the seal, or out on the seaboard in stormy weather reeking in brine as he shoots through the curling waves towing after him his quarry of game, he makes a picture that must always associate itself in memory with the fjords and icy waters of the north.

Two pictures I still see with a vividness that seems to make them scenes of but yesterday. One is a night scene, as I crossed the Karajak Fjord in the early hours of the morning in company with several natives in their big boat, the "oomiak." There was a full moon in the heavens, which enveloped everything in an unearthly cold gray, save where the placid surface of the fjord caught the reflection and the kayakers dipped the ends of their paddles into the water. We wended our way through the small ice and by the huge sentinel bergs, with no sound but the rhythm of dropping boat blades and the occasional grumbling of a foundering berg.



"GREENLAND'S ICY MOUNTAINS."
From a photograph in the Bradford collection.

The other scene was on the great inland ice sheet, when I reached the top of a glacier, and could look far away over the vast waste of snow and ice. It burst upon me so suddenly that I was for the moment transported into another world. It was eleven



HOMES OF DANISH OFFICIALS.

o'clock at night, and the sun, just rolling over the horizon at my back, threw the warm Alpine glow around the desolate scene before me. About six miles away rose blocks and pinnacles of ice, which caught the rays of the declining sun, creating in fancy the ruins of some lost city, an Atlantis of the north.

Such scenes as these cannot fail to attract the lovers of nature and of art in nature. When their impressiveness and beauty are adequately told and realized, they will, I feel confident, and this in no distant future, prompt the movement of people to Greenland. Now that excursions are being annually made to the North Cape of Norway and even to Spitzbergen, it will not be long before descriptions of the fjords and ice streams of Greenland will be as common among us as talk about the London fogs and Italian skies.



THE BOSTON PARTY.

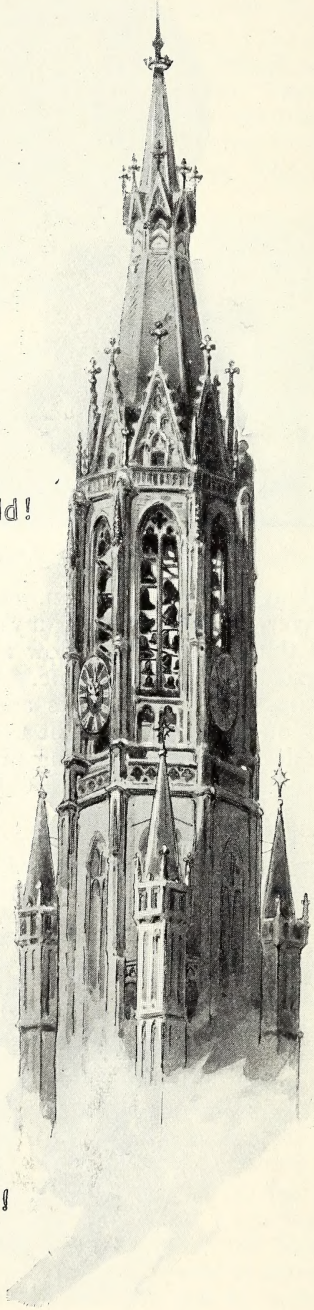
Ye Bells of Delft.

By J. Perry Worden.

Ye Delft Kerk bells,
Your music tells
A brighter story than of old!
In fairer times
Resound your chimes
Than frowned upon our fathers bold!

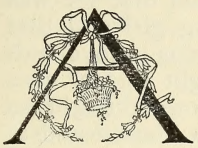
Through gruesome days
Your merry lays
Too oft became the martyr's knell!
And ye were rung
While hymns were sung
To hail the hours when heroes fell!

But now, ye bells,
There gladly swells
In joyous tunes to Heaven above
A better lied,
A grander creed,
An honest tale of peace and love!



IN THE DAYS OF HIS YOUTH.

By Frederick Miller Smith.



YOUNG man who is very wise in the ways of this world once wrote in a book that "when a man does good work out of all proportion to his pay, in seven cases out of nine there is a woman at the back of the virtue." He might have added, what is just as true, that when a man works for love of a woman, he sometimes has her love as his reward, sometimes he has not. This is the story of one of the seven men who worked.

His name was Marlowe,—John Stuart Marlowe; and at the time this thing happened to him, he lived in Blossomton, a town where many good people live, and where other good people are glad they do not have to live. Marlowe went there to the State University. He did not go because his father sent him, or because he wanted to get the sort of an education that no gentleman should be without. He went for a purpose.

Up to a certain time in his life Marlowe had spent most of his working years as a copying clerk in an office. In his leisure hours he read little modern poetry books and wrote things with which he bothered magazine editors. He was at that age when every man is quite sure that he has an artistic temperament; and he dreamed dreams about what he would do when he got his things accepted and when his picture appeared as the frontispiece of literary journals. That was why he was satisfied to shuffle along in an office on twelve dollars a week when a little hard work might have given him something better. He was what Mr. Stevenson would call a "lantern bearer."

He lived in this way for about five years—and then one day he met Her. She was pretty. She had large violet eyes and fluffy brown hair, and those who knew her said she was as good as she was pretty. Marlowe fell in love with her, madly. Her name was Edith Herrick. Before this time, woman had not entered very largely into his scheme of affairs; but this one overturned it. When he had known her two months, he decided that the proper thing for every young man to do is to get married. Now a man who has only twelve dollars a week and no prospects would be a fool to marry—to say nothing of the woman who would marry him. Marlowe was not a fool. It flashed on him all at once that a permanent income is better than fame. As there is none of the former and only a very much washed-out piece of the latter to be had by writing magazine stories, he abandoned them and began to consider what he could really do. A position as a bookkeeper or in a business house did not satisfy him. The man who married Miss Herrick, he thought, must pretend to something more than the ordinary. In his youth,—that is, before he was twenty, and before the muses had lured him by their smiles,—he had been interested in natural science, had been a collector of birds. It was only a sort of hobby then, but he had known a good deal about the fowls of the air, and he knew that properly pursued the study of zoölogy offered a means of living by teaching, possibly a chair in a college; at least it offered freedom from the commonplace and an opportunity for original work. When he thought of the long years he had wasted when he might have been getting ready to marry

Miss Herrick, he cursed himself. Then he set about repairing his fences and doing the things he had left undone.

What he did first was to go to college, and he chose the State University because at that time there was a man at its head who was a great zoölogist. But before Marlowe went he had an understanding with Miss Herrick. He told her that he loved her, and that he was going away to do something and to be something; and Miss Herrick told him many things which can only be interpreted one way, for in the end he had kissed her and she wore a ring of his on the third finger of her left hand,—which sureties of present and future love are about all that a man can reasonably expect in this world.

What Marlowe did in the three years he spent at the university it does not take long to tell. He "slogged." He did not go in for society, because society means girls,—and girls mean bon-bons and flowers and dances,—and bon-bons and flowers and dances mean time and money. Marlowe had no time to waste, and he had very little money to spend, for he was paying his own way. But he had a good deal of grit, and he was very much in love. He did not starve, but he lived simply and wisely; and he denied himself duck trousers and patent leather shoes and other things that a man in the pride of his youth yearns for. This last, of itself, should show how much he cared for Miss Herrick.

He put his very life into his work, because he felt that he had something to work for, which is what every man needs if he expects to do anything in this little world. Whenever things seemed to be going a little wrong (and things go wrong regularly at least once a fortnight with everybody) he thought of the girl at home, and of the home of his own that he was going to have,—and then somehow things got brighter. He wrote to her, too; and the letters that he received in answer were bright and cheery and they helped to keep up his spirits. He had a photograph of her on his mantelpiece,—a picture of a very pretty girl with a big hat and a winter jacket and a muff. People who saw it said that she was a wonderfully striking girl and that no wonder Marlowe was in love with her, and that he ought to feel very proud indeed. Marlowe thought so too, and he smiled to himself and at the picture and thought of what he would do when she was Mrs. Marlowe. He always stood up straighter when he thought of that. He still had the lantern under his coat, only it was not the glary, dazzling thing of the former time, but another that burned more softly and steadily. He would not have changed it for all the other lanterns in the world. It gave him a new light on life. It showed him wherein life was worth living; and by its glow he continued on his way.

In the spring of the third year success came,—and unexpectedly. But Marlowe deserved it. He had done more in the three years than most men do in four. He knew about tarsi that are scutellate and reticulate, and about the pectination of the middle claw of certain species, and all the other things that you can learn by work in a laboratory. But he knew more: he knew where the brown-creeper nested; and just how many days it takes from the day the Maryland yellow-throat lays its first egg till the young are able to leave the nest; he could lie on his back with his eyes shut and tell whether it was a flicker or a red-head that was hammering in the tree above him; and at night in the autumn when the little birds were flying over to the south he could tell by the noises in the air whether it was the sycamore or the yellow-rumped warblers that were moving. These are things that you cannot learn in any college or from any text-book; but they are very valuable things to know and they

make you known among your fellows. Now the man who was at the head of the university, besides being a great scientist, was a man of influence. So when the government asked him to recommend somebody for a certain post in Washington, he named Marlowe; and Marlowe got the appointment, which carried with it a salary that was not to be sniffed at.

I have said that he deserved it. How hard he had worked for it, and all that it meant to him, only he knew. You can say in three lines that a man toiled three years and sweated out his very life; but that cannot give the shadow of an idea of the nights under the bright lamp, when the letters in the book are doing the devil's dance before your eyes and the facts behind the letters are all a jumble in your hot head; it cannot give any idea of the work, work, work, that three years of study mean:—work that is dust and ashes in the mouth at times, and then, when you have mastered something, is as the taste of red wine. Marlowe looked back over the years and was happy. He felt that he could do something. That is very sweet to think about. Then he wrote to Miss Herrick.

It was a very long letter, but a very simple one. He told what he had to tell very plainly, but with a touch of joy that was unmistakable. He felt that he had come into his own. He asked her to tell him when he might come for her. He felt that he had a good right to demand her now; for look—he was no longer an idler, but a man with a future if he worked, and for her he would work always. Indeed he had her to thank for it all. She had made a man of him, and he wanted to come now and tell her these things face to face.

It was in the afternoon that he took the letter down to mail,—an afternoon in February; and the sun came up warm out of the south, and the air that blew in his face had in it the smell of green things. Once he stopped and listened. Yes, he could hear it,—out of the sky dropped the faint love song of the first bluebird. Marlowe took out his notebook and made an entry; for he was first of all a naturalist,—and to a naturalist seeing the first bluebird is as much of an event as is a wedding to a woman. In this instance the sound added to Marlowe's happiness. It seemed a good omen, coming when it did; and he skipped as he went. All the world was green to him,—green with the coming of spring to his heart.

From the time the letter left his hand he counted the hours till he should get an answer. One day—two days—a week; then one night he got a letter. It was a long letter, but it was not a simple one. It is a curious fact that the good words of love are simple and easily spoken and as easily understood; while the unpleasant words are hard to speak and harder to hear. This letter, I say, was not simple; and when Marlowe had finished reading it the light had gone out of his eyes and the corners of his mouth were drawn. In the letter Miss Herrick said as easily as she could that she did not love him. She had been afraid so for a long time; but she had tried to make herself believe that she did. Now when brought face to face with the reality of marriage, she saw the truth. Would he forgive her? She was so sorry; but he must remember that she was not the only girl in the world, and he would find somebody else and be happy. And she was glad to hear of his good fortune.

I think that Marlowe smiled. In the three years he had learned other things besides facts in biology. He had learned that when you are struck, it is best to smile under the blow, though your heart writhes as you do it. He put the letter and the appointment on the table, and went to sit by the stove. The fire purred to

him now as it had purred all winter long; but its voice was a voice of sadness. He sat there for a long time looking at the picture on the mantelpiece with dull eyes and with the ache in his heart. He sat there just as he had sat so many nights before when he had pictured her beside him and the long evenings they would spend together reading and talking and being satisfied with one another. But that was all gone now; and the paper that had made him was on the table side by side with the other paper that had wrenched his soul and overturned his hearthstone,—and the papers did not seem to mind at all, but lay there very quietly touching each other.

The night went on. The fire stopped purring and flickered to its end. Outside the wind came down from the north, and blew round and round the house and sang in the chimney. Marlowe heard or thought he heard a familiar sound. He went to the outer door and opened it to listen. Then out of the dark above him came the faint homesick cry of the bluebirds flying over, a cry so weird and lonesome that it seemed like a lost spirit wandering in the night. And Marlowe's spirit answered. He went back into the house and shut the door. He stirred the fire and laid in a fresh piece of wood. Then he took up his scalpel to finish dissecting a woodpecker which he had shot that morning.

A HYACINTH.

By Maude Louise Fuller.

AN alien thing, above the dingy street,
There where the little lonely child lay ill,
It opened on the narrow window sill
Its spire of carven blossoms white and sweet.
That day, beyond the tramp of restless feet,
In far-off fields, by stream and forest rill,
Spring flung a million flowers o'er glen and hill,
And singing birds came home on pinions fleet.
But God said, "Lo, one hyacinth shall be
All spring to her whose heart is undefiled!"
So while the violets blossomed on the lea
And liquid song made glad the woodland wild,
One hyacinth was bloom enough for thee,
Dear little child who lay all day and smiled!

LEAVES FROM AN OLD CHURCH RECORD.

By Sarah Elizabeth Cram.

AMONG the relics remaining to us from the brief span of centuries called by courtesy our "historical period," few possess more personal interest for the sons and daughters of New England than those scanty annals of her early church life recorded by her pastors. In many places at first no records were preserved, if any were made, apart from the ordinary town records, a fact arising probably from the practical identity of church and state in those early times; but here and there we find the conscientious labors of some pulpit pioneer who voluntarily added the office of scribe to that of pastor, little dreaming of the debt of gratitude that would be acknowledged by the generations to come. Such a relic lies before me as I write, a small leather-bound manuscript volume in perfect preservation, which bears upon its title-page the following inscription:

The chh Records off
Hamptonfalls.
Begin^{g} January 2^{d}, 1712
By Theophilus Cotton.
Pastor of that chh.

The date marks the beginning of a separate church organization in the little town mentioned; but while it precedes by several years the actual separation from the parent town, it is by no means the first movement towards an independent existence, for we are told by Mr. Joseph Dow, in his recently published History of Hampton, that in 1665, "agreeable to the request of the inhabitants living near the Falls river, and remote from the town, liberty was given them to build a house at their own charge, 'near the Pound', for shelter and relief upon the Lord's day, and other days, to be used by them at all times when there should be occasion for it." This permission, however, does not seem to have relieved them from obligation to assist in the building of a new meeting-house in the mother-parish, for Mr. Dow proceeds to quote an order of the town, dated January 30th, 1675, which includes them in its call. I quote it in full.

"Itt is ordered thatt all the Inhabitants of this town of Hampton thatt are above the Age of 20 years, shall Attend and Give their assistance to Raise the new meeting-house, who are to meete on two severall Days and to attend thatt worke: the first day, all the towne y^{t} live from Mr. Cotton's House and so Round the town Eastward of the parth to Pascataquay, and the second Day, all the Rest of the Towne from the west side of Pascataquay way round to Mr. Cotton's House and also all that live on the other side of the marsh towards Salisburie, and if any p^{r}son of the Age of 20 years doe faile of his appearance att the Ringing of the Bell at six of the clock in the morning, or within Half an Hour Afterward, Hee shall forfitt twelve pence in monie, to be forthwith payd, or else the constable to distrayne."

Again, in 1704, on occasion of a new bell being procured for the Hampton church, the following vote is recorded: "And when the ffalls peopell have a new meeting House builded and finished on their side, as ffit to Hang A Bell in, as the Meeting House at Towne is, so much as the ffalls peopell pay now towards the bell at Towne, the Towne side will pay so much towards a Bell for them." In the light of the recorded fact that the first meeting-house at the "ffalls" was a very rude structure, and nevertheless occupied in an unfinished state for many years after the separation of the two towns, the self-

satisfied utterance given above might easily assume the character of an incredulous challenge to the would-be rivals.

Meanwhile the "Towne peopell," moved by a commendable zeal, proceeded to beautify their new meeting house, as witness the following votes: "That the present selectmen take care that all the clay walls in the meeting-house, that are not ceil'd shall be smoothed over with clay, and washed with white Lime, and made Hansom"; and about two years afterward the selectmen were further directed "to earth all the clay walls, and daub them and wash them over with white Lime: mend the glass windows, cause shetts to be made to preserve the glass for the ffuter, and to shingle it anew, and lay the floore over the Beames, and to make a Rate to pay ffor the same." The next winter a committee was chosen, "for to give Liberty to those men that will Apear for to build Puese in the Hinder Seates in the meeting house."

The necessity for certain precautions taken about this time to ensure the sanctuary against divers profanations seems quite inexplicable according to our modern ideas,—as for instance: "It is acted by vote, that if any man's Dog shall come into ye meeting house on ye Sabbath days, the owner of the *say'd Dog* shall pay a fine of one shilling a time, to be levied by ye constable or by a warrant from a Justice of peace." And again: "Itt is ordered y^{t} if any p^{r}son shall discharge a Gun in the Meeting House or in any other House, without the leave of the owner, or Householder Hee or they shall forfitt five shillings unless the p^{r}son so offending doth peaceably make satisfaction:—nor shall any p^{r}son Ride or lead a Horse into the meeting House, under like penalty."

After the death of the Rev. John Cotton in 1710, it was voted in town-meeting, "that the town is of unanimous mind to hire a minister for the town"; but in spite of that assertion the vote was not unanimous, as the "ffalls peopell" had before this built a meeting-house and were actually paying for the support of a minister in their own parish, and soon made evident their desire for a formal separation. A majority of town voters, however, were opposed to this arrangement, which was not consummated until late in the following year, when at last the matter was amicably adjusted, and forty-nine members of the old church, including one of the deacons, were dismissed to form a new church at the Falls.

This grudging assent to the separation on the part of the parent town was doubtless largely owing to the fact that the church was a town institution, supported by taxation, and hence a heavier burden would fall on those remaining under the jurisdiction of the old town. Again and again we see the same struggle repeated as the years go on and the outlying parishes become discontented with their subordinate position and limited religious advantages. In 1732 (we draw again from Mr. Dow) certain men in the west part of Hampton Falls and east part of Kingston petitioned the General Assembly to be set off as a town or parish, urging the usual reason of their great distance from church, saying: "There has been almost a famine of ye word and worship of God amongst us, there being near four hundred souls, whereof not above ye sixth or seventh part can attend said worship." As usual, the two towns objected, Hampton Falls forgetting that only a score of years before she too had craved the coveted boon of independence, and Kingston voting, "That we won't not seet of the Est part of our town for a district or parish to joyne with ye West part of hampton, and that there was not one voter appeared for ye sating them of att said meeting, the Rason is Becase we are sensaball it will rueine our town." But here as elsewhere in the growth of commonwealths the tide of

progress was too strong to be long stemmed by the conservative element, and before many more years had passed we find the territory of Hampton, which had originally included within its limits the tracts now occupied by the surrounding towns of Hampton Falls, Seabrook, Kensington, East Kingston, North Hampton and parts of several other towns, cut down to its present comparatively small dimensions. This process of subdivision strongly reminds one of the analogous process of cell-division in the lower orders of the natural world, and the preliminary separation of the church centres suggests the division of the cell nucleus, while in the case of Hampton the idea is still farther carried out in the division of the *nucleolus,* as one may call that noted clerical family, the Cottons, who for several generations were so closely associated with the religious life of the Colonies. The Rev. Seaborn Cotton, the first of the name to assume the charge of the Hampton pastorate, was, as his name indicates, "born at sea," and was the son of the Rev. John Cotton of Boston fame. He graduated at Harvard in 1651, "and his name," says Mr. Dow, "as latinized in the Triennial Catalogue, was Marigena." His nephew, Dr. Cotton Mather, in referring to him says that he was esteemed as a thorough scholar and able preacher and that "none of the lately revived heresies were more abominable to him than those of his namesake, Pelagius." Mr. Dow also gives some very quaint extracts from the Rev. Seaborn's diary, which we quote:

"I was marryed by my father, Mr. Simon Bradstreet to His Eldest Daughter Dorothy, June 14th, 1654. My Deare Wife dyed and went to heaven, Feb. 26, 1671, and was buried Feb. 28, 1671."

"I was marryed to my Second wife Mrs. Prudence Crosby, the Daughter of Mr. Jonathan Wade of Ipswich, the 9th of July, 1673, by Maior Denison. My 2nd child by her, and 14th in all (reckoning three stillborn), was borne Oct. 6, abt 5 of ye clock in ye morning, 1676, and baptised Oct. 8, 1676, and was named Wade, in honor of his Grandfather Wade, & to put him in mind of wading through all trialls to heaven. He dyed and was buried October 11, '76."

Very complicated were the family connections of the Cottons and Mathers, as is shown by the following: "Rev. John Cotton of Boston married Sarah Story, who married, second, Rev. Richard Mather of Dorchester, father of Rev. Increase Mather of Boston. The children of John Cotton were the Rev. Seaborn Cotton of Hampton, Rev. John Cotton of Plymouth, Maria Cotton, first wife of Rev. Increase Mather (parents of Rev. Cotton Mather), and Rev. Rowland Cotton of Sandwich, who married Anna, widow of Rev. John Cotton." In the next generation we find Reverends John, Theophilus and Ward Cotton, all connected with the Hampton and Hampton Falls churches. A legal document is quoted by Mr. Dow, as showing the friendship of Sir Henry Vane for the Rev. Seaborn Cotton. It is as follows:

"Cotton-Vane Estate Boston. Know all men by these presents, that we whose names are underwritten, doe resign or Interest in the land lying next to that house wh was Sometimes Sir Henry Vane's and by him given unto Mr. Seaborn Cotton. Eastward, ye breadth of ye say'd house as far as the ground goeth, and westward, ye breadth of ye house, as far as the fence at the bottom of the hill, and all the land lying on the south part of the house, unto ye sayd Mr. Seaborn Cotton, to have and to hold, by him, his heirs, or Assigns, unto all intents and purposes as we orselves might enjoy the same. Provided that the say'd Mr. Seaborn Cotton, by himselfe, his heirs or Assigns, shall pay, or cause to be Payd in Lawfull money of N. E. the full sume of fiftie Pounds, unto us, or heirs, or Assigns, before the 29th of Sept. one thousand, six hundred, sixtie and five. In witness whereof, we have hereunto sett or hands. This dated at Boston the 24th of June 1664.

Sarah Mather.
Increase Mather. John Cotton.
Mariah Mather. Joanna Cotton."

After the death of Rev. Seaborn Cotton, his son John, a graduate of Harvard, class of 1678, succeeded

him in the ministry of Hampton. His nephew, Rev. Wade Cotton, also served in the same capacity at a later date; while another nephew, Rev. Theophilus, became, as we have seen, the first pastor of the new parish.

But before we say farewell to the old town and church, a few words in regard to her settlement and early history may not be amiss. Hampton, one of the four first-settled towns in New Hampshire, was founded by the Rev. Stephen Bachiler and a few followers who came hither from Ipswich in the autumn of 1638. Mr. Bachiler seems to have been somewhat at variance in matters of theological opinion with the spiritual heads of the Bay Colony, and evidently looked to a separate establishment as being more conducive to religious freedom; but an unpropitious fate seems to have dogged the footsteps of the reverend gentleman, for he soon fell into disfavor again, and was finally excommunicated from the church, but whether on theological or moral grounds we are left in doubt. That his domestic life was a troubled one, we are told,—and that he finally returned to England, where he died at the age of one hundred years.

Mr. Bachiler was succeeded at Hampton by Rev. Timothy Dalton, who had been associated with him for the greater part of his pastorate. Later the Rev. John Wheelwright, the leader of the disaffected clergy of the Massachusetts Colony and the founder of the town of Exeter, N. H., served as Mr. Dalton's colleague for a few years; and finally, about 1658, the Rev. Seaborn Cotton was called to assist the aged minister, at whose death he in turn became pastor.

During these changes in the church, Hampton was playing an important part in the troublous events which marked the first century of our history. Wars with the Indians, disputations in regard to the claims of jurisdiction and internal disturbances of various kinds kept the colonists in a state of constant activity.

And now let us take up again our little volume of church records. On turning the first page, we find the following introductory words from the pastor:

"The Inhabitants of hampton-falls having given me a Call to Settle Amongst y^m^ for the work of The Ministry, Did Thereupon Call in Some of the Neighboring Ministers to keep a day of fasting and prayer wth y^m.^ To Seek The blessing of heaven upon them, As also to Gather them Into a Chh Estate that They might be Capacitated to proceed
In That Affair."

"The Fast was on the 13th Dec. 1711.

"The Ministers That Carryed on the work Of That Day, were the Rev^d.^ Mr. Odlin, who began with prayer. The Rev^d.^ Mr. Cushing who preacht & Gathered the Chh. and The Rev^d.^ Mr. Gookin who Ended wth Prayer. . . . Att wch Solemnity The following Covt. was Read & Acknowledged by the psons
under Written."

"The Covenant off the Chh off Hampton Falls.

"We whose Names are hereunto Subscribed, *Apprehending* ourselves called of god, to joyn Together in Chh Communion, *In humble* dependence on free grace for Assistance and Acceptance. *We do this day,* In the presence of God, his Angels and This Assembly, *Avouch* the Lord to be our god and the God of our children (w^m^ we give unto him.) Accounting it a signal favor, y^t^ he will accept us and Them, to be his people. Promising y^t^ by the help of his Spirit and grace, to cleave unto God, whose Name alone is Jehovah, As to our chiefest good, And to ye Lord Jesus x^t^, as our Prophet, Priest and King, by faith and Gospel Obedience, As becometh his Cov^t^ people, Making att all times, The holy word of God, the Rule of our faith and Practice.

"We do also give ourselves, one unto Another in the Lord, Covenanting to walk Together as a chh of x^t^, In all the ways of his worship, According to ye holy Rules of his word, *promising* in Brotherly Love faithfully to watch over one Another's souls, And to submit ourSelves unto The Discipline of x^t^ in ye chh, And Duly To Attend The Souls & consurns, or whatever ordinances, x^t^ has commanded to be observed by his people, So farr as the Lord has or shall by his word and Spirit, Reveal unto us to be our Duty. Beseeching the Lord for to own us for his people, And to Delight to Dwell in the Midst of us, hum-

bly craving help att his hands, for the pformance of our engagements and covenant

obligations."

"This Covt was on ye fast day Acknowledged By all whose Names are annexed yto, And also assented to by the women yn present, wch had their Dismission also from the Respected chh to wch yy belonged. And some others yt have for many years, ptook with ye chh att Hampton, yy Assenting To This Covt, also are lookt upon as Members of this Chh, Tho' throo their Neglect yy have not their Dismission From those churches, into wch yy were Admitted.

wch are thes 4."

In addition to "thes 4" are subscribed the names of twenty-one men and thirty-five women, of which number only five men besides the pastor and fourteen women were able to write their names. The remainder in the handwriting of the pastor are accompanied by the mark of the cross.

After noting the Fast day solemnities, the acceptance of the Covenant, etc., the record goes on to state that "Theophilus Cotton was ordained, PasTour off the chh of Hampton falls The 2nd off January 1712, The Rev'd mr. Rogers of Portsmouth giving him the Charge, And the Rev'd mr Cushing of Salisbury giving him the Right hand of fellowship."

The little ecclesiastical barque is now fairly launched; and henceforth the diary becomes a record of the life voyage of the souls on board, of their joys and trials and their efforts to live a Christian life. In the course of time we find the process of self-division again repeated, and record is made of the names of those members who are dismissed to incorporate other churches in the new towns still farther inland. The struggles and sufferings of the early New England settlers it is unnecessary to dwell upon here; but as we read these suggestive pages the picture rises involuntarily in our minds, and we see again the brave and stalwart band fighting their way step by step into the interior, often following, as tradition tells us and as our own eyes easily persuade us, the winding track of the prowling bear as he wandered from inland forests down to the seashore, there to regale himself with a feast of fish and clams. Several of these lovely winding roads have happily escaped the passion of the "town fathers" for "making straight the highway" and remain at the same time beautiful features of the landscape and a living memory of the ways our fathers trod. Around them cling many traditions of the past, notably one of a sylvan wedding which, peculiarly uniting the romantic and the practical, bears witness to our friends of the ultra realistic school that even the most ordinary events sometimes happen after a romantic fashion. The story runs that one day in those early times a happy pair were riding sedately along one of those winding ways which are still included within the bounds of "Old Hampton." Their destination was the pastor's home, their object matrimony. While yet several miles from their journey's end, they met the good man riding forth on some parochial mission. Here was a dilemma; but the parson rose to the occasion, and, the whole party dismounting, he performed the ceremony under the shade of a mighty tree, which is still pointed out to the curious tourist as the "Bridal Elm" and the last living witness of that romantic episode which gave to the region round about the name it still bears, Bride Hill.

Many companies that would seem strange in our modern thoroughfares must have passed along these roads when they were still scarcely more than forest bridle-paths. Not always was the settler so fortunate as to be the possessor of a horse, the ox being frequently the substitute. A tradition still lingers in the writer's family of one far-away ancestress blessed with a numerous progeny, who when she wished to visit her friends in Hampton, whence she had gone on

her marriage to an outlying settlement several miles distant, had no more pretentious conveyance than the half of a molasses hogshead fastened on a rude drag and drawn by a yoke of oxen. Into this primitive chariot the good dame and her children were packed, while *paterfamilias*, his ox-goad over his shoulder, trudged patiently beside his more patient team.

But to return to the good parson's record: The entries concerning the choice of deacons and their instructions relative to the carrying on of the Sacrament are full of a naïve simplicity and directness which win the heart of the reader.

"Att a chh meeting at Hampton falls, Jan. 18, 1712, voted:—That the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper Should be Administered Twice in A Qu. off A year omitting the winter Quarter. The whole 7 times a year. The Last being on ye 1st Sabbath in Dec.

"Voted. To Have a Contribution the first Sacrament for The Two First, & So A Contribution Att Every Sacrament for this Insuing year."

The contribution system does not seem to have answered the wished-for end, for in February, 1715, we find this entry:

"Voted. That every communicant shall give, ye Advancing year, for the Mayntenance off the Lord's Supper 1^s.^6^d.^

"Voted. That Every Communicant Shall pay in the one half of s^d^ sum, or more, to the Deacon, the 1st day off March, or before, and the other half, att or before the first day of 7^br.^ (September, which was the 7th mo. O.S.)

"3 Voted. That in the End of the year, The chh Be called together (Iff need be), to call those to An Acct. who have Been Defishient In paying ther Respective Sums. And Iff Itt falls short, (through poverty of any), to have a contribution for to make y^t^ upp. Also: That Dea. S. shall have for his Trouble In Providing the Elements, and Looking after the utensils, this Advancing year, 2^s^ and 8^d^ a day."

A truly conscientious man must Dea. S. have been, for below this last entry we find an interpolated line which reads: "wch vote, never was complyed, wth by ye Deacon." It is to be inferred, however, that notwithstanding the efforts of the zealous deacon there was a lack of promptness on the part of the communicants, as appears from the following entry:

"Oct. 18. 1717. Voted. That Benjamin Bachelor and Benjamin Sanborn. should be Assistants to Deacon Shaw. In stirring up psons to bring In Their Respective Sums, to the Deacon for his defraying ye charge of ye Sacrament."

And again a few years later:

"Att a chh meeting att my house The chh concluded that eighteen pence would not be sufficient to mayntayn the ordinance off the Lord's Supper, and there being considerable behind, for thes 6 years past, they chose Philemon Blake, in lieu of Benjamin Bachelor, Deceas'd to Be Assistant to Deacon Weare & Benjamin Sanborn, In Stirring up ye communicants to bring in ye Respective Sums to Deacon Shaw for his defraying the charge of that holy ordinance."

The Unitarian church of Hampton Falls still cherishes as a precious memento of these early days the last dying gift of this revered first pastor to the parent church. It consists of three silver communion cups, one of which bears an inscription showing them to be the gift of Theophilus Cotton to the first church of Hampton Falls, and bearing the date of the year of his death.

After the entries given above referring to the Sacrament there is the following:

"Voted:—That the Rev. Mr. Cotton ther Pastor Administr the Seal off Baptism, for adult psons. & for ther children, they owning the Cov^t^, Iff they do not as yet proceed to the other Seal of ye Cov^t^. Provided he is clear In y^t^ matter, and any offer themselves therefor, who In the Judgment off Charity, are Suteable Subjects for that ordinance."

This is evidently that "half-way covenent," which the church of that time held out as an encouragement to those who were halting on the threshold of a religious life; and we find in our record frequent instances of its being extended to such persons, many of whom were afterward admitted to full communion; while an overflowing record of children baptized bears witness to the fact that the good people of that time obeyed the Biblical injunction to multiply

and replenish the earth. And not only do they bring their own offspring to the altar, but many instances are given of adoptive children for whom their foster parents "owned ye cov^t," and in one instance this occurs after the names of seven children of the good man have been given, being added in this wise: "And Enoch, w^m he took as his own, and engaged for." It was a kindly custom and not unusual in those days for childless couples to adopt a number of children, often those of poor relations; but it is even more admirable in a case like the above, where there was already a quiver full to clothe and feed. The hearts of these worthy men and women yearned to draw into the fold all the tender lambs, whether of their own flock or no, as witness the following instance:

"14. June 1713. Sippai my own Indian servant, w^m we engaged to bring up in ye fear of God."

As we look upon this time-yellowed page,—on which, however, the precisely formed characters are as legible as if written but yesterday,—how the years fall away, and we seem to stand in the huge, bare meeting-house, with its high pews and straight backed chairs, inventions one might suppose of the pious builders to aid the struggling spirit to do battle with the weariness of the flesh, that it might lose no word of the warning thunders of the pulpit, rolling with redoubled force from under the sounding-board suspended above. And when at last the two hours' sermon was ended and the wailing echoes of the last psalm had died away, we see the grave pastor solemnly descending from the pulpit and setting in the midst of the congregation his dusky bondman, owning for him the covenant of the Lord and engaging in all earnestness to bring him up "in ye fear of God." We can only wonder how the good parson's mission sped, and if he found it an easy task to mould the untamed nature of the child of the forest to the unbending tenets of the Puritan creed. Nearly two centuries have passed since pastor and bondman have entered into rest, and nothing remains to bear witness of their lives save those faint echoes of the good man's words. How full of pathos many of these echoes are, let such as the following say:

"Patience, Elizabeth, Mary, Children to Nehemiah Heath. Baptized, The Sabbath his wife dyed."

And again, a little farther down the same page: "May 15. Jacob, son to Jacob Clifford, Born ye day after his father was buried, and baptized ye Sabbath following."

"Jan 25. 1716. Nathaniel, son to Edw. West,

being abt. to die."

Still farther on: "Mary, daughter to Caleb Shaw, born after he was drowned, and offered up by his brother and widow."

What an important matter was this rite of baptism, and how scrupulously it was observed! To what extent the zeal of pastor and parents was carried is shown by such entries as the following: "2nd. 7^br. 1716. Mary, daughter of Andrew Mace of the *Ile Sholes*. Baptized at the Sholes." The little town lies some miles inland from the coast, and from Hampton harbor the Shoals are eighteen or twenty miles distant; so that to perform the rite of baptism for this wee Puritan flower the pastor was obliged to make a journey or voyage of more than forty miles, and if a boat came from the Isles to fetch him the pious parent must row some forty more. But what was that in the eyes of these godly people, to whom the saving of souls was the paramount object of existence? Of a different type was that group of settlers at the other extreme of New Hampshire's eighteen-mile coast line, of whom it is related that on being exhorted by a pious brother from Plymouth not to forget that the great object for which they had come to America was to enjoy religious liberty, made answer: "Sir, you mistake, our chief object

was to catch fish." This, however, was earlier than the time of which we write; and that the Puritan leaven had spread even to the waters of the "Pascataquay" is evident from the following curious entry in Parson Cotton's record: "Sept 24. Timothy and Mary. children of Timothy Blake, who were baptized by virtue of his wife's owning ye Cov't att York, and y^{n} att Kittery had her eldest child baptized."

Concerning the "Ile Sholes," we find at several later dates long lists of names of children against which under date of baptism it is recorded that they are "Ile Sholes children." It is a mystery to the uninitiated modern mind why these denizens of the Isles should bring their children for baptism to the little church of a more distant inland parish, when several miles nearer lay the mother church of Hampton. The solution of the mystery may lie in the fact that Parson Cotton's church was more easily accessible by water, it being situated but a short distance from the landing on the "Falls" river, a branch of Hampton River. Later on the islanders had a meeting-house and pastors of their own, one of whom, the Rev. John Tucke, a graduate of Harvard in 1723, declined a call on the mainland to devote himself to labor among the Isles of Shoals, where he remained pastor of the church in Gosport for many years and, dying there in office, was buried on Star Island. He is mentioned by Mrs. Thaxter in her charming little study, "Among the Isles of Shoals," in which that genial daughter of the "Isles," in an exquisite series of pen-pictures, has given us rare glimpses of the weirdly beautiful natural scenery and the quaint manners of the people of this rocky archipelago.

The old and honored family of Tucke, to which the good pastor of Gosport belonged, has always enjoyed a reputation for oddity, of which Mr. Dow gives an amusing instance in the person of a brother of the Rev. John, whilom miller of "Nilus brook gristmill," whose characteristic moods were observed by his townsmen and customers in much the same way as they studied the changing aspects of clouds and waves. His mill was situated two or three miles distant from his home, and some of his patrons, lone women probably who lived along the road daily traveled by him and his old white horse, would often watch for his coming, "being able to tell by his gait if he had a Tucke spell on," in which case they closed their doors and did not accost him; but if his step was propitious they came boldly out and asked him to take along their grist on his horse's back, "a favor which in such a mood he rarely failed to grant."

After the baptismal record there follows a correspondingly long list of marriages solemnized by Mr. Cotton during the fifteen years of his pastorate; but this though invaluable to the genealogist affords few items of general interest. A single entry on one of the fly leaves of the little book shows us that some faint remnant still lingered of that Puritan spirit of intolerance which had made possible some sixty years previous the spectacle of three Quaker women being whipped at the cart's tail through Hampton and the Falls, along that very highway which to-day still passes the house from whence two hundred and thirty years later the spirit of the sainted Quaker poet passed to its rest.

"10. May 1726. I then took Col. Weare along with me, to the house of John Cass, & before him, and the mother off John Cass's wife, Dealt with her for with Drawing from our communion, and embracing the principles off the Quakers: who proving obstinate, I did thereupon as Pastor off ye chh, In the name off x^{t} Reject her, and Renounce her as one belonging to our communion, and the good Lord have mercy on her, And all hers. Amen."

The spirit of religious intolerance is ever slow in dying, but we see it gradually losing its venomous sting as the years go on. In 1700, we find it recorded that "Isaac Morrill con-

stable for that year, took from Jeremiah Dow, a quart pot, a pair of firetongs, and a cake of tallow, to satisfy the hireling minister, Caleb Cushing, for preaching. The same day he took a gun from Richard Smith to pay the priest for preaching at Salisburie." After a few years the Quakers were exempted from paying a minister's rate, and in 1721 we find the once persecuted sect passing, unrebuked, the following curt stricture on the fashions of the day: "The matter above mentioned consarning ye Wearing of Wigges. was discorsed. and it was concluded by the meeting, y^t^ ye Wearing of Extravagant Superflues Wigges is all to Gather Contreary to truth."

The good parson's record ends abruptly, indicating that he died in the harness, as in all probability he did; for on another page we find the following inscription in a different handwriting, evidently that of his successor, dated only a few weeks after his rejection of Mrs. Cass: "Aug 16. 1726. Died, the Rev. Mr. Theophilus Cotton pastor of the second church of Hampton after a faithfull Discharge of that office, for nigh 15 years, & was Decently Buried the 18 following att the charge of the Parish."

Following the above, in yet another handwriting, are given the names of the first four ministers of this church, the dates of their ordinations and deaths or resignations. Of these four ministers, the first three died in office and are buried side by side in the old burying ground. The fourth, Rev. Paine Wingate, resigned in 1776.

Mr. Cotton's grave is covered by a tombstone which bears the following inscription: "Here lyes ye body of ye Rev. Mr Theophilus Cotton, ye first minister of ye church at Hampton falls, who after he had served God faithfully in his generation, Deceased, Aug. ye 16. 1726. in ye 45 y^r^ of his age. 'Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord.'"

He was succeeded in the pastoral office by Rev. Joseph Whipple, whose work like Mr. Cotton's ended only with his life. His pastorate extended from 1727 to 1757, a space of thirty years. He also continued to note the affairs of the church in the same little book, so that this contains the record of nearly half a century. But we soon observe a change in the moral tone of the records, so to speak. In those of Mr. Cotton there are but two instances of a repentant sinner being called to account and admonished before the church for breaking the commandments; but in that of Mr. Whipple a portion of the book is set apart for the registry of such instances, which as we proceed grow more and more numerous. The query arises as to the cause of this change. Were it not for the two instances referred to, one of which is recorded in 1724, near the close of Parson Cotton's ministry, we might conclude that, possessing a more sensitive nature, he refrained from noting the foibles of his flock; but the minuteness with which these instances are recorded and the matter-of-fact way in which they are stated lead us to reject this view and to conclude that the change was due to the reaction of weak human nature, which had doubtless been vigorously repressed in the earlier years of the infant church founded by Mr. Cotton and his associates, many of whom like himself had passed away leaving the responsibility of church government as an inheritance to their successors. If we may judge from Parson Whipple's record, the responsibility sat lightly on the shoulders of many of the church members, and as we peruse these pages we can imagine the sadness with which the good man indited them,—his record being to him doubtless a material prototype of the "Lamb's Book of Life" wherein he believed were recorded with equal faithfulness the good and evil deeds of the children of men.

From the commencement of his record, we notice a gradual lengthen-

ing of the intervals between the seasons of observance of the sacrament, while, strange to say, the tax levied on the communicant increased. But this becomes intelligible as we read on and note such entries as the following, which indicates a decided falling off in the attendance on such occasions:

"A mention being made by the Pastor, whether those who have of late absented from the communion of this church should not be enquired of as to ye Reasons of y^r^ absence:—It was voted in the affirmative and a committee was appointed to make said enquiries and report thereupon."

"July 10. Staid the chh after meeting to read to the chh the Reasons (as they are called), given in by the afore-mentioned Committy, as what they had received from the several persons y^e^in mentioned, why they absented from communion and left the consideration of y^m^ with the chh, that they might weigh y^m^ and see if y^r^ be any force in y^m^."

In subsequent entries the pastor proceeds to state that, the "reasons" having been weighed by the church and found wanting, the church accordingly voted:—"That they be admonished to return to y^r^ duty, and constant communion with the church in all ordinary of word and sacrament." This admonition seems not to have been regarded by the stiff-necked non-communicants, for more than a year later we find the subject resumed, and the following entry states that on "Nov. 18. 1744. Staid the chh after publick worship to read a convictory admonition drawn up with reference to those who have withdrawn communion from us, and who have been once admonished to return to y^r^ duty." The church then passed a vote that the offending persons be suspended from having any vote in the government of the church till they return to the communion of the church "in word and ordinary and declare y^r^ Return." "Also, that the Deacons notify said persons, to attend next Lord's Day, after publick worship to receive y^r^ admonition." By yet one more entry on this matter we find that with the exception of two women the offending parties obeyed the summons and listened to the parson's admonition; but we are left in ignorance of its effects on their benighted souls. This instance is but one of many, the record whereof shows the thorny path which good Parson Whipple was forced to tread in the fulfillment of his duties.

The fruits of this indifference are supposed to become manifest in the various entries which follow, wherein one Abraham H., an occasional communicant, was suspended from church privileges for Sabbath breaking, and restored after a public acknowledgment of his offense; also Jacob G. was "suspended from the Lord's table, for the sin of drunkenness." There is noted one instance of an accusation of stealing, of which however the investigating "Committy" did not find sufficient proof. An instance of the method of the treatment of family quarrels is so quaintly set forth that I give the details:

"June 25. 1751. Jonathan C.—having put in a paper of charge against Jonathan T—and wife, which being read to the church, Voted that it don't appear to us that Brother C— has took the 2nd step the Gospel Requires in order to Reconciliation. By a paper signed by two men which was Laid before the chh, Voted: that it appears to us that all controversy between our Brethren Jonathan C— and Jonathan T—, was made up between them, on or about September Last. And whereas Brother Jonathan C—. has exhibited complaint against his sister Margaret T. not supported, Voted that Brother J^no^ C— take proper methods to be reconciled to his sister Margaret T. and if any offence has been given or taken since the Date above respecting his brother Jonathan T—, he take proper methods for reconciliation, and attend his Duty at the Lord's table."

"Elizabeth C—, wife of said Jonathan, having absented from the Lord's table for some considerable time, Voted that she be admonished to Return to her Duty, and previous to her coming to communion, she give in her Reasons for her past neglect."

We are not told whether the refractory parties ceased from quarreling and "returned to their Duty," or whether Elizabeth gave in her "Reasons for absenting." Indeed in

many cases we could wish to learn the outcome of so much earnest striving. But these various records show us with what strict surveillance the Church watched over her children and strove to keep at bay the great enemy of souls who was believed to be ever wandering up and down like a roaring lion seeking his prey. That the lambs of the flock sometimes strayed from the fold and fell victims to his snares is but too plainly shown by many signs and tokens. One instance of the kind as we have said, is brought to the notice of the church by Parson Cotton, and is registered as follows:

"25th October 1724. Upon a Sacrament Day immediately before the communion, Ebenezer S. was before the church admonished and Reproved for the breach of ye 7th Commandment upon which, made his Acknowledgment off yt his Sin and fall. In writing, & craving forgiveness off God & man was restored to their Charitable Communion again and unto all the Privileges off God's house for himself and children."

I grieve to say that such entries become very numerous after Parson Whipple enters upon the cure of souls, and judge that his must have been a weary conflict with the powers of evil which seem to have descended suddenly upon the little band, though by this time their numbers were much increased. One of the first accusations falls upon the belligerent Jonathan and Elizabeth, of whose family quarrels in later years we have just read, and was worded thus: "Att a chh meeting, Feb. 28. 1729. Voted, that Jonathan C—, and his wife be suspended from communion for a season, for their breach of ye 7th Commandment." It is further recorded that on March 20 following these penitent sinners made a "publick confession" and were restored to their former privileges. It may be well to add that their marriage is recorded as having taken place Nov. 28, 1728, which also paves the way for the following significant entry. After a similar "acknowledgment," the church, having accepted the repentant ones, proceeded to pass the following vote: "That if any had children under seven calendar months, they should be called to account before the church." But in spite of the warning menace of the ecclesiastical finger, similar entries are of frequent occurrence. "4th March. 1732. E— N—, wife of W— made a publick confession of her breach of the seventh commandment, and then was dismissed to Greenland." If one were not aware that Greenland was the name of a neighboring town, to whose church the penitent was mercifully recommended, one might imagine that the stern parson and his deacons had relegated the poor soul to some Arctic limbo, in the hope that the rigors of the polar zone might cool the sinful ardors of the blood. "Stayed the chh after lecture, and after laying the case of M— W— wife of W— before them, for her violation of the 7 commandment;—Voted:— That Mr. J— W— and Capt. P.— be a committy to inform her that the church is offended with her, and expects that she gives them satisfaction, and return to Duty." It is to be feared that the light of redeeming grace was henceforth a stranger to this wandering sheep, as no record of her subsequent repentance is to be found.

If there are any who would censure as irreverent the hand which has so freely turned the pages of this record of our Puritan ancestors, and has not scrupled to "draw his frailties from their dread abode," let me here disclaim all lack of reverence and bear testimony to the noble qualities which existed side by side with such human frailties as those recorded. As we read, the conviction is forced upon us that compulsory morality was not a marked success, and we more than suspect that the church discipline of that day and generation was a less potent censor of social morals than is public opinion at the present day in the same community. Stern and rigid moralists indeed were

those vigilant guardians of the public weal, the Puritan pastors of New England, and it is not strange that the less strenuous sense of virtue which characterized the laity was slow at times to obey the restraining curb. To us of the present day these lapses of the pews seem trivial offenses when compared to those abuses of clerical power and influence which culminated in the Salem witchcraft tragedy and the persecution of the Quakers. And where shall we find a juster judgment, more mercifully tempered by the charity that "thinketh no evil," than that which fell from the lips of the noblest descendant of that persecuted sect, in his defense of the Quakers? He says: "Of all that is true and noble in the character of the Puritans, no one is a warmer admirer than myself. I have always cheerfully admitted to its full extent the plea of universal intolerance, in extenuation of the New England ministers and magistrates; but the Puritan himself was hardly the modern ideal of a saint. It was a coarse, hard age, in which nobody was mealy-mouthed." And again, in that rhythmic utterance which was his natural speech, he tells us how

"Nature's self interpreted
The doubtful record of the dead,
And every level beam that smote
The sails upon the dark afloat,
A symbol of the light became
Which touched the shadows of our blame
With tongues of Pentecostal flame.

"No perfect whole can our nature make:
Here or there the circle will break;
The orb of life, as it takes the light
On one side, leaves the other in night.
Never was saint so good and great
As to give no chance at St. Peter's gate
For the plea of the Devil's advocate.

"He erred: Shall we count his gifts as naught?
Was the work of God in him unwrought?
The servant may through his deafness err,
And blind may be God's messenger;
But the errand is sure they go upon,—
The word is spoken, the deed is done.
Was the Hebrew temple less fair and good
That Solomon bowed to gods of wood?
For his tempted heart and wandering feet,
Were the songs of David less pure and sweet?
So in light and shadow the preacher went,
God's erring and human instrument."

A SHELL.

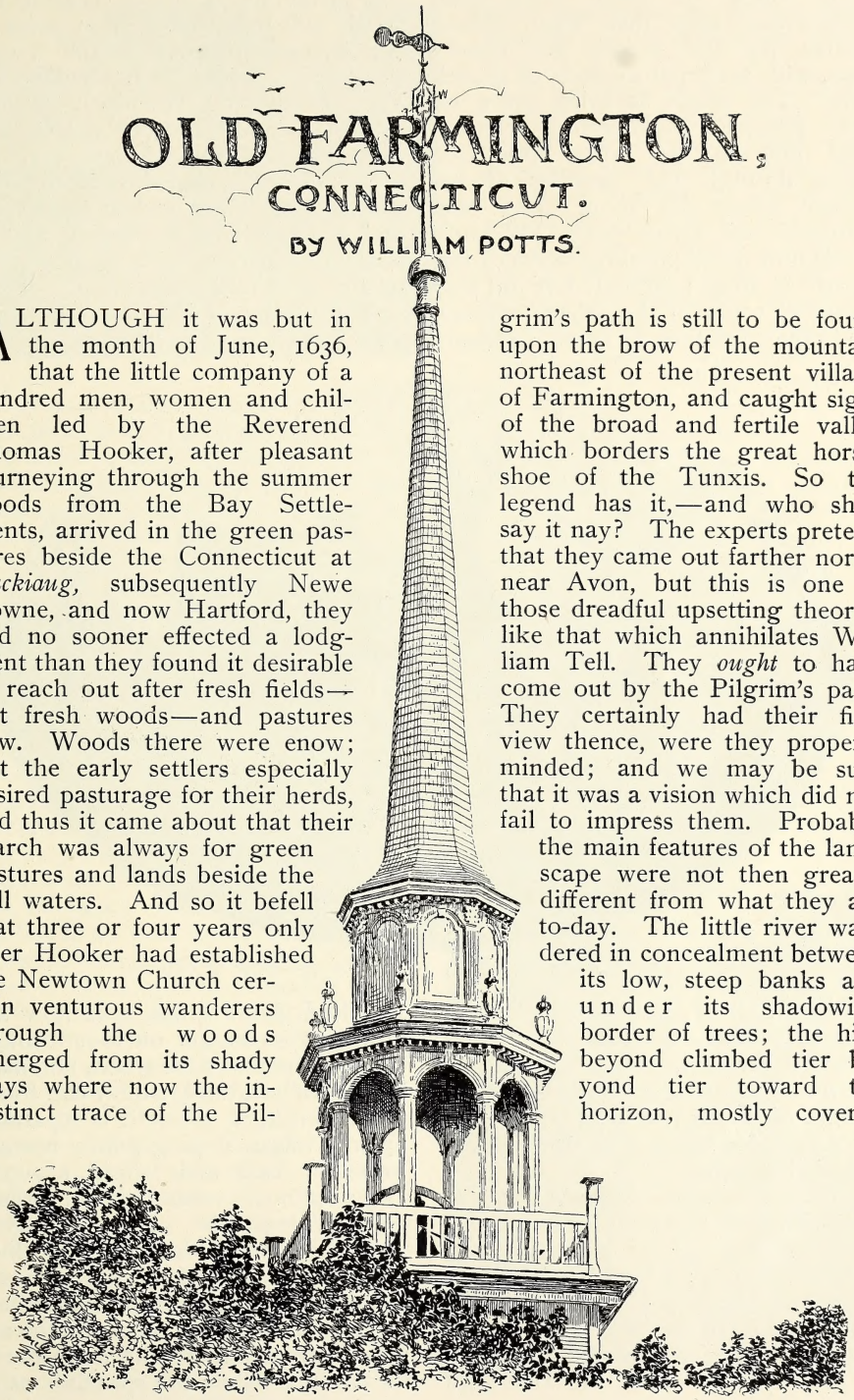
By Frederick B. Mott.

LITTLE shell upon the sand,
With your million brothers
Wet and dripping from the deep,
Swept up with the others,
Moan not in thy shaken ship;
But a tide thou'lt tarry;
Out again thy tiny freight
Foaming waves will carry.
I, too, am ashore, like thee,
With my million brothers,
Just a tide upon the earth,
Then homeward with the others.

OLD FARMINGTON, CONNECTICUT.

BY WILLIAM POTTS.

ALTHOUGH it was but in the month of June, 1636, that the little company of a hundred men, women and children led by the Reverend Thomas Hooker, after pleasant journeying through the summer woods from the Bay Settlements, arrived in the green pastures beside the Connecticut at *Suckiaug,* subsequently Newe Towne, and now Hartford, they had no sooner effected a lodgment than they found it desirable to reach out after fresh fields—not fresh woods—and pastures new. Woods there were enow; but the early settlers especially desired pasturage for their herds, and thus it came about that their search was always for green pastures and lands beside the still waters. And so it befell that three or four years only after Hooker had established the Newtown Church certain venturous wanderers through the woods emerged from its shady ways where now the indistinct trace of the Pilgrim's path is still to be found upon the brow of the mountain northeast of the present village of Farmington, and caught sight of the broad and fertile valley which borders the great horseshoe of the Tunxis. So the legend has it,—and who shall say it nay? The experts pretend that they came out farther north, near Avon, but this is one of those dreadful upsetting theories like that which annihilates William Tell. They *ought* to have come out by the Pilgrim's path. They certainly had their first view thence, were they properly minded; and we may be sure that it was a vision which did not fail to impress them. Probably the main features of the landscape were not then greatly different from what they are to-day. The little river wandered in concealment between its low, steep banks and under its shadowing border of trees; the hills beyond climbed tier beyond tier toward the horizon, mostly covered



with forest of taller trees and more open then than now; while nearer lay the broad, flat meadows, with scattered mounds of gravel drift. The lovely tapering spire of the present Farmington church was not to be raised into its place through the opening of its square tower for more than one hundred and thirty years, although it has now stood pointing skyward for nearly as long a period; nor did the shingled roofs of the village appear amid the trees then as now. Instead, out in the spring floods, bearing the fertile soil from miles upon miles of the wooded hillsides in the "North Countrie." From "Underledge" the view north and northwest toward Weatogue and Simsbury and Granby and Westfield, toward Satan's Kingdom and Barkhamsted, is more beautiful, but it is more broken and rolling and suggestive of lumbering and of laborious agriculture rather than of the pasturing of flocks and herds.

The village of Farmington, which was Tunxis, is but nine miles from



THE FIRST HOUSE BUILT IN FARMINGTON—NOW STANDING.

upon the bluff beside the Tunxis, where the burying ground now lies open to the sun, and stretching toward the low-lying grounds about the mouth of the Pequabuc, were the unobtrusive wigwams and huts of the dreaded savages.

If the first view of the valley was obtained from this point, it must have been an ideal one for herdsmen who sought pastures made to hand. Looking across the loop of the Tunxis and up the valley of the Pequabuc, the eye catches sight of a perfectly flat stretch of country, over which the waters go

Hartford, from which it is now approached no longer on foot through the shady paths of the wood, but, alas! by the restless, noisy trolley car. From the Connecticut valley it is separated by trap ridges sloping gently upward from the east and falling abruptly away upon the western front,—these —so at least the wise men say— the much modified lava streams which in the dim years of the past perhaps came from a great volcano somewhere far to the south. In regard to the ancient history of these hills and valleys, we can but follow the speculations of



the geologists and try to imagine how this great eastern plateau was gradually raised from near the sea level to something more than the height of the present hills, and then follow in thought the slow wearing out of the great longitudinal valleys stretching away across the state to the Sound; try to imagine what cause it was which at some time in more recent years changed the course of our little river so that instead of flowing to the sea by way of the Quinnipiac it was sent wandering northward and around the bold headland of the Talcott Mountain at Tariffville, and so to the Connecticut at Windsor. Was it before or after this turning of the waters that the great ice sheet overspread hill and vale alike, bearing with it the giant bowlders with which the valley is strewed, and also trundling along those millions of tons of smaller fragments, rolling and grinding and polishing them into the smooth pebbles which we now see, and heaping them in the great mounds which, with generous tribute to the might of their predecessors, the natives usually credit to the Indians, and which in some places have gathered soil enough upon them to sustain substantial forest trees, while in others scarcely affording nourishment for the scant herbage demanded by the depleted flocks of sheep which at rare intervals appear? The careful study which is now being made by Professor Davis of Harvard and others will doubtless one of these days enable us to picture these changes with substantial accuracy.

At the time of the early settlements, the woods and the open country of New England were generally peaceful and silent, save for those sounds of woods and waters, of insect, bird and beast, which are for the most part grateful to the ears of the lover of nature. The census of 1890 gives the population of Connecticut at nearly 750,000. The best estimates of the Indian population at the time of the coming of the white man place it at from 15,000 to 25,000—from one-thirtieth to one-fiftieth of the present population. These were doubtless gathered into villages, so that great tracts of forest were only at long intervals visited by casual hunters or marauding parties. The Tunxis tribe appear to have had a considerable settlement, but they were quiet hunter-and-fisher folk, and through their chief, Sequasson, seem to have been



THE INDIAN MONUMENT.

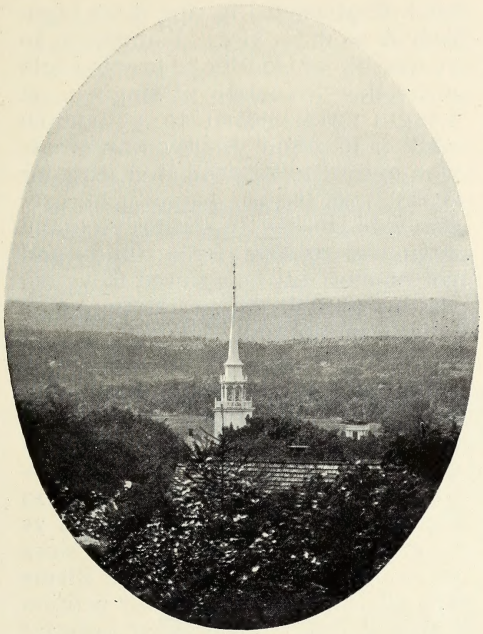
dealt with honestly by the immigrants; and though hostilities broke out between the settlers at Newtown and the Pequots before the former had been more than a twelvemonth in their new home, there is record of comparatively little violence occurring at any time in the Tunxis valley. Perfect confidence cannot be said to have existed between the aborigines and the interlopers. Upon this point President Porter said in a church anniversary address delivered in 1872:

"From 1640 to 1720, eighty years, this town had fronted an almost unbroken forest, which extended from the wooded horizon which we see from this slope westward to the Housatonic and northwestward to Lake George. This was the hunting ground of the Tunxis tribe and the marauding ground of the dreaded Mohawk, who might appear either as the foe of his timid subject or perchance as his ally for the destruction of the whites. For the first sixty years there was a numerous and not always friendly tribe in a garrison and village almost within musket shot of this church. At the end of the first century the Indian boys were nearly as numerous as the white boys of the village. The church erected before this was provided with 'guard seats,' as they were called, where some ten to twenty men could be on the lookout near the doors against a sudden assault. The space for these seats was relinquished in 1726 for the erection of pews for eight families, with the provision that the pews should be surrendered should there be subsequent occasion to mount a guard. Later than this, on some occasion of alarm increased by the presence of strange Indians, the men of the Tunxis tribe were required to present themselves daily at the house of Deacon Lee, and pass in review before his daughter, whom they admired and feared. It is pleasant to find, in 1751, liberty granted to the Christianized Indians to build themselves a seat in the meeting-house in the northeast corner over the stairs."



THE MAIN STREET.

Stories, more or less legendary, tell of several whites as having lost their lives at various times; but for many years the villages stood side by side with friendly intercourse between their inhabitants and a perfect readiness upon the part of the members of the



duskier race to partake of the fire-water of their neighbors.

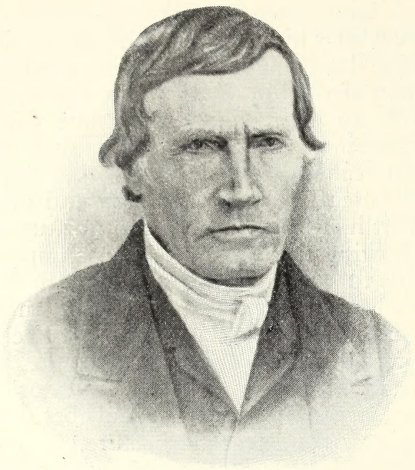
Like almost every New England town, Farmington had its centre in the church, although, while the settlement seems to have been made in 1640 or 1641, the separate society does not appear to have been formally constituted until 1652. The covenant was then entered into by seven persons, the "Seven Pillars," of whom the pastor, Roger Newton, the son-in-law of Thomas Hooker, was one, and Robert Porter was another. Robert Porter's great-great-grandson, Noah Porter, the father of President Noah Porter of Yale College, became the seventh pastor of the society, and remained such for sixty years, dying in harness, but with a coadjutor, in 1866. The second pastor was Samuel Hooker, the son of the Reverend Thomas.

I have spoken of the fire-water of the whites imbibed by the Indians. In these days when we look with distrust upon alcohol in all its forms, and even with an eye askance upon the wine when it is red in the cup, it has an odd seeming that in those other days all enterprises of great pith and moment had to be floated into port upon a flowing tide of rum. It was impossible to start a young couple upon the path of matrimony, to gather in a bountiful harvest, to raise the well-hewn timbers of the tabernacle, to install a minister or to clench an ordinary "trade," without plentiful libations. Let our good teetotal brethren be patient. A little reading of the records collected by Mrs. Earle and other explorers in our early history will reveal conditions which existed among the fathers in every New England village, one and two hundred years ago, to which we should be loath to return to-day.

The church being the centre of the life of the town, a large part of the personal stories of individual citizens are connected in some way with its history. In many instances it is im-



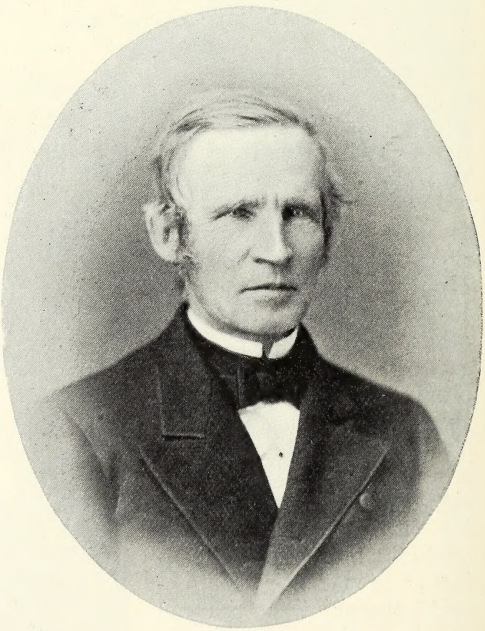
THE CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.



REV. NOAH PORTER.

possible to touch these, unless with the exercise of great care in the suppression of names, lest the susceptibilities of those of the ancient blood be thereby disturbed. In its history as a society, the church at Farmington has not passed through unusual vicissitudes. In matters of faith it has had no serious troubles. It adheres to its old creed; but the phrases of its creed are heard with different ears from those which listened two hundred and fifty, a hundred, fifty years ago. The greatest acknowledged struggles of the church were over the vexed question of the congregational music, that harmonious creator of social discord. The difficulties upon this subject were at their height in the early part of the last century, and the following petition to the General Assembly will indicate in some degree their nature:

"To the Honourable ye General Assembly at hartford ye 18th of May 1725. the memorial of Joseph Hawley one of ye house of Representatives humbly sheweth your Memorialist his father and Grandfather & ye whole Church & people of farmingtown have used to worship God by singing psalms to his praise In yt mode called ye Old way. however t'other Day Jonathan Smith & one Stanly Got a book & pretended to sing more regularly & so made Great disturbance In ye worship of God for ye people could not follow ye mode of singing. at Length t'was moved to ye church whither to admit ye new way or no, who agreed to suspend it at least for a year. yet Deacon hart ye Chorister one Sabbath day In setting ye psalm attempted to sing Bella tune—and yor memorialist being used to ye old way as aforesd did not know *bellum* tune from *pax* tune, and supposed ye deacon had aimed at Cambridge short tune, and set it wrong, whereupon yr petitioner Raised his Voice in ye sd short tune & ye people followed him except ye sd Smith & Stanly, & ye few who Sang allow'd In bella tune; & so there was an unhappy Discord in ye Singing, as there has often bin since ye new singers set up, and ye Blame was all Imputed to yor poor petition (er), and Jno. Hooker, Esqr assistant sent for him, & fined him ye 19th of febry Last for breach of Sabbath, and so yor poor petitionr is Layed under a very heavie Scandal & Reproach &



PRESIDENT PORTER OF YALE COLLEGE.

Rendered vile & prophane for what he did in ye fear of God, & in ye mode he had bin well educated in and was then ye setled manner of Singing by ye agreemt of ye Church.

"Now yor Petitionr thinks ye Judgement is erroneous, first, because ye fact if as wicked as mr hooker supposed Comes under ye head of disturbing God's worship, & not ye statute of prophaning ye Sabbath; secondly, because no member of a Lawfull Church Society can be punprayes you to set aside ye sd Jud, or by what means your honrs please, to save yor poor petitionr from ye Imputation of ye heinous Crime Laid to him, & yor poor petitionr as In duty &c. shall ever pray.

JOSEPH HAWLY."

Of course there was also a struggle over the introduction of stoves for the heating of the place of worship; and there were the usual heart-burnings over the "seating of the meeting house," by which the social dignity



INTERIOR OF THE CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

ished for worshiping God in ye modes & forms, agreed upon, & fixed by ye Society. thirdly because tis errors, when ye Civill authority sodenly Interpose between partyes yt differ about modes of worship, & force one party to Submitt to ye other, till all milder methods have been used to Convince mens' Consciences. fourthly because tis error to make a Gent of yor petitionr Carracter a Scandalous offender upon Record, for nothing but a present mistake at most, when no moral evil is Intended.

"Wherefore yor poor petitioner

of the members of the church was fixed.

The present church building was erected in 1771–2, and many of the original shingles still remain upon its roof. It was constructed with the usual high square pews; but these were removed some sixty or seventy years ago. A part of the paneling is still to be discerned in the horse sheds in the rear. In its early years the building served for many purposes besides the usual religious service—for elections, for gatherings upon training days, for school exhibitions

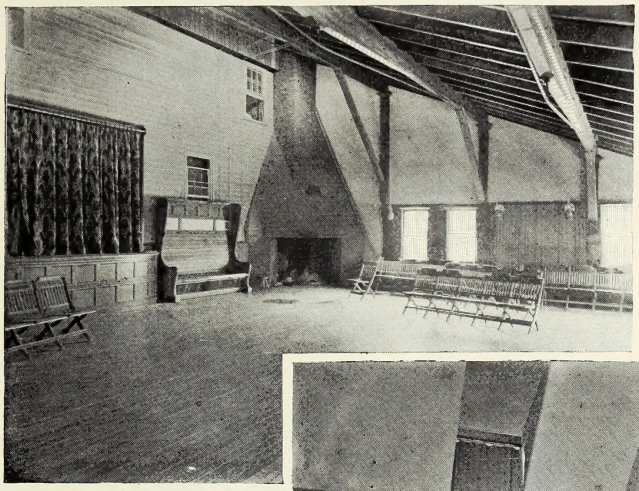


THE FARMINGTON SEMINARY.

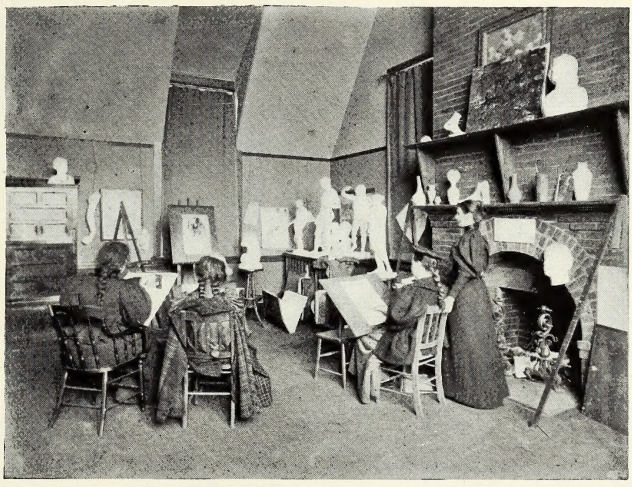
with accompanying theatricals, etc.

In the original platting of the town, the main street was laid out along the slope of the eastern hill and nearly parallel with the course of the river, and townsmen received rights covering tillage and pasture land as well as space for their dwellings. Considerable land was reserved in common, which was divided some forty or fifty years later among those then having rights in the town, known in the record as "the eighty-four proprietors." The original log houses have all long disappeared. The next form of structure, the square frame with central chimney and four-pitched roof, is only represented by one or two buildings, and these are only in part of ancient date. Following this style in the course of architectural evolution was the frame building with two gables, with overhanging front and remarkable pendants, and long low-sloping roof in the rear. Tradition had it that the overhang in front was for the purpose of enabling the occupants to shoot down at the Indians through the floor when they attempted entrance by way of the door or windows. Of this style, but one building remains, supposed to have been erected about the year 1700. Two similar dwellings in the same neighborhood have disappeared within the past ten or fifteen years. Then came the colonial mansion and the colonial cottage, definite styles with single or double pitched roofs, with distinct architectural merits which have compelled renewed recognition within later years. Of these many remain, some in their original situations, and others, following the American peripatetic habit, transferred from the highways to the byways. And then, about the close of the century, followed the Greek temple—of which, however, there are only two or three examples—and a variety of other forms to suit all tastes.

For with the close of the Revolutionary War commercial prosperity came to the old town. Stage lines to distant cities multiplied; the merchants built or bought ships and imported goods from farthest Ind and other distant quarters of the globe; it was a neck and neck race with the neighboring town of Hartford as to which was to be the city of the future. To be sure, Hartford possessed a navigable river at her doors,—but what of that? Did not the miners from the neighborhood of Salisbury carry their iron ore up to the foundry at Forge Pond on the summit of Mount Riga, and then haul down the finished product? And they really prospered financially, though their homespun manners suffered. The dignified John Treadwell, who was governor of the state about 1810, and whose house, now no more, stood just where the Hartford road entered the village, wrote:



THE PLAYROOM.



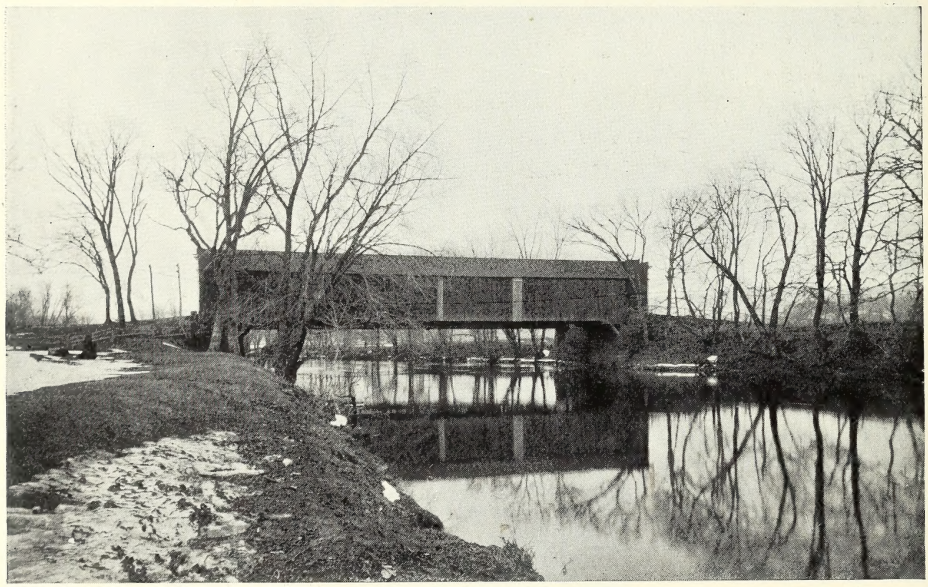
A CORNER OF THE STUDIO.

"The young ladies are changing their spinning wheels for forte-pianos and forming their manners at the dancing school rather than in the school of industry." "Labor is growing into disrepute, and the time when the independent farmer and reputable citizen could whistle at the tail of his plough with as much serenity as the cobbler over his last is fast drawing to a close. The present time marks a revolution of taste and manners of immense import to society; but while others glory in this as a great advancement in refinement, we cannot help dropping a tear at the close of the golden age of our ancestors, while with a pensive pleasure we reflect on the past and with suspense and apprehension anticipate the future."

Alas! and alas! These be parlous times! Does not the air carry a burden something like this for most of us after the hair becomes gray and a little thin and the eye measures with care the width of the brook before the step is taken? When wealth accumulates, do not men decay? And here wealth *did* accumulate. Chauncey

Deming is said to have left an estate of two hundred thousand dollars, a vast sum for those days, and there were several other wealthy merchants in the place. Manufacturing was active, as well as commerce. Guns and tinware, hats and boots, potash, checked and striped linens, woolens, —such articles were manufactured and distributed through the country.

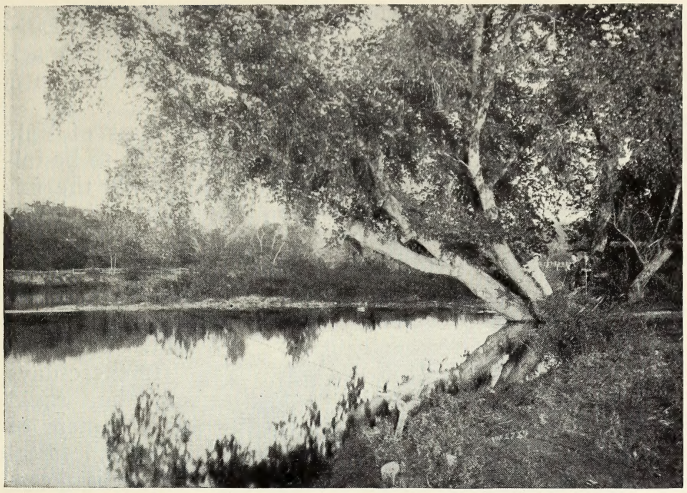
With the peace and the increase of tariff following the war of 1812–15, both commerce and manufacturing



THE OLD BRIDGE.

interests began to flag, and year by year the glory of the place gradually departed. But something might yet be done. Mohammed did not wish to go to the mountain; perhaps the mountain could be induced to go to Mohammed. A wicked and perverse generation seemed to claim that water was necessary to commerce; then water they would have. And so, with much figuring and engineering, the Farmington Canal was planned and laid out, and with much jollification, with pomp and dignity, it was opened to traffic. After some years of labor the first boat sailed, no, not that,—a canal boat does not sail,—she was towed with waving of flags and beating of drums and firing of cannon, on the 20th of June, 1828. It is reported that the boat was a little too long, or the locks were a little too short; but that did not very much matter—in one way or another the two were made to agree. But somehow prosperity would not come. The horses or mules plodded along the tow path, and the boats followed after; but fortune did not follow in the wake. Twenty years later the enterprise gave up the ghost, the mortal remains falling into the hands of the corporation which then built the "Canal Railroad," now the New Haven and Northampton Railroad, which, turning the cold shoulder upon the old town, passed by upon the other side of the valley.

And so the vision of commercial greatness passed away, perhaps forever, to leave the beautiful village nestled among its trees, a quiet and peaceful haven for one weary of metropolitan bustle and noise. Its

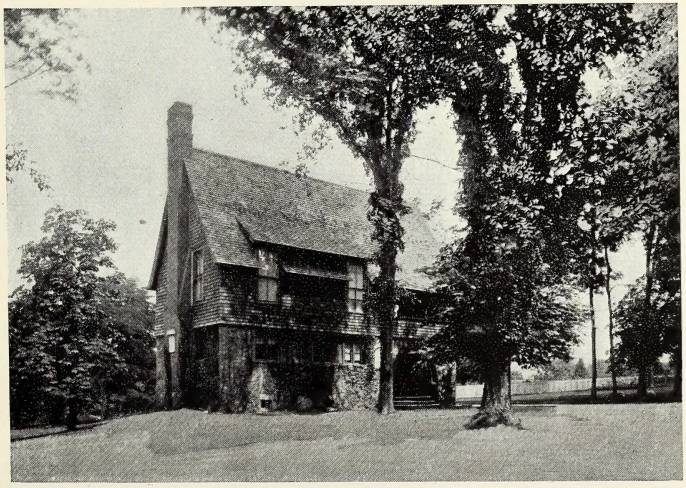


BY THE TUNXIS.

trees are the familiar New England staples, elms and maples, locusts, ash and so on, not planted formally and systematically, but with a certain negligence and abandon. A hundred years ago the Lombardy poplar fever swept through this valley as elsewhere over the country, but it has left few traces until to-day. Now the most imposing giants are the elms, of which the two eldest, one in the yard of the Elm Tree Inn, and one nearly opposite, were planted in 1762. Another elm in the southern part of the village was planted to commemorate the coming of peace at the close of the Revolutionary War.

As elsewhere throughout the country, these trees are now threatened with extinction by the elm tree beetle, which in the summer of 1895 for the first time made serious ravages. Alive to the danger, the townsmen have organized a local Forestry Association and have provided themselves with a complete steam spraying apparatus, and have gone out to meet the unwelcome intruder "without fear, and with a manly heart."

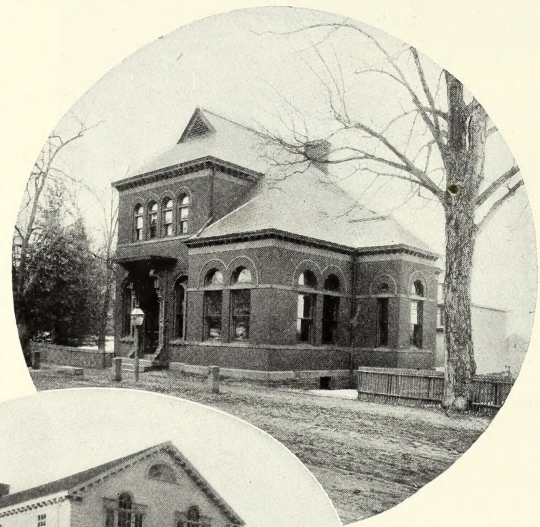
The town has its Revolutionary traditions, although these are not numerous. Washington is known to have passed through it several times, probably five or six, in the course of his journeying to and fro, and is supposed to have slept at one time at least in its inn. Rochambeau, too, with his army is known to have encamped in the southern meadows when moving westward,—a period, alas! I fear, of but brief repose, for tradition hath it that the neighboring Puritan maidens did not disdain to trip the light fantastic toe with the



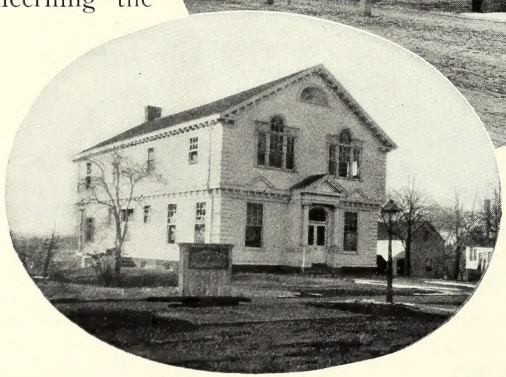
THE SEMINARY STUDIO.

courtly officers until far into the night. A good record was made in the field during the war by the townsmen under Colonel Fisher Gay, Captain Noadiah Hooker and others.

It is true that all were not like-minded at this time. Like other places, Farmington had its sympathizers with the ancient order, who passed through much obloquy before their course was run. These, however, lived outside of the present limits of the town. Mr. Julius Gay, the accomplished local historian, to whom I am indebted for much detail concerning the history of the village, writes: "Every week there appeared on the first page of the *Courant*, in the blackest type Mr. Watson possessed, a list of enemies of their country, and confessions from parties accused appeared from every part of the State." Of one of these a last record remains upon a mossy stone in the old burying ground upon the main street, an inscription certainly directed by himself or prepared by one who felt acutely the affronts which had been put upon him:



THE BANK.

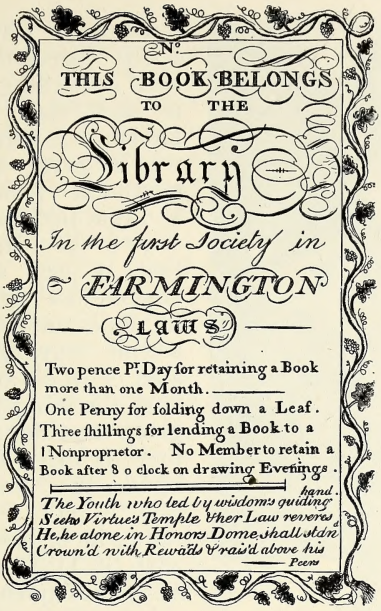


THE TOWN HALL.

"In Memory of Mr. Mathias Leaming, Who hars got Beyound the reach of Parcecushion. The life of man is Vanity."

Hither the freshman class of Yale College came in May, 1777, to be followed by the sophomores in the following October; and hither in 1781 it was proposed to adjourn the legislature,—but this plan does not appear to have been carried out.

In these days of the rapid development of village libraries, it is pleasant to know that the need of books was early realized, and in a degree supplied, in our village by the Tunxis. The first library of which we have certain knowledge was started about 1785 by schoolboys. This was succeeded about ten years later by "The Library in the First Society in Farmington," for which the dignitaries were responsible. The old stock, consisting of 380 volumes, beginning with Swift's "Tale of a Tub," was turned over to it. The novels ranged from "Tom Jones" to "The Vicar of Wakefield," but the weightier matters of the law were not by any means forgotten. Its elaborately engraved book-plate did not save this company from the fate of the one which had preceded it; but the book interest was never left without a witness. In 1802 there were seven libraries in the town. In 1817 the "Village Library" was started, with a book-plate showing



a young woman enthroned as a presiding genius, and the motto:

"Beauties in vain their pretty eyes may roll,
Charms strike the sense, but merit wins the soul."

"Thus early," says Mr. Gay, "did the Village Library recognize the value of female education."

These were subscription libraries. A few years ago a free library was started by a public-spirited lady, and was housed and conducted by her for some time in one of the quaintest of quaint old buildings at the north end. In 1890 this was consolidated with the village library, which had been sheltered for many years in the Record office, on the condition that the whole should be made free, and the combined library was transferred to an exceedingly pleasant room in the new town hall, where it continues, a potent influence for good.

Mr. Gay has been indefatigable in his researches into the former life of the town, and many treasures in the way of old letters and other records have fallen into his hands. He has used but a small part of these in his various admirable monographs, which constitute the greater part of the published history of Farmington.

There exists an elaborate diary kept from about 1805 to 1830 by Edward Hooker, the son of Col. Noadiah, already mentioned, a descendant of the Reverend Thomas Hooker and father of Mr. John Hooker now of Hartford, a considerable part of which should some day be published. It is full of interesting information touching the village and its inhabitants and also of facts concerning other places; for Mr. Hooker spent some years as a tutor at the South Carolina College and subsequently was employed in the same capacity at Yale. We find upon the earlier pages of this diary one or two items which may be quoted:

"Oct. 12, 1805. Brooklyn, opposite New York, is now a busy place, and contains I should judge about 1200 houses." The present million of inhabitants of the eastern dormitory of the "Greater New York" would hardly recognize their place





THE ELM TREE INN.

of residence in this description.

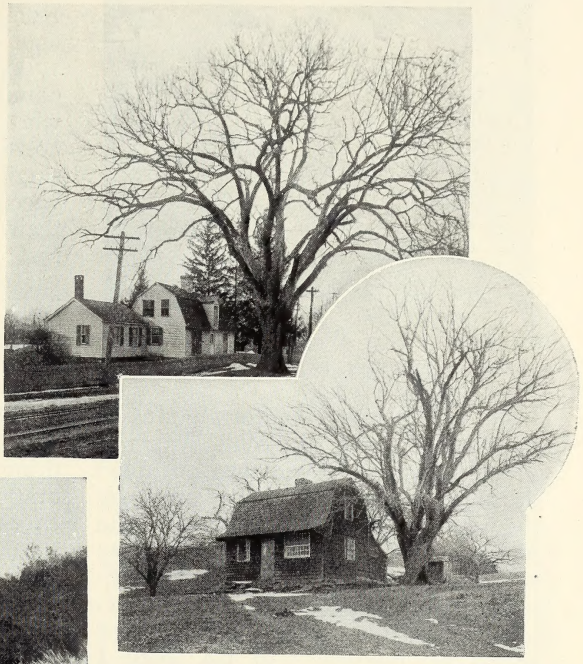
On Col. Pinkney's estate at Columbia, S. C., he writes, Nov. 15, 1805: "The gins invented by Mr. Whitney are now used for cleaning the cotton, & are turned either by horses or water. Formerly it was all cleaned by the hand. It has been said one of the best gins will clean as much in a day as 2000 negroes can by picking out the seeds with their hands. Those that we saw went by 2 horses & had 3 negroes to attend them." Little did Eli Whitney, the ingenious inventor from the Rev. John Davenport's settlement at Quinnipiac, suppose that in providing such a method of lessening the cost of the preparation of cotton and thus giving such enormous impulse to its production he was aiding in fastening the bonds of slavery upon millions of men so firmly that to undo them would require within two generations the expenditure of uncounted thousands of lives and untold millions of treasure.

After returning to his childhood's home in Farmington, Mr. Hooker established a school for fitting boys for Yale, in what was long known as "the Old Red College." Of this building, which had previously been a dwelling, it is said that the kitchen was paved with great flat mountain stones, and that the doors were so large that it was the custom to drive in upon one side a team drawing a load of wood and, after throwing the great logs on the fire, to drive out upon the other side. Hither came, in or about 1819, E. D. Mansfield, subsequently well known as a journalist, who in his "Personal Reminiscences" gives some interesting pictures of the life of the day. He tells us of his own suit of clothes, of bright blue broadcloth at $14 per yard, with bright gilt buttons. He informs us that then as now the female "sect" greatly predominated in Farmington society, and speaks of his first entrance into that society, at the residence of the Hon. Timothy Pitkin, sometime member of Congress, when with four other young men he was confronted by eighteen young ladies, of whom more than half bore the patronymic "Cowles." History has it that at that time more than three hundred persons of the name resided in the town; and the witness is still much to the same effect. As I have ventured to say in another place, "It was with these young men perhaps even more than it is in our own day, as it was with the Light Brigade: Cowles to the right of them, Cowles to the left of them, Cowles in the front of them,—always outnumbered." One of the most effective colonial mansions in the village still belongs to Lieut. Com. Cowles, U. S. N., for some time naval attaché to our

embassy at the Court of St. James.

It is difficult to describe the beauty of the hills, without using language which must seem extravagant to the reader. It was perhaps not unnatural for a certain writer seeing them through the vista of memory, to refer to the "Alpine dignity" of the heights. Scarcely any phrase could be more absurd, but their charm so fills the soul of one who really lives under it, that it requires watchfulness to avoid slipping into hyperbole.

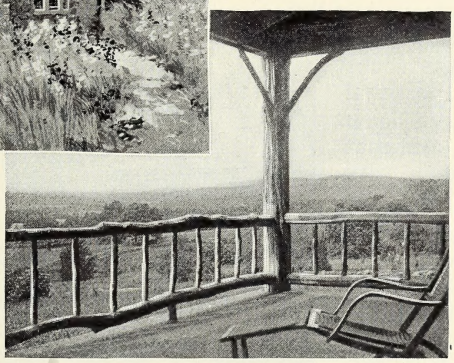
Nearly south of the village and just outside of the basin on the side of which it lies rises the most considerable hill in the immediate vicinity, although this is after all of but slight elevation and is only rated upon the topographical maps at 750 feet. This is known as Rattlesnake Hill, or Rattlesnake Mountain. Directly at its foot is an artificial pond or reservoir used to collect water to be conducted to the village, having much of the beauty of a natural lake in its nest among the hills. Upon the summit the ledge crops out in bold relief, much weather-beaten and showing curious veining where the harder material in the seams has resisted the corroding action of the sun, the air and the moisture more stubbornly than has the great mass of the rock. From this point the eye takes in a wide circuit of mountain and valley, from the hills beyond the Connecticut to those climbing toward Litchfield on the western horizon, and from the interior of the old Bay State far southward toward Long Island Sound. On another portion of the summit, gigantic detached masses lie strewn about, some of them only to be scaled, if at all, with the assistance of neighboring trees. Some of these, inclined against each other and partly buried in the ground,



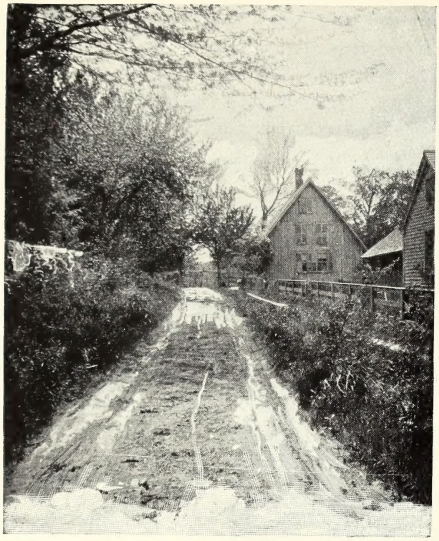
OLD FARMINGTON HOUSES.



"UNDERLEDGE."



VIEW FROM "UNDERLEDGE."



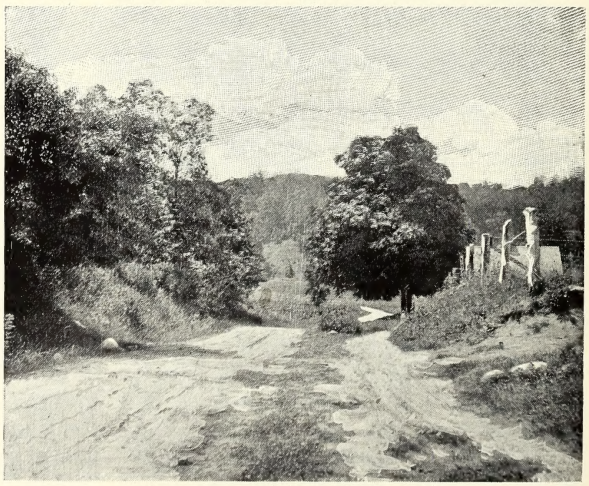
A BYWAY, FARMINGTON.

form a not very comfortable cave, popularly known as "Will Warren's Den," which it is said was occupied during a portion of many years by the man whose name it still bears, one of those voluntary or semi-voluntary hermits or outcasts with whom tradition peoples such places. Of the existence of this man Warren there seems no question; of his story I have been able to learn but little.

Whether rattlesnakes are still to be found among these rocks I cannot say from personal knowledge. I have been told that they are, and that numerous specimens are seen from year to year by those who go hunting when the leaves are falling; and I can well believe it, although conscious that a snake story is one of the most illusive of compositions. The adder or copperhead I can vouch for, having found one last summer—luckily after he had met a violent death—and carried him home for examination.

A year or two ago some enterprising individuals discovered in the heart of the wood a mile or two southeast of Rattlesnake Hill, a curious monument of the past years, which had been unknown or long forgotten by most of those living in the neighborhood. This is the "Pest House Rock." Not far from this isolated spot was established, about the year 1790, one of those hospitals then so common, to which children and many who were no longer young might be consigned to be inoculated with the small pox (these were the days before vaccination) and kept to work out their salvation without danger to the rest of the community. Upon the surface of this nearly flat rock had been cut, probably during the period of their convalescence, the names of a very large number of the patients (afterwards well known in the history of the town), often with the age and date and not infrequently with something remarkable in the way of decoration. It is said that the experiences in places such as this were not wholly lugubrious, that sentimental incidents were not unknown, and that marriage was not an uncommon result of acquaintances formed there.

We know much more of the people of the village near the close of the eighteenth and in the early years of



DIAMOND GLEN.

the nineteenth century than during any other part of its history. Among the most picturesque of these people was one Seth North, who did not go to church nor conform to the religious customs of the time; in fact he is said to have made light of them in a very aggravating and irreverent fashion. He was on this account popularly known as "Sinner North," and the village boys, to show him due deference, were in the habit of addressing him as "Mr. Sinner."

Of a wholly different quality, although perhaps equally unorthodox, was Dr. Eli Todd, the beloved physician, in after years the presiding genius of the Retreat for the Insane at Hartford. He dwelt in a gambrel-roofed house, still standing upon the high street, upon which it is my pleasure to look down from "Underledge" and, seeing the light glimmering from the window at night, to fancy that he is working at his study table, or that, amid the chirping of the crickets and the songs of the frogs, I can distinguish the sound of the violin with which he was wont to solace himself. The good Doctor, although not orthodox, was a physician of souls as well as of bodies, and many an aching heart and many a troubled spirit felt his soothing touch. As was meet in such a man, he was full of music, and he was able and willing even to introduce harmony into the service of the church.

Edward Hooker was a singularly fair and accurate chronicler of occurrences, and especially of discussions, giving exact measure to each interlocutor. Alike of Dr. Todd and of free-thinking Judge Whitman, of Governor Treadwell and of 'Squire Mix, of the story-tellers Captain Porter and Major John Hooker, and of the prosperous merchants Chauncey Deming and Timothy Cowles, of the Honorable Timothy Pitkin and the respected Dr. Porter, he gives the very words and phrases, presenting each in the form and manner of the time. And he tells of the social occurrences, the marriages and the burials, the dances and the devotions, till in a sort we feel as if we were living in the community of which he writes.

As was fitting in a Puritan town of the first quality, Dr. Porter was the leading citizen. He was a power not only officially but personally. In his parlors, in 1810, was organized the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, of which Governor Treadwell was the first president; and he was not indifferent to the influences coming from the world without.

"Old things are passed away: behold all things are become new." Thus it is written; yet perhaps we may safely say that neither have all the old things gone nor have the new completely usurped the field. As in the Elm Tree Inn and in divers houses scattered here and there along our village streets, age after age has added to and modified, while retaining the principal features of the original structure, so in the people who walk these streets and in the habit of their lives, there survives something of the times which are past. Though *Outre mer,* and especially the evergreen isle, has contributed liberally to the present population, the blood of the settlers of 1640 still flows in the veins of a large proportion of the men and women, the boys and girls, of the present.

There has recently been a marked revival of village pride, and month by month and year by year there appear changes for the better, coupled with a tender care for the things of the past. Running water has been introduced, sewers have been constructed, and the highways have been more satisfactorily graded and in part macadamized, but the noble trees and the bold rocky headlands have been guarded. The people rose almost *en masse* and sought and found in the legislature protection from ruin by the running of a trolley line through the main street. At the north end a

magnificent view has been opened by the tearing down of a group of old barns and the moving back of an old mansion which stood directly in the way. But the mansion itself, now a hospitable country-club house, has been preserved and restored and remains a fine example of the noble and stately buildings of a hundred years ago. The old inn extends its wings to welcome and protect the coming guest, but it still shelters itself under its noble elm. And still larger plans are in contemplation for the embellishment of this end of the village, which when carried out will enable it to give an even more smiling greeting to those who approach it by the Pilgrim's path.

It would be like Hamlet with Hamlet left out, to write of Farmington and not give prominence to the seminary which for fifty years Miss Sarah Porter and her associates have conducted in this village. This fine institution has pursued the even tenor of its way for this long period, seeking no publicity, yet known by many hundreds, nay thousands, throughout the length and breadth of the land; for even to number the pupils who have looked back lovingly to the sunny years spent in the freedom of these quiet ways, the "Ancients" of the earlier period, with their daughters and in some cases their granddaughters, must now require these large figures. For many years the life of Farmington has been the life of the Farmington Seminary, through which the village is known and through which its people are in no slight degree sustained. We can touch but lightly on the theme, but the chronicler would be blameworthy who did not bear testimony to the vast mellowing influence which year after year has proceeded almost unconsciously from this silently flowing fountain. Beginning so long ago as a school for the young girls of the village, housed in a frame building near the spot where formerly stood the Old Red College, it grew rapidly until it became necessary for it to seek shelter in the great brick building which had been constructed for an inn during the hopeful period of the canal fever. And then year by year it annexed the older mansions as their owners died or moved away, until now it numbers half a dozen colonies. Long since it reached its prescribed limit of numbers, so that those young ladies who desired entrance must be content to wait the turning of the wheel of fortune.

Its unusual character can justly be traced to the fact that, while out of the current of the world's life yet fully in touch with it, it has from the first been under the direction of one rare and original mind, which has been happily free to impress upon the school its own distinctive quality. It has been said of the Seminary that it is but a school to prepare young women to take their places in society and become wives and mothers. Could one hear a pleasanter word than this? But much more than this could properly be said. It could be said that nowhere else in all the world can a school be found whose studies and methods and controlling spirit are better calculated to realize in those who enjoy its influences the high ideal of womanhood which Wordsworth has so nobly expressed for us, and Tennyson, than those of Miss Porter's school at Farmington.

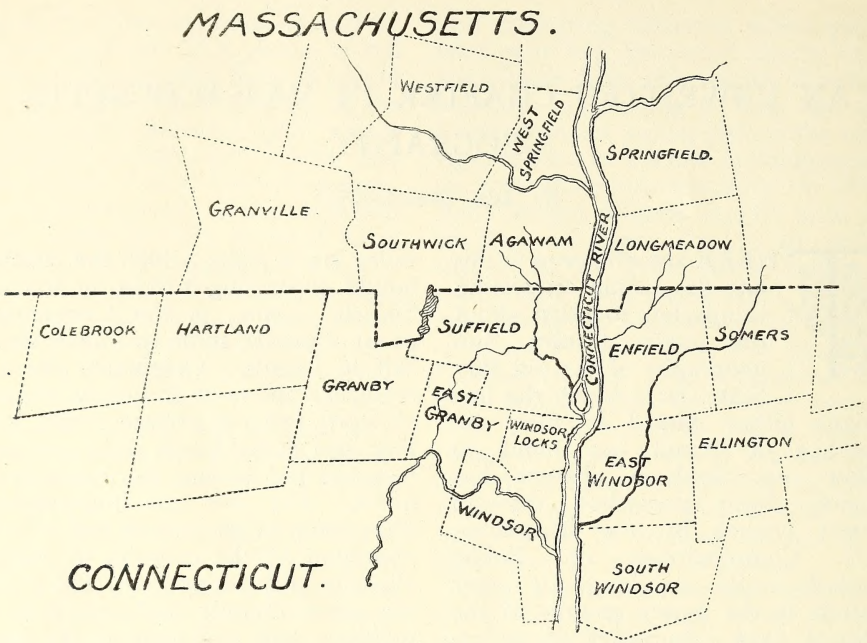
AN UNWRITTEN CHAPTER IN MASSACHUSETTS GEOGRAPHY.

By Allen Chamberlain.

THERE are still, even at this late day, some interesting things left to learn about the early history and geography of the old Bay State, facts which the historians either missed in their researches or found too blind to follow out. Such a chapter has recently been unearthed through merest chance by the Massachusetts Commissioner of Public Records while searching for other matters in the musty records of the colonial days. In order to understand the geographical side of the subject, it will be necessary at the outset to open your atlas to the map of Massachusetts; for it is doubtful whether the majority of people carry in their mind's eye a correct outline of the state. Almost anyone in drawing a map of Massachusetts from memory would run a straight line along the southern boundary from New York State across Connecticut and Rhode Island. This, in the rough, would be correct; but there are in reality three deviations from this direct course, and one of these is decidedly marked. Look on the map then for Hampden county. Springfield will be readily found, and just to the southwest on the Connecticut border will be seen the town of Southwick. Here the subject of this little sketch will be seen at once,—the small rectangular bight of land cutting abruptly into Connecticut territory and accounted Massachusetts property.

This stray piece of territory is a part of the township of Southwick. The notch is almost square, cutting into Granby, Conn., which bounds it on the west and south for nearly three miles on a side, while the eastern bound, separating it from the town of Suffield, Conn., is the Congamuck chain of ponds, some two miles and a half in length. Originally this excrescence upon our boundary line was of nearly twice its present extent, cutting into Suffield as it does now into Granby, and having the ponds in its midst. For over one hundred and fifty years its possession was bitterly contested by the colonies of Massachusetts and Connecticut, and it was the cause directly and indirectly of petitions sent over seas to the royal court in England. Several times was the controversy supposedly settled, only to break out again and again and it was not until early in the present century that the southern boundary of Massachusetts was agreed upon as drawn on the maps of to-day. Since 1804 it has remained unchanged and has successfully resisted one effort, puny though it was, to have this little tract taken into Connecticut. This effort was made within the past decade by some of the towns over the border in our neighbor state. The tract may now, therefore, be safely termed a fixture.

Even the historians of that region do not seem to have been aware of the real facts of this interesting case. Indeed the threads of the story are so scattered through the records of the two colonies that it was only by chance that they were picked up at all; and although the writer spent a considerable time diligently following up the clews given him by the discoverer of the actual case, there still remain loose ends which persist in keeping out of reach. Many of the references to this tract in the published histories of the



states and towns interested, are not in accord with the official records and the statute books, and many of the statements are clearly based upon tradition. For instance, a man, once an official of this state, but now at Washington, who is usually well informed on such subjects and regarded as an authority, in speaking of this little malformation of our boundary once said that tradition held that this was a wild and hilly tract, not of any great value agriculturally, and owing to its inaccessibility had at one time become the stamping ground of outlaws from both states; on this account Connecticut did not want it and Massachusetts took possession by way of speculation. Although it is truly somewhat hilly, and rough fellows may at some time have had their lair within its confines, no official record of anything of the kind can be found, nor even a hint at such a condition. As a matter of fact, both states claimed the territory and took turns at holding it accordingly as one outmaneuvered the other. By way of illustrating some of its geographical vicissitudes, we may consider the case of one Roger Moore, who lived on the tract and died there in 1818. He was a resident in two states, a voter in four towns, and yet never left the place of his birth. He was born in Westfield, Mass., lived later in Simsbury, Conn., later still in Granby, Conn., and died in Southwick, Mass.

It was early in the history of the colonies that the trouble began, and in a most natural manner. In those times, within the first twenty years after the landing of the Pilgrims, there were few settlers back from the coast, and the limits of the colony grants were practically unknown. Gradually the people spread back along the larger watercourses, these being the natural highways of the country and the land along their valleys being the best. In this way the valley of the Connecticut River became a favorite owing to its great fertility. Numbers from the Bay Colony went out from time to time to settle in new country along this

stream, and by 1635 some were established at Springfield. No boundaries had been surveyed up to this time, and the settlers had no definite knowledge of the jurisdiction they were squatting under. Naturally the settlers of Springfield found themselves most closely allied, both socially and commercially,—if the term can be allowed for the petty trading of the day, — with the other settlements down the river. For mutual protection these towns built a fort at the mouth of the stream to hold the Indians and the Dutch at bay.

In 1644 these towns purchased from Col. George Fenwicke the royal patent for Connecticut, paying therefor 1,600 pounds sterling, and an attempt was made that same year to form a union between Massachusetts and Connecticut for defensive purposes. This brought about the first open dispute concerning jurisdiction, Springfield being the object of the contention. Three years previously complaint had been made by the General Court of Massachusetts that Connecticut people had encroached upon Massachusetts soil and had established a trading post at Woronock,—the Indian name of this long-disputed territory,—which afterward became Westfield and Suffield. The matter was supposedly settled in September, 1644, when the commissioners of the now united colonies (the two Massachusetts colonies and those of New Haven and the Connecticut valley) met at Hartford and sustained the claim of Massachusetts. Later on, however, it was decided that Springfield should pay taxes to Connecticut for the support of the river fort.

The commissioners had allowed this claim of Massachusetts on the basis of the first survey of the boundary ever made and known to history as the Woodward and Saffery line, which had been run two years previously, 1642. By this survey the southern boundary of Massachusetts was placed on latitude 41° 55′ north. According to the Massachusetts charter this line should be three miles south of the southernmost point on the Charles River (a stream which has its source well down toward the Rhode Island line), and in 1695 another survey found this point to be on latitude 42° 4′, which is within one minute of the accepted line of the present day. Surveying being a crude science in those days, as is proved by the variations of the observations of the engineers, there is no wonder that the colonies could not agree to a settlement based on what they knew must be only an approximation of the truth. So first one state and then the other crowded over the border at this point near Springfield on the north and Windsor on the south. To-day both of these towns are much smaller in territory than then, owing to the setting off of separate townships, and neither borders upon the line, Windsor being about as far removed into Connecticut as Springfield is into Massachusetts.

In Volume III of the Massachusetts Records, under date of May 13, 1648, is this entry: "It appears in the book of the acts of the commissioners that Mr. Fenwicke should join with us in running that south line to decide the question about Woronoco, but Mr. Fenwicke failed to send any to join with us whereupon we did it at our own charge and Woronoco was thereupon ordered by the Commissioners to belong to Massachusetts, but we shall be ready to join our brethren of Connecticut in a new survey so as they will be at the whole charge in this as we were in the other, and withal produce their patent as we have done." Just one year and a day from that date the subject was brought up again and a similar entry made in the records; but Connecticut made no move and Massachusetts, assuming that the territory was in her control, allowed the subject to rest.

Acting presumably on the admission of the claim of Massachusetts by the commissioners of the united

colonies in 1644, Woronoco was recorded as a part of Springfield in 1647, and for thirteen years it was so considered by Massachusetts at least, —and Connecticut made no formal protest as far as the records show. The settlers in Suffield and Enfield regarded themselves as in Massachusetts as late as 1693, which shows the vagueness of the boundary in those times. To-day these towns are just over the line in Connecticut and according to the Woodward and Saffery survey no doubt had the right to believe themselves citizens of Massachusetts.

After Woronoco had been admittedly a part of Springfield for over a decade a petition went forth to the General Court from certain people of Windsor, now Connecticut territory, who went from Dorchester in 1635-6, stating that they needed more land, and asking that a tract of six square miles at Woronoco be joined to their farms. This petition had fifteen signers, and was granted in May, 1662, a decree being issued that "the order for Woronoco henceforth to lie to Springfield should be void," provided that the petitioners should settle a minister within two years.

Again there intervened a long period of years when the boundary line was apparently unthought of. This may be accounted for by the fact that both colonies were about this time engrossed with the raid upon New Netherlands, and that later they had their hands full with King Philip's war, 1675. Relieved of these more urgent affairs, they turned once more to their civil strife; and in 1678 Connecticut complained that Enfield was incorporated under the government of Massachusetts. In May of that year Connecticut appointed commissioners to unite with Massachusetts in an effort to settle the old dispute. No record can be found of this as far as Massachusetts is concerned, so it is to be presumed that she ignored the subject. Two years later Connecticut became irate at the lack of interest taken by her neighbor and threatened to proceed alone with the survey if Massachusetts refused to join. Nothing seems to have come of it, however, and it is altogether probable that the feud was lost sight of for the time in the midst of more important affairs. It was shortly after this date that civil war broke out in England, and the colonies were kept busy looking after the safety of their charters, Connecticut having to hide hers in the famous oak to keep it out of the hands of the royal governor. Then King William's war broke out, and the colonies became once more engrossed in defending themselves against the Indians.

So time ran along until 1693 without anything further being said anent the boundary. During this year a complaint was sent to Boston by the people of Suffield, who regarded themselves as Massachusetts citizens, that Connecticut claimed their territory and that her people were squatting on their soil. Connecticut thereupon decided to re-survey the line according to the Massachusetts charter, but although they again invited that colony to join in the work nothing was done by Massachusetts, and Connecticut proceeded alone. Her surveyors made their report August 20, 1695, by which report the line was said to be along latitude 42° 4′ or one minute north of the present boundary. Massachusetts objected that Connecticut was unreasonable, but the latter colony made no response and continued to settle Enfield and Suffield, Massachusetts objecting the while. Finally Connecticut agreed once again to join Massachusetts in a survey and have an end to the quibble. This time the commissioners came together, and the line was run according to the survey of 1642 to within twelve miles of the Connecticut River, there turning north a mile and thence running due west to the river. Massachusetts asked that Woodstock be left to her, and this was granted. This might have terminated the

trouble had not Massachusetts neglected to clothe her emissary with sufficient powers. In reality nothing was gained, and Connecticut was righteously soured at having been put to this extra expense for no purpose. Massachusetts set up the weak claim that the line was well known long before Connecticut had a charter, and in a childish temper threatened to appeal to the queen if Suffield and Enfield were further encroached upon.

Witchcraft and more Indian troubles now distracted the attention of the colonies, and it was not until 1708 that Connecticut revived the subject by proposing another survey. Massachusetts refused, and both colonies sent agents to England to air their grievances before the throne. Connecticut's commissioner died before her petition could be introduced at court; and as it was discovered that the ruling faction in England was in favor of revoking the charters of the colonies, both sides deemed it discreet to withdraw. In 1713 representatives of both colonies met once more upon the boundary, and an agreement was entered into by which Massachusetts should have jurisdiction over her old border towns even though they fell south of the colony line. In consideration of this concession Massachusetts agreed to give to Connecticut an equal amount of unimproved territory north of the line to the westward. Massachusetts thereby received over 22,000 acres in Suffield and more than 5,000 in Westfield. The lands given in return were sold by Connecticut in 1716 for $2,274; and this money was bestowed upon Yale College. The following year, 1717, commissioners from both states perambulated the line west of the Connecticut River, and thus this was supposedly settled. A search for the record of the doings of this survey has proved unfruitful.

Enfield and Suffield had by this time a population pretty evenly divided between adherents to the two states; and in 1724 both towns petitioned to be brought under Connecticut. This was refused by Connecticut, as she was well content with that which she already had. Both colonies held well to their agreement for some time, and in 1732 and 1733 they sent surveyors over the line to freshen the marks set in 1713. All was peaceful therefore until 1747, when Woodstock (which was settled by people from Roxbury, Mass., and originally called New Roxbury), asked to be set off to Connecticut, her citizens believing that their taxes would be lighter under her jurisdiction.

Now came Connecticut's turn at playing the child, and, overlooking the agreement of years' standing in her greed for this extra territory and wealth, she sent to Massachusetts in an effort to have the subject opened up. Massachusetts firmly declined. Woodstock, however, was eager for the change, and secured a legal opinion from Attorney General Bradley, William Smith and Richard Nichols, that the limits of government could not be changed by the colonies without the consent of the crown. Connecticut grasped at this straw for a lever with which to lift from her conscience all the adjustments of the line to which she had agreed in the past, boldly set aside the survey of 1713, and notified Woodstock, Enfield and Suffield that they would be welcomed within Connecticut. Her next move was to ask Massachusetts to reëstablish the boundary in accordance with this action. Massachusetts does not seem at this time to have placed on record any objection, and Connecticut assumed that she had won the game.

In 1752 Connecticut and Rhode Island joined in sending out a party to look over the Massachusetts line, and these men reported that the Woodward and Saffery boundary was over four miles too far south. As a result of this both Massachusetts and Connecticut surveyed the line independently, and correspondence was sent to England on the subject.

Again matters were in such a state in the old country (the seven years' war being in progress), that as far as can be learned from the documents of the time the subject never reached the crown. Massachusetts remained stubborn and refused to recede. Connecticut held her peace, but continued to govern the three towns taken under her wing in 1749. Massachusetts kept up a semblance of authority by levying taxes there as of old, but failed in collecting them.

Now comes the more direct bearing on the little six square miles of territory which to-day belong to Massachusetts by mutual consent of the two states. Woronoco had already been a part of Springfield from 1647 to 1662; that portion east of the ponds had already been apportioned to that part of Windsor now Suffield, Conn.; the remaining portion had been established as Westfield in 1669; and in 1770 a part of Westfield was made the district of Southwick. In 1774, the year before this district became a town, Connecticut placed an attachment on that part which had been given to Windsor, presumably for the purpose of asserting her authority therein. Then followed the War of the Revolution, and the whole question was forgotten. After peace with the mother country had been restored, Massachusetts became entangled in a little boundary fuss with New York, and by the time this had been cleared away another matter of great consequence drew the attention of both Massachusetts and Connecticut,—the formation of the Union. When at length all was quiet again and nothing more enlivening offered itself to these two states, they decided that it was time to devote their energies in earnest to the clearing up of this ancient cause of rupture; and after a dozen years that much desired end was actually accomplished.

Early in March, 1791, the Massachusetts General Court passed an act whereby Hon. John Worthington, Nathaniel Gorham and Samuel Lyman were appointed commissioners, with full powers to act in conjunction with Connecticut commissioners in defining the boundary line between the two states. The preamble of this resolution states that the action is taken on the representation "that contentions and disputes have arisen between citizens of this commonwealth and those of the state of Connecticut . . . to prevent which in future, and to promote harmony and affection between the citizens of the two respective states," this course is taken. These commissioners were authorized to employ surveyors and were instructed by the act to run and make the line according to the best documents they could obtain and which appeared to them to be just and reasonable. This line, according to the wording of the act, was to be held to be "the just and true boundary line of jurisdiction between this commonwealth and the said State of Connecticut" forever after. A copy of this act was sent to the governor of Connecticut; but, as a resolution adopted by the Massachusetts legislature in March, 1793, says, Connecticut did not concur because it was not informed of the ultimate view of Massachusetts, or that there were any disputes or altercations which existed between the citizens of the two states relative to the line. It was at this time therefore resolved that the governor of Massachusetts should be requested to write to the governor of Connecticut, informing him "that the ultimate view of Massachusetts is to restore peace and harmony between the citizens who inhabit on or near the line of state jurisdiction, viz., between the towns of Southwick, Sandisfield, and New Marlboro in Massachusetts and towns contiguous to them in Connecticut," and that commissioners are again appointed by Massachusetts to perambulate the line from the Connecticut River westward and to erect durable monuments thereon." Hon. Caleb Strong was made a member of the commission, in

June of the following year, to succeed Hon. John Worthington. This seems to indicate that Massachusetts at least was anxious to have the matter definitely disposed of.

The next record of the subject appears in the Massachusetts Laws under date of June 22, 1803, where it is resolved that "Whereas, the late commissioners of this commonwealth and the State of Connecticut appointed to ascertain the boundary line," etc., "made progress therein but did not complete the same by reason of a disagreement respecting the line between the towns of Southwick, Suffield and Granby, and whereas, a compromise has been heretofore proposed by this commonwealth of the differences, viz., that the line should begin from a station eight rods south of the southwest corner of West Springfield, and thence run west to the large ponds, thence south by the ponds to the ancient south line of Westfield, thence on this south line to the ancient southwest corner of Westfield, thence northerly in the ancient west line of Westfield to the station in said west line made by commissioners in 1714, and thence to the southwest corner of Granville—which compromise is acceded to by Connecticut, and it appoints commissioners to complete the running and demarkation of the line between Suffield, Granby, Hartland, Colebrook, Norfolk, Canaan and Salisbury and towns adjoining them in this state."

It was enacted that John Hooker, Timothy Bigelow and George Bliss be appointed commissioners for Massachusetts to complete this work, and any two of these officers were empowered to act with Connecticut in the matter at the joint and equal expense of the two states, and to erect durable monuments upon the line which thus defined was to be forever held to. It was stipulated by the act, however, that no variation which might be thus established from the line heretofore existing should affect the private rights and titles derived from the states, and furthermore that not over $1,000 should be expended in the work.

The commissioners of 1793 had, with their surveyors, agreed upon the line with the exception of this little jog into Connecticut which included Congamuck ponds. Massachusetts thought that she should have this to compensate in some degree for the towns lost in years past; but Connecticut would not accede. The commissioners of 1803 therefore proposed as a compromise that Massachusetts should hold the land west of the ponds and leave to Connecticut the strip on the east. The following year the long sought settlement was actually reached, and the surveyors filed their plans made from the surveys of July, 1801, and September and November, 1803. This settlement was purely a compromise for the sake of peace, and showed considerable generosity on the part of Connecticut, which could have maintained her claim and prolonged the strife indefinitely had she so chosen. Within the past ten years an effort was made by representatives of some of the adjoining Connecticut towns to stir up a renewal of the matter in the hope of recovering this strip. Nothing came of it however. The territory is small as has been said before, not over six square miles in extent, but its farms are as fertile as any in the state and produce some of the best tobacco grown in the Connecticut valley. The inhabitants, numbering about one hundred and fifty, are mostly ignorant of the strife waged so long and so bitterly over their small acreage, and live in peace with their Connecticut neighbors, while bearing a distinct allegiance to the old Bay State.

THE DEPTHS OF THE HEART.

By Rose Edith Mills.

OH, subtle human heart!
Strange chords in thee,
Unknown as space to me,
At times will swell and start.

To tear-wrung agony
And passionate appeal,
As cold as steel
And mute your strings can be.

And lo! a sobbing child,
A drooping lip;—
In sudden fellowship
You throb, unreconciled.

TO MEET AGAIN.

By Elizabeth D. Preston.

SADDER, perhaps, than our farewell
It were once more to meet,
All unassured that love to-day
As yesterday is sweet,
Trembling with fear lest its fair spell
Hath fled on fickle feet.

The lilies and the columbine
Perfumed our last farewell;
Lilies are dead, and golden-rod
Covers the field and dell.
Hath time left, as it found you, true?
How may a lover tell,—

A coward one like me, who fears
To put all to the test,—
Trembles to know one little maid
Can rob life of its zest?
But meet we soon! May I not say:
Meetings, sweetheart, are best?

THE SCOTCH-IRISH AND THE BAY STATE BORDER.

By George J. Varney.



N the eleventh day of April, 1719, a prospecting party of the first considerable colony of exclusively Scotch-Irish emigrants to America passed through the village of Haverhill and northward by a route parallel to the Merrimack River. They dismounted and fastened their horses to the trees on an elevation which has ever since borne the name "Horse Hill." It is about fifteen miles northwest of the head of the tide in the Merrimack River at Haverhill, and is near the middle of a section of land twelve miles square granted them under the Bay Colony's charter by Governor Shute.

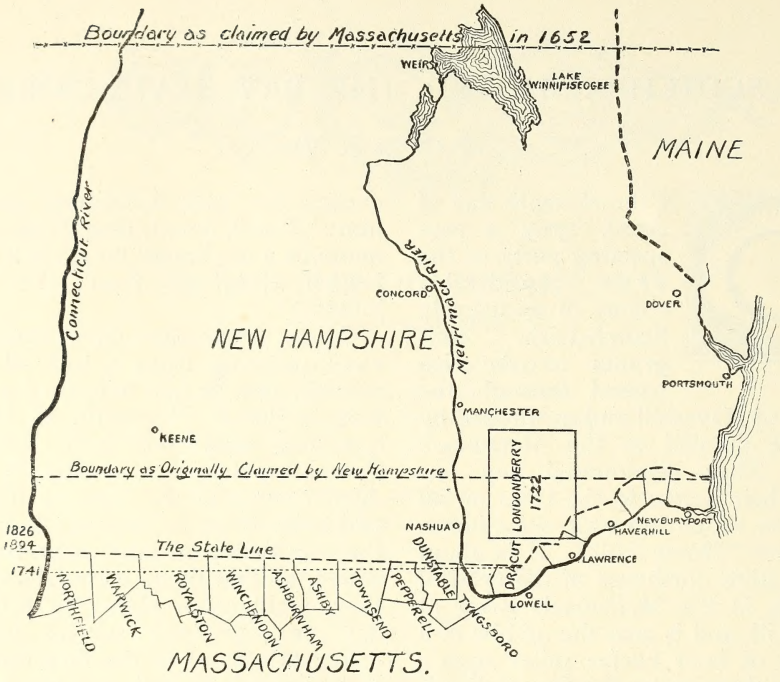
On every side oak, chestnut and butternut grew abundantly; wherefore they called the place Nutfield. Near by was a fine stream, which the pioneers gave the descriptive name West-running Brook. They laid out their lots thirty rods in width along its course on each side, from which these lots were extended far enough to embrace sixty acres,—thus forming the "Double-Range," ever since the basis of surveys for nearly a whole county. A few days later the main company of the colony arrived, forming altogether, twenty families. A few large cabins rudely constructed of poles, boughs, bark and turf formed their shelter until autumn, when log cabins were erected; and though a saw-mill was set in operation on their stream in the first year, it was several years before any one but the pastor had a framed and boarded dwelling. This, however, was far from satisfactory to some of the spirited housewives. It is related that one, when she came to view the pleasant site her husband had chosen for their habitation, said to him: "Aweel, aweel, dear John, an' it maun be a log house, do make it a log hegher [higher] than the lave [others]."

Before the summer days came, they were suffering from a lack of provisions; and, as had happened a century earlier at Plymouth, an Indian one day wandered into Nutfield. Perceiving their lack of food, he conducted some of the men up the hill and pointed out to them a tall pine at the northwest, an easy walk beyond which, he told them, were falls where they could catch plenty of fish. A day or two later several of the colonists set out in the direction the Indian had indicated, and came duly to what are now known as Amoskeag Falls, in the present city of Manchester. Here, for many seasons thereafter, they readily took in scoop-nets ample supplies of shad and salmon.

Finding that they were really in territory claimed by New Hampshire, they applied to the government of that province for a charter; and in 1722 their plantation was incorporated as the town of Londonderry, in the name of King George the First. By this instrument, on fulfillment of certain usual conditions of occupancy and cultivation and the payment of a peck of potatoes annually to the government, each settler was given a house-lot of 120 acres and an out-lot of 60 acres.

From their original grant of Nutfield was formed, first, the present town of Londonderry; and from this were taken Derry (embracing the original settlement), Windham, Salem and parts of Manchester and Hudson.

Hundreds of this Scotch-Irish race followed in the wake of their country-



men, a large proportion of them joining the earlier comers in New Hampshire; so that their colonization overflowed, peopling wholly or in part many towns, as Amoskeag Falls (later Manchester), Hookset Falls, Suncook, East Concord,—chiefly following the Merrimack valley northward. From the latter place they were driven as "a parcel of Irish people" by the English settlers already there under the proprietors of Penacook,—one of whose regulations for settlement forbade the alienation of any lot, in its sale by original grantees, without the consent of the community.

Though these people had been for many years inhabitants of northern Ireland, they were not of the same race as the population which they replaced and which still occupied the more southern portions of the island. They were really Scotchmen, enemies of Popery and the Established Church of England. Persecuted under James I., some of them emigrated to the extreme north of Ireland. When Charles I. attempted by force to establish uniformity in religion, the Puritans emigrated to America, but the Presbyterians of Scotland rebelled and signed the famous "Covenant,"—whence they became the Covenanters, so familiar in story. They underwent great persecution, perils and destructions; but when Cromwell came into power he induced large numbers of them to remove to northern Ireland to repeople its waste districts. Hence they acquired the addition to their name, becoming Scotch-Irish.

Through the reigns of Charles II. and James II. the lot of the Presbyterians was again a painful one, as well in Ireland as in Scotland. The king countenanced the Roman Catholics in Ireland, while the free kirk people at the north were oppressed by both the English prelates and the Irish papists. In the Revolution of 1689, when James II. with his French allies entered Ireland and made a stand against William of Orange, the Roman Catholic Irish joined his army in large numbers; while the Scotch-Irish in the North withstood him. They

drove the Irish from their borders, and in Londonderry, their chief city, withstood the most determined siege in history. After one hundred and five days they were relieved by the arrival of the Orange fleet. Then ensued that sanguinary conflict between the forces of the two kings known as the Battle of the Boyne. From this period dates the feud between the Roman Catholic Irish and the Orangemen, the world over.

When the new monarch became established on the throne, a different policy was adopted by the Established Church, whose bishops now complacently fraternized with the Irish Presbyterians. These ever presented a brave front to open attack, but were not proof against the insidious undermining of their beloved kirk, which resulted from the new order of affairs; and like the pilgrims of Leyden in a similar peril, they emigrated to America,—following the tracks of the English Independents.

Their first company reached the port of Boston in five small vessels in August, 1718, bringing one hundred and twenty families. Some went to Worcester, others to Maine, but the chief colony was the one whose fortunes we have begun to trace.

It was by these vessels that the Irish potato was first brought into New England; and this company was also the first to introduce the culture of flax and the manufacture of linen cloth,—having generally been bred to that business in Scotland and Ireland. At Nutfield almost every house had its flax-wheel and its hand-loom, and their cloths of many patterns and colors were long regarded as so superior that the corporation of this New Hampshire Londonderry had a special seal affixed to those made in its limits, that purchasers might be assured they were getting the real Londonderry linens and hollands. Indeed, during the Revolutionary War Congress conferred on Mr. John Montgomery of this town forty pounds in money and a diamond ring as a premium for linen woven by him for General Washington and his officers.

It is stated that during this struggle a Presbyterian loyalist was a creature unheard of; and these settlers furnished in the persons of their descendants many brave soldiers, of whom General Stark was not the only one. Of the twenty-four full major generals who led our armies successfully through the war, not less than half were of the Scotch, Irish and Scotch-Irish races; while six of our twenty-three presidents are claimed as of that blood.

The religious fervor of these settlers, as well as their morality, was notable; yet a witty humor was also a prominent trait in their character. The lively and the sedate, the old and the young, alike indulged in it and enjoyed it; and they took care not to miss any proper occasion for sport. Huskings, log-rollings, raisings, with running, wrestling and boxing matches, were regarded as indispensable parts of social existence.

Only a few months after their arrival, the Nutfielders began to suffer molestation from residents on the river below, who claimed the same land. During the season of the first harvest a numerous party came up from Haverhill (as had been their custom for several years) to cut and carry off the hay from the fine natural meadows. This was not unexpected by the settlers; who, however, supposed that a frank explanation of their right and title would cause the trespassers at once to withdraw. Therefore a committee of four or five men went out to meet them for this purpose; but on attempting to make their statement they were met by derision. When the committee returned and reported their reception, another party went forward under the lead of their pastor, the Rev. James McGregor. The reverend gentleman, in very decided but dignified tones, told them that the title of the proprietors to the grass was perfect, and ordered them

off the ground. The leader of the intruders walked up to Mr. McGregor and, shaking his fist in the minister's face, exclaimed in a threatening tone: "Nothing saves you, sir, but your black coat." The McGregor instantly replied: "Aweel, but it shan't save you, sir." He threw off the coat, when the whole party, with its boastful leader, suddenly faced about and tramped away.

But raids on their crops were not the worst these pioneers suffered from hostile neighbors. Sometimes a citizen laboring unsuspectingly in his field was stealthily seized and carried off by a party of claimants and their associates, in some cases without authority of law. Farmer Christy, while mowing in his meadow, was kidnapped and taken away without being allowed to apprise his family. As he did not return at night search was made for him; and it was not until the next day that some of his apparel was found where he had been at work. The relations with the Indians were entirely peaceful, and he was sought for at Haverhill,—where he was found in jail, and at once released.

There were also claimants to these lands who dwelt in towns below Haverhill, deriving their alleged title from "Indian John,"—who appears to have represented nobody but himself in the sale; but the Londonderry people had also secured an Indian title by purchase under the Wheelwright deed, executed in 1629 by the heads of the resident tribe in council. John, "the poor Indian with untutored mind," had here taken a chance to turn "a pretty penny" of five pounds English money by selling land which had long before been deeded to another by the unimpeachable authority of his tribe.

It was in the warm season of the year 1721 or 1722 that a large party from Ipswich, or Salem, and Haverhill entered Nutfield fully armed for an encounter,—unless these settlers would yield to their demands, "either paying for their township, or at once quitting it." Had this high-handed company met isolated individuals or families of Nutfielders at their homes, scenes of violence would quite likely have marked the beginning of a long feud.

As the invaders approached the "Double Range," they were surprised to see many persons taking their way toward a hill* a mile northward; and they soon learned that nearly all the inhabitants had gone to a meeting near Beaver Pond, lying a short distance on the north of the hill. They followed speedily, and discovered all the men and most of the women of the settlement gathered under a wide-spreading oak. Curious to know what this signified, and thinking to forestall any plan of resistance, they marched covertly upon the company. The time was the Friday previous to Communion,—on which day it was their practice, according to good old Presbyterian custom, to hold a service preparatory to the holy ceremony of the coming Sabbath.

The approach of this armed band was observed by the congregation; yet they took no apparent attitude of defense, receiving the announcement of the purpose of the militant company without any indications of panic. Certain of the congregation requested their hostile visitors to refrain from acts of violence until the religious service, now in progress, was over. Members of the Puritan church could not well refuse such a request; and they took their stand near the devout company. The discourse addressed to his flock by the venerated pastor, the firm and undaunted appearance of the men, the spirit and solemnity of the devotions, the weird and fervent hymns come down to them from their ancestors, the Scottish Covenanters, more and more impressed the wondering Puritans. Barely was the service over when the leader turned and said to his men, "Let us return. It is vain to attempt to dis-

* The site of the first village—the present East Derry.

turb this people; for surely the Lord is with them." The company which had marched so fiercely up from Haverhill now marched down again in a different spirit.

Following these disorderly actions, appeals were made to the courts in their respective provinces by both parties, involving large expense; and finally appeals were made to the two governments to settle the whole cause of dispute. Each province appointed a committee from its own public men, who met in Newbury in the autumn of 1731: but they were unable to reach an agreement.

The strong hand of Massachusetts still maintaining her claims as before, New Hampshire appealed to the king. In 1737 he appointed commissioners from the councils of New York, New Jersey, Nova Scotia and Rhode Island,—all royal governments except the last; and the antagonism of this with the Bay government in a similar dispute served the same purpose in placing the Bay Colony at a disadvantage. To these commissioners was committed the settlement of both the southern and eastern bounds of New Hampshire. It was arranged that they should meet on August 1, 1737, at Hampton Falls, near the starting point of the Bay Colony's patent, as fixed by its charter. Only the three commissioners from Nova Scotia and the five from Rhode Island were in attendance. A committee from the New Hampshire Assembly and the agents of Massachusetts presented the respective claims. Their decision was to be given on the tenth of the same month.

The Assembly met at Portsmouth on the fourth, and was prorogued by the governor to meet at Hampton Falls to receive the report of the Commissioners. The Bay government did what it could to procure from this partisan board an impartial decision. The General Court also met on the same day as the other legislature, and adjourned, to meet at Salisbury on the tenth,—thus bringing the two bodies within five miles of each other. Early in the morning of the latter day a large cavalcade was formed in Boston, Governor Belcher riding in state, escorted by a troop of horse. He was met at Newbury by another troop, and near the supposed divisional line of the provinces by three more companies which with great pomp conducted him to the George tavern at Hampton Falls. Here he held a meeting of his council, and following this made an address to the Assembly,—being, by royal appointment, governor of New Hampshire as well as of the Bay Colony. The lieutenant-governor of the former, Col. David Dunbar, a Presbyterian, appears to have been little regarded on this occasion.

The annals of the period have preserved to us a pasquinade set afloat at the time by some rhymester sufficiently impartial to perceive the humor of the affair, but who fell into the error of regarding the descendants of the Scottish Covenanters as the conventional "Irishmen."

"Dear Paddy, you never did behold such a sight
As yesterday morning was seen before night.
You in all your born days saw, nor I didn't nither,
So many fine horses an' men ride togither.
At the head, the lower house trotted two in a row,
Then all the higher house pranced after the low;
Then the Governor's coach galloped on like the wind,
And the last that came foremost were troopers behind.
But I fear it means no good to your neck nor mine;
For they say 'tis to fix a right place for the line."

When the Londonderry people came to examine the charter under which their lands had been granted, they formed the opinion that the New Hampshire claim had the better foundation; and they had taken their incorporation accordingly. This

charter was the one obtained from Charles I. by Rev. John White for the Massachusetts colonists. The description of the northern bound in this charter is as follows: "all those lands and hereditaments whatsoever which lye and be within the space of three English myles to the northward of said river Monomack alias Merrymack, or to the norward of any and every parte thereof."

The Bay governments therefore claimed all the territory from an east and west line three miles north of the source of the river in Winnepeseogee Lake; while New Hampshire claimed her southern boundary to be a line due west from a point on the seashore three miles north of the Merrimack at its mouth.

After long discussion the Commissioners were able to decide on the eastern line of New Hampshire, but were unable to agree upon the southern line; so that all this pageant of the Bay government was bootless. The matter was again referred to the king by the Commissioners; but his decision was not issued until August 5, 1740, and the line it indicated was not run until the following year. When the survey was completed it was found to have given New Hampshire a territory nearly ninety miles by fourteen more than she had asked for at first. Instead of a straight line running due west from a point on the seashore, the boundary was made a line three miles north of the river in all parts of its course until it turned northward, from which point a straight line due west marked the boundary.

The boot was now on the other foot; and the popular branch of the New Hampshire government threatened to expel the settlers in this new tract of the Province who had taken up lands under Massachusetts authority. The governor, however, when appealed to by the endangered occupants, promptly forbade their disturbance.

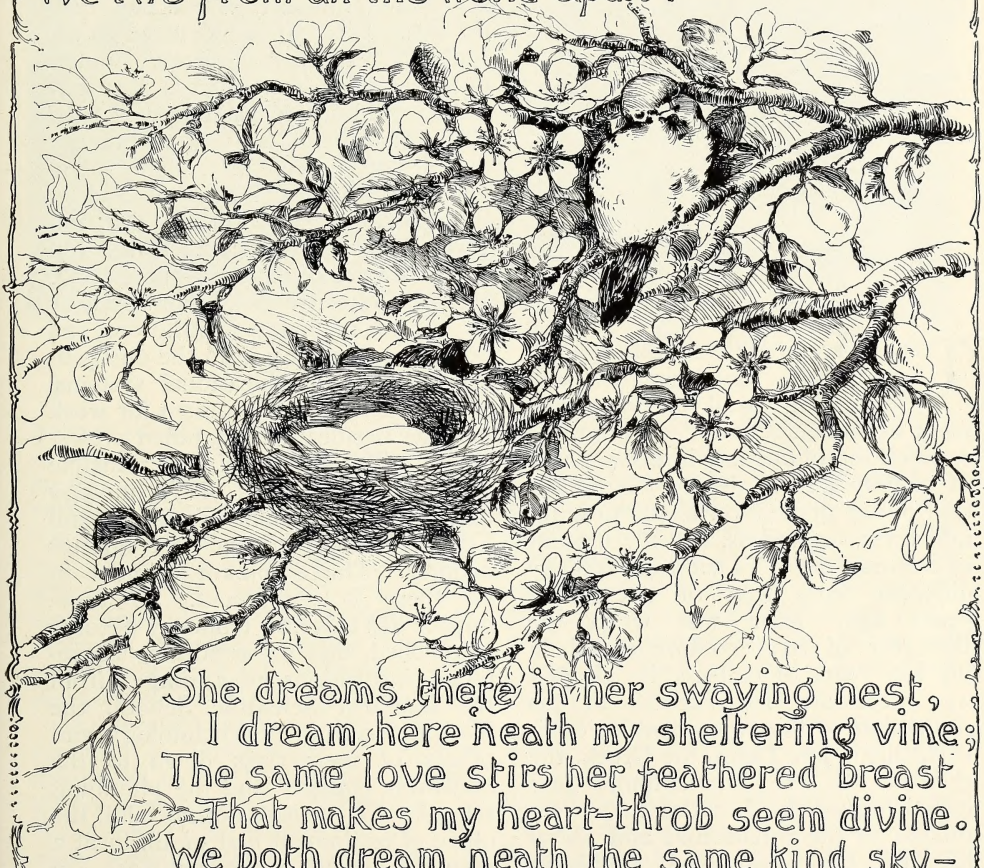
The Bay government, as might be supposed, did not accept the line marked by this survey as either true or final; and in 1826, it was retraced by the two provinces (then become sovereign states), with the result of restoring to Massachusetts considerable areas which had been gouged from her borders. Massachusetts was desirous that the line should be distinctly and officially marked; but now New Hampshire was reluctant, and the Bay State performed this labor alone in the year following.

The action of the latter was thereafter conformed, of course, to the line as marked; but the withholding of its sanction by New Hampshire still kept in doubt many land titles along the Massachusetts borders, from Dracut to New York State, and contentions frequently arose. Yet it was not until 1885 that steps were taken by the two governments to remove entirely the cause of difference. In that year another boundary commission was formed, with members from each state, and a new survey was completed in 1894. The basis was necessarily the royal decree of 1740; and the line being now fixed with modern accuracy, no more boundary bickerings are likely to arise.

KINFOLK.

BY KATE WHITING PATCH.

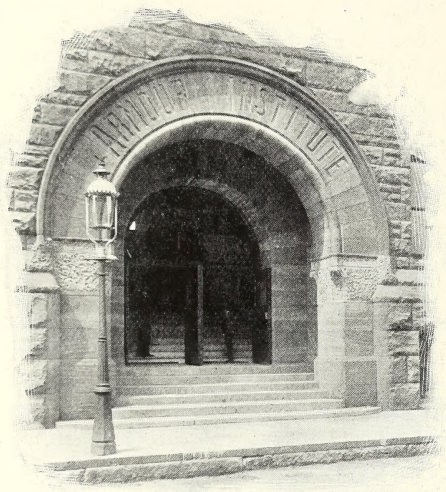
O, we are kinfolk, she and I,—
The little mother-bird all brown,
Who broods above her nest on high
And with her soft, bright eyes looks down
To read the secret of my heart—
We two from all the world apart!



She dreams there in her swaying nest,
I dream here neath my sheltering vine;
The same love stirs her feathered breast
That makes my heart-throb seem divine.
We both dream neath the same kind sky—
The small brown mother-bird and I.

THE ARMOUR INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY.

By Clifford L. Snowden.



THE forces of life in this youngest century have touched with re-forming hand every department of human activity. The intense competition of our day in every phase of activity affects deeply the education of the generation about to enter into these conditions, and the present educational point of view is radically different from that of twenty-five years ago. Time was when the Bachelor of Arts comprehended in his few years of college life all that was necessary for success in his profession or the enjoyment of cultivated life. The Latin, the Greek, the rhetoric of the curriculum, were called humanities because they were related to the intellectual and social life of the day. The physician learned his calling empirically in the surgery of his preceptor, the druggist compounded drugs in the shop of his master; and as for engineering, architecture and like arts, the master was the man who served apprenticeship with the geniuses of the day. There was time to acquire slowly what would be put into practice slowly. The marvelous awakening of the scientific spirit in physical studies which has characterized the century has rendered necessary a change in the basis of our education and the equipment for the new conditions. This too has elevated to the rank of "learned professions" numerous vocations which were formerly merely trades, and has compelled the study of principle as well as practice in the commercial arts. The introduction of physical sciences and of laboratory investigation into our universities as regular courses, the liberty of choice of studies—the elective system,—the group system of study in vogue in many institutions, all point to and spring from the one general change in educational systems, namely, scientific equipment for work in other besides the "dignified professions." The results of this principle appear in the School of Technology and in the Manual Training and Trades Schools of the last quarter century. The dominant element in all these is equipment. So thoroughly has this new tendency become intrenched, that the grade of "equipping" institutions now ranges from the Sheffield Scientific School, the Boston Institute of Technology and others of their class down to the "business college" and the plumbing school. All of these aim to fulfill the office of equipment first of all, to fit a man for some particular work, to make a specialist in some commercial or mechanical science, just as it was the plan of the older education to produce the preacher or the lawyer. To feel and understand clearly the meaning of modern life means the

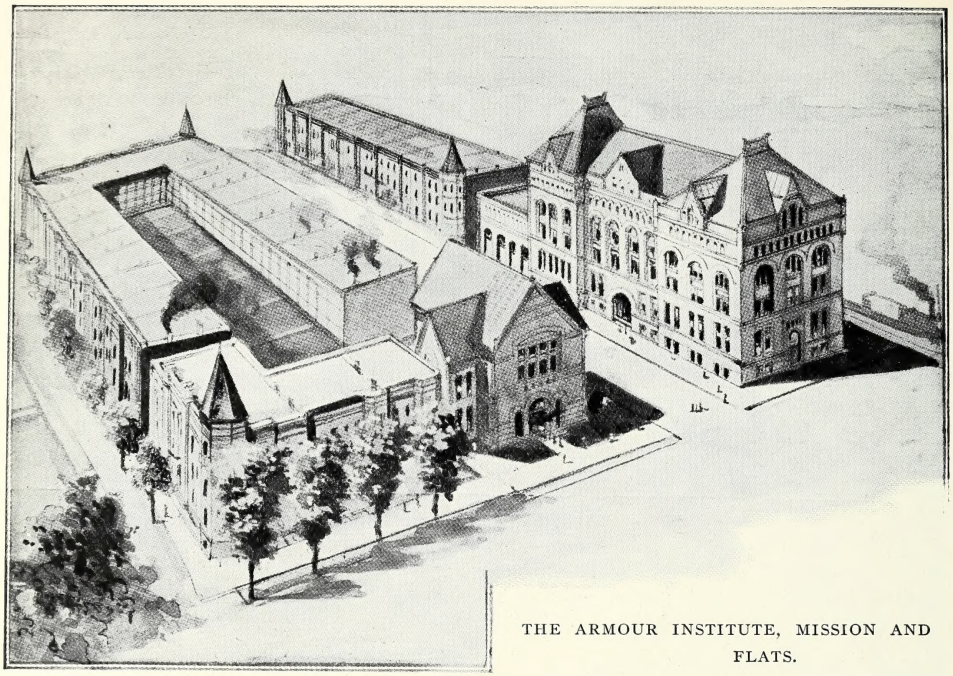


THE ARMOUR INSTITUTE.

success of any institution as well as of any man; and the tendency of the more conservative colleges and universities shows that this question of equipment is perceived to be a vital one. The reason for the technical school is the necessity of broad knowledge of principles as well as of practice, knowledge which the advance of science into commerce and industry is constantly demanding.

The recent founding of the Armour Institute of Technology in Chicago has added to the list another distinctively technological institution of high rank. The history of the Armour Institute dates back only to 1893, when, on September 14, the doors were first opened for the reception of students. Previous to this date, in fact several years before, it had been in the mind of the founder, Mr. Philip D. Armour, to place within the reach of Western boys and girls the means of acquiring the education necessary for the equipment of the practical man or woman in the directions above outlined. This idea culminated in the magnificent institution which stands as a monument to the donor's large-hearted and practical philanthropy, at the corner of Armour Avenue and Thirty-third Street in Chicago.

This was not Mr. Armour's first effort in philanthropy at this time. In November, 1886, he had established the Armour Mission upon the corner opposite the site of the Institute, and built up one of the largest institutional churches in the world. With a definite experience therefore in the founding of such enterprises, Mr. Armour placed at the disposal of this branch of his philanthropic endeavor the sum of $1,500,000. The



THE ARMOUR INSTITUTE, MISSION AND FLATS.

original plan, which partook more of the manual training school idea, soon developed into the technological institute as it stands to-day. Preparatory to the working out of the scheme, the Rev. Frank W. Gunsaulus, D. D., pastor of the Plymouth Congregational Church, Chicago, was made president of the Institute in December, 1892. Dr. Gunsaulus drew about him the members of the original faculty who elaborated the first years' work and began operations in the magnificent building which had been provided.

Although the Institute is entirely distinct from the Armour Mission across the street, it is impossible to mention one without thinking of the other. Both buildings are magnificent specimens of architectural and mechanical art. The Institute building is Romanesque in spirit, with massive sandstone foundations, pressed brick walls, terra cotta trimmings and Norman windows, so large as to give airiness to the structure and the best possible light. Five stories with a spacious basement and commodious store-rooms above, afforded ample space at first, but the development of the last three years has been so great that space in the Armour flats adjacent is being constantly taken up for various purposes of the Institute work. The interior of the building is finished in hard wood; the floors are tiled, and the entire building is heated by steam and lighted by electricity by its own plant. The location of the building is in itself one of the most beautifully practical characteristics, since about the region of Thirty-third Street and Armour Avenue may be found not only the poorer people whose lack of money precluded often repeated visits to centres of learning and culture, but well-to-do and even rich families who are not slow to avail themselves of the opportunities offered by the Institute.

The democratic spirit of the place is a constant lesson to all classes of this thickly-populated district. The centre of various lecture courses,



PHILIP D. ARMOUR.

musical recitals and art exhibitions, the Institute does a widely beneficial work impossible to an institution of less range or more rigid management. Dr. Gunsaulus, the moving spirit of all these enterprises, keeps a constant procession of events in the eyes of the residents of the vicinity; and the value of these more popular efforts is constantly manifest. For instance, there are placed in the main corridor of the building several masterpieces of contemporary art. These are changed at intervals and replaced by others, so that the eye of the student is continually cultivated and his taste elevated, at first unconsciously and then intelligently. This perennial art loan has a deepening and widening effect not only upon the student but upon the numerous visitors to the Institute, who stop for any purpose within its walls. The paintings come from the Art Institute of Chicago, as well as from private sources. The lectures comprehend different branches of knowledge, and are of the University Extension character, bringing out not only the talent of the Institute but men noted in various departments of thought and knowledge both at home and abroad. Art, social and political science, literature and history are brought to the people of the neighborhood through this instrumentality. The Armour Mission auditorium and lecture room touch the people educationally in the



REV. FRANK W. GUNSAULUS, PRESIDENT OF THE ARMOUR INSTITUTE.

same way, joining with the Institute in the great work. Musical entertainments of a high class are given at intervals by the musical department of the Institute, with the same general aim of education.

The Institute is not a manual training school. The late incorporation has made it distinctively technological. At the same time, the requirements are such that the young man completing the course will have had opportunities for broader culture. Any one who meets with engineers, electricians and architects as a class will recognize in many of them the want of a general culture. Skillful in their particular professions, intelligent in these various lines of thought, they are often woefully deficient in general acquirements and polite learning. It is to remedy this defect that the course of studies at the Armour Institute has been arranged.

The general divisions of the work of the Institute are five in number. First in order of time is the Scientific Academy, with its own faculty and separate course of study. It is purely educational and aims at the harmonious development of the faculties and proper equipment for the work in the Technical College. Its curriculum will be considered later, and it is sufficient to say here that graduation from the Academy fits the

boy or girl for entrance to the freshman scientific course in any university east or west.

The Technical College, for which the Academy is the preparation, is of course the distinctive feature of the Institute. The College comprises five departments:—Mechanical Engineering, Electricity and Electrical Engineering, Chemistry and Chemical Engineering, Architecture, Library Science.

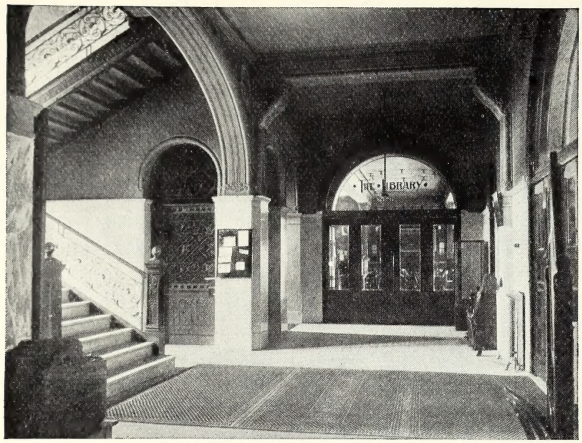
Associated with the above is the department of Kindergartens, which, by the requirements for admission and the grade of work done, is fully as scientific as any other of the departments of the Institute.

It is a noticeable feature of the entire work of the Institute that the departments grade into each other, to form at the end of any one course a connected and harmonious whole, combining the æsthetic and ethical with the technical and practical. Each department is organized and presided over by a director, who arranges and superintends as well as teaches, and the beautiful personal relationship of instructor and pupil is not lost in any sense, nor subordinated to any professional dignity. All the members of the faculty are instructors and in constant touch with the work of their department and the general spirit of the Institution. The government of the whole is in the hands of the directors,—at present, Mr. Philip D. Armour, Mr. J. Ogden Armour, Mr. William J. Campbell, Mr. Philip D. Armour, Junior, John C. Black, — and the officers of the institution, Rev. F. W. Gunsaulus being the president, and Prof. Thomas C. Roney dean of the faculty. The close and helpful and practical relations of the entire management go to make the Institute a coherent, progressive whole, with the definite aim of equipping young people for life æsthetically, socially, ethically and practically.

In the order of time, I have said the Scientific Academy holds the first place. Its function is to prepare for the Technical College, and, incidentally, as stated, it gives the graduate sufficient preparation for the scientific courses of any university. The paucity of really capable preparatory schools in the West is one of the greatest difficulties under which western universities labor, and this fact mainly accounts for the low entrance requirements of the majority of them. To obviate this difficulty the Scientific Academy addresses itself, preparing the student by a four years' course embracing the ordinary high school studies. These branches, however, are taught with a thorough-



PRESIDENT'S OFFICE.



IN THE CORRIDORS.

ness that is not known to the ordinary preparatory school, and the large number of applications for membership has enabled the instructors by entrance examinations thoroughly to winnow the applicants down to those who show by marked ability that their future will be a credit to the school and to their own efforts. In the Academy four courses are offered, three of them requiring four years of study and from fifteen hours to eighteen hours of recitation a week. The fourth course is three years in length and is only allowed by special consent of the faculty. Courses I and II require Latin. Course III admits biology in all three terms of the second year and, in common with Course IV, requires no Latin. The Latin of Course I consists of elementary Latin, Cæsar, Cicero, Virgil, Sallust or Livy, and Horace. Course II requires elementary Latin, Cæsar and Cicero, making a two years' course. Especial emphasis is naturally placed upon mathematics and the training begins with elementary algebra in all courses, carrying through all of them plane geometry, solid geometry, and plane trigonometry. German and French begin in the third year of Courses I, II and III, continuing through the fourth year. Course IV places the modern languages in the second and third years. The English acquired in Course I consists of English analysis, composition and literature; and the historical study embraces Greek, Roman and English history in Course II, and offers about the same amount of English and history in Course III, which however sacrifices Greek and Roman history to civil government and biology. The sciences studied are in Course I: physiography, elementary chemistry, qualitative analysis and physics. Course III adds biology, while Course IV is the same as Course I in its scientific requirements. All the sciences are taught with unusual thoroughness and scientific spirit.

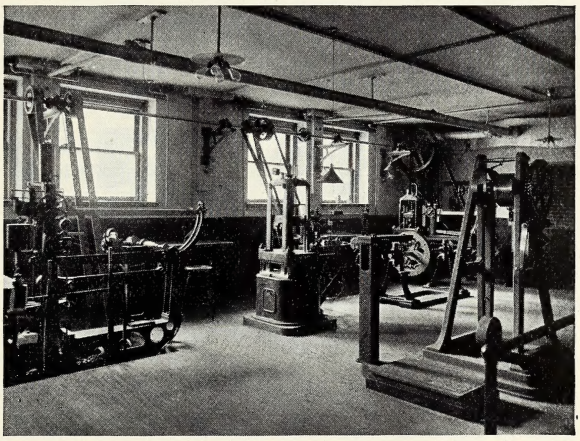
Thus the foundation is laid for the special work that is to be followed in



IN THE LIBRARY.

the Technical College. The facilities of the class and lecture rooms are all that any teacher could ask, and the laboratories are models of convenience and equipment. There is no distinction made as to the general advantage of libraries and laboratories, and the Academy students find every inducement to make all possible use of them.

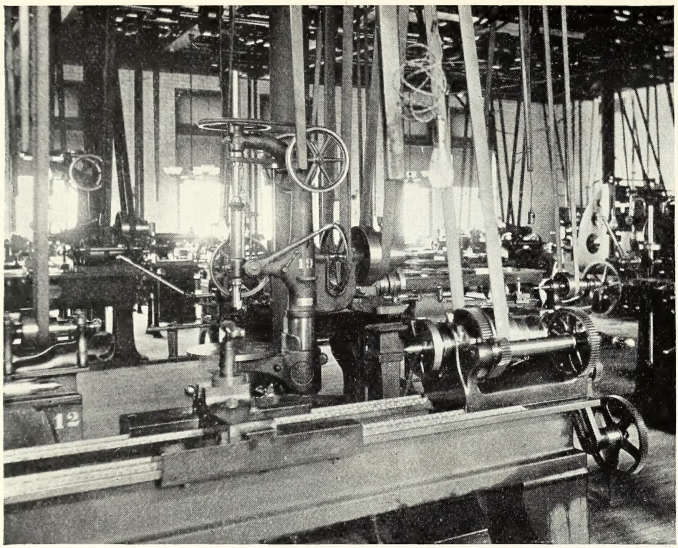
So numerous have been the applications for membership in the Academy that the examinations have grown more severe year by year in order to get the best of the material offered. The thorough democracy of sentiment which marks the Institute as a whole is nowhere felt more distinctly than in the Academy, where, side by side in the class room and shoulder to shoulder in the laboratories, are found the children of wealthy parents and those of the poor, the boy who rides to school on his costly bicycle from a home of elegance and luxury competing for primacy in the class with the youth who walks from the home of the laboring man or the shop-keeper. Colored children are found in the classes, and girls as well as boys. In the Academy, indeed, the girls constitute ninety-five per cent of the whole body, and their scholarship is fully equal to that of the boys, with some conspicuous examples of excellence. No object lesson is more worthy of attention. The boy who will one day be at the head of some large manufacturing plant, works side by side with his future engineer, electrician or chemist. Sets, cliques, social distinctions and prejudices are lost sight of as all eyes are turned upon the guiding star of knowledge, which leads alike the rich and the poor.



MECHANICAL LABORATORY.

The majority of the students finishing the Academy course go into the Technical College, but a few use the acquired equipment for entering other institutions and as preliminary to active life. It is not to be expected that any educational institution of this character can expect *quid pro quo;* but the student in the Academy is not the object of charity. The tuition fee is fifteen dollars a term, or forty-five dollars for the year. This overcomes the feeling of irresponsibility which sometimes accompanies free school work, and at the same time does not exclude any worthy young man or woman who honestly desires the benefits of the Academy. Many opportunities are afforded for self-support and it may be truly said that no one of marked ability has been turned from the door of the Institute on account of poverty.

The Technical College is of course the main feature of the Institution, and towards its perfection all things are made to point. Its work has been steadily advanced until, from any semblance to the manual training or trade school, it has risen to a rank with the technological institutions of the country. No students for advanced work have been admitted, although many applications have been received, so that the summer of 1897 will see the first class graduated.



MACHINE SHOP.

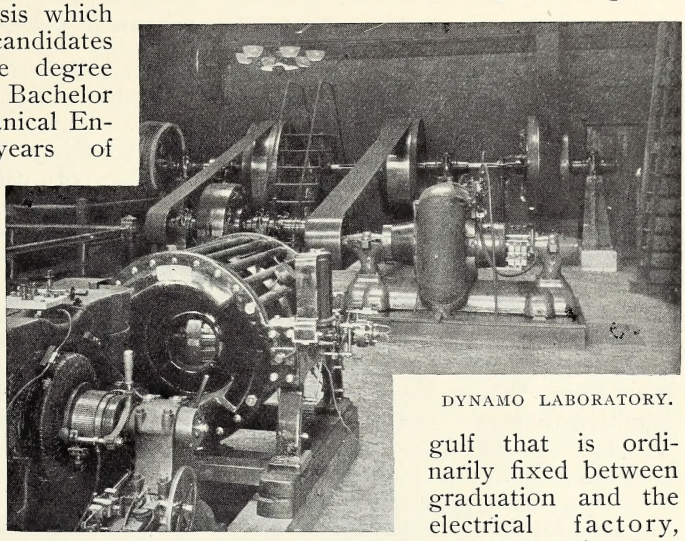
The equipment now required is therefore not complete, nor will it be until the advancing work demands it. Every department is ready to meet new demands and requirements as fast as they present themselves. The basis of the technical education begins of course with mechanical engineering, and a complete course of elementary work is asked from all the men of the freshman class.

In the basement of the building are found the wood-working and blacksmithing shops both under the superintendence of men who are practical masters of these arts and competent teachers as well. The woodworking shop has twenty-one benches and the same number of lathes of the latest pattern. These are constantly in use by sections of the class, who spend ten or more hours a week in learning the use of tools, joining and turning as thoroughly as possible. The first term is devoted to the use of the various implements, while the second and third terms combine pattern-making, turning, joining and general wood-working. It is the object here to give the completest knowledge of details with as full an experience as is possible. Many of the men spend more than the allotted time in woodworking.

The blacksmith shop on the same floor takes the attention of the sophomore class ten hours a week and fits the students for the criticism of forging, welding, tempering, hardening, annealing, and for general judgment of iron and steel. There are twelve forges, a case hardening furnace, annealing furnace and a steam hammer here under the charge of a man whose long experience in a large steel-working concern and years of teaching admirably fit him for the position. Tool making and heavy crank forging are especially dwelt upon as necessities of the well-equipped machinist or electrician. There is an air of business about these departments that dispels any idea of dilettanteism, while the earnestness and thoroughness of the machinist guarantees sufficient opportunity for knowledge of the craft. This practical work is not, however, the only duty of the student. Parallel with it he studies mathematics, beginning the calculus in the first term of the freshman year. The physical sciences and history and English are not neglected, while mechanical drawing absorbs eight hours a week throughout the freshman year. Thus the student is prepared along the several lines of development for larger duties and more diversified work. Thirty hours of instruction are outlined for this first year, with four hours of each week devoted to English history. Sophomore year follows up the mathematics consistently and continues the general line of mechanical drawing, com-

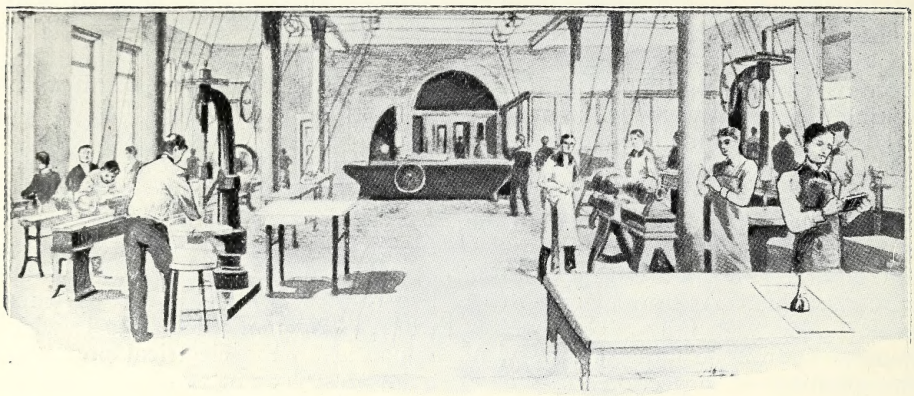
bining theory with practice on the principles of mechanism, forging and tool-making. History and English occupy a little less time than before during the sophomore year, but disappear at this point. The junior year is occupied entirely with the severely technical work,—machine drawing and design, thermo-dynamics, steam engineering in all its ramifications and laboratory work absorbing all the student's time. As now planned, the senior year will follow closely the general line of the junior work, with the addition of inspection visits and reports and the thesis which is required of all candidates for a degree. The degree conferred is that of Bachelor of Science or Mechanical Engineering. Two years of actual engineering work for one year of resident graduate study will be sufficient for the degree of Mechanical Engineer. The excellent facilities for report work afforded by the great manufacturing plants in the city and vicinity make this portion of the student's career one of immense value. The shop for machine tool work is on the main floor of the building and is magnificently equipped with modern appliances. Frequent lectures are given throughout the year on various phases of the business problems presented to every engineer. It is the design at every step to equip a man for the actualities of life. Courses II, III and IV of the Scientific Academy are required for entrance to the department of Mechanical Engineering. As in the Academy, the free basis is eliminated by the tuition charge, which is $60 a year besides a laboratory fee.

Of equal importance with the last described department and of more interest to the average person is the department of Electricity and Electrical Engineering. To admit a student to this, Course II, III or IV of the Scientific Academy is necessary. The degree given is that of Bachelor of Science in Electrical Engineering, with the same general requirements for the degree of Electrical Engineer, namely, two years' non-resident or one year's resident work. The marked emphasis which is placed on the electrical portion of this course is an attempt to bridge the gulf that is ordinarily fixed between graduation and the electrical factory, central station or usual engineering practice. To this end there is put at the very outset a thoroughly competent course in units and instruments with lectures and laboratory practice. This electrical education is rigidly carried through the four years' course, and all archaic methods are studiously avoided.



DYNAMO LABORATORY.

The introduction of calendars in the freshman year makes these available for computation throughout the course. Men from standard colleges may be admitted as freshmen or as sophomores on condition to the Electrical Engineering course, and these applicants for admission to every possible position in the course attest the faith that is shown in the methods



THE MECHANICAL ENGINEERING ROOM.

pursued. In the second year, engineering measurements of precision are prosecuted, using all the previously acquired knowledge, physical and mathematical. In this year the investigation of storage batteries, photometry and like study take up the student's attention twelve hours a week in the laboratory and two hours in the lecture room. The corps of laboratory assistants is large and the facilities are of the latest and best form. No more students are admitted than can be advantageously handled, so that there is no overcrowding; and on the other hand, since the applicants are so numerous the men selected are of an unusually high grade of scholarship. The course is especially adapted to practice, and in spite of all that can be done to the contrary men are continually drawn out for service in the active electrical world. The unusually large demand for equipped men has made this particularly noticeable during the past year. The junior year considers the magnetic qualities of iron and the calibration of instruments, i. e., the measurements of measuring instruments, a process naturally requiring a delicate knowledge of the subject. A study of dynamo and motor is also made and the investigation of alternating currents is begun. To show the practicality of the work, it may be stated that the construction of good-sized, usable dynamos and motors is a part of this work. The machines range from five to thirty horse-power and are capable of use anywhere. Some larger work is now on hand, and construction is constantly going on of instruments both of standard and special type.

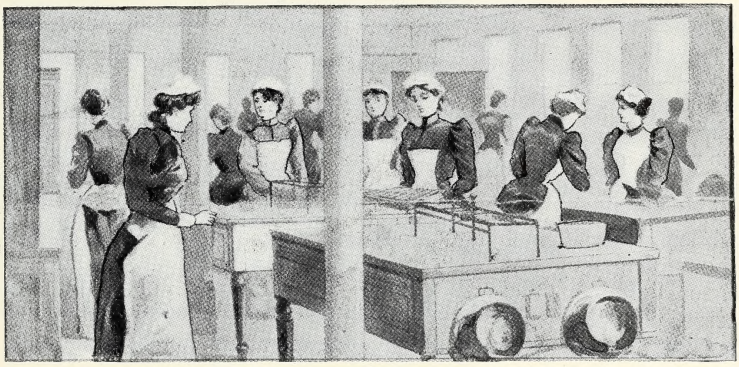
The senior year is to take up polyphase transmission, central station practice, power transmission, and the preparation of the final thesis which crowns the course. Some thesis work has already been done and the results published in the various technical journals. The laboratory work of the department is issued in the regulation style of an engineer's report with drawings and plans illustrating the work. These are printed and bound by the Institute press and will in the course of time form a valuable collection of data. The other work of the electrical course is substantially the same as that in the mechanical engineering department with the lectures and shop practice in electricity outlined above. A powerful electrical projector lantern is used for the lectures, with slides made in the department. So powerful is the lantern that it is not necessary to darken the room for its use.

About this department at the Institute are gathering the electrical and engineering associations of the West,

—the Western Society of Engineers and the American Institute of Electrical Engineers both holding their meetings in the building, and using the apparatus and equipment of the Institute.

The electrical laboratory is furnished with the newest and most efficient apparatus. Much of the material cannot be bought anywhere, and this has been made in the department. Every year will add to the completeness of the outfit and the knowledge of the men who are making it. The rooms are large and commodious, well arranged and capable of further enlargement as necessity demands. The steam plant of the building is an important adjunct to the two departments last mentioned, giving an endless variety of practice. The entire block of apartments known as the Armour Flats is heated by steam from this plant.

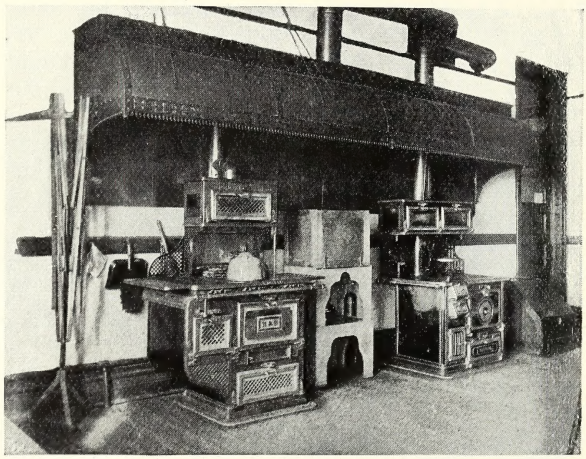
The departments of Mechanical and Electrical Engineering furnish the prime grounds for the incorporation of the Institute as an institute of technology, giving force as they do to the entire work, but the numerically greater importance of other departments is not to be ignored. Logically next to the two departments last described, the youngest of all should be mentioned—the department of Chemical Engineering, which occupies the floor above the electrical laboratories. The equipment here is consonant with that of the other departments, and the work done is of equally high grade. The intent of the Chemical Engineering course is to fit the students for various positions of trust involved in modern industrial chemistry, sanitary science and allied work requiring a knowledge of chemistry far beyond the average capacity of the ordinary graduate. The other requirements for the Chemical Engineering course as far as outlined do not differ materially from those demanded of the student of mechanics or electrical science, with the exception of the mathematical element. This department, more than any other, is awaiting development along the lines that will give the greatest usefulness and best results. The three large laboratories, with every equipment, have a capacity for 200 students, by handling them in sections, and the department attends to the chemical requirements of the Academy as well as of the collegiate and special workers.



THE COOKING CLASS.

The architectural work of the Institute is carried on in connection with the Chicago Art Institute. The testing of material, the mathematical work, and the general scientific education of the candidates are prosecuted at the Institute building, while the more æsthetic architectural culture is found in the Art Institute building, in the heart of the city. Here amid every convenience and surrounded by one of the best collections of designs in the West, the young artist does his draughting and designing. This department is of unusual

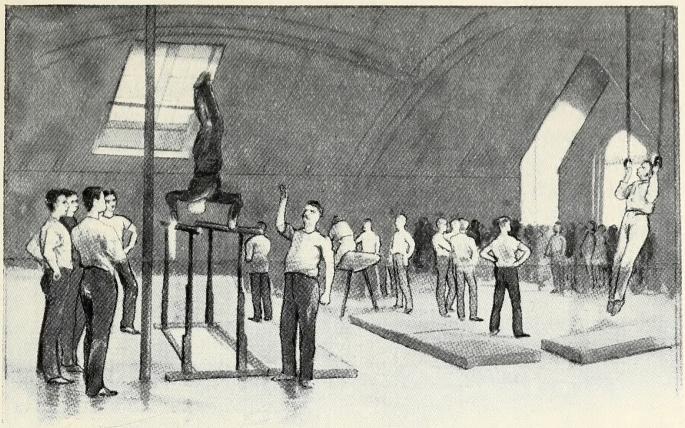
significance from the fact of the rapid growth in the West of taste for more correct architecture and from western loyalty for western men and achievements. There is a great future for the department in the rapidly developing demand of the western central states. The library of the Art Institute is open to all architectural students, having nearly 2,000 books and 20,000 photographs relating to art, 200 books and 1,000 photographs bearing directly on architecture. Courses of lectures are arranged each year by both institutions to supplement the work of the class room and studio, while the class lectures upon the history of painting, perspective, artistic anatomy and the history of sculpture are available for those who are interested. The popular art lectures held at the Armour Institute are largely attended both by students and citizens and pertain to the extension work, which is carried on in a quiet, unostentatious manner.



THE KITCHEN.

For the common use of all departments there is in the fifth story of the Armour Institute building a well-equipped draughting room with table capacity for one hundred students. Here all the mechanical drawing of the students is done, together with such sketching and designing as may occur in the work of the various departments.

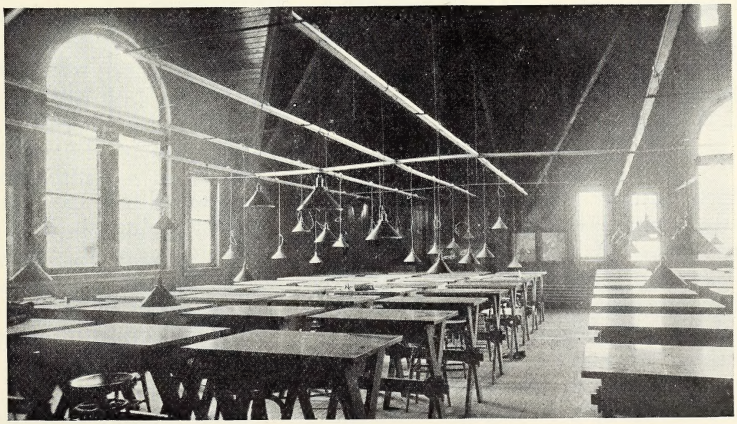
In 1880 there was inaugurated in Chicago a movement which, now incorporated into the work of the Institute, forms one of the most interesting features of the work. Begun as a charity pure and simple, the work of the Free Kindergarten Association has developed into one of the most thorough kindergarten training schools in the country, with an honorable list of graduates doing work in the world and a hundred students now preparing for the field. The present status of the school is that of a department of the Institute, with all the advantages accruing from the connection. The charitable feature is not lost, however, and practical work is required of the students every morning in the various free kindergartens established at different points in the city, from the avenues where the well-to-do families live, to the byways and alleys of the slums. The morning work in the kindergarten is a most important part of the training of the teachers, as well as an activity in a most practical and far-reaching charity. Twenty-three of these kindergartens are superintended by and supplied with teachers from the school; and as two years are required to finish the course, the teacher has an excellent opportunity to follow out a definite line of work to completion. Besides the regular course of study, special lecturers give addresses on subjects related to the work. For this purpose neighboring universities have been liberally drawn upon and the other members of the Institute Faculty prevailed upon to give special



THE GYMNASIUM.

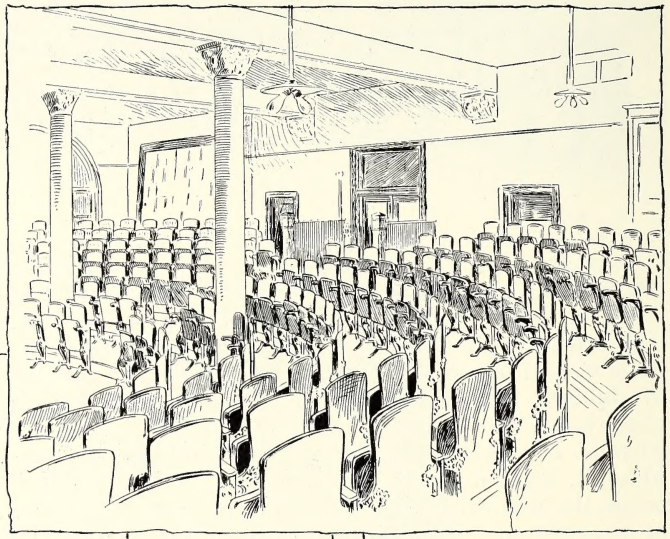
instruction in their respective branches. The library privileges of the Institute are offered to kindergartens, and the work done is attested by diploma from the Institute. The class-rooms and offices of the kindergartens are placed in the Armour Mission, the handsome structure opposite the Institute. Here also is one of the largest kindergartens in the city, affording immediate "clinical" material of varied types.

The only school of Library Science in the central states is the one conducted at the Institute in connection with the excellent library provided by Mr. Armour. The library is the largest room in the building, occupying half of the main floor. The 15,000 well-selected volumes are arranged in twelve alcoves, three of which are devoted exclusively to technical works. The students and others who use the library are allowed to help themselves and go from alcove to alcove without let or hindrance. In spite of this freedom the number of books lost has been so small that it is hardly worth consideration. The public is freely admitted to the library and allowed to share in the convenience of the circulating department when properly guaranteed by responsible parties; of course the people in the immediate neighborhood are the only usual borrowers. There are at present about twenty young women preparing for professional library work by a two years' course. The course covers every phase of library economy, construction, classification, reference work, and bibliography. The main difficulty is in keeping the students for the full time, as opportunities for practice are numerous and an invitation for special work, such as classify-

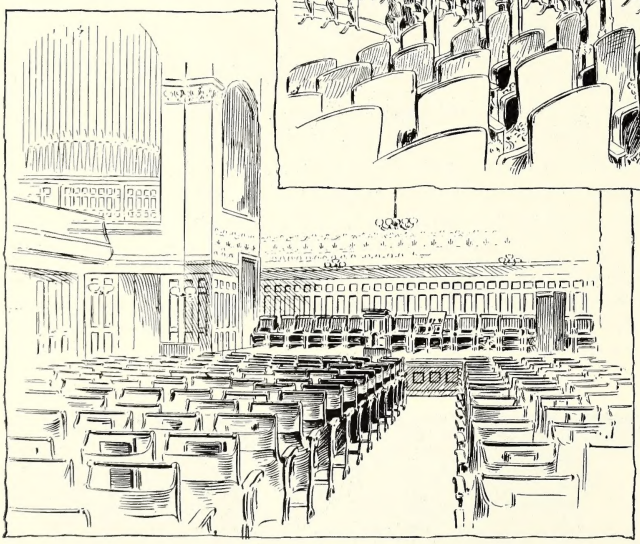


THE DESIGNING ROOM.

ing a library, often ends in a call to the librarianship. A feature of the library school, which is in the main philanthropic, is the "home library" scheme, by which special collections of books are taken into destitute neighborhoods and circulated from some particular home among the residents in the vicinity. These books so circulated are intended especially for the children and young people, but as matter of fact they are as eagerly read by the older as by the younger members of the family. It is naturally asked, "Why does not the public library fill this need? The reply is, that the majority of the people of the class among whom the home libraries do the most good are utterly incapable of selecting reading from the public library, and many do not understand the use and pleasure of books enough to inquire into their value. The home library forces upon their attention individually the books best suited to their intellectual capacity and interests. The volumes sent out are naturally of the character that will appeal to the young and immature mind, while at the same time pure and elevating in tone. History and biography, fairy tales and simple stories of life form the literature circulated most. For a Swedish neighborhood a different selection is made than for a German neighborhood, but all are liberally served with patriotic literature and are gradually educated into the use and enjoyment of the public library. The "home libraries" number about twenty volumes each, paged in neat walnut cases ready for distribution. The library students have charge of these cases and attend to the selection, care, distribution and return of the books. The plan is capable of indefinite extension; and a long trial has demonstrated its usefulness as a means



SCIENCE HALL.



THE CHAPEL.

of educating both the librarian and the reader.

The library is the main study room of the institution, and is an inspiring sight, with its fifty or more tables crowded with the bright, earnest faces of the students. In the library are always displayed one or two masterpieces of painting, whose constant silent influence has increasing power, the young people becoming more and more familiar with the best art as they become possessed of the best knowledge.

Besides the departments described, there are at present housed in the Institute building and working under the Institute management, three distinctively trade schools,—the Cooking School and the Schools of Millinery and of Dressmaking. These departments occupy the fourth floor of the building and are adequately equipped and well attended. In all these lines of work there are to be found working side by side the young woman from the avenue and her future cook or maid, one intent on perfecting the business of her life, the other seeking the housekeeper's necessary knowledge. The millinery and sewing classes are composed mainly of young women who expect to earn their living by means of this work, but in the cooking school the majority is usually on the side of those women who wish to learn how to know whether the servant's work is properly done. The entire work of the kitchen is done by the students, from washing the pots and pans to the preparation of the most delicate dessert, and although objection is sometimes made to the performance of the more menial duties, the service is imperative. The kitchen is a large room pleasantly lighted and separated from the miniature dining room by a wall rising to half the height of the ceiling. Along this wall are hung diagrams of the domestic animals ordinarily used for food. These charts show the various cuts of meat with their relative worth. Along the wall adjoining are arranged cupboards containing dishes, material for cooking and the kitchen service. Cubes of wood are displayed to show the various constituent elements of the human body, and in glass bottles are kept in a liquid state the amounts of various foods requisite for the sustenance of human life under various conditions. This scientific analysis of food products and scale of flesh, strength and fat producing materials form a considerable part of the work of the students. There are found in the kitchen ranges heated both by gas and coal, and the matter of fuel economy is a branch carefully taught. Many young women about to take charge of households of their own embrace these opportunities for learning domestic mysteries; and happy is the man whose future wife wots of scientific as well as practical economy in household affairs. About one hundred and fifty women are enrolled in this department, with half a hundred applicants in waiting. Once a month a luncheon is served the Institute faculty by these proficient pupils, the menu being a matter of competition as well as the table arrangement and setting. For the rest, the products of culinary skill are courageously eaten by the makers.

The Dressmaking and Millinery departments are adjoining, and their purpose is to place within the reach of young women the knowledge necessary to professional success in these arts. Every detail of mending and making is thoroughly taught. Particular attention is given to artistic designing, and the large glass cases in the hall are full of evidences of the skill of those whose busy fingers will afterwards make a livelihood at these occupations. Nearly all of the students in these departments look to the study as preparatory to their life work. The lectures in these three departments are numerous and valuable, especially those given by the members of the chemical department before the Cooking School on the

chemistry of foods and the preparation of foods for invalids and infants. Examinations are held at the end of each term, and certificates are awarded on the successful competition of the courses. The same air of earnestness pervades these departments as pervades the rest of the Institute, and the grade of work is kept as severe and high. There is no reason why the domestic arts should not be possessed by the spirit of modern scientific progress.

Connected with the Institute is an excellent school of music, which has brought together a musical faculty of no mean talent and is the centre of musical culture in the neighborhood. Not the least of the advantages is the series of concerts and recitals held every season for the benefit of the students and the residents of the neighborhood. These occasions are thoroughly enjoyed and are very popular, carrying out to the fullest extent the idea of Dr. Gunsaulus, that the institution shall mold and impress from the æsthetic and ethical standpoint as well as from the industrial and commercial.

On the fifth floor, opposite the draughting room, is a large and completely equipped gymnasium, open to all members of the school. An instructor is in constant attendance to direct the physical training and advise with the students as to the care of their health. Although the work in the gymnasium is not compulsory, the place is in constant use by large and enthusiastic classes. The young women are admitted two afternoons in the week, and their ardor is unremitting.

Although there is not the opportunity nor the necessity for social functions in an institution of this kind which is usually demanded for the average college, social pleasures are by no means an unknown factor in life at the Institute. The college has its class organizations with a well-developed class feeling and occasional festivities such as the busy life permits. Besides these, the "Senate," a literary and technical society among the men, gives opportunity once a week for the display of eloquence and learning acquired in the class room and laboratory. The "Lyceum" among the younger members, in which both men and women participate, meets once a week for the discussion of literary topics. Prominent in the list of society is the "Technical Society," meeting once in two weeks for the discussion of topics relating to the technological problems of the day. This association has reason to be proud of its record; much of its work would do credit to societies of greater pretensions. The transactions at its meetings are to be published regularly, and the original work done will form valuable contributions to the current technical thought of the day, as well as an inestimable help to the members of the society and especially the authors of the papers presented.

The athletes among the young men find time to devote to football and baseball practice, and the Armour Institute teams have won and lost battles gamesomely with the teams of the universities and schools in the vicinity of Chicago. The track athletes put a team into the field, and the gymnasium team compares favorably with similar aggregations of muscle from schools of like size. Athletics, while not absorbing great attention, may be said to have due attention from both faculty and students.

A flourishing glee club of sixteen voices, supplemented by a banjo and mandolin club of twenty instruments, discourses sweet music at intervals during the year. These clubs have been under excellent training and are a credit both to their management and to the institution they represent.

The total attendance at the Institute the first year was 1,050, with applications to the number of 2,500. The present year's enrollment shows an aggregate of about 1,200, with applicants for the Academy and Tech-

nical College to twice the number accommodated.

Born in the thought of a man whose business career has taught him the practical necessities of the age, directed by one who as conspicuously as any other man in the West has prophetic insight into the future of the empire of the Mississippi basin, placed in the metropolis and centre of a rapidly advancing region, the Armour Institute of Technology has entered upon a career the success of which is assured from the start, and its influence and future no man can rightly prophesy. Without any fetter of tradition or local precedent, it stands ready to meet the demands growing up with the development of industry and expanding with the breadth of science.

The faculty which has been gathered at the Institute represents the best of the new scientific thought, both in the special lines followed by the instructors and the methods of work employed. The heads of the departments are: Thomas Cónant Roney, A. M., professor of English literature, dean of the faculty and director of the Scientific Academy; Frank C. Hatch, Sc. D., director of the department of Mechanical Engineering and professor of steam engineering; Wilbur M. Stine, Ph. D., director of the department of Electricity and Electrical Engineering and professor of electricity; James C. Foye, Ph. D., LL. D., professor of chemistry and director of the department of Chemistry and Chemical Engineering; Louis J. Millet, professor of architecture and design and director of the department of Architecture; Miss Katherine L. Sharp, Ph. M., B. L. S., professor of library science and director of the Library School; and Miss Eva B. Whitmore, director of the department of Kindergartens. Working in harmony with the heads of their respective departments are the professors, the assistants and the instructors, to the total number of forty, besides the lecturers who appear before the various departments at stated intervals. The utmost good-will prevails between the departments and all feel the strong directing force that is making the Institute what it is and planning for its future the widest field of usefulness.

At intervals, usually of a week, the Armour Convocation gathers into the chapel of the Mission all the workers of the Institute and as many citizens as may wish to attend, to listen to an address from some distinguished man. The utmost freedom is allowed in choice of topic and in treatment. Among the prominent people who have addressed the convocation have been the late Eugene Field, Hamlin Garland, Archbishop Ireland, William Stead, and others famous in art, letters, church and state; and surely no man need ask a more inspiring audience than these earnest young people whose lives are impressionable, whose sympathies are ready, and whose enthusiasm and capacity for hero-worship are unbounded.

The Institute is touching the life of the city and the neighborhood intimately in every phase of its work, and it is the desire of its management that it should enter into the heart of the community so far as it can without sacrificing the higher end whereunto it was created.

The success of this great enterprise has been due to the definite aim and broad sympathies of the founder and the president. Trained in the school of practical experience, handling one of the largest businesses in the world, touching industrial life at so many points, Mr. Armour has put within the reach of western youth a complete, technical education of the highest grade. An American captain of industry could not rear for himself a more fitting monument. In the elaboration of the scheme, the man who of all others was most competent for the work was found in Dr. Gunsaulus, a man combining in himself

the practical prophet of the twentieth century religious and educational life, the sympathetic poet of human aspirations, and the firm believer in the principle that whatever is good, true and beautiful is also useful. Dr. Gunsaulus is a marvel of versatility—a man the magic of whose eloquence can always fill the largest of Chicago's churches, one who in an interval writes a novel reflecting one of the most important episodes in history, a poet of distinction, and still with such talent for affairs as to be able to attend to the detail of launching and guiding an enterprise like the Armour Institute. With closest attention to detail and with constant ambition to make the Armour Institute the western representative of the new education, no money, time nor intellectual force has been spared, until in three years there has been incarnated here in the Mississippi valley the spirit now so deeply affecting the thought and learning of the world.

A NEW ENGLAND EMIGRATION.

By Max Bennett Thrasher.



HEN we speak of emigration in this country, we usually think only of the western plains; in our mind's eye the emigrant's wagon always travels towards the setting sun. Few stop to think, even if they know, that the line of march here in New England was once northward and that in the memory of men still living whole families spent a week of time in a pilgrimage and still did not go outside the boundaries of a single New England state. When the writer's father, now a man over seventy years old, was a boy, his father, then living in Westminster, Vermont, pulled up stakes as truly as ever a Forty-niner did, and moved nearly his entire family to a town in a northern county of the state. What my father has told me of this journey towards the pole star and of the life of the time has always seemed to me especially interesting for two reasons,—because the incidents connected with the moving were unique in themselves, and because I am convinced that we really know less of the life of the people of New England at that time than at any other. The events which preceded and followed the Revolution, and that war itself, have been fully told in history and fiction. The life of the country since a decade before the Civil War we who live now were a part of or have had told us over and over again; but of the period from 1820 to 1840, when my father grew from boyhood to his majority, much less is known. I shall try to give in his own words, as nearly as may be, the story of his New England emigration.

"My father," so he tells us, "may be said to have been comfortably well off for his time. Our home in Westminster was a frame house, and we lived as well as our neighbors. My father was a blacksmith. I was the youngest of eight children, four boys and four girls. The four boys all followed their father's trade; the three older learned their trade of him. I served my apprenticeship with one of my older brothers. The question has been asked me sometimes, why, if comfortably settled in Westminster, we should have gone into the northern wilderness. The same spirit of unrest was then upon that part of New England which later was to

send so many people west. The northern part of Vermont was settled about 1800, so it was not an absolute wilderness into which we were going. Land was so cheap there as to be practically free. Families had been going there from the southern part of the state for twenty years, and visitors who had come back had brought good reports. One element which entered into the matter, I think, was the rapid spread of the sheep raising industry in the southern part of the state. We hear now of 'coal barons,' and 'sugar kings.' The wool industry was being developed there at that time to a point which was to give that part of the country its 'sheep lords.' The first imported merino sheep to be seen in that part of New England was brought to Westminster. Men counted their flocks by thousands, and as they grew more and more rich in money and sheep, bought farm after farm adjoining their own and turned them into pasturage. Any man who wished to sell could get a fair price for his land and buy more in the northern part of the state for a far less figure. My father caught the fever and went with the others. Fortunately his trade was one which it was easy to move. The anvil and the bellows, a hammer or two, a pair of tongs and a cold chisel were about all he needed. With these he could make the rest of the tools he found necessary. For in those days the blacksmith had to be able to make anything of iron or steel which he or his customers might need. Knives, axes, pitchforks, nails, hoes,—all came out from beneath his hammer. When a keen edge was required, the practised eye of the workman soon came to know just the shade of cherry red the metal must show before it was plunged into the cold bath which was to temper it.

"It was in the fall of 1826 that we moved. Father sold his shop and such property as he had, which he did not wish to take with him. He bought three horses and a single and a double lumber wagon. In these were carried all of the goods we moved, and among those goods we rode. Father and the older ones went in the two-horse wagon in front. Mother drove the single horse and had us younger children with her in the smaller wagon behind. Six of us children were in the party. My oldest brother was already in business for himself, but he followed us a few years later. The next oldest brother was still hired out as a journeyman in a shop in a neighboring town and could not leave at that time. He came the next year, driving two yoke of oxen hitched to a clumsy ox-cart, into which his few belongings were loaded. This double yoke of oxen and cart were the wages which had been paid him for the whole previous year's work as a journeyman blacksmith. It took him eight days to make the trip from Westminster to Orleans County, just the length of the state of Vermont. We with our horses did not go much quicker, being seven days on the road.

"How well I remember that journey! The wagons of those days had no springs. The heavy body sat squarely on the axle. Nor did we children have any seat. Mother had a single seat in the centre of the wagon body, while we children sat flat on the bottom, where we felt every bump over the not too smooth roads, until it was no wonder we were glad to get out and walk up the hills. Speaking of wagon springs, I am led to say that my brother, as much as fifteen years later, made the first pair ever seen in the town where we lived. Springs were then coming into use in southern New England. Some one who had been back there had seen them, and from descriptions my brother built a pair, rude, of course, but immensely improving the wagons of the time.

"There were thus eight persons in our party. Along with us went one of our neighbors with his wife and five children and the same outfit as

ourselves. We made in all fifteen persons, four wagons and six horses. We carried our own food with us. Think what a quantity it must have taken, rye and Indian bread, cold meats, doughnuts, pies made with rye crust and, for us children, cookies. We stopped at night at some one of the many hotels which at that time abounded all over the country. At supper we ate from our own stock of victuals, the landlady furnishing us simply a pot of hot tea. In the cool morning we would have a good hot breakfast in the hotel kitchen to start off with for the day. Last of all, when the horses were hitched up and we were ready to start, the landlord would bring out a big mug of hot flip. The elders of the party drank the greater part of this, but the last few swallows in the bottom of the mug where the sweetening was the thickest were always left for us children to share among ourselves.

"This method of travel by one's own team and carrying food from home survived for many years. Long after that I remember a relative who lived in southern New Hampshire and used to drive every other year to what was then the far western part of New York to visit a brother who lived there. On one of those trips his wife was not well; and, finding the jolt of the wagon making her worse, after they had reached New York State they stopped, hired pasturage for the horses, turned them out, stored the wagon and harnesses, and went on by canal boat. A month later, when the visit was over, they came back the same way, caught the horses and harnessed them, paid for the pasturage, and continued on their homeward way.

"One thing which added to the palatableness of what might otherwise have been our rather dry fare was the milk from our neighbor's cow. Our fellow emigrant had a very good cow, which he was loath to part with, particularly as it was not probable that he could buy another easily or cheaply in the newer country. He accordingly decided to take her along, and for fear that in so long a tramp she would get footsore he had father shoe her as oxen are shod for work. In return for this they were to share her milk with us. The old cow stood the long drive very well, and though she fell off some in her milk, she still gave enough to make it possible that we children could always have a drink.

"Arrived at our new home, father bought land for a farm, cleared, but with no building on it except a log barn. Temporary shelter was found in a house which had been left vacant. The village, like all villages in those days, had been started on the top of the highest hill which the settlers could find. Our house was about half a mile from the village. That winter father built a shop, and later, a house, on his land. Between the farm and the shop he made a good living. Our house was comfortable for those times. It was not of logs, and had four rooms and an attic. I slept in the attic, under a roof so full of cracks that I could look out and see the stars shine. Many a time in the winter I have shaken a snow drift from the coverlet of the bed before I got up. It was a healthy, wholesome life, however, and we were happy. I was the youngest and so much indulged on that account that I did about as I pleased—which was generally to hunt and fish—until I was fifteen years old. At that age I was apprenticed to my older brother as a blacksmith, and the real work of life began for me. I worked three years as an apprentice, my pay being my board and clothes. We began work at seven o'clock, sometimes earlier, in the summer time, and from the twentieth of September to the twentieth of March we worked until nine o'clock every night.

"How cold it used to be sometimes in that attic! We didn't have thermometers then, but in later years, since we have had them, I have often

seen the mercury, in the same town, go down to 40 degrees below zero, and so I suppose it was often as cold as that when we lived in the old house. And it always seemed as if the mornings when I was called out of bed at five o'clock to go to a neighbor's and borrow some fire were the coldest ones. Those were the days when fireplaces reigned supreme. At night the fire was banked up in the back of the fireplace, or a brand covered with ashes, so as to keep some coals until morning with which to start the new fire. Of course there were no matches then. I was man grown before I saw any matches. The first brought there were in shape like those we have now, but they did not light by friction. The end of each was dipped in some chemical, and with the box came a tiny bottle of liquid. When a match was to be lighted, it was dipped in the liquid, and the chemical combination produced combustion. These matches were inconvenient and expensive; and, as I have said, even these were not thought of until long after my boyhood days. We had then a flint and steel, with a piece of punk; but this was slow and not too sure. A quicker way was to flash a bit of powder in the pan of an old flint-lock musket and with this ignite respectively a scrap of tow, birch bark and kindling. But powder was expensive, sometimes entirely wanting; nor was tow always to be had. It came about, then, that when a rotten-hearted brand had failed to live through the night, and father when he got up to build the fire for breakfast found no coals to light it with, the cheapest and the quickest and the easiest way was to call 'the boy' and send him off to a neighbor's to 'borrow' some fire. Easiest for every one but the boy. How I used to hate to get out of bed and start! Our nearest neighbor lived half a mile away. Almost always the road would have drifted full during the night, and in the still continuing starlight I would flounder into the snow half way to my waist. A stock of pieces of hemlock bark was always kept on hand for this emergency. Hemlock bark as it dries curls at the edges so that each piece becomes in shape like a little platter. I would take two of these pieces with me. Between them a few live coals would be placed; and with these glowing in the dim light and warming my numbed fingers I would run back through the snow as fast as I could, so as to get home before the fire died out.

"One thing we did have, which some of our neighbors did not; that was a good supply of dry hard wood. Father always looked out for this, and the stock was cut a year ahead so as always to be dry. I suppose I noticed this the more because not far from us lived a man by the name of Moses Johnson, who, while he was a good man and energetic about the most of his work, was what the people in those days called 'wood shiftless.' He never had any wood got up ahead, but cut one tree at a time and snaked it out, branches and all, into the dooryard. There it lay, with the turkeys roosting in the branches, until, beginning at the butt, he had chopped it all as fast as needed, and never any faster. Many a time have I seen Mrs. Johnson come to the door and, leaning out to get sight of her husband wherever he might be at work, call out: 'A little more wood, Moses.' It takes patience to burn green wood at the best, more to burn it when supplied in this scanty manner; and it became a neighborhood expression: 'As easy as Mrs. Moses Johnson.'"

TOWARDS THE UNKNOWN.

BY JOHN WHITE CHADWICK.

"All look gloomy when we are bearing South, or too much to the West, and all are beaming with joy when we are drifting to the Northward, the farther the better."— *Nansen's "Farthest North."*

SO it is written in brave Nansen's story
Of the good *Fram,* and all the fame and glory
Of those stout hearts who further northward bore
Than any ship had ever been before.

For them the vast unknown had naught of fear;
They yearned for it as for a mother dear
The homesick children absent from her side;
As yearns the bridegroom for the tarrying bride.

They knew how many hitherward had come,
Nor seen again the pleasant things of home,
Nor sent one word of aught that they had found
In any dim, enchanted sea or ground.

Yet still from out the unknown world there came
Voices that seemed to call them each by name:
Voices of bergs that grind and seas that roll,
Tempting and spurning man's imperial soul.

Would that it might be so with us who keep
Our fateful course o'er life's unmeasured deep;
That we, as cheerly, might that mystery hail,
Which is the port of every captain's sail.

What though no soul has ever yet returned
With news of those for whom our hearts have yearned
These many years! Who would not wish to go
Where they have gone, what they have learned to know?

No fear! That great unknown towards which we move
Is the wide sea of God's eternal love.
No ice-bound beauteous desolation there;
But life, more life!—who would not onward fare?

EDITOR'S TABLE.

SENATOR HOAR has earned the gratitude of every New England man and every American by his successful effort to secure the return to us of the manuscript of Bradford's Journal. Soon after the discovery of the manuscript in the Bishop of London's palace at Fulham, now more than forty years ago, Robert C. Winthrop brought the question of restoring the manuscript to the attention of the then bishop of London. A few years later, Mr. Motley, while our minister to England, interested himself in the matter, but his effort was unsuccessful. Other efforts since have been unsuccessful. But a happy fortune attended Mr. Hoar, and what was so difficult to others proved easy to him. It was fortunate in the first place that the bishop of London at the time when Mr. Hoar first urged the matter was so public spirited and sympathetic a man and so good a historical scholar as Frederick Temple—Arnold's successor as master of Rugby and the leader of the writers of the famous "Essays and Reviews"; and it was fortunate in the second place that, when Dr. Temple was made archbishop of Canterbury, in which position his influence in the matter was still so important, he was succeeded in the bishopric of London, the occupancy of Fulham palace and the control of Bradford's manuscript by Dr. Creighton, who, besides being one of the best general historical scholars in England, the founder of the *English Historical Review* and the author of many valuable historical works, was particularly amenable to an appeal like Senator Hoar's for this New England book. For Dr. Creighton—alone, we think, among English bishops—is a corresponding member of the Massachusetts Historical Society. He represented the English Cambridge at the 250th anniversary celebration of Harvard University, and was immediately afterwards elected to membership in the Historical Society. Above almost all Englishmen, therefore, Dr. Creighton had had opportunity to feel and appreciate the sentiment in the New England historical world and understand why this sacred Bradford volume is so dear to us. He was the man of all others to coöperate heartily with Bishop Temple and Senator Hoar; and the happy conjunction has yielded this happy result.

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The story of this manuscript of Bradford's Journal is one of the most extraordinary and romantic in the whole range of literary history. It has been told by Charles Deane in his introduction to the edition of the Journal published by the Massachusetts Historical Society in 1856, and more fully by Justin Winsor in the Proceedings of the Society for 1881. Here we can only glance at the barest facts of the story.

That Governor Bradford had written a careful history of the Plymouth Plantation was well known by the Massachusetts scholars of the colonial time. Morton drew largely from it in preparing his "New England's Memorial," many pages of which are mere transcripts of Bradford. Hubbard used it in writing his "History of New England," and Mather in his "Magnalia," particularly in his biography of Bradford in that work. In 1728, Thomas Prince, the pastor of the Old South Church, famous chiefly for his "Chronological History" and

New England Library, calling on Major John Bradford—the governor's grandson—in Kingston, learned from him that he had lent the volume to Judge Sewall. Major Bradford authorized him to receive the manuscript of Sewall and to make use of it in his history, and also to "lodge" it in the New England Library which he was collecting and which he kept in the "steeple chamber" of the Old South Church. Prince died in 1758, and there is little doubt that this manuscript was in his collection at that time. It is evident that Governor Hutchinson had access to the manuscript in the preparation of his "History of Massachusetts Bay." Speaking of Bradford in his second volume, published in 1767, he says: "His manuscripts show that he was a plain, sensible man." Again: "This manuscript of Bradford is the most ancient memorial relating to this part of the country which is now extant, and it appears from it," etc. And again: "Perhaps the relation of this action by Governor Bradford may afford some light on the controversy. I shall therefore cause it to be inserted in the margin exactly as I find the words and points in his manuscript."

And here we lose sight of the famous manuscript for almost a century; and when it comes to light again, in 1855, when it had long been given up as lost forever, it is in the library of the bishop of London's palace at Fulham on the Thames just above London. How did it get there? Prince had provided in his will, regarding his library, "that no person shall borrow any book or paper therefrom." Hutchinson may therefore have made his use of it in the "steeple chamber." He may have been allowed to take it to his house; and a common theory has been that it went among his books to London when he left Boston in 1774, and, there discovered, was turned over by him to the Bishop of London's library for preservation. The more common theory is that it was taken from the Old South tower during the time when Boston was occupied by the British troops in 1775–76, and carried, upon the evacuation, to England. Two other manuscript volumes, neither of them a book likely to have been in Hutchinson's possession, are in the library at Fulham. Bradford's letter-book, which was likewise in the Prince library, was missing after the evacuation, and the remains of it were found some years later in a grocer's shop in Nova Scotia; and Mr. Winsor's surmise is probably correct, that the other Bradford manuscript went the same way in its journey to England.

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In 1844, Samuel Wilberforce, then bishop of Oxford, published a "History of the Protestant Episcopal Church in America," in which he quoted passages for which he referred as authority to "a Manuscript History of the Plantation of Plymouth, etc., in the Fulham Library." He sent a copy of his book to Edward Everett, then our minister in London, and Mr. Everett read it carefully, making annotations on the very page of the reference; yet this important note does not seem to have aroused his curiosity. In 1848, the Rev. James S. M. Anderson, in his "History of the Colonial Church," expressly referred to this manuscript as Bradford's, going so far in one place as to say that "Prince's Annals of New England are chiefly compiled from this manuscript, which is now in the possession of the bishop of London." Yet this explicit statement strangely enough did not attract the attention of any of our own students of American history nor the attention of any English scholar, not even Joseph Hunter, whose "Founders of New Plymouth," published in 1849, pays such high tribute to Bradford and his history, from which Morton and the rest had drawn. He says of Prince, "He appears to have been acquainted with

writings of Bradford not now known to be in existence"; and adds, "so dangerous it is to allow valuable writings to remain in single copies." "All this," comments Mr. Winsor, "while this precious manuscript was reposing within an easy walk of him, and had been the previous year identified by Anderson in a book published almost under his eyes." Curiously neither Anderson nor Wilberforce appears in Hunter's footnotes among the books he consulted. Wilberforce's book was reprinted in New York this same year, 1849, the telltale note holding its place; but six years were still to pass before any American scholar was to detect its meaning and importance.

In 1855 Mr. John Wingate Thornton, the well known historical scholar, found a copy of Bishop Wilberforce's book in Burnham's antiquarian book store in Boston. He noticed the passages regarding Pilgrim history, and he noticed the reference to the manuscript at Fulham. He marked the reference and left the book at his office for his friend, Mr. John S. Barry, who was then preparing his "History of Massachusetts." Mr. Barry immediately recognized the language as that of Bradford, and believed that the long-lost manuscript was discovered. He brought the matter to the attention of Mr. Samuel G. Drake and Dr. Nathaniel B. Shurtleff, and then of Mr. Charles Deane. Mr. Deane at once wrote to Joseph Hunter in London, who placed himself in communication with the bishop of London, and the manuscript was quickly identified as Bradford's history. An accurate copy was made for the press under Mr. Hunter's supervision; and this was published by the Massachusetts Historical Society in 1856, with an introduction and valuable notes by Mr. Deane. Last year a complete reproduction by photo-lithography in facsimile from the original manuscript was published in London by Messrs. Ward and Downey, with an introduction by Mr. John A. Doyle, the well known writer upon our American colonial history. The American publishers of this magnificent reproduction are Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

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Senator Hoar gives the following interesting account of his interview with the Bishop of London, then Dr. Temple, at Fulham palace last year, as a result of which Bradford's manuscript comes back to us:

"The bishop received me with great courtesy, showed me the palace, and said that that spot had been occupied by a bishop's palace for more than a thousand years. After looking at the volume and reading the records on the fly leaf, I said:

" 'My lord, I am going to say something which you may think rather audacious. I think this book ought to go back to Massachusetts. Nobody knows how it got over here. Some people think it was carried off by Governor Hutchinson, the Tory governor; other people think it was carried off by British soldiers when Boston was evacuated. But in either case the property would not have changed. Or if you treat it as booty, in which case, I suppose, by the law of nations ordinarily property does change, no civilized nation in modern times applies that principle to the property of libraries and institutions of learning.'

" 'Well,' said the bishop, 'I did not know you cared anything about it.'

" 'Why,' said I, 'if there were in existence in England a history of King Alfred's reign for thirty years written by his own hand, it would not be more precious in the eyes of Englishmen than this manuscript is to us.'

" 'Well,' said he, 'I think myself it ought to go back, and if it depended on me, it would have gone back before this. But the Americans who have been here—many of them have been commercial people—did not seem to care much about it, except as a curiosity. I suppose I ought not to give it up on my own authority. It belongs to me in my official capacity, and not as private or personal property. I think I ought to consult the archbishop of Canterbury. And, indeed,' he added, 'I think I ought to speak to the Queen about it. We should not do such a thing behind her majesty's back.'

"I said: 'Very well. When I go home I will have a proper application made from some of our literary societies and ask you to give it consideration.'

"I told Mr. Bayard, our ambassador, the story. He entered with great interest into the matter. He came down to the train when I left London for the steamer at Southampton, and told me again he would gladly do anything in his power to forward it. When I got home I communicated with Secretary Olney about it, who took a kindly interest in the matter, and wrote to Mr. Bayard that the administration desired he should do everything in his power to promote the application. The matter was then brought to the attention of the councils of the American Antiquarian Society, the Massachusetts Historical Society, the Pilgrim Society of Plymouth and the New England Society of New York. These bodies appointed committees to unite in the application. Governor Wolcott was also consulted, who gave his hearty approbation to the movement, and a letter was dispatched through Mr. Bayard. Meantime, Bishop Temple, with whom I had my conversation, had himself become archbishop of Canterbury, and in that capacity primate of all England. His successor, the Rev. Dr. Creighton, had been the delegate of John Harvard's college to the great celebration at Harvard University, on the 250th anniversary of its foundation in 1886. He had received the degree of doctor of laws from the university, had been a guest of President Eliot, and had received President Eliot as his guest in London. He is an accomplished historical scholar and very friendly in sentiment to the people of the United States. So, by great good fortune, the two eminent ecclesiastical personages who were to have a powerful influence in the matter, were likely to be exceedingly well disposed. Dr. Benjamin A. Gould, the famous mathematician, was appointed one of the committee of the American Antiquarian Society. He died suddenly just after a letter to the bishop of London was prepared and about to be sent to him for signing. He took a very zealous interest in the matter. The letter formally asked for the return of the manuscript, and was signed by the following named gentlemen: George F. Hoar, Stephen Salisbury, Edward Everett Hale, Samuel A. Green, for the American Antiquarian Society; Charles Francis Adams, William Lawrence, Charles W. Eliot, for the Massachusetts Historical Society; Arthur Lord, William M. Evarts, William T. Davis, for the Pilgrim Society of Plymouth; Charles C. Beaman, Joseph H. Choate, J. Pierpont Morgan, for the New England Society of New York; Roger Wolcott, Governor of Massachusetts. I also wrote private letters to the archbishop and his successor, Bishop Creighton. This is the whole story. The manuscript, I suppose, will be delivered to the American ambassador, or, if it happen before Mr. Hay's arrival, to the person in charge of the embassy. It will then be sent to the President of the United States, and by him transmitted to Governor Wolcott. I believe I have never in my life done anything in the slightest degree to promote my own appointment to any public office whatever. But I have so far become an office-seeker as to ask President McKinley to permit me to act as the messenger to convey this precious document to Massachusetts. He has kindly promised that he will do so. So, if I live, and there be faith in princes, I shall have one of the most delightful public honors which could possibly be conferred on any son of Massachusetts."

* * *

Bradford's "History of the Plymouth Plantation" may properly be called—more strictly when put together with Winthrop's history—our New England Old Testament. It is the Genesis, Exodus, Joshua and Judges of the Plymouth settlement. It begins "at ye very roote and rise of ye same," the troubles and persecutions attending the Puritan beginnings, and the growth in particular of the Scrooby congregation under Brewster, Clifton and Robinson. The flight to Holland, the fortunes of the little congregation in Amsterdam and Leyden, the causes of the removal to New England, the voyage of the *Mayflower*, the settlement at Plymouth—all these subjects have their full chapters; and then we have the annals of the colony down to 1646, more than a quarter of a century.

Bradford tells us that he began his history "about the year 1630, and so pieced up at times of leisure afterwards." It is an interesting coincidence that Governor Winthrop, whose "History of New England" performs the same service for the Bay colony which Governor Bradford's history performs for the Plymouth colony, should also have begun the writing of his history in 1630 and continued it to almost precisely the same time when Bradford breaks off. It is singularly fortunate and notable that the two great governors of the two Massachusetts colonies, the men who

did the most and knew the most about the settlements, should have become the historians of the colonies, and that both histories should be works of such rare accuracy, impartiality and excellence. It is an interesting fact that the third volume of Winthrop's history, long lost, was finally found in the tower of the Old South Meeting House, where, like Bradford's history, it had been kept in Prince's New England Library.

* * *

William Bradford was born at Austerfield, a little village in Yorkshire, in 1589, about two years after John Winthrop was born near Groton in Suffolk. While yet a youth he became a member of Brewster's little congregation at Scrooby, near by; and in 1608 he escaped with the others to Holland, and became a leading member of the church at Leyden, taking an active part in the removal to New England in 1620. Upon Carver's death, in 1621, he was elected to succeed him as governor; and he continued to hold this office, with two slight breaks, to the time of his death, in 1657.

We have several works by Bradford besides his History and Letter Book. In conjunction with Edward Winslow, he wrote "A Diary of Occurrences," covering the first year of the colony, which may be found in the Massachusetts Historical Society's *Collections,* viii and xix. His letters to Winthrop are printed in the Massachusetts Historical Society's *Collections,* fourth series, volume vi. He wrote three important historical "Dialogues." The First Dialogue, or "sum of a conference between some young men born in New England and sundry ancient men that came out of Holland and Old England," was first printed in 1648. It was copied by Morton and reprinted by Young in his "Chronicles," and it has recently been added to the series of Old South Leaflets, in which there also appears Bradford's memoir of Elder Brewster, from his history. This First Dialogue is of the highest historical value, giving fuller accounts than we have elsewhere of many of the first English Independents. The Second Dialogue is lost. The Third Dialogue, "concerning the Church and the Government thereof," a comparative discussion of Episcopacy, Presbyterianism and Congregationalism, was published in the *Proceedings* of the Massachusetts Historical Society for 1870.

The great Plymouth governor was also a poet. Many of the old New England fathers had an itching for versifying; and very bad verses most of them wrote. Bradford's verses were no worse and no better than others. We have his "Account of New England in Verse," his "Word to New England," his "Word to New Plymouth," and his "Word to Boston." Perhaps the closing lines of his "Account of New England," which is his longest poem, will give as good an idea as any others of his quality as a poet.

"When I think on what I had often read,
How, when the elders and Joshua were dead,
Who had seen those great works, and them could tell,
What God had done and wrought for Israel,
Yet they did soon forget and turn aside,
And in his truth and ways did not abide,
But i' the next age they did degenerate,—
I wish this may not be New England's fate.
O you therefore that are for to succeed,
To this fair precedent give you good heed,
And know that, being warned, if you do not,
But fall away, God's wrath 'gainst you'll be hot.
For if he spared not those that sinned of old,
But into the hands of spoilers them sold,
How can you think that you should then escape,
That do like them, and will no warning take."

* * *

But if Bradford was a poor poet, he was an excellent historian, and this not only with respect to his invaluable contributions of fact, but in point of

literary strength and charm. There is a simplicity, a sincerity, a sturdiness and a directness in his pages which reminds us of Bunyan and of the writer of Deuteronomy. In not a few passages there is a naïve pathos which is hardly short of Homeric. Such a passage is that in which, when the Mayflower has cast anchor in Cape Cod Bay in the dead of winter, the writer pauses to reflect upon the fortunes of the little company, upon what lay behind and what lay before:

"Being thus arrived in a good harbor and brought safe to land, they fell upon their knees & blessed ye God of heaven, who had brought them over ye vast & furious ocean, and delivered them from all ye periles & miseries thereof, againe to set their feete on ye firme and stable earth, their proper elemente. And no marvell if they were thus joyefull, seeing wise Seneca was so affected with sailing a few miles on ye coast of his owne Italy; as he affirmed, that he had rather remaine twentie years on his way by land, then pass by sea to any place in a short time; so tedious & dreadfull was ye same unto him.

"But hear I cannot but stay and make a pause, and stand half amazed at this poore peoples presente condition; and so I thinke will the reader too, when he well considers ye same. Being thus passed ye vast ocean, and a sea of troubles before in their preparation (as may be remembered by yt which wente before), they had now no friends to wellcome them, nor inns to entertaine or refresh their weatherbeaten bodys, no houses or much less townes to repaire too, to seeke for succoure. It is recorded in scripture as a mercie to ye apostle & his shipwraeked company, yt the barbarians shewed them no smal kindnes in refreshing them, but these savage barbarians, when they mette with them (as often will appeare) were readier to fill their sids full of arrows then otherwise. And for ye season it was winter, and they that know ye winters of yt cuntrie know them to be sharp & violent, & subjecte to cruell & feirce stormes, deangerous to travill to known places, much more to serch an unknown coast. Besids, what could they see but a hidious & desolate wildernes, full of wild beasts and willd men? and what multituds ther might be of them they knew not. Nether could they, as it were, goe up to ye tope of Pisgah, to vew from this wilderness a more goodly cuntrie to feed their hops; for which way soever they turnd their eys (save upward to ye heavens) they could have litle solace or content in respecte of any outward objects. For sumer being done, all things stand upon them with a wetherbeaten face; and ye whole countrie, full of woods & thickets, represented a wild & savage heiw. If they looked behind them, ther was ye mighty ocean which they had passed, and was now as a maine barr & goulfe to seperate them from all ye civill parts of ye world. If it be said they had a ship to sucour them, it is trew; but what heard they daly from ye mr. & company? but yt with speede they should looke out a place with their shallop, wher they would be at some near distance; for ye season was shuch as he would not stirr from thence till a safe harbor was discovered by them wher they would be, and he might goe without danger; and that victells consumed apace, but he must & would keepe sufficient for themselves & their returne. Yea, it was muttered by some, that if they gott not a place in time, they would turne them & their goods ashore & leave them. Let it also be considered what weake hopes of supply & succoure they left behinde them, yt might bear up their minds in this sade condition and trialls they were under; and they could not but be very small. It is true, indeed, ye affections & love of their brethren at Leyden was cordiall & entire towards them, but they had little power to help them or themselves; and how ye case stode betweene them & ye merchants at their coming away, hath allready been declared. What could now sustaine them but ye spirite of God & his grace? May not & ought not the children of these fathers rightly say: Our faithers were Englishmen, which came over this great ocean, and were ready to perish in this willderness; but they cried unto ye Lord, and he heard their voyce, and looked on their adversitie, &c. Let them therfore praise ye Lord, because he is good, & his mercies endure for ever."



LAKE MOHONK AND THE MOHONK HOUSE.

THE

NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE.

NEW SERIES. JUNE, 1897. VOL. XVI. NO. 4.

ELIHU BURRITT,—THE LEARNED BLACKSMITH.

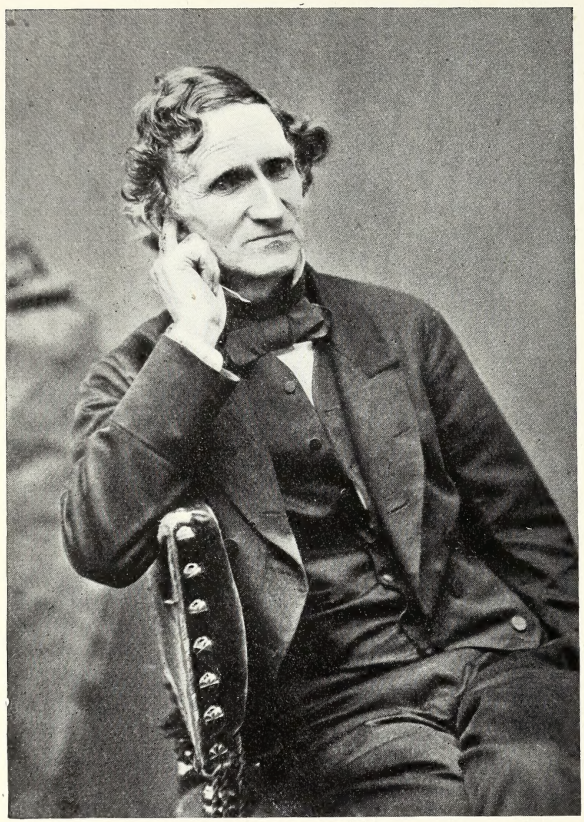
By Ellen Strong Bartlett.

"Kindness is the music of good will to men, and on this harp the smallest fingers may play heaven's sweetest tunes on earth."—*Elihu Burritt.*

BEHOLD a little child taking up life in a plain, New England family as last and least, coming to a lot of toil and comparative poverty, destined apparently to a career no greater than that of honest mediocrity; and, sixty-nine years later, look at an honored man, laying down that life enriched and adorned so gracefully by culture and character that all the world of letters and of philanthropy joined in his requiem! What intervening events and environment drew forth the end from the beginning?

The little Elihu Burritt inherited no promise of gifts greater than those of nine brothers and sisters; his environment was that of hundreds of his generation. His birthplace, since burned, was a small story and a half house; and yet he was to stand before great men in palaces and council halls. Text-books of foreign languages were so rare that, about that time, George Ticknor sent from Boston to New Jersey to borrow the only known copy of a German grammar in the United States; and yet this little boy was to accumulate European and Asiatic vocabularies till the world wondered. Letters were carried with such slowness and expense that letter writing had become a fine art and the postal revenue was a trifle; yet this little boy was to gain for the nations the boon of ocean penny postage. During his childhood the war of 1812 was filling the nation with discord and was calling forth afresh the horrors of bloodshed on land and sea; the carnage and the splendor of Napoleon were appalling the world; yet this little boy was to traverse those scenes of warfare as an envoy of the League of Universal Brotherhood and was to scatter abroad the "Olive Leaves" which prepared the way for such arbitration as that of the Geneva Tribunal and the High Joint Commission.

In that far away, beginning-of-the-century time, life must have showed the rough and seamy side. It had lost the poetic and heroic charm of the colonial and revolutionary periods, and was enduring the strain of a time of bombast and self-sufficiency without grandeur of aim. The sturdy old New England stock was equal to the strain. Elihu Burritt had a mother of the fine, typical character, strong and sweet, which we are all proud to call American. She exerted a Christian influence over her children, an influence whose



Elihu Burritt

effect, doubtless, was seen in the "Barn Chapel," many years later; she was said to be able to "turn her hand to anything," a versatility which appeared often in her youngest son, notably when he placed his Greek book over the forge and hammered Greek verbs into his memory between the blows on the anvil. In her dooryard the mulberry flourished, giving food to the silk worms to which one room was devoted; in after years Elihu's journal speaks of her as "spinning and knitting" silk stockings for him. The carefully tended morning-glories and borders gave evidence of an inborn love of beauty, which led her son, long after, to linger with delight over the wealth of blossoms in old England.

Elihu bore the name of both father and grandfather,—and both had served in the Revolutionary army. The occupations of the father of this patriarchal family were not monotonous, for he was a farmer in summer, a shoemaker in winter. People in those days did not let grass grow under their feet, and they were happy in their simple activities. Probably a great deal of "high thinking" was done in that family in those fireside days, while the boys and girls were paring apples and knitting stockings. Then Elihu began his lessons in energy, industry and persistence.

Nature spread her book of beauty before the boy's eyes, and he learned the lessons well. New Britain was then a little village which had not long been set off from the not attractively named "Great Swamp"; but it was really a child of Farmington, so aptly called by Mr. Warner "the abode of elegant leisure and aristocratic recollections," and intercourse between the two settlements involved many enchanting views from the brink of the intervening hills. Long after, at the centennial celebration of the erection of the Farmington church, Elihu Burritt described his first view of the Farmington valley.

"When I made my first journey to Farmington, I stepped off the whole distance with a pair of legs not much longer than those of a carpenter's compass. On the whole site of our city there were hardly a dozen dwelling houses to be seen, and those were of very ordinary structure and

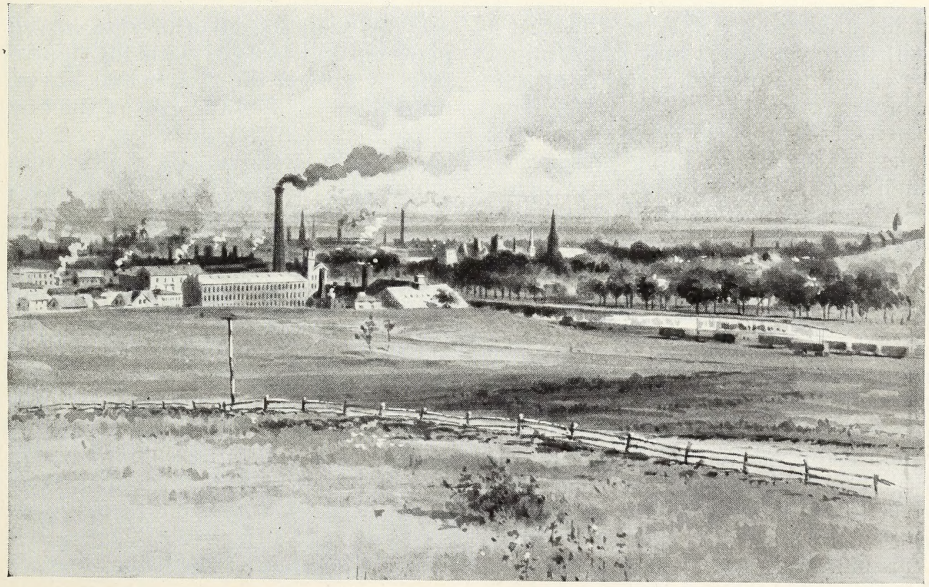
aspect. I shall never forget the feeling of awe and admiration which the first sight of Farmington produced in my child's mind. After the longest walk I had ever made on my small bare feet, we came suddenly upon the view of this glorious valley and of the largest city I had ever conceived of. I was smitten with wonder. I dared not go any further, though urged by my older brothers. I clambered up the Sunset Rock, and sitting down on the edge with my feet over the side, I looked off upon the scene with a feeling like that of a man just coming in view of Rome and its St. Peter's. I had never before seen a church with a steeple, and measuring this above us with a child's eye, it seemed to reach into the very heavens. This steeple crowned all the wonders I saw; I sat and gazed at it until my brothers returned to me."*

Then he described most humorously his fancies about the "brass rooster" which seemed to look right into heaven, and his wish to try that lofty post.

His was not the only eye that saw beauty in his native town. Said the first President Dwight: "No township within my knowledge which does not border upon the ocean, or lake, or large river is equally beautiful with this. The noble bluff of the Blue Mountains in Southington, is at the distance of ten miles; Farmington, west, five miles; West Mount, fifteen; and the peak of Mt. Tom, forty-five. The basin itself is a scoop of singular beauty and elegance." In this bright scenery the picture gallery was always open, and the thoughtful boy studied the varied canvas so well that in later years he could paint nature vividly with his pen.

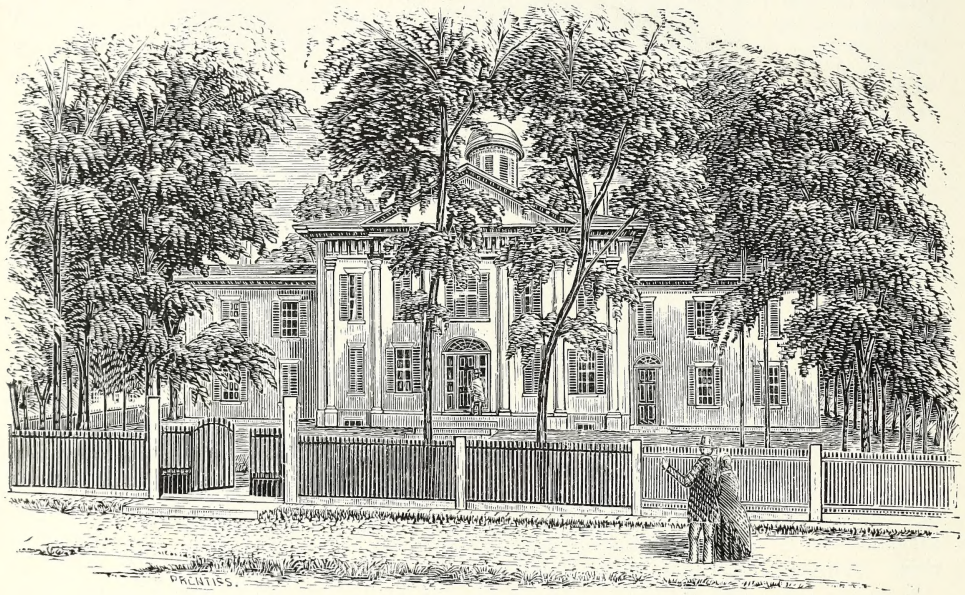
Life may have been primitive, but it did not lack stimulating adjuncts. If necessity be the mother of invention, truly her New Britain children are many and should bless her for calling them into being. Active minds were on the alert to find some new, cheap, and easy way of doing old, costly and hard tasks; they produced that which they wished to find; and the results of that inventive industry were soon seen in a brisk and growing village, now a thriving manufacturing city, which boasts of making "almost everything" and of appearing very often in lists of "patents granted." One man who remembered beginning business by making brass goods in quantities such as

*See the illustrated article on Farmington by William Potts in the *New England Magazine* for May, 1897.



NEW BRITAIN, CONN., THE BIRTHPLACE OF ELIHU BURRITT.

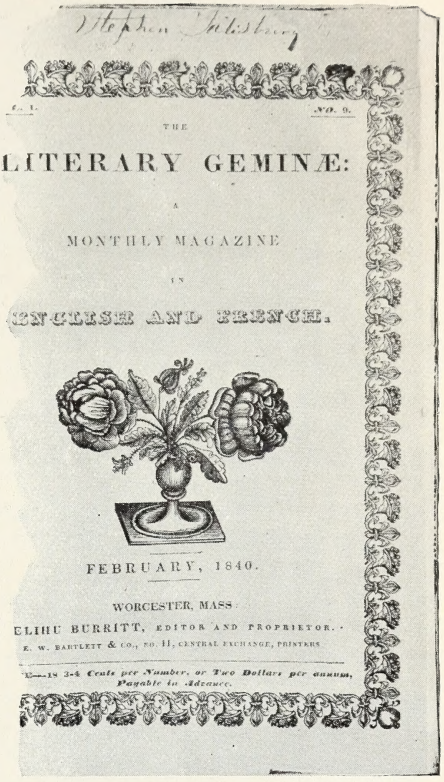
could be transported and delivered by himself on horseback, lived to see his name honoring a large manufactory employing hundreds of men. Amid all this sharpening of brains, men made their motto, "Where there's a will there's a way"; and Elihu might be called one of the inventors of self-education.



OLD LIBRARY OF THE ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY, WORCESTER, MASS.

Then the mental atmosphere was refreshed by the inspiring presence of such men as Dr. Smalley, a preacher and theologian of no small repute and influence. He was the disciple of Dr. Bellamy, the master of Dr. Emmons, and managed, during a long career as ecclesiastical monarch of his own and neighboring churches, to grow famous and rich,—in spite of six daughters and a salary of "£60 and 20 cords of firewood." His death occurred when Elihu was ten years old, and the little boy, who probably seldom toiled over the hills and dreamed about the golden vane of the impressive Farmington house of God, must often have dangled his feet and puzzled his brains in that New Britain meeting house, which is tersely described as having resembled "a nice large barn." The galleries with high corner pews, the sounding-board, and the monumental pulpit, garnished like an *epergne*, with the favorite vine carved in wood and painted with the appropriate colors of the grapes and leaves, must have claimed the eyes of the boy while his brain was puzzling over the formidable Calvinistic doctrines which Dr. Smalley, as undaunted keeper, dared to exhibit to public view once a week on Sunday. The sermons were from one to two hours long, during which time all were expected to stand. Perhaps some evidence of the theological bent given to his mind by these powerful pulpit performances may be seen in the "Voice from the Back Pews,"—a work published without his name in England, but to which he must refer when he says in a letter to a friend: "I have just finished the most elaborate, serious and responsible literary work of my life. I am very anxious that the views and sentiments it pre-

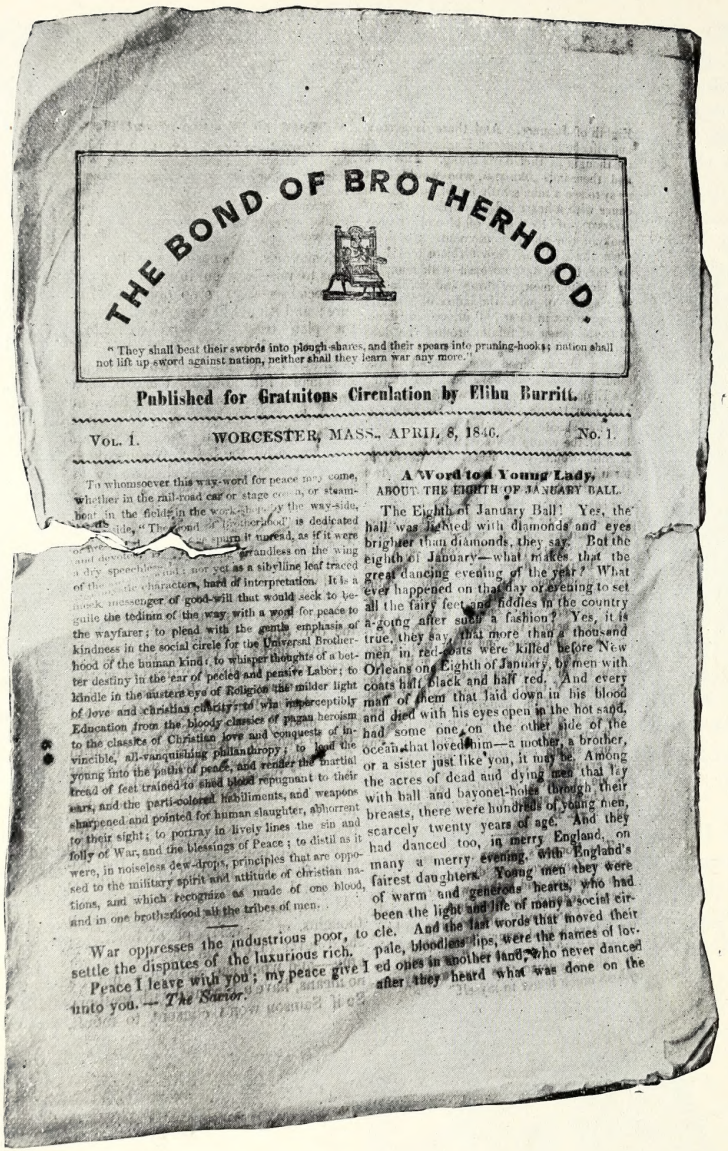
sents may stand or fall on their own intrinsic merits or demerits alone. I feel grateful that I have been spared to produce a work which embodies my most serious thoughts for thirty years on the most serious subject that can occupy a man's mind in the world. I know not what will befall it; I most devoutly hope and pray that it may do no hurt to any human soul." In the volume thus conscientiously put forth, he takes up the Bible stories, divesting them of the imaginative additions made by men; and sometimes, in spite of his reverent attitude, the result is rather startling. For instance, he thinks that Milton rather than Moses has given the keynote to sermons about the creation. It seems evident to him that the plain meaning of the Bible account is that the earth was carefully and slowly prepared for man's use. He objects to the unceremonious way in which writers have put their own thoughts into the mouth of the Almighty—an objection, you perceive, of a worshiper, not of an apologist.


THE
LITERARY GEMINÆ:
A
MONTHLY MAGAZINE
IN
ENGLISH AND FRENCH.
FEBRUARY, 1840.
WORCESTER, MASS.
ELIHU BURRITT, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
E. W. BARTLETT & CO., NO. 11, CENTRAL EXCHANGE, PRINTERS.
18 3-4 Cents per Number, or Two Dollars per annum, Payable in Advance.

Before he was sixteen years old came the long sickness of his father, followed by death, and on Elihu devolved much of the care of the sick man, besides the support of the family. Even at the close of fourteen hours of work, he often managed to give time to books. His mother often spoke feelingly of his love and devotion to his parents as worthy of the promised blessing.


ONE OF BURRITT'S WORCESTER HOMES.

At sixteen he became apprentice of a blacksmith, a trade which then included the practice of the arts of the locksmith, the wheelwright, etc. The prospect was not bright just then for the epithet "learned." But the taste and the ambition for study were not to be beaten out on the anvil. Propped above the forge soon appeared his favorite poets, Thomson, Scott, Moore, borrowed from the village library, and so lovingly studied that his remarkable memory treasured whole cantos. Blessings on those village



THE BOND OF BROTHERHOOD.

"They shall beat their swords into plough-shares, and their spears into pruning-hooks; nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more."

Published for Gratuitous Circulation by Elihu Burritt.

VOL. 1. WORCESTER, MASS., APRIL 8, 1846. No. 1.

To whomsoever this way-word for peace may come, whether in the rail-road car or stage coach, or steamboat in the fields in the work-shop or by the way-side, beside, "The Bond of Brotherhood" is dedicated [illegible] grandless on the wing a dry speechless [illegible] nor yet as a sibylline leaf traced of the [illegible] characters, hard of interpretation. It is a quick messenger of good-will that would seek to beguile the tedium of the way with a word for peace to the wayfarer; to plead with the gentle emphasis of kindness in the social circle for the Universal Brotherhood of the human kind; to whisper thoughts of a better destiny in the ear of pecled and pensive Labor; to kindle in the austere eye of Religion the milder light of love and christian charity; to win imperceptibly Education from the bloody classics of pagan heroism to the classics of Christian love and conquests of invincible, all-vanquishing philanthropy; to lead the young into the paths of peace, and render the martial tread of feet trained to shed blood repugnant to their ears, and the parti-colored habiliments, and weapons sharpened and pointed for human slaughter, abhorrent to their sight; to portray in lively lines the sin and folly of War, and the blessings of Peace; to distil as it were, in noiseless dew-drops, principles that are opposed to the military spirit and attitude of christian nations, and which recognize as made of one blood, and in one brotherhood all the tribes of men.

War oppresses the industrious poor, to settle the disputes of the luxurious rich.

Peace I leave with you; my peace give I unto you. — *The Savior.*

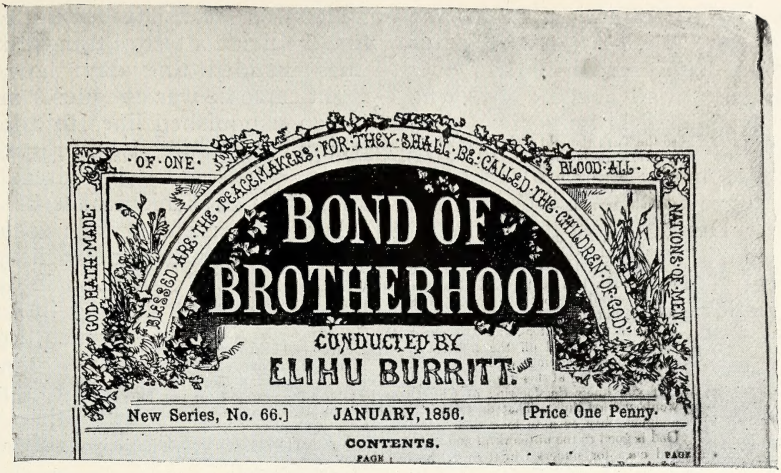
A Word to a Young Lady.

ABOUT THE EIGHTH OF JANUARY BALL.

The Eighth of January Ball! Yes, the hall was lighted with diamonds and eyes brighter than diamonds, they say. But the eighth of January—what makes that the great dancing evening of the year? What ever happened on that day of evening to set all the fairy feet and fiddles in the country a-going after such a fashion? Yes, it is true, they say, that more than a thousand men in red coats were killed before New Orleans one Eighth of January, by men with coats half black and half red. And every man of them that laid down in his blood and died with his eyes open in the hot sand, had some one on the other side of the ocean that loved him—a mother, a brother, or a sister just like you, it may be. Among the acres of dead and dying men that lay with ball and bayonet-holes through their breasts, there were hundreds of young men, scarcely twenty years of age. And they had danced too, in merry England, on many a merry evening, with England's fairest daughters. Young men they were of warm and generous hearts, who had been the light and life of many a social circle. And the last words that moved their pale, bloodless lips, were the names of loved ones in another land, who never danced after they heard what was done on the

libraries, and on their collections of standard authors! To them we owe a whole generation of men of healthy taste and thought, which the modern diet of spiced and sugared confections called books will hardly reproduce.

Then, too, over the forge appeared the Latin grammar, and the arithmetic and algebra. Those strengtheners were taken straight in those days, and the difference between "before and after taking" would astonish any modern advertising columns. His mathematical talent sought exercise in solving mentally such cheerful problems as, "How many yards of cloth, three feet wide, cut into strips an inch wide, and allowing half an inch at each end for the laps, would it require to reach from the centre of the earth, and how much would it all cost at a shilling a yard?" Such ques-



tions were worked without the aid of a single mark, and the computations were held in memory until they could be dictated to his brother, who wrote them on a slate and proved their correctness. His mind was turned at that time decidedly to mathematics, and his highest hope was to become a surveyor.

One more very important element in Elihu's development was his brother Elijah, the oldest of the family, himself a typical man, of a more heroic cast than Elihu. Of a stern temper, great ability and ambitious desires, Elijah had managed to gain a course at Williston, he had edited an able paper in the tempestuous state of Georgia, had barely saved his northern head by a speedy flight, had established in his native town a high school which was deservedly esteemed, and was far in advance of the times in lavish supply of costly scientific instruments,—all before Elihu was twenty-one years of age. Elijah was the author of some text-books; and one, the "Geography of the Heavens," has, I believe, the unique distinction of having continuously held the field even until now.

In his twenty-first year Elihu Burritt celebrated his majority by effecting such a truce with poverty as to study for three months in his brother's school. Can a boy of to-day, idling or working through his fifteen or twenty years allotted to education, imagine what a boon it was to have three whole months for uninterrupted study? Can he imagine how

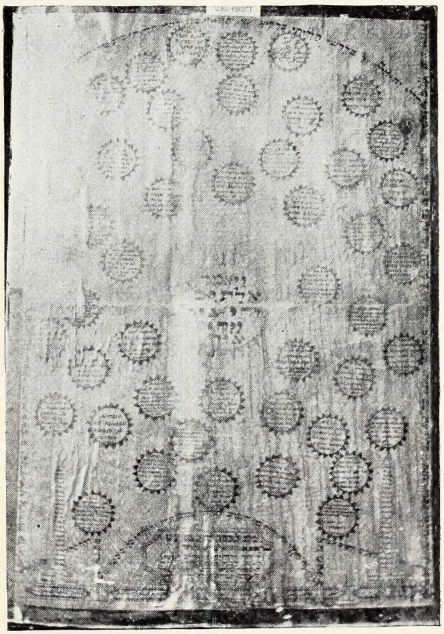
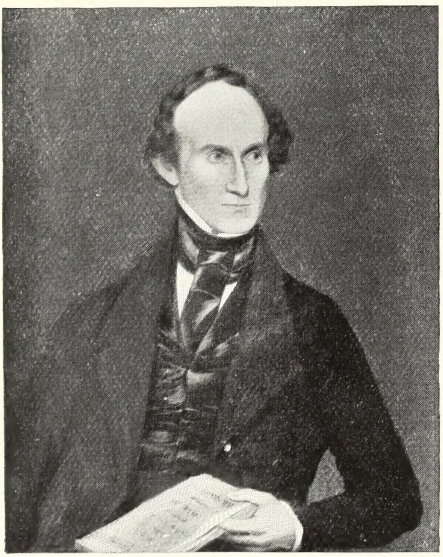


CHART IN FIFTY LANGUAGES, BY MR. BURRITT, 1838.
Library of the Society of Antiquities, Worcester.

the higher mathematics, Latin and French, were taken by storm by this enthusiast, who carried his flag over the ramparts in advance of boys who had been under drill longer?

That luxury of three months at school was made up by double duty at the forge for the succeeding six months. During that time he found that he could more easily pursue the study of languages than that of mathematics; and so the Latin and the Greek books were carried in his hat to his work, and the double process went on of pounding the iron into shape and of fixing declensions and conjugations in his head.

Then he ventured farther, to the classic shades of New Haven, where

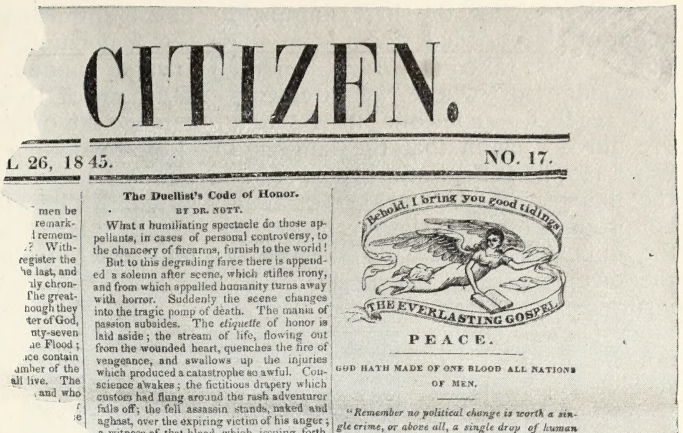


PORTRAIT OF ELIHU BURRITT, BY W. S. ELWELL, 1841.
Library of the Society of Antiquities, Worcester.

he planned a winter of study, hoping that the very breathing of that intellectual atmosphere would be to his brain as mountain air to the lungs. Often has the story been told—but it will be long before it ceases to astonish,—how he sat down alone without note or teacher, with a Greek-Latin lexicon, to translate Homer's Iliad; how he made a test of translating two lines unaided that day; how when night came he was conqueror and had fifteen vanquished lines to adorn his triumph. People who regard the study of Greek with dread must look on this achievement as something like crossing the ocean in a rowboat or lifting one's self by one's own hands. He went on in his solitary student life, digging in lexicons for the treasures of French, Spanish, Italian and German, besides the Latin and Greek, which seemed to him keys to the others. During that winter he learned to read easily in all of these languages.

A year of teaching proved too great a strain on his health, and he tried business in one form and another. The crash of 1837 ruined him financially,—and perhaps led him to fame. In New Haven he had had some native instructors in the modern languages, and after a few weeks of study could read two chapters a day in his Hebrew Bible. Thus he became inspired by the idea of going to study in Oriental countries. Accordingly, —"with all that I possessed on earth carefully folded in a napkin," he says, —he set out on foot for Boston. Disappointed in securing passage for an eastern port, he made a turning point in his life, and went to Worcester. There he found an Antiquarian Library, so rich in the grammars, dictionaries and literature of recondite tongues that he gave up the search in foreign lands. For some years he alternated work with the hammer with that in puzzling tongues. In this way he added to his list Russian, Swedish, Dutch, Danish, Hungarian, Syriac, Turkish, Bohemian, Persian, Welch, Arabic, Polish, Portuguese, Cornish, Chaldee, Gallic, Flemish, Irish, Samaritan, Sanskrit, Ethiopic, Hindustani, Icelandic, Briton-Celtic, Basque, and Manx. An idea of his way of "killing time" may be gained from his diary, where such entries abound as: "June 19. 60 lines

Hebrew; 30 pages French; 10 pages Cuvier's Theory; 8 lines Syriac; 10 lines Danish; 10 lines Bohemian; 9 lines Polish; 15 names of stars; 10 hours forging." It is not to be wondered at that one often meets the laconic item, "Headache." He seems to have been a frequent sufferer from pain and weakness."



CITIZEN.

L 26, 1845. NO. 17.

The Duellist's Code of Honor.

BY DR. NOTT.

What a humiliating spectacle do those appellants, in cases of personal controversy, to the chancery of firearms, furnish to the world!

But to this degrading farce there is appended a solemn after scene, which stifles irony, and from which appalled humanity turns away with horror. Suddenly the scene changes into the tragic pomp of death. The mania of passion subsides. The *etiquette* of honor is laid aside; the stream of life, flowing out from the wounded heart, quenches the fire of vengeance, and swallows up the injuries which produced a catastrophe so awful. Conscience awakes; the fictitious drapery which custom had flung around the rash adventurer falls off; the fell assassin stands, naked and aghast, over the expiring victim of his anger; a witness of that blood, which, issuing forth, attaches to his person the stain of murder, and lifts from the steeped earth its accusing voice to the *God of life*. With the emotions of Cain imbrued in his brother's blood, he goes back into the world from the field of death. There his eye meets the frantic stare of the wife whom his wrath had made a widow. The ...ts of her hapless children, whom he has ...oined to perpetual orphanage, sigh upon ...he breeze and linger on his ear; while a distracted father shakes his gray locks, and utters from his quivering lips his deep-toned execration on ... wretch who has felled at a ...ow ... ...d consigned to the grave ...bjects he tes... ...elf: ...used to rej... ...st ...'ence, the...

Behold, I bring you good tidings

THE EVERLASTING GOSPEL

PEACE.

GOD HATH MADE OF ONE BLOOD ALL NATIONS OF MEN.

"Remember no political change is worth a single crime, or above all, a single drop of human blood."

DAN. O'CONNELL.

For the Citizen.

The Christian Waiting for the Millenium in Arms.

FIRST IN WAR, LAST IN PEACE.

"We fear the time has not yet arrived, when our Navy can be dispensed with.—When the long looked for Millenium shall have arrived—when the lion and the lamb shall lie down together, and there shall be none to molest or make us afraid, we may abolish our Navy with safety."

Thus speaks the ...*to Signal*, and it speaks the la... ...majority in Christen... don...

By this time the little Benjamin of the New Britain family had proved himself the possessor of something more distinctive than tribal traits. He had developed an appetite for study, an ability to retain and classify knowledge gained with preternatural rapidity, and a taste for the special acquisition of rare vocabularies. It may be well to say here that, when thirty years old, he could read with more or less ease nearly fifty languages. When fifty, he "had handled more tools than any man in the country."

His ardor was more that of a philologist than that of a linguist. He never pretended to speak "like a native" in all of these tongues, especially as the natives of many had disappeared centuries ago, and the *Meisterschaft* system had not arisen. It is true that we read of Mithridates, who could judge his subjects in twenty-three dialects; but every one knows that nicety in moods and tenses was hardly demanded of regal judges then, and it is evident that Mithridates did not dissipate his energies on such side issues as "Olive Leaves" and Peace Congresses. Let those who have learned to speak fluently a dozen languages be the first to wonder that Mr. Burritt did not apostrophize the moon in all the tongues whose structure or literature aroused his attention. However, sometimes in quite unexpected ways, his grasp of some of his far-fetched knowledge was proved.

During his stay in Worcester, a will, illegibly and obscurely written in Danish, was brought to this country from the West Indies for translation. After several of the leading colleges had declined the honor, the will was offered to Mr. Burritt. With great painstaking, he satisfactorily deciphered and translated it, and refused any higher valuation of his services than that of the time taken from his forge.

A similar appeal was made to him again while he was in Worcester. The strange document was an account of the wreck of a vessel on one of the South Sea Islands, and it was necessary for securing the insurance in Boston; but it was in the dialect of the natives, and was absolutely baffling to all who struggled with its

mysteries. After the best linguistic talent of Harvard had given it up, the puzzle was taken to Mr. Burritt, knowledge of whose acquirements had reached some one in Boston. He did not claim that the language was a familiar one, but asked to study the manuscript. After a short time he produced a translation, whereby the underwriters were satisfied, and the owners received their heavy insurance. But the modest man could not be induced to receive a larger compensation than he would have earned in the same time spent in his manual labor. A sense of justice, however, caused those benefited by his rare insight to bestow on their benefactor a slight annuity later, while he was living as consular agent in England.



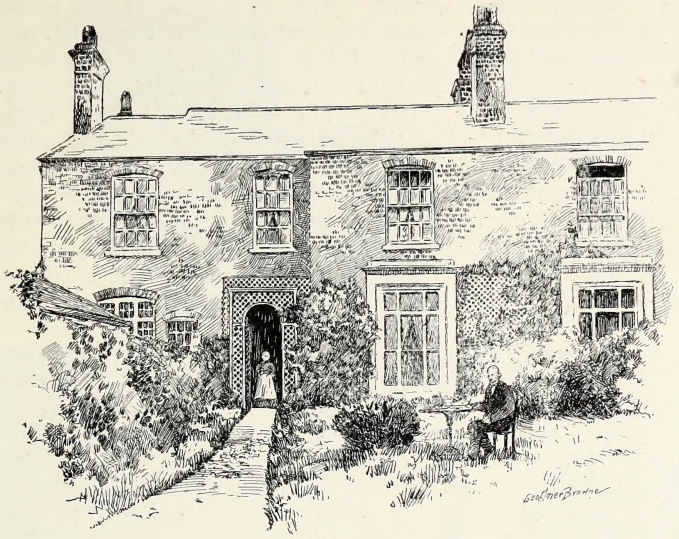
ELIHU BURRITT.
From a photograph by Elliott and Fry, London.

The Celto-Breton dialect of ancient Brittany has been handed down in a small district for centuries, but naturally has made but little show among the "polite accomplishments" of modern times. Among the treasures of the Antiquarian Library were a dictionary and grammar in this little known tongue. That was quite enough to arouse Mr. Burritt's enthusiasm. The man who studied Greek with a Latin dictionary was not to be intimidated by picking out the words for a letter from the haymow of a dictionary in an unknown language; so he patiently wrought out a letter to the Royal Antiquarian Society of France, thanking it, in the Celto-Breton, for having afforded a distant American the opportunity of investigating this ancient tongue. If you go to the Museum of Rennes in Brittany, you can see the original letter framed and exhibited as the only letter ever written by an American in that language. One day while Mr. Burritt was at the anvil, a large book was handed to him. It bore the seal of the French Society, and contained the copy of the letter, introduced by the president, who certified to the correctness of its composition.

Similar linguistic exploits in rare forms of Hungarian and Greek are recorded. Later in life Mr. Burritt published a Sanskrit hand-book, the first in that language brought out in this country. Of "Social Walks Among the Languages," he said that he began it "as a slight proof that what has been ascribed to me was not an assumption based on the sand."

In 1838, Mr. Burritt addressed a letter to Mr. William Lincoln of Worcester, telling him that he would like to translate some German book for a suitable remuneration, and in explanation he briefly reviewed his life. The letter begins with the simple pathos of the Old Testament narratives:

"I was the youngest of many brethren, and my parents were poor. My means of education were limited to the advantages of a district school; and those again were circumscribed by my father's death, which deprived me at the age of fifteen of those scanty opportunities which I had previously enjoyed. . . . . I completed my Vir-



MR. BURRITT'S HOME AT HARBORNE, NEAR BIRMINGHAM.

gil during the evenings of one winter. . . . . After some time devoted to Cicero and a few other Latin authors, I commenced the Greek. . . . . Still I carried my Greek grammar in my hat, and often found a moment when I was heating some large iron when I could place my book open before me, against the chimney of my forge, and go through *tupto, tupteis, tuptei,* unperceived by my fellow acquaintances and, to my confusion of face, sometimes with a detrimental effect on the charge in the fire. . . . . I allotted it to myself, as a task, to read two chapters in the Hebrew Bible before breakfast each morning; . . I bent my steps to this place, I visited the hall of the Antiquarian Society, and found there, to my infinite gratification, such a collection of ancient, modern and Oriental languages as I never before conceived to be collected in one place. . . ."

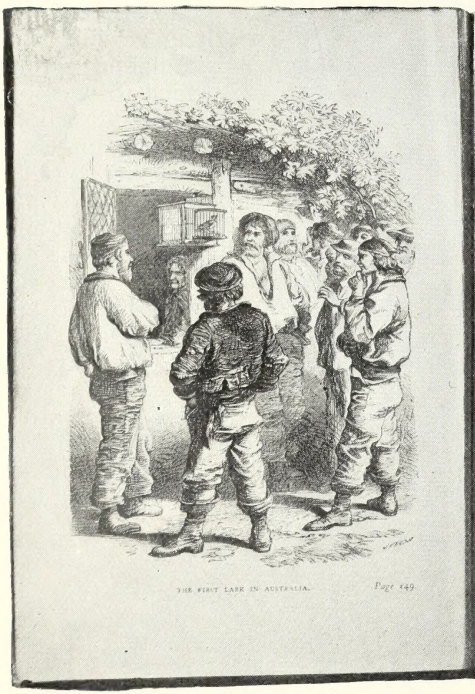
This letter was sent to Governor Everett, who read it during a speech at a Teachers' Institute at Taunton. The letter, so impressive in its simple statement of astonishing facts, was published. Elihu Burritt "awoke and found himself famous." His shy spirit disliked notoriety, and yet it gave him the standpoint from which to work in a new direction. A course at Harvard was offered to him by Governor Everett and others, but he declined. His reason was that his health would not permit him to abstain from physical exercise. Evidently this was before the days of football. Some literary work was attempted in the *Geminae*, a monthly magazine in French and English, but it was not paying. In lecturing he was more successful. His first lec-



HARBORNE CHURCH.

ture, "Application and Genius," was given sixty times during the winter of 1841, and in it was that often-read and pathetic description of the little boy cutting his way up the precipice of the Natural Bridge. In this lecture he argued that application produced the results which were attributed to genius, and he ascribed his own achievements to patience and persistence alone.

Then came a great change in his public. The Prince of Peace came more than eighteen centuries before, and yet this was the first American journal to really advocate "peace on earth." The "Olive Leaves" were sent fluttering over the land and must have sometimes borne fruit. These were short articles tending to promote peace among nations, and were printed on slips of paper bearing at the head an olive branch. A thousand of these "leaves" were sent regu-



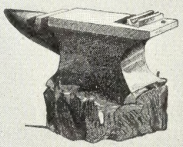
THE FIRST LAMB IN AUSTRALIA. Page 149.

SPARKS

FROM THE ANVIL.

BY

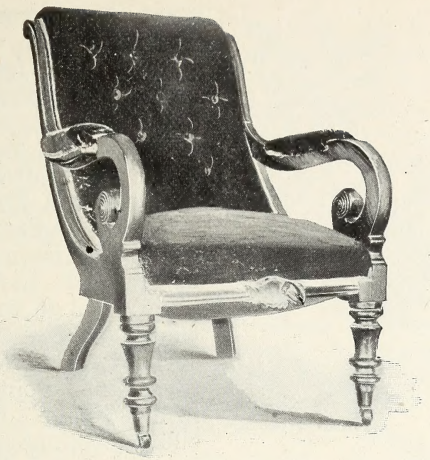
ELIHU BURRITT.



ILLUSTRATED EDITION.

LONDON:
S. W. PARTRIDGE, 9, PATERNOSTER ROW.

career. Philanthropy took the place of philology, and for twenty years he laid aside his studies in order to work out schemes for the benefit of his fellowmen. During that busy interval he lost six alphabets, and at the end regained them. The activity and energy which had wreaked themselves on anvils and lexicons were now persistently directed toward breaking down barriers to human progress. His efforts were ceaseless. *The Christian Citizen* was published and sent on its mission of stirring the larly to newspapers, and at least a fifth were reprinted. The "Oregon Question" threatened to arouse war between us and England, and Mr. Burritt exerted all the enginery of peace to pacify hostile feelings. During the agitation he was brought into communication with philanthropists in England. His extraordinary efforts and achievements as a scholar gave him renown, and that in turn gave him attention when he traveled from city to city to preach the doctrine which he had espoused.

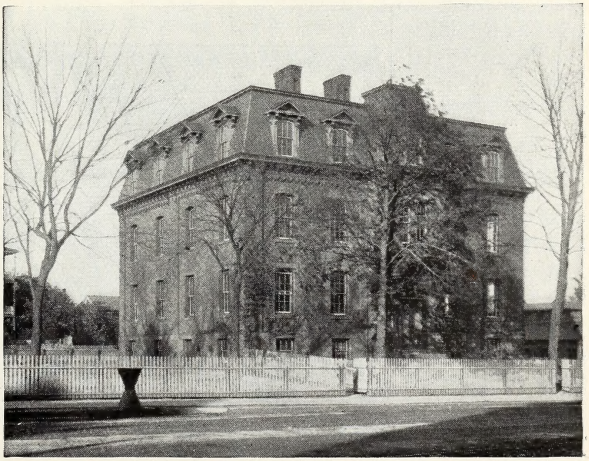


PEACE CHAIR, PRESENTED MR. BURRITT.

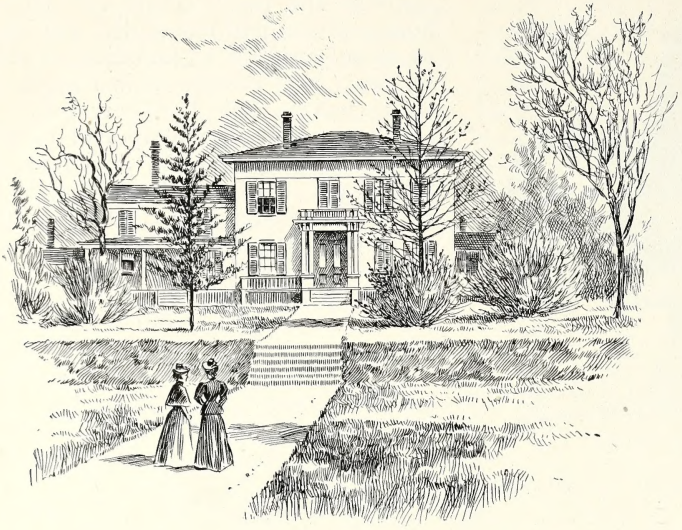
He was a lion even when in company with English titles, not so common then as now.

In 1846 he sailed for England to carry on the work there. Instead of three months he remained three years, giving up personal plans for a walking tour, in order to go up and down the country in behalf of the "League of Universal Brotherhood." His first appearance before a London audience was a trying experience. It was in the great Hall of Commerce, so poorly adapted for hearing that it was almost impossible to control with his voice the turbulent and noisy crowd. Amid cries for adjournment, hooting and jeering, Mr. Burritt made effort after effort to be heard, but in vain. All was uproar. At last patience won the day. Said he: "I summoned all my physical power to the effort and spoke for two hours as I had never done before in my life. When I came to read the pledge . . . successive bursts of applause interrupted me. Four times I essayed to read the last clause of the constitution. . . . When I came to the word 'color,' the whole house echoed and resounded with the most enthusiastic acclamation of applause. Men swung their hats, and ladies waved their handkerchiefs. I sat down amid such a tempest of cheers as never before greeted an effort of mine on any public occasion." After describing the hand-shaking and autograph-seeking and his final escape to his quiet room, he naïvely says: "I threaded my way back to the days of my bashful boyhood. Through all the way the Lord hath led me." This was the little shrinking boy who fled behind the cider barrel in the cellar when the guests arrived for his sister's wedding!

One visible result of his efforts is of widespread benefit to nations and individuals,—ocean penny postage. In these days of cheap postal service we are apt to forget that fifty years ago sending letters at eighteen and twenty-five cents apiece was a luxury for the rich. We laugh at the old devices for evading the law, but the anxious months of silence between mother and son, husband and wife, separated by the Atlantic of packet times, was a serious matter. The change proposed was to make the ocean postage one penny, to be added to the land postage of each



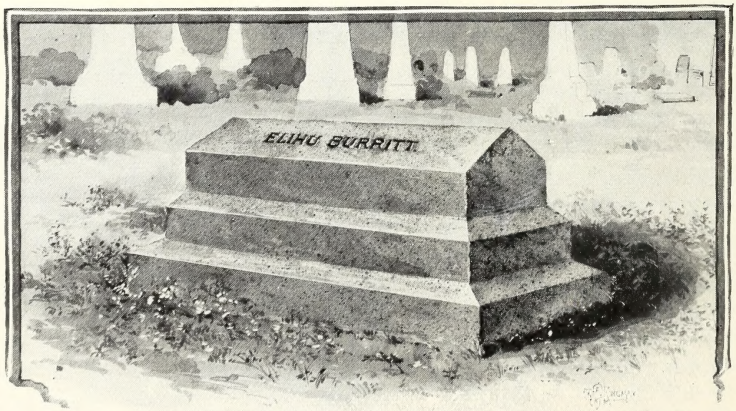
THE BURRITT SCHOOL, NEW BRITAIN, CONN.



MR. BURRITT'S HOME IN NEW BRITAIN, CONN.

country. The vast mails transported by the ocean greyhounds tell the story of the change wrought by this reform; and to no man was it owing more than to Mr. Burritt. Early in the agitation he gave one hundred and fifty addresses on the subject in England, he visited the powerful statesmen of the time, prepared "Olive Leaves," writing paper and envelopes bearing pertinent devices, and in every way kept up the interest of England, France and America. The subject was presented to Congress and Parliament in 1852. This great blessing, philanthropic and commercial, was established partially in 1869, more fully in 1872. Some one has said that that alone would entitle Mr. Burritt to be ranked as one of the great benefactors of the age.

But his far-reaching sympathy was not confined to one object. During Mr. Burritt's first visit to England the famous famine in Ireland took place; and in the winter of 1847 he spent two weeks there in going from village to village, from hovel to hovel, that he might know just how appalling was the misery which called for relief. We can think how that tall, slender figure moved amid those famished men and women, how his blue eyes melted at the sight of those distorted, dying creatures. His trip of investigation ended in his own illness; but he was soon up again and sending leaflets and other urgent appeals to the United States for help. Those vigorous words, tipped with the pathos of the horrors he had seen, reached the mark, and the people of Boston sent out to Ireland a ship loaded wtih provisions and clothing.



It was commanded by Capt. R. B. Forbes, a merchant and retired sea captain of Boston, who offered his services. Was it strange that Capt. Forbes and his shipload were welcomed with excitement, and that Mr. Burritt was offered a free return to Boston? Thus, without riches or power, a tender and willing heart accomplished untold relief of misery.

Mr. Burritt never took a more prominent position before the public than as an apostle of peace. Even as Peter the Hermit stirred Europe to carry the crusader's cross into the land of the crescent, so did Mr. Burritt go up and down among the nations, besieging camp and court, fireside and council chamber, with the message of his dove of Peace. At his own expense, he caused "Olive-Leaves" in different languages to be constantly inserted in various European journals. From talks with groups of workmen in upper rooms he advanced to crowded and enthusiastic Peace Congresses.

The first was held in Brussels, almost within the echo of Waterloo; the second, the most remarkable of the series, in Paris; another in Frankfort-on-the-Main; and others in London, Manchester, and other places. We see the name of Victor Hugo as presiding officer, of Cobden, of the Marquis de la Rochefoucauld-Liancourt, of Henry Vincent, of Liebig, of John Bright, of Sir Charles Napier, of Amasa Walker, linked with that of Elihu Burritt, as vice-presidents and speakers. Carlyle's gruff but sincere letter of approval more than offsets the untrustworthy commendation of Louis Napoleon, then president of the French republic. Then, in the middle of the century, with the nations still shuddering from the Napoleonic wars, with Germany and Italy still disintegrated, and France turning political somersaults with astonishing frequency, the unfurling of the standard of Peace was a spectacle of absorbing interest. Vast audiences assembled in the different capitals to listen to the brilliant, witty, and pathetic appeals for arbitration instead of the sword, while every token of honor and appreciation was bestowed on these delegates of peace. It was of the two shiploads of English and American delegates who crossed the English channel for the Paris Congress in 1849 that Cobden said that if they should sink with their seven hundred passengers "all the philanthropic enterprises of the United Kingdom would stop for a year."

The Assembly has been called an extraordinary meeting of renowned men for an extraordinary purpose. The eyes of Europe were upon it. And it was before this assembly that Elihu Burritt appealed as one of the prime movers. It was this assembly which, when he rose to read the list of his American colleagues, burst into such a tumult of applause that he could not go on. Ah, little barefoot boy gazing on the village of Farmington with timid awe, you did not know what scenes were to inspire you with courage!

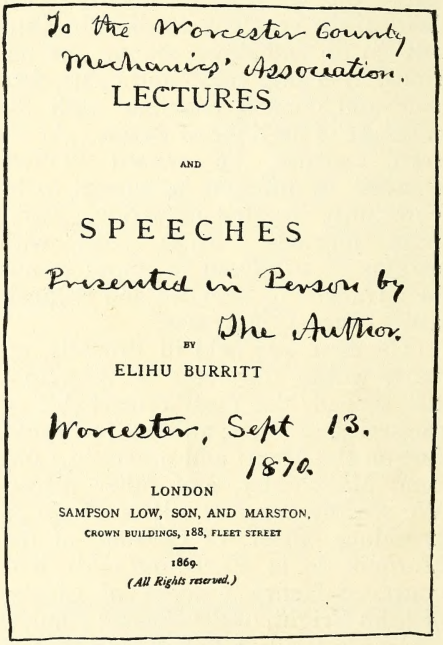
In the midst of these exciting efforts came a visit to the United States, during which he went about from city to city, addressing large audiences and rousing them to send delegates to the Congress at Frankfort. His fame as a self-made scholar and as a reformer preceded him everywhere and he found welcoming friends on all sides. Honorary degrees were conferred on him by Yale, Williams and other colleges. River steamboats offered him free passage, hotel bills were paid, and the brightest and wisest of the land hastened to greet him. In his early home, New Britain, he was welcomed with a reception so enthusiastic that even now we feel the impression of glad surprise that overwhelmed him when he saw the crowd of proud and admiring townsmen. The distinguished Latin scholar, Professor Andrews, presided on the occasion; and one passage in his fine address seems to sum up the

whole character of Mr. Burritt: "While eagerly devoted to the pursuit of knowledge, and while ministering to your own necessities by laboring daily with your own hands, you have cheerfully devoted your powers and attainments to the task of elevating the social and moral condition of mankind." In Mr. Burritt's journal stand the characteristically humble words: "It was the climax of my earthly experience, and I could hardly realize the scene, or believe that I was standing before the neighbors and friends of my youth under such circumstances. May God grant that I may never do anything to banish the honor of this occasion. May he ever keep me humble and of a child-like spirit."

For a few years England and America divided his time; and it seemed sometimes, notably in the Schleswig-Holstein war in 1850, as if the Peace effort would achieve complete success. The Crimean war seemed to say that man's savage instincts would always be supreme; but who shall say that even that dark spot on history's page did not throw into high light the pure aims of the advocates of peace, that the epoch-making career of Florence Nightingale was not a practical application of the "Olive Leaf" principles?

This seemed to be the climax of his life. His humane spirit was naturally pained by the attitude of the nation towards slavery in the *ante-bellum* days, and he bestowed a great deal of time and strength in endeavoring to further a "Compensated Emancipation" scheme. We all know why that was nipped in the bud; but the plan was certainly an honor to the just and gentle mind that conceived it.

At the close of the war came an appointment as U. S. consular agent at Birmingham, England. With his two charming nieces, the Misses Strickland, at the head of his household, he spent four happy years in the cottage in Harborne, a suburb of Birmingham. It was of that house, now called Burritt Villa, that he said: "It was the first home of my own that I ever possessed." The house was always open to American friends, and the kind master was well known and loved by the people of the town and church. When change of president involved change of consular agent, Mr. Burritt's departure was mourned as that of a lifelong friend. Farewell gifts and farewell speeches softened, while they sharpened, the pang of parting. One of the literary mementos of that sojourn in Birmingham


To the Worcester County Mechanics' Association.

LECTURES

AND

SPEECHES

Presented in Person by the Author.

BY

ELIHU BURRITT

Worcester, Sept 13. 1870.

LONDON

SAMPSON LOW, SON, AND MARSTON,

CROWN BUILDINGS, 188, FLEET STREET

1869.

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was "Walks in the Black Country and its Green Border Land," an affectionate and sympathetic study of the smoking, sooty region, in which the poetic insight of Mr. Burritt found much that was interesting. This English home never lost its hold on his affections. In a private letter he said: "Lillie Roberts is 'our vicar's' daughter, a gentle little creature of twenty-two or three years, a very lily of sweet breathing life, who taught her young brother Freddy, Greek and Latin on his way to college and the pulpit. I hope to keep the precious

memory of the old Harborne church fresh and strong to the last, and I have just sent five dollars as my annual contribution to the Christmas treat for the children of the parish and Sunday Schools connected with it."

One of his "fads" was agriculture; and even while promoting measures of national importance, his interest in model farms, in dairies, in the improvement of the life of the farmer, both in England and the United States, never flagged. During the later years of his life, quietly spent in his early home in Connecticut, he was the proud possessor of his own little farm, and, as officer in an agricultural society, he brought forth the accumulated treasures of an investigating mind for the benefit of the tillers of the soil.

It was during these last years, that he interested himself in home work in ways peculiar to himself. On land of his own he built, in great part with his own hands, a plain building for the free use of all who chose to attend a simple religious service on Sunday. These meetings were so timed as not to interfere with the established services of the churches of the place; they were unsectarian, so simple that the poor need not feel the burden of "dressing up for Sunday"; and they were supplied by the unpaid efforts in prayer, exhortation and praise of friends of the founder. The meetings in the "Barn-Chapel" were a success, and a similar but larger place of meeting in another part of the town was established by Mr. Burritt's efforts. This was called the "Cherry Street Mission"; and to both, with others like them, were given the untiring interest and labors of the founder during his remaining years. Through summer's heat and winter's cold he was at his post; and still his works do follow him. These missions are now active and have passed their first quarter of a century.

The apostle of Universal Brotherhood was careful to keep these enterprises Christian, but not denominational. To a friend he wrote: "For myself, I feel that I have three new interests invested there (in New Britain) and am almost amused at their *catholicity*,—the Barn Chapel on the Hill, the Seymour Mission School, and the German Mission,—Congregational, Episcopal, and Baptist. If you should venture to *rough it* at one of the missions, I should be much pleased to know how it strikes you."

Then there were Penny Readings, whereby those who had little money for entertainment could, for a trifle, hear music, readings, etc. The two cent fee paid for heat and light; and Mr. Burritt's appeal for help in providing entertainment for one of his favorite schemes could hardly be refused by any one who knew him. Was there any kind project which did not have him as supporter, if not originator? His scholarship and varied experience in travel were made coworkers with his mechanical skill in helping on the toiling world. To the same friend he wrote: "For myself, I have been a great hobby-rider for years, and have ridden many into the ground, or myself into the mud. I have just mounted a new one, a Free Evening School, and I have been making benches and tables for a week. Already sixty-eight scholars are enrolled. It looks very encouraging."

He gave instruction in Asiatic languages at various times to classes of young people, and was always ready to give any public addresses as well as private counsel when requested. His reminiscences were exceedingly interesting. At the "Irving Night" of a literary club, he handed down an account given to him in England by the master of a country house where Irving had been a visitor. He said that his talented guest had suffered long from a disability to put on paper two connected sentences. After vain efforts he had settled into the despairing belief that his career as an author was at an end. One evening some

story or joke started the fountains of his laughter, and he laughed uncontrollably. He almost laughed himself to sleep; but sleep would not come—the long refractory brain was clamoring that his hand should grasp the pen. He rose, and wrote for hours,—and before he slept the *"Legend of Sleepy Hollow"* was created.

Mr. Burritt's correspondence with his philanthropic and literary friends across the water was carefully kept up. His own feelings about the value of friendship are clear. "I cannot wish you a higher earthly enjoyment than the communion and fellowship of embodied spirits beautified with the 'sweetness and light' of the refined culture of the heart, mind and life. I may say it modestly as well as gratefully, that this kind of fellowship has been the richest source of enjoyment for the last twenty years."

Among the congenial English women whom he liked to call his "literary god-children" were Philippa Bracey, Carrie Cooke, Annie Ridley, and Ellice Hopkins. The latter wrote for Mrs. Vickars a book which brought that lady $2,500; and, in spite of the fact that she and her aged mother were invalids, she continued to earn with her pen the means for such good works as establishing mission halls in demoralized barrack towns.

In personal appearance Mr. Burritt gave token of the refining influences of the scholarly and altruistic occupations of a lifetime. His blue eyes could light up with fun as well as with pity. He was clear in public speech, courteous and unassuming in private. He indulged in no airs as a reformer, no vain-glory as a self-made scholar, no cant as a promoter of religion and humanity. His sympathies were with every good thing, and the influence which his quiet personality exerted in the various directions of his activities cannot be measured. His modesty was real. Hear his playful words:

"You do pile the honors upon me of all sorts. When I first saw '*Hon.*' put to my plain and homely name, I started from it as if I had seen the ghost of some one's departed ambition. Who first protruded my name upon the public from the end of such a handle, or what moved him to it, I know not. Now, Hon. Eliphaz Temanite, Hon. Zophar Naamathite, and even Hon. Bildad Shuhite, would look and sound well. We know on good authority that they were men of high social position, each representing one of the 'first families' of the country. But what would Job have said, with all his patience, at seeing his young, unassuming friend as Hon. Elihu Buzite. Would not that ancient and modest predecessor have bent and blushed under the weight of such a title,—and can I, his remote namesake, wear or hear it without a blush? I ran all over Europe and crossed the ocean eight times to get away from the apparition of the 'Learned Blacksmith,' and fondly believed that it was laid forever, buried fifty fathoms deep in the sea of oblivion. But you have summoned it out of the vasty deep with your wand to look me in the face again like Banquo's ghost!"

Mr. Burritt's published works amount to thirty volumes, and are varied in theme and treatment, running the scale from juvenile works like "Children of the Bible" to a "Sanskrit Handbook" and a "Year Book of the Nations." Perhaps his "Mission of Great Sufferings" should stand at the head of the list, as characteristic of his highest thought. "A Walk from London to John O'Groat's," "A Walk from London to Land's End and Back," are unique and delightful descriptions of England seen by one appreciative of every beauty of nature and association. He left unpublished MSS. grammars in Hindustani, Turkish, Persian, Arabic and Hebrew, and a valuable history of the honored town of Farmington.

His townsmen were not disposed to let him be the prophet without honor. On his last return from England, he found his name over a new and handsome schoolhouse; and it will probably always cling to the commanding hill top which was his own. The last years were peacefully spent in New Britain, in missionary work, in congenial literary pursuits, and in the en-

joyment of his many friends. He never married; in the house of his sister, Mrs. Almira Strickland, he found from her and her daughters devoted care and affection to the end of a long illness. He had the good fortune to see the most cherished project of his life, arbitration, brought from the realm of visions to that of practical possibility, to see its advantages admired and respected, if not always as yet secured. When we indulge in frequent trans-oceanic correspondence, when we remember the Alabama claims turned from dogs of war into peaceful lambs, when we consider the triumph of arbitration in the recent Venezuelan dispute, and the culmination at this time, for which we all so earnestly hope, of the effort to establish perpetual peace between America and England, then let us revere the memory of Mr. Burritt, who more than any other man secured for us these blessings.

Sometimes in the midst of stony and untrimmed New England pastures we find, in an oasis by the brooklet's side, a flower that rears toward heaven its slender stem crowned with delicate grace and beauty. It is indigenous to the soil. Such was Elihu Burritt,—a flower of New England.

THE LANE.

By Dora Read Goodale.

YOU know the lane;—we wandered in it
Years past, when life was play;
Stood tranced for many a long, green minute,
Hearing the thrush out-voice the linnet,
And the leaves lisp, in May.
You know the lane!

The lane—not for themselves its treasures
Could charm youth's burning brain;
Buds' freshest scent, birds' clearest measures
Seemed but the pledge of gifts and treasures
Far lovelier in their train,
Down the green lane.

Well, have the lights dawned, the suns risen?—
The dreams, have those come true?
You know life now—hopes, doubts, misprision:
Is joy still throned in the noon vision?
Does Love play in the dew?
Walk the old lane!

Walk the old lane. All changed, all holy,
Pierced with our loss, our pain!
Not for brief ends the years run slowly;
Time's vaster purpose claims us wholly.
. . . Hark! 'tis the thrush's strain.
Fair lies the lane.

IN GETTYSBURG TIME.

By Arthur Willis Colton.

CAPTAIN SHORTHOUSE sat day after day watching the Windless Mountain Road from his window, with faded eyes. It was in the dark winter and worse spring of 1863, the winter dark with the memory of Antietam and Fredericksburg, the spring terrible with Chancellorsville.

He was old, was the captain, nearly ninety, and still remembered well his soldiering under Anthony Wayne, being one of the mob that Mad Anthony licked into shape in such masterly fashion. His company came to him in the Canadian Campaign of 1812. Not unnaturally, considering the character of that campaign, his best memories went back to Mad Anthony, who was in evident respects a young soldier's hero. But in those dragging days of April the captain's eyes were weary and his pulse but low. The outbreaking of the maple buds brought no sense of life's seasonable renewal; rather he fretted that they obscured the road, along which came the mail wagon at four o'clock in the afternoon. Sometimes it came later, which was always distressing.

The captain's granddaughter, Miss Abigail, was, the minister said, "a good woman and a good cook." The minister came daily and read the paper; for the captain's eyes could barely make out a headline. The minister, Miss Abigail and Vagrant Shorts—called Shorts for euphony—Miss Abigail's younger brother and the captain's grandson, these three met before the reading and consulted on the subject of omission; because the captain had nearly died of Fredericksburg, and one could not let his spirits go below a certain level.

It was back in 1853, or perhaps earlier, that young Shorthouse went west to the mines, to the land of strong men and keen action, whither many strong men went in those days and from which few strong men came back. When the war broke out, he came across to the Mississippi to enlist, was shot through the chest at Shiloh, found his way up to his native place in January or February and passed himself off as a tramp. Hence he was called Vagrant Shorts,—but only as the familiar and beloved are misnamed. His lungs were shattered, and he had picked up a western manner of speech. Such was the pressure of the time, that even the gossipy village of Hagar had not settled down yet to consider him.

The warlike editors of the day made it a point, as a rule, to keep the country in good spirits, so far as the facts would allow—and farther. But Captain Shorthouse disapproved of the conduct of the campaign, and the spirit of the old soldier would not ebb with his pulse. "Why, sir!" he would cry in his cracked, eager voice; "what are the Napoleonic tactics? Rapidity, sudden concentration. We want men of vitality. Vitality is resource!" This he emphasized with vague wavings of a paralytic hand.

So monotonously day after day the minister came with the newspaper, the captain harangued on sound principles of energetic campaigning with a cracked voice and feeble gesture, and Miss Abigail knitted tidies. Day by day the sky grew clearer and warmer, and April passed silently into May. On Saturday, the second, we heard that the troops had crossed the Rapidan; but the third of May was singularly quiet in the little inland village; certainly it seemed so to our memories afterward, pleasant with sifting sunlight, soothing with church

bells and good folk, at their summons, going slowly up the hill.

It was fortunate that the Windless Road was hidden with maple leaves, or the captain might have had another stroke without knowing what was the matter; for Billy, the mail-carrier, tore into the village on Monday afternoon in a state of mind, every hair on the hide of his draggled old horse seeming sympathetically to stand on end. He flung the papers from the wagon to the post-office steps; and each one caught up what he could get. It was an excited, but not a noisy crowd; women talking with broken voices and wet eyes; children whimpering instinctively because of a vague, immense something that was wrong; gray-bearded men in groups, grave, clear-eyed, of little speech,—but it was pitiful to see how their labor-bowed shoulders were bowed an inch or two more. Then the minister got up on the horse-block and said: "Let us pray." Such was the Monday after Chancellorsville in one little village of the North.

After that, the minister, Miss Abigail and the Vagrant fell to discussing the problem of the captain; and the minister said he was not equal to it,—that is, either to giving the captain another stroke of paralysis, or to doing the amount of lying necessary to the other alternative; he could not conceal his embarrassment. The Vagrant "allowed there couldn't anybody lay over himself in the matter of fictitious circumstance and experienced conscience."

"Protestant priests don't give absolution," said the minister; "but I have a file of newspapers that may be of use." With the aid of the file of newspapers and some glue they constructed a harmless sheet, which exasperated the captain, but did not give him paralysis. Miss Abigail guarded the door against visitors, and the Vagrant experimented with his conscience.

It is strange—and the value of it is not quite appreciated—how the serious and the ludicrous mix in this world. The tragic begins to poke fun at itself after a time, and the comic breaks down and sobs. It was the subject of a literary controversy once, and may be again. The classicists said that mixing things was not right; and the romanticists asked, Why not? The classicists gave a reason, and the romanticists sniffed and gave three or four. That is the way with literary controversies. No one is convinced by reasons. Certainly while the captain was quavering about an army whose idea of fighting was close quarters with mosquitoes, and generals whose idea of a campaign was frequent telegrams,—"How long do they think I've got to live to see this thing out?—and me most ninety!" he cried. "This war ain't equal to a cat fight!"—at the very time that the two great armies by the Potomac were rolling northward, grim, serpentine, enormous, and the whole land was breathless, under these circumstances, I say, at least two of the three conspirators against the captain's rights of free inquiry felt the combination of the comic and tragic to be a strong one.

"Look at this nation," grumbled the captain, "represented by a vigilant press! 'Let the boys have a holiday,' says the press, 'an' swap tobacco, an' keep out of the mud.' Shucks! It's a blamed agricultooral fair."

Then the Vagrant Shorts went out and coughed that hollow, rattling cough of his, and confided to Miss Abigail that he thought he could enjoy the joke more without a bullet in his chest. "He called it an agricultooral fair!"

"I don't see anything funny about it," declared Miss Abigail. The Vagrant shambled out of the house disgusted.

"I never see a woman yet was equal to a complicated joke. It's stiff bluffin', parson"—this to the minister whom he met at the gate. "Give you odds, parson. Beg pardon. I was thinking this here living of mine was

a kind of bluff too. I hold a shockin' bad hand." The minister gripped the miner's thin shoulder, and the two stood a moment in silence, watching the idle drifting of the clouds—two types of New England's stern reserve.

"In case I should call—um—I expect, however, we'll have to see the old man through."

So May drifted into June, and June drew near its end, sultry and moist,—bad enough weather for shattered lungs. Tragedy and comedy had notable encounters, which, Shorts declared, "laid over anything on record. By gravy, parson, this sort of thing is the quintessence of life, ain't it?" But to Miss Abigail it seemed that, if tragedy means something which is bitter and hard to bear, it was very nearly pure tragedy. Even the minister, while he listened to the young westerner telling lively tales of the Rockies to the captain, who declared that the vitality of the country had gone west, and while he observed the old man's utter feebleness and the young man's wasted frame, was thinking that tragedy had the upper hand.

"I don't see how he can drop away like that without being sick. Sick!—why, he *is* sick"; and he went out and told Miss Abigail what he thought. Then a gray wall of New England reserve broke down.

"Sick!" wailed Miss Abigail. "He's dying, my Tom; and he says he's seeing the old man through."

"But he hasn't coughed for a week; I haven't heard him."

"Oh," she whispered, "I think he's afraid to. He says the bullet is working round. He says, 'it's having a high old time all by itself.' He talks in such a dreadful way!"—and Miss Abigail rocked to and fro, wringing her hands. "The doctor says there's nothing to do. Oh, he just laughs and jokes, and it breaks my heart. My Tom!"

"Hush," said the minister, "they'll hear you." Then his voice broke too. "I can't talk to you, Miss Abbie. I don't suppose you want me to."

Miss Abigail shook her head and took up her knitting, began to knit savagely, and did not discover till she had got half way around that she had dropped a number of stitches.

That was about the twentieth of June. For some reason or other the captain failed rapidly during the next ten days—the life in him like a spider's web for thinness. The Vagrant seemed to follow him down at about an equal pace. Even the captain's dim eyes saw vaguely something wrong.

"What's the matter with you?" he said querulously. "Ye're getting thin. Don't ye digest well?"—wherein Shorts declared comedy and tragedy to be mingled in a beautiful manner.

The battle of Gettysburg, you remember, occupied the first three days of July; and the telegrams at first stated only confusing details. The mental strain, together with the sultry weather, told heavily on the conspirators. The captain grew bitter, losing his faith in man. It was the morning of the Fourth, and his voice had sunk almost to a whisper.

"You boys ain't got good judgment," he complained huskily. "You've started General Meade three times from the same place, and kept him going violently any length of time in no particular direction. I allow it's energetic, almost Napoleonic, but it ain't good judgment. What might General Meade happen to be doing now?"

Then Shorts fell into deep melancholy, and said he expected it was the heat. A horse and wagon went by in the street at a fierce run, with a man shouting and waving his hand.

"What is it?" quavered the captain.

"Runaway, likely."

There was a confused sound of hurrying feet, of children screaming, and men shouting. Shorts leaned from the window, and saw the minister running along the street with his coat tails flying. He vaulted the fence, tearing his coat on a nail, en-

tered the house breathless but quiet, and went over to the old man and shook hands.

"What is it?" whispered the captain.

"It's victory, Captain, victory!"—and the minister bent over him. "Victory at Gettysburg!" From the belfry of the church, nearly opposite the window, a pole was thrust out, and the great flag, kept in the town house for occasions, dropped from the pole and flapped gorgeously to and fro.

"Old Glory!" shouted the captain. He shook his trembling hand above his head, and almost struggled to his feet. "Gentlemen! The flag!" Then he sank back with a fading smile on his lips. "Old Glory!" he whispered,—and all the dim light that was left went slowly out of his eyes.

Shorts turned from the window and looked at him, put his hand to his mouth and dropped across the sofa with a rattling cough, the blood pouring from his lips. They lifted him. He lay a moment with closed lids, and then opened them.

"I call, parson," he said gravely, and added with an apologetic smile: "It wa'n't a bad bluff, was it?—I was thinkin', parson, as the captain—and I—was movin' quarters—maybe you'd give us a—sort of introduction—sort of competent recommend—just state the case—square—and sign it."

The minister dropped on his knees on one side of them, and Miss Abigail on the other.

"Dear Lord," he said, "these are men of the world; yet they are not evil, but good. Shall not the faithful and brave be of the kingdom with the little children and the poor in spirit?"

Shorts interrupted him. "Ah—that'll—be enough, parson. Ain't it a little overdone?" Then he added wistfully: "You couldn't—put in somethin'—about—bein'—a good bluffer?"

Two days later he opened his eyes for the last time, and said in a barely audible whisper: "The old man's—waitin'—says he wants me—to—see him through."

CONTRADICTION.

By Marion Pruyn.

WE sat together in the afterglow
And talked of earth's old mystery of pain,
Of wasted toil, of love and anguish vain,
Of little children born to helpless woe.
We talked until life seemed a hideous show
And men but slaves under the cruel reign
Of a blind god their prayers could not restrain.
Then we sat silent;—on the rocks below,
The careless mountain stream foamed at our feet;
Above the dark pine's silhouette hung fair
One star, in whose calm radiance earth's despair
Seemed childish outcry;—life grew sane and sweet;
For Nature's brooding peace was everywhere,
And love eternal through her pulses beat.

FOREST CULTURE OF TO-DAY.

By George Ethelbert Walsh.

IN the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety-seven a culminating point seems to have been reached in the long battle for forest culture and forest preservation. An educational campaign is usually a thankless undertaking, for if the originators do not die, scorned and neglected before the glory of success smiles upon their efforts, they are apt to live to see others less worthy monopolize the credit due them. The agitation for more intelligent treatment of our trees and woodlands has been waged intermittently for years by those who have grown gray in the service, and many have fallen by the wayside just as they were on the verge of the Canaan without being permitted to obtain one glimpse of the land of promise. To the memory of their services all honor is due, and this can be granted without reflection upon the merits of those who have come later to fill up the open ranks.

The battle for the trees has been waged along two lines, the æsthetic and the utilitarian; and while the former has its ever increasing army of advocates and enthusiasts, the latter has wrought permanent results which mark the line of cleavage between the old and new. Æsthetic considerations may induce the owner of suburban property to plant shade and ornamental trees on his land and along the streets of his town; it may be the chief motive for inspiring ten thousand schoolboys to plant trees on every Arbor Day; but it is utility that warns the lumberman that indiscriminate forest destruction is unprofitable, and seduces the wood-pulp mill owner into carefully planned forest culture. Capital is conservative in operation, and unless results are to be permanent it is slow to seek investment. Until our forests were measured in their length and breadth, and the possibilities of their ultimate exhaustion ascertained, capital made few permanent fixtures. The saw mill was a cheap, movable plant, and while it created great destruction in the woods the chief outlay of capital was for human labor. The forest growths that lined the banks of streams were cut down and floated to the mill after primitive methods, and no buildings or machinery of an expensive character were constructed to facilitate the operation of the lumbermen. But when the true value of the vast areas of woodlands was appreciated, and the possibility of preventing positive deterioration was demonstrated, capital flowed freely into the forests, and permanent plants of great magnitude replaced the old flimsy structures that merely ate up the existing growths without any thought of the future.

From early times down to the present great changes have been wrought in the lumber industry; but in the last twenty years the advance has been phenomenal, and is little short of a revolution. The new mills represent an expenditure of millions of dollars, and machinery of the most elaborate and costly type has been invented. In the forests of Maine alone the wood pulp and paper mills represent an investment of over $13,000,000; and Maine is second to New York in the importance of its wood pulp industry, and only one of nearly twenty states actively engaged in grinding the forest trees into pulp. North of us in the Canadian provinces stretches of spruce forests are almost endless, and their supply a few years

ago seemed inexhaustible; but already wood-pulp manufacturers can see the beginning of the end unless systematic cultivation of the trees is attempted. There are upwards of 21,000 pulp and paper mills eating into these vast spruce woods, and although the trees may extend over millions of acres of virgin land the denudation cannot last forever. Spruce trees are very slow growing, and it requires one tree to reach full maturity, from one to one hundred and fifty years. The first fifty years of its growth does not produce an enormous tree, and it takes the second half century to develop its size and value. In the primitive New England forests there are spruce trees nearly two hundred years old. To cultivate spruce woods for the future supply of raw material for the pulp mills, manufacturers cannot limit their preparations to fifteen or twenty years. They must look ahead at least half a century, and more probably a full rounded century.

Hemlock and pine cannot be used advantageously as a substitute for spruce in the manufacture of pulp, and the mills cannot shift their base of operations either to the fast-growing forests of white pine of New England or the long-leaf yellow pine of the South. Poplar is the only tree that makes a fair substitute for the spruce wood, and the first experiments with wood pulp in this country were made with this wood. The tree is faster growing than either the spruce or hemlock, but the wood pulp made from it lacks the element of strength found in the wood of the spruce. Pulp made from the hard woods gives no better results, and unless the chemist can invent some process to change the character of the wood pulp made from other trees the industry of the paper mills will be limited by the output of spruce trees.

The ownership of the spruce forests is rapidly passing into the hands of more intelligent and better-equipped workmen, and they are being worked with considerable skill. The owners of the expensive wood-pulp mills are judiciously managing this end of their business as well as the other, and the forests of New England and the Canadian provinces will be compelled to yield an abundant supply of spruce wood for many generations to come. Like an orchard or nursery, these forests need intelligent management to reproduce their species in abundance, and the century old trees are being weeded out to give room for the younger growths which have no room in the primitive woods to expand into full maturity.

The value of any staple article is regulated by the relative supply and demand, and just at present forests of wood-pulp producing trees are more profitable property than any other. The palmy days of lumbering may have passed, but wood-pulp mills are increasing the value of the woods. The lumber merchant is suffering the general depression that has ruled in other lines of industry, and there is talk of abandoning large wooded tracts until the competition from the Canadian lumbermen can be removed, or the apparently unlimited supply of cheap timber is reduced. But this depression can only be temporary, for the demand for timber is constantly on the increase, and the area of timber land is a fixed and definite quantity. This area of old growth trees can be increased only by slow methods, and there is no possibility of its being doubled in the next century, although the consumption of wood of any kind will more than treble itself in that period. This is due not only to the rapid increase in the population, and the consequent demand for timber for house building, but to the numerous new applications of wood in all lines of industry. The discovery of the method of manufacturing paper out of wood pulp more than doubled the demand for trees in less than a quarter of a century. Now wood pulp is

being used in countless other ways. A vast industry that touches us at every point has been built up as the result of this discovery. About half of our household utensils and ornamental pieces are being made of compressed wood pulp, and successful inventions are reported of telegraph poles, lead pencils, car wheels, railroad ties, and other useful articles made from the wood pulp. In one way the increased consumption of the products of the forests by the wood-pulp mills is more economical than the lumber mills. There is little waste, for even the branches and twigs of the spruce trees are chewed up and turned into inferior grades of pulp, and where before one tall forest tree would make only one telegraph pole, it can now be turned into half a dozen hollow ones, and with far more enduring quality.

The intrinsic value of the forests is consequently so fixed that prices can never materially decline, while there is every possible chance for an enormous increase. As to the actual forest area of the United States, it is computed to be about 24 per cent of all the land in the country, and this has steadily decreased in the last century from fully 50 per cent. As compared with other countries we have to-day less wooded area than is generally supposed. Germany has a forest area of about 26 per cent, although the country is far more thickly settled than ours. About 39 per cent of Sweden is in forests, and nearly one-sixth of this, or about 8,000,000 acres, is owned by the Swedish government, which permits cutting only under wise and intelligent supervision. In Germany forest culture and preservation are so intelligently conducted that in the matter of producing wood pulp the Germans rank among the first in the world. There are about 600 wood-pulp mills in that country, and so carefully are the spruce forests cultivated that Germany has been a great exporter of pulp without in any way threatening the future supply of the raw material. In the past she has even sent wood pulp to this country. Norway has 21 per cent of her land covered with woods, and Switzerland only 19 per cent, France 17 per cent, and Great Britain 3½ per cent. For a country as young as ours, and so recently well-wooded throughout the greater part of its length and breadth, we do not occupy an enviable position among the nations of the world in respect to our forests.

The European countries were aroused to the danger of exhausting their forests before any thought was directed toward the subject in this country, and it is necessary to look to them for systems of culture and preservation. Forestry has become a science in most of the countries of Europe, and elaborate treatises upon the subject are published by experts who have spent a lifetime in collecting the material. In this country no such books have found their way into print, for there has been no demand for them except in a very limited way. We might derive as much benefit from popularizing such publications as the Enropeans do, but the lack of definite examples of the results of the science would still handicap us. A well cared for European forest resembles more what we call a grove or park than a forest. From fifty to seventy trees of large size and girth are found growing upon an acre, and the spaces between are kept free from useless underbrush and worthless saplings. Light and air can penetrate to every part of the forest, so that the trees are uniformly developed on all sides, and each specimen is a marvel of beauty and shape. The impression received from walking through such a forest is that expensive methods have been employed to keep the woods in first-class order, and that the work is one of ornament rather than of profit.

But both conclusions are erroneous. The system is simple and inexpensive. In primitive woods about three-

fourths of the trees are stunted or deformed in their growth by overcrowding, and by excluding the sunlight and air decay sets in early. If the woods are cleaned of all underbrush, and the trees thinned out judiciously every year, those remaining will develop into perfect specimens. Nature simply needs the cooperation of man to make her forest productions perfect. Instead of denuding the forests of all trees, the owners thin them out by taking the matured specimens and leaving the younger ones to grow and expand. Practical forestry has shown that the largest production of valuable timber can be made by the highest development of a few specimens rather than by attempting to raise a great many to the acre. Here is the secret of the whole system. By a simple process of thinning out the forests are made continuous producers and the largest profits are obtained from each acre of land.

No such perfect system has been practiced in this country, but the nearest approach to it are the grand forest preserves at Asheville, where Mr. George Vanderbilt has demonstrated to the people of that section the economic and æsthetic value of cultivating and preserving the woods. The rolling miles of natural and artificial forests on his estate serve as a living example to other owners of woodland in the United States. Here skilled foresters look after the trees, and not only does their duty consist in planting and cultivating new growths but in cutting out and selling the trees that have reached full maturity. After a forest tree has reached maturity its period of improvement has passed; it is then ready for cutting. The wood does not improve much thereafter, while the liability to decay in places is so great that it is economy to convert it into merchantable lumber. But up to the period of full maturity, provided it has ample space and sunlight to grow, it continues to improve, increasing in size and solidifying the grain and texture of its wood. Cutting is thus just as essential at the right time as plucking the flowers and fruits of plants. Instead of doing injury then, the work proves a positive benefit to the owner.

Nearly all of the European countries have an efficient forestry division of the government, and England appreciates the importance of it so well that a similar system has been established in India. Able forestry officers who have obtained their training in the forestry schools of France or Germany are placed in charge of the trees of India, and under their management vast tracts of wooded lands are being preserved for all time and uses. Even in Australia and South Africa the necessity of better forest management is being felt, and the governments are making preparations to conserve and extend the forest area.*

American forestry has received its start from a variety of causes. The æsthetic side, the utilitarian side and the necessity side have all been ably treated, and they have combined to educate the public to the real dangers threatening the country from the denudation of the woods. The scientific questions relating to the atmospheric changes created by the destruction of the forests may be in a little doubt, but the burden of the proof tends toward a marked tendency in the reduction of the rainfall in certain sections by the removal of the trees. While it has not yet been conclusively proven that the destruction of the forests directly influences the rainfall, it can be easily demonstrated that the absence of the forests dries up our springs and streams. The forests are great conservers of water, and springs that find their headquarters in the dense woods are the last to dry up in the summer. This is due to several scientific causes, one being that the

* See article on "Forests and Forestry in Europe and America," by Henry Lambert in the *New England Magazine*, for July, 1893.

evaporation is slower under the dense shade of the trees, and the snows of winter melt much less rapidly than when exposed to the rays of the sun. Thus in the very heart of dense woods banks of snow will be found in a hard mass up to the middle of May, and the adjacent springs will be fed from this until late in the season. As the snow melts slowly in the woods, the water soaks gradually into the soil, and does not escape by running in streams and torrents to some other part of the country. The underground springs are in this way fed constantly, and they are so full by spring that it takes all summer to exhaust their surplus. Moreover, the leaves and the trunks aid in detaining the moisture of the air, and the roots of the powerful monarchs of the forests conduct the water to a greater depth into the sub-soil. The forests save water for the future, and supply the streams that find their source in them until the summer has passed. If it were necessary, a long list of specific cases could be cited to show that streams and springs tend to dry up when the primitive woods have been cut down. There is scarcely a farm in the country across which a stream flows that has not at some time witnessed this process. After the woods were removed the water slowly disappeared, and in some cases the bed of the stream was left dry even in the winter season. Not only do the forests influence the spring heads of the stream, but all the course of the brook or river. The stream receives additions to its supply all along its course, but if these are removed it rapidly becomes smaller, and even though the forests at the source are allowed to stand, the destruction of the trees elsewhere along the banks may soon lessen the water supply. The question of permitting the owner of woodlands along the course of a stream to cut down the trees so that the water supply is taken away from property owners in adjacent territories is an important one to settle by legislative acts.

All of these considerations, however, would not popularize forestry in this country. They would help to restrict the indiscriminate destruction of the woods and would induce a few thousand people to plant trees once a year to gratify a worthy sentiment. But the real question of interesting thousands of owners of forests in systematic forestry would still be untouched, and we should not be much nearer the solution of the problem than at the beginning The only remedy for the apathetic condition of the people toward forestry is to show every owner of an acre of wooded land that he can make a fair income for himself and children if he but studies the science of tree growing and applies the best methods to his crops. Farmers do not raise wheat and corn for the beauty of the plants nor for any other sentimental reason, and just as soon as they are no longer profitable crops they will be abandoned and not another acre will be planted. The application of this principle to forest culture is just as sound. When people can be shown conclusively that forests are paying possessions, they will want to know how to raise trees, and they will enter into tree culture with as much ardor as they now go into wheat or corn growing.

One of the greatest drawbacks to popularizing tree growing among the masses is the long time it requires to produce a crop that is valuable. A few years ago agitators of the question could only point to European examples of success, or reason from theory, but to-day we have successful forests that are yielding their owners a good income. The trees planted ten and twenty years ago are now beginning to produce results, and like orange growing there will shortly be a boom in tree culture even though one has to wait a score of years for returns. An argument against

orange growing years ago was that it took so long before one could realize from the investment that very few would enter into it; but the history of the fruit in Florida and California tells a very different story to-day. The early investor reaped rich harvests, and more capital sought investment in the trees than could be accommodated.

From our forests comes nearly half the raw material used in commerce and manufactures, and there will never be any diminution of this widespread demand, but rather a steady expansion. The supply of hard woods is scarcely large enough to-day to meet the demands of house builders, furniture manufacturers, carriage and bicycle makers, car and ship builders, and hundreds of other workmen. Our ash and oak forests are so limited that the supply to-day must be obtained from remote districts where heavy transportation rates greatly increase the cost. Manufacturers realizing the steady increase in the price of the choice hard woods have sought in vain to substitute cheaper woods, but there is little prospect of their succeeding. In Tennessee forests of ash and oak have been planted, and those set out twelve years ago are estimated to be worth to-day between $7,000 and $8,000 per ten acres. According to the forestry methods of these early pioneers about twelve thousand trees were allowed to stand on ten acres, and the original cost was probably less than $500. Here is a distinct and instructive lesson brought straight home to the owners of good timber land. It would be difficult for a farmer owning plenty of land to make an investment that would pay him a larger profit. The investment was only $500, and the time for realizing any profit twelve years, but the returns were seven and eight thousand dollars—a fitting reward for one's labor late in life, or as a legacy to children.

But it is not only hard woods of the South that will yield good profits. The area of good land where oak and ash will thrive is comparatively small, but the white pine of the New England states can be made to flourish on land worth less than $5 an acre. Plantations of white pine have been growing in New Hampshire and Massachusetts for twenty years now, and on land worth fifty cents an acre. These trees are not so valuable to-day as lumber, but in twenty years more they will average fifty to seventy feet in height, and realize a large income to the owners. From the figures of a forestry expert we learn that there are at least 600,000 acres of waste land in New York state that would produce large crops of white pine. Then, according to his words, "Supposing that it took 70 years to grow 50,000 feet of pine to the acre, the 600,000 acres in 70 years would have 30,000,000,000 feet of lumber on them, worth at present low prices some $200,000,000. Its present value when grown would probably be more, yes, very much more, if there be solid foundation for the predicted wood and lumber famine." But it is not necessary to wait seventy years for profits from a forest of white pines. In forty years or less they are valuable for shingles, box boards, and small timber. Those who have planted white pines in the past have found that one acre will net the owner about $200 for box boards. There is also an incidental profit from pines, which is not always considered. The pines are sown thickly at the rate of nearly three thousand to the acre, and as the young trees grow up they are thinned out, the owner securing successively from his forest good wood for fuel, stakes, poles, shooks, shingles and box boards, leaving the main crop of trees to mature into lofty growths seventy and eighty feet high.

The value of the spruce forests is already too well known to require demonstration. Besides its intrinsic value in the paper industry there is no wood to take its place in the building

trade. The hard pine of the South and the white pine of the New England coast cannot replace it entirely; and yet from the present outlook the pulp mills will need the full supply of spruce to keep them going the next fifty years. Spruce is cheap to-day both in the building trades and at the pulp mills, for it is only recently that systematic denudation of these forests has been attempted. The early New England settlers did not consider spruce worth their time of cutting it, and while the oak, ash, hickory, chestnut and pine were destroyed the spruce woods were left undisturbed. It is for this reason that the supply of spruce is so large to-day. But owners of extensive pulp mills are already studying the problem of preserving the spruce woods, and they will probably look after these forests better than any private individuals.

In the South the cedars have also been going very fast. Bucket factories in Tennessee alone consume 5,000,000 feet of this timber annually, and nearly 1,000,000 feet go each season to St. Louis, where it is made into fence posts. The telegraph and lead pencil companies are also using this wood almost exclusively in their work. The cedars flourish on the mountains and hillsides, and systematic cultivation of them is a profitable industry. On the Keys of Florida cedar forests can be made more profitable to-day than fruit orchards.

Many of our choice woods are getting so expensive because of their relative scarcity that manufacturers of furniture are either substituting cheaper grades for them or importing them from countries south of the United States. Our New England woods no longer furnish the tall masts for the shipbuilders, and the woods of Oregon and Washington have to be ransacked to secure the trees of the right length and quality. The chestnuts and walnuts cannot longer meet the demands of the trades, and the New England elm and poplar have long ceased to be much more than ornamental trees. And yet the carriage and bicycle trade claim that no wood can ever be substituted for them for certain purposes. Forests of hickory and locust are becoming rare sights, and their costs must steadily advance until foresters raise enough to supply all the demands of an ever-increasing trade.

SIN.

By Mary White Morton.

'TIS not that God doth turn away his face,
Or scorn our bitterly repentant tears,
Or that we may not win again the place
We wilfully resigned, in coming years;
Only—we might have been so far ahead,
And all the weariness and strife and pain
That might have made new conquests must instead
Be spent in tracing the old steps again.

St Paul's School.

By William D. McCrackan.

IT is not without significance that so successful a school as St. Paul's should have been founded at the very time when many of the old-time academies or private schools in New England were beginning to fail.

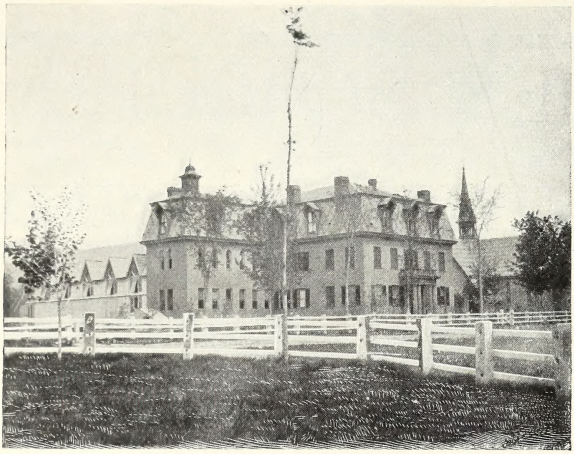
Most men might have been deterred from making a fresh experiment in this field; but not so the large-minded, enthusiastic and persistent Dr. George Cheyne Shattuck of Boston, the founder of St. Paul's. He had in view a different school from any then in existence. In his youth Dr. Shattuck had attended the short-lived Round Hill School in Northampton, where religious training was made a positive feature and physical culture highly prized. He was later in life also much impressed with Dr. Muhlenberg's school at Flushing, L. I. In the "Memorials of St. Paul's School," a book published by the late rector, Dr. Coit, from which I shall quote frequently, the founder thus expresses himself: "The intellect can be trained and the mind furnished at a day school. Physical and moral culture can best be carried on where boys live with and are constantly under the supervision of the teachers, and in the country." The great English schools such as Eton, Rugby, Harrow and Winchester also called forth Dr. Shattuck's admiration. He set great value upon extensive playgrounds and beautiful scenery in developing and refining character.

When, therefore, Dr. Shattuck was in search of a school for his own children and did not find any in New England where he was disposed to put them, he deliberately planned to found a school for them after his own liking, and in accordance with his own ideals.

In the year 1855 the legislature of New Hampshire passed an act to incorporate the school. A board of trustees was appointed, consisting of personal friends of the founder. The latter conveyed to St. Paul's School fifty-five acres of land on the road from Concord to Dunbarton, together with certain buildings—a large dwelling house, a grist mill, saw mills, miller's and farmer's cottages. Among the conditions attached to the deed were the following: The members of the corporation must always be communicants of the Protestant Episcopal Church; the religious education of the scholars must be in conformity with the doctrines, discipline and worship of the same church. Dr. Shattuck and his friends were devout members of the Episcopal Church, and St. Paul's was founded as a church school.

In 1856 the first term opened with three pupils, under the Rev. Henry A. Coit as rector. Dr. Shattuck's summer home gave shelter to the little group of pioneers who were destined to inaugurate a great experiment. The words of St. Augustine were adopted as the school motto: *Ea discamus in terris quorum scientia perseveret in coelis.* The founder and the rector were at one from the start in looking upon their enterprise as the work of God.

When you visit the school to-day, the change from forty years ago is surprising indeed. Instead of a farm,



THE OLD SCHOOL, BURNED IN 1878.

we find a veritable village of some twenty-five buildings, scattered far and near in the neighborhood of the original property. The first object which catches the eye on approaching from Concord, is a massive square tower of great strength and refinement. It belongs to the chapel, which is the symbol of this church school and its distinctive feature. The tower is a memorial to Mrs. Coit, the wife of the late rector. The chapel itself deserves to rank among the noblest specimens of ecclesiastical architecture in America. It is distinguished throughout by a certain reserve in the treatment of ornamentation,—a characteristic of the general tone of the school itself. A superb reredos has lately been erected; the stained glass windows are pronounced by good judges to be among the finest and most artistic in execution on this side of the Atlantic; and the organ, a memorial to the late Mr. A. M. Swift, is an instrument which is worthy of its surroundings.

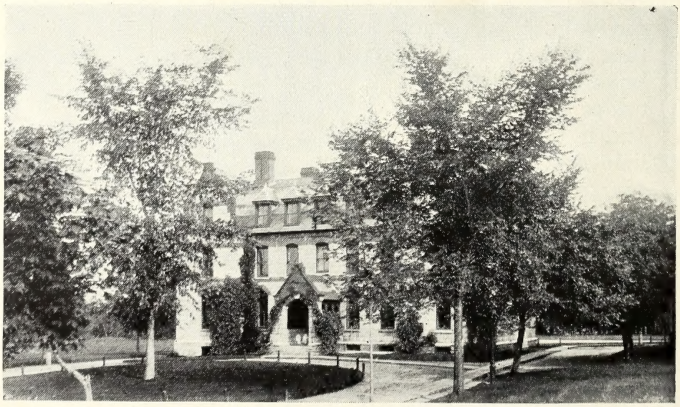
Connected with the chapel by cloisters is the Schoolhouse proper, containing a big study room with desks for two hundred boys, many class rooms, the library and the rector's office, familiarly known as the Doctor's Study. The following inscription adorns the Schoolhouse bell:

"Tempus Fugit;
Ars Cogit;
Bonum Studendum;
Dulce Sudendum;
Vita Decrescit;
Futura Instat."

In the big study a portrait of the founder by Healy hangs in full view of the boys at their desks.

The School, so called to distinguish it from the Lower and Upper schools, is a large building standing on an eminence and visible for many miles around. It was really the first thoroughly adapted and furnished house erected for St. Paul's. It contains dormitories and rooms for about one hundred and thirty boys and masters. Architecturally speaking, however, the School is the least pleasing of the various buildings.

In 1891 the Lower School was completed. It is a splendid structure, where almost one hundred of



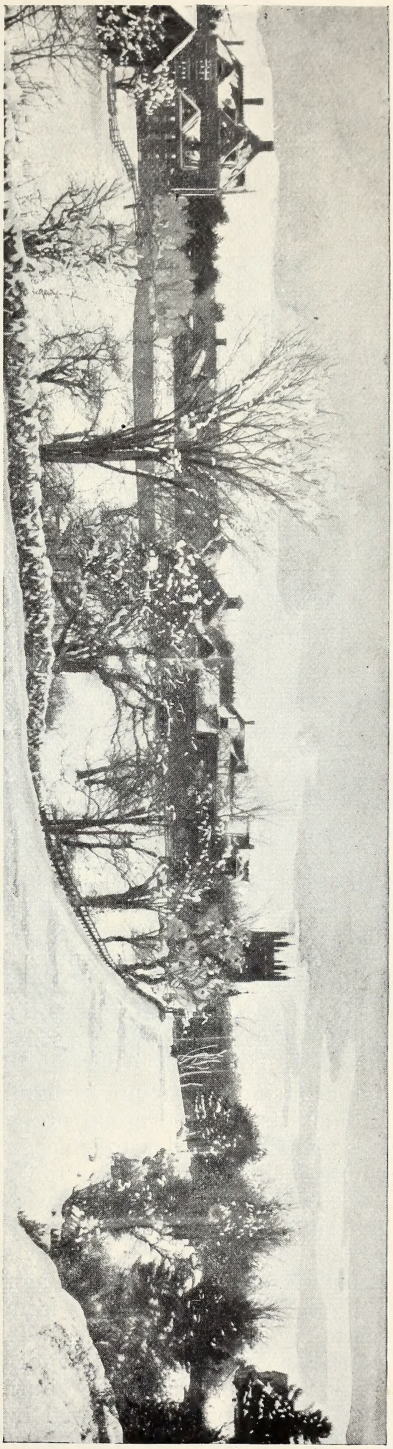
THE UPPER SCHOOL.

the younger boys are housed and taught. Here the newest improvements have had a chance of introduction, and all the requirements which long years of experience have disclosed have been met. Hence the Lower School is not only beautiful in itself, but it satisfies all the wants of a complete school establishment. Near by stands the little old chapel, formerly used by the whole school, but now set apart for a congregation composed of people from the neighborhood.

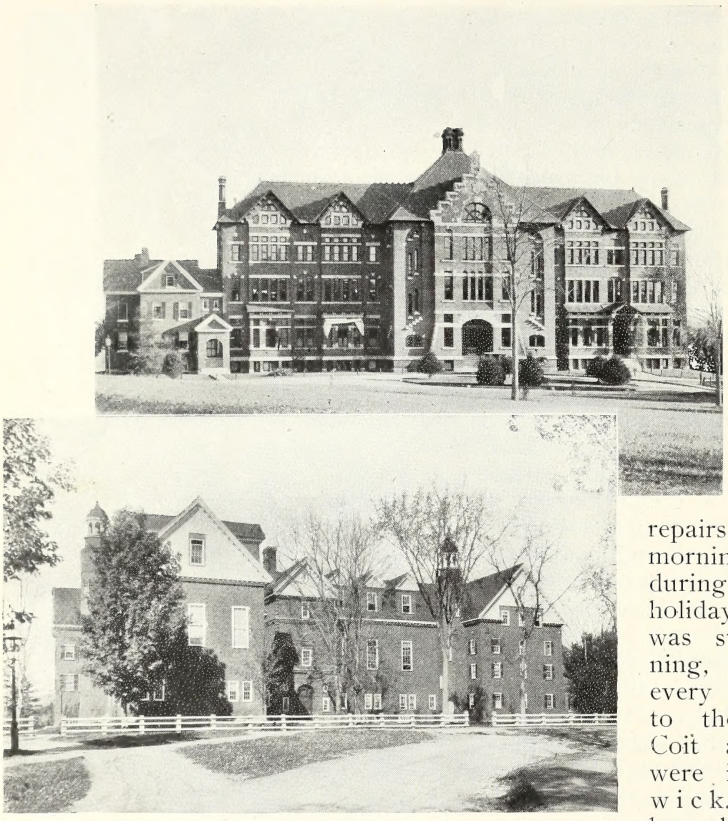
A well-furnished gymnasium was built in 1878, but the school has already outgrown it, and plans are being discussed for a much larger one. There are a cricket house, a racquet court, squash ball and fives courts, a workshop, as well as laboratories and the other provisions demanded by a school of so many activities.

The Upper School is the home of about sixty boys from the sixth and fifth forms. It has a certain air of consequence which makes it particularly desirable,—although it is an unfinished building, in reality needing two wings to complete it on the same scale as the Lower School. The dining room of the Upper School is now in a queer frame house near by, which in its day had been patched together from a farmer's cottage and an old chair factory. But the Upper School building itself, if incomplete, is yet dignified and solid. Its situation, apart from the main group of school buildings, lends it further distinction and exclusiveness.

St. Paul's possesses a number of other houses and cottages, serving a multitude of different purposes. There is a commodious Rectory, with stables attached, and several masters' houses are scattered about. In 1876 an Infirmary was found necessary. Up to that time the boys' ailments had been attended to under the direction of the late rector's wife; but the burden grew too great as the school increased in size. As a matter of fact,



ST. PAUL'S IN WINTER.



THE NEW SCHOOL, AND THE LOWER SCHOOL.

St. Paul's is an exceptionally healthy place, well designed to turn out vigorous, manly boys.

There is also a farm of more than two hundred acres. Over sixty cows are required to supply the liberal quantity of milk now daily used. In fact the school has from the first made a business of acquiring land on the outskirts of its original property, not so much in order to enlarge its farming facilities, as to give the boys plenty of room to circulate without interfering with the neighbors. During the school's history hardly any complaints have been entered against the boys by the surrounding farmers, —certainly a cause for pride.

Perhaps the severest test of the school's vitality was the burning down in 1878 of the principal building, the School. It was the old house originally given by Dr. Shattuck, which by many additions had become a large establishment accommodating eighty boys. Colonel George E. Waring, now Commissioner of Street Cleaning in New York, had just put the School through extensive sanitary repairs. One Sunday morning (fortunately during the summer holidays) the building was struck by lightning, and in spite of every effort it burned to the ground. Dr. Coit and his family were in New Brunswick. A telegram brought the faithful rector to the school. Six weeks of the holidays remained. Room for eighty boys had to be made somehow during that time, so that the term could open at the usual date. Workmen were soon engaged in building a new cottage, making additions to old ones, transforming all available spaces into dormitories, etc. When the regular day for opening arrived, the school began its term with undiminished numbers.

The writer of this article was one of the boys admitted that fall. He remembers the site of the old School, still disfigured with charred beams. Two years passed, however, before the pressure of narrow quarters could be relieved by the erection of the large School already mentioned. Throughout this time Dr. Shattuck continued to contribute generously to the needs of the school. In emergen-

cies he was always ready with substantial help. His benevolent, rugged face was familiar to the boys, for he was a frequent visitor, not only at the great school festival, the anniversary, but also at examinations. When he died he could look back upon vast changes. Unlike most benefactors, he was able to see the fruits of his bequests with his own eyes; he had not waited for his death to have them take effect. From three boys, the number in attendance had grown to more than three hundred; from fifty-five acres the lands had increased to over five hundred and fifty. His courage and foresight had been amply justified and rewarded.

But the fact remains that these astonishing results could never have been attained, had it not been for the work of the first rector, Dr. Coit, a man to whom without exaggeration may be applied the term of the Great American Schoolmaster.

Several years ago one of the most noteworthy men in the political life of our country, while on a visit to the school, said to Dr. Coit: "How is it that you so succeed in impressing your own personality on the boys?" "I have an image," he replied, "and a superscription which I wish to impress upon them, but it is not my own." In truth, the formation of character, not the mere accumulation of knowledge, was Dr. Coit's chief aim. Being himself of a deeply devout nature, he considered the religious side of school life of main importance. His Thursday night talks to the boys in the big study were little masterpieces of original colloquial eloquence. He never descended to scolding, but his



CHAPEL AND GYMNASIUM.



genial satire never failed to produce the desired result.

St. Paul's has never had any printed rules, but has been governed entirely by precedent and tradition. Its constitution is an unwritten one. One of Dr. Coit's favorite and oft-repeated expressions was "the tone of the school"; for he appreciated, as few educators have done, the influence of environment upon character, and the power of that subtle prevailing thought which marks an institution for good or bad, as much as it does an individual. Although he was of a singularly sensitive nature, yet his will dominated the school to its remotest corners. He stood much alone, like most great men; especially in his later years did he withdraw more and more to the seclusion of religious consolations. In the administration of school affairs he showed positive genius. It was his wonderful power of discrimination which enabled him to concentrate himself upon vital questions, leaving non-essentials to take care of themselves.

To his many accomplishments the late rector added a marvelous memory for names. A St. Paul's alumnus, —and there are now about two thousand of them,—might return after many years' absence, mount the stairs to the Doctor's Study, and hear himself welcomed as in the old days by his baptismal name: Will, Dick, Harry,—whatever it might be; no mistake was ever made.

Much could be said about his exceptional scholarship. He was on various occasions invited to many posts of honor and responsibility, such as the presidencies of Trinity and Hobart colleges; but he followed the dictates of duty in remaining at the head of the school he had reared until he died.

He died in harness. His death, on February 5, 1895, was the occasion for an extraordinary display of feeling

on the part of the alumni, and of the outside world.

In attempting to analyze the methods of Dr. Coit, one must not overlook the fact that the school as it stands to-day is the development of the idea of family life. St. Paul's School with three hundred boys is based on the same principles as St. Paul's School with three. Its habits and traditions are family traits enlarged and made elastic, adapted to wider fields. That loyalty to the school upon which Dr. Coit set so much store is a precious family characteristic. Dr. Coit never lost sight of any of his boys. As their number increased, especially during the last few years of his life, it became impossible for him to devote as much time as formerly to personal contact with each boy. He, therefore, resorted more and more to laying down certain general principles for the guidance of conduct; but these principles were essentially the same as those which ruled among the first three boys.

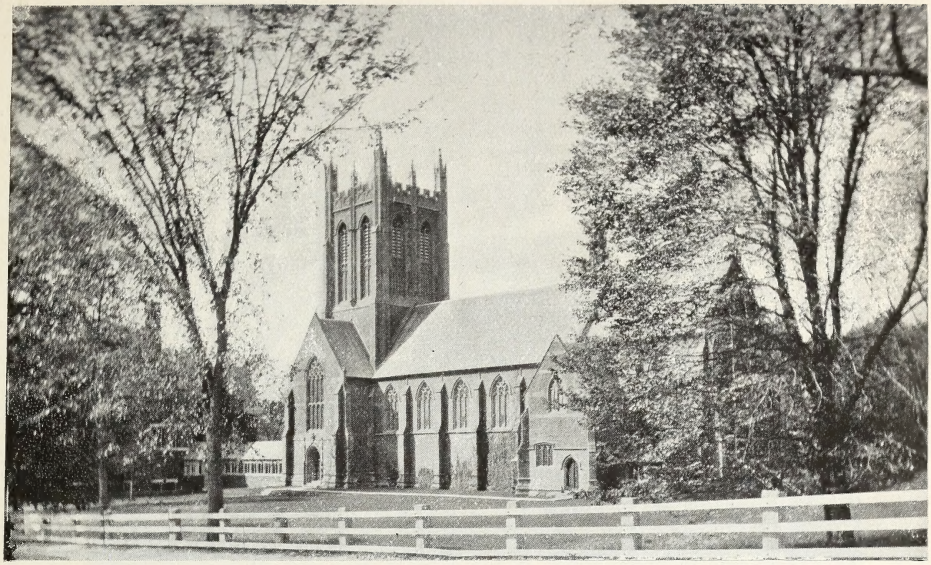
Bearing in mind this ideal of family life as the distinctive mark of St. Paul's School, one can readily see that the choice of masters to coöperate with Dr. Coit had to be governed by special considerations. They must not only be good teachers in the narrow sense of the word; they must also be able to exert on the boys entrusted to their care the same quality of influence as the rector exerted upon the school at large. Such men are rare. Dr. Coit preferred as soon as possible to call to his side men whom he had trained as boys. Among the thirty-eight men who compose the staff of masters to-day, twenty-one are alumni of St. Paul's School.

Many of the present school customs took their rise during the first fifteen years. Governor Baker of New Hampshire first gave the silver medal which is now awarded by the rector on the last night of the session to the "Best Boy." There is, however, a vast change between the hours of work in 1856 and those in 1897. Rising bell at that date used to ring at 5 A. M.; prayers were at 5.45; breakfast was at 6. The study hours were from 7 until 1.30 P. M., broken by fifteen minutes' intermission at 9 and a half-hour at 11. The dinner





THE SCHOOL OF 1896.



THE CHAPEL.

hour was at 2 P. M. The afternoon was free for recreation. Tea came at 6.30 P. M., and there was an evening study hour from 8 to 9. The order of the day in our own time is quite different: The rising bell rings at 7.30 A. M.; breakfast is at 8; prayers follow at 8.45; the morning study hours extend from 9 to 12.45, with two intermissions of five minutes each; the dinner hour is 1.30 P. M.; the afternoon study hours are from 4.45 to 6.40, with a break of five minutes; tea is at 6.50 P. M.; and there is an evening study hour from 7.35 to 8.45.

The Founder's birthday, July 23d, was observed as the school fête as long as the session included the month of July. Since 1862 a day in the early part of June has been taken and celebrated under the name of Anniversary. Nothing more charming can be imagined than a typical Anniversary Day at St. Paul's School. Rising bell rings a little later than usual. A cricket match is played in the morning, and at 11.30 the bell tolls for service. The ante chapel is brilliant with the holiday dresses and bonnets of mothers and sisters, come from far and near to join in the festivities. Many alumni sit in the stalls on which their names are engraved upon brass plates. Then the boys walk in, two by two, the youngest first. Finally the choir and the clergy. The effect of this service of music and of the architectural setting is exceptionally beautiful, while the sermon is usually delivered by some man of note.

At this time of the year, too, nature is particularly lovely at St. Paul's. The trees and the lawns are at their best, so that the full natural beauty of the region in which the school is situated makes itself felt. The broad road on which the Schoolhouse and the Rectory face is lined with noble trees. The pond that winds through the school grounds glimmers in the sunlight. Boys in caps of many colors come and go, or group themselves about the doorways; at noon a collation is served for the guests, in the gymnasium, and in the afternoon everybody streams down to the Lower Grounds to see the athletic games.

From the very first St. Paul's, in accordance with the wishes of the founder, has laid great stress upon



INTERIOR OF THE CHAPEL.

physical culture. The school has been a veritable nursery of athletes, who have taken their training and skill to all the principal colleges and universities of the country. It is an exceptional year, indeed, when St. Paul's boys are not to be found on the victorious college teams and crews. No school in the United States has done so much for the cultivation of athletics along the most wholesome lines.

These beautiful Lower Grounds are the result of more than fifteen years of constant work and expenditure of money. Especially difficult is it to keep in good order the turf used for cricket. Cricket was introduced at St. Paul's in 1857, before baseball had acquired the prominence in the country which it now possesses. Originally two elevens were composed of boys sitting on the opposite sides of a dining room table; but not long after two clubs were formed, the Olympian and Isthmian. The Olympian later changed its name to Old Hundred. At present the whole school has been divided into three athletic clubs, the Isthmian, Delphian and Old Hundred. Each has its cricket elevens, football teams, besides track-athletic and hockey teams. A school eleven, made up of the best cricketers, boys and masters, has a long record of seventy-five contests with the foremost cricket clubs of the United States and Canada. Out of this number St. Paul's has won thirty-three matches and lost thirty-five, while seven have been drawn games. A professional cricketer teaches the

game and looks after the grounds. During the winter a Gymnasium Exhibition is held. "Hare and Hounds" is run in the cool autumn. Tennis, of course, is brought to a state of great perfection; while St. Paul's could not be considered up to date, if it did not possess bicycle and camera clubs.

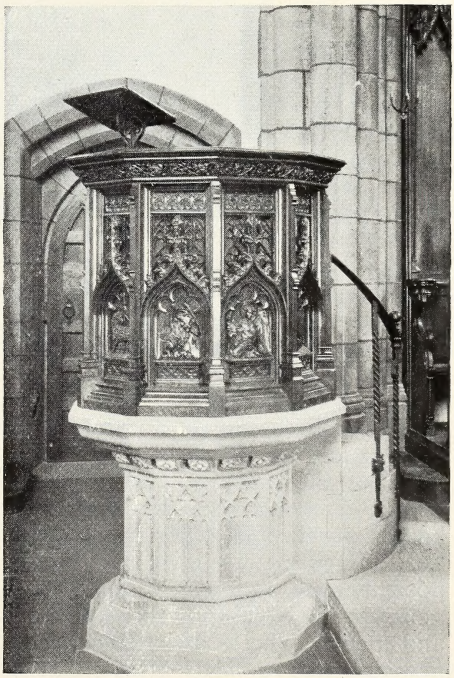
On Anniversary Day the boys and their friends watch the athletic games from the grand stand or from the top of the cricket house. There are a great number of challenge cups for different events, while a medal awaits the best all-round athlete. Many of the records held by the school are exceptionally fine, in some cases very remarkable. A special instructor, Mr. L. C. Dole, has supervision over the training of the competitors.

At the close of the games some visitor, often a man of national prominence, is invited to make a little address before the presentation of prizes. With much cheering the afternoon's sports are brought to an end, and everybody goes off to supper in the best of spirits, to prepare for the concert in the evening.

Under the direction of Mr. James C. Knox, the choir of St. Paul's has been brought to a high standard of excellence. The difficulties to be surmounted in a school choir are much greater than in most others, for its *personnel* is continually shifting. Boys leave the school, or their voices change; at the beginning of each school year new members must be taught the rudiments of singing; and the long vacations give the boys a chance to unlearn a great deal. Although no special privileges attach to the choir, beyond one or two moderate festivities, still there is always a great desire on the part of the boys to join. On Anniversary evening the choir always gives a concert, supported by the Banjo and Mandolin Clubs, and more recently also by the school orchestra. The excellence of these concerts varies. Often the boys have shouted so much at the afternoon games that their voices are apt to be a little hoarse or strained. It is in the chapel, with its great spaces, that the choir can be heard to the best advantage. A number of names now well known in musical circles might be mentioned as having once belonged to this school choir.

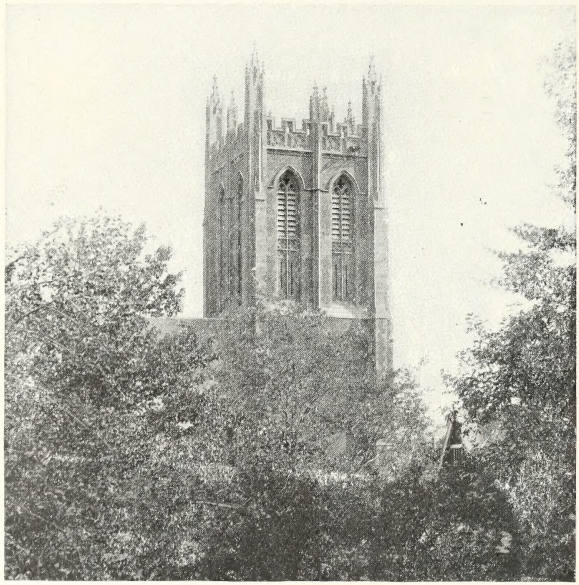
Boating began on the school pond, but in 1860 a long barge, the *Ariel,* was placed upon Long Pond or Lake Penacook, about two miles distant. St. Paul's felt the enthusiasm for boating which arose in the colleges in the early seventies, so that in 1871 two boat clubs were formed, the Halcyon and Shattuck, which have ever since competed with each other annually, the former having thirty-one victories to its credit, the latter twenty-five. Each club has three crews. At first the course was one mile straightaway; then it was made one mile and return; now it is one mile and a half straightaway.

In the same manner that outdoor sports have always been favored at St. Paul's, and for very much the



same reasons, the study of natural history has been encouraged by prizes, awarded at the end of the school year, for the best collections of wild flowers, of minerals, ferns and sometimes even of woods. Since 1882 a Scientific Association has acted as the centre for those boys who are interested in such matters. In accordance with a charming old school custom, the first mayflower found in the spring is taken to the Rectory, and the event is noted in the school paper, the *Horae Scholasticae.*

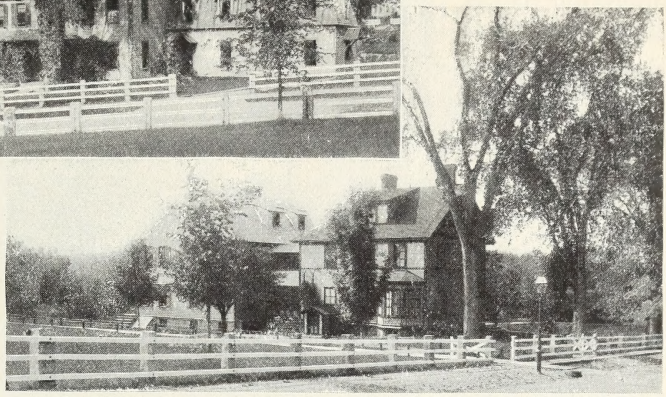
This reference to the school paper leads me to speak of the Missionary Society, under whose auspices it is edited and published. In 1860 the rector started the Missionary Society with the purpose of encouraging the boys to contribute systematically towards the support of missions. *Non nobis, sed aliis* was adopted as the motto of the society, which consists of thirty-four members, approved by the rector. The president is a master, named by the rector. The society collects cast-off and outgrown clothes and sends them to different parts of the country. For years it has conducted a store in charge of a boy as storekeeper, where most of the little things needed at school can be bought, such as sleds, skates, toboggans, balls, bats, snowshoes, lemons and pens. These articles are sold generally at a less price than is charged at Concord stores. The profits, often amounting to several hundred dollars a year, have been paid over to church missionary boards or to special charities, such as the sufferers by the Charleston catastrophe or the Johnstown floods. Nowhere else than at St. Paul's, it seems to me, could an institution of just this sort have arisen, or have thrived so continuously.



As mentioned above, the Missionary Society also conducts the school newspaper, the *Horae Scholasticae,* published monthly. In this paper F. Marion Crawford, Owen Wister, and other writers made their first literary efforts. A certain amount of space is devoted to the alumni in each issue, where the honors won by them at college or in public life are recorded as well as their marriages, etc. The *Horae* also stimulates literary activity among the boys by offering prizes for the best stories or poems; although the Cadmean Society does this in a greater measure, with its four prizes, given not only for the best story and poem, but also for the best essay and for preëminence in debate.

The Library Association deserves mention as one of the most powerful agencies that make for general culture in the school. It has done its work thoroughly and quietly for many years, under the superintendence of Mr. Charles S. Knox. The





THE OLD LOWER SCHOOL, AND THE INFIRMARY.

care and government of the library are entrusted to an executive committee, consisting of the president of the association, who is a master chosen by the rector and is known as the librarian, two vice-presidents, who are also masters, twelve assistant librarians, appointed by the president, generally from the three upper forms; and a number of delegates, elected by the forms above the second. A boy, usually belonging to the sixth form, acts as the first assistant librarian. During the April and June examinations public meetings are held, at which a poet and orator, chosen from among the boys, have the honor of delivering their compositions. Few distinctions are more highly prized at St. Paul's than these library appointments. An alumnus is also invited to make an address on these occasions.

Among other rewards for literary cultivation are the prize for the best English Composition, the gold medal for the best written examination in English Literature and the prize for the best English Declamation, all given at the end of the school year, in June. It is on the last day also that is awarded that most coveted of all prizes, the School Medal for the "Best Boy."

Nor must one forget that in the course of the term many able lecturers appear before the school, and many alumni of mark, journey up to the New Hampshire school to give the boys the benefit of their researches and their culture.

One of the most delightful characteristics of St. Paul's is its large-hearted hospitality to old boys and strangers alike. Hardly a Sunday passes but that several guests, often distinguished visitors, are on hand to take their positions beside the rector when, in accordance with an old custom that again indicates the family life of St. Paul's, the Sunday evening hymn is sung in the big study.

It has often been argued that Dr. Shattuck made a mistake in founding the school so far away from the great centres of American thought and activity; but the history of the school, as well as its constantly flourishing condition, proves his wisdom. Only in an atmosphere removed from the bustle and competition of our commercial life, sheltered from the false teachings and unworthy standards of what is known as society, and planted in the free solitude of nature, could St. Paul's have developed its peculiar

character and maintained its unusual ideals.

The religious customs of the place have often been subjected to criticism. The following is an exact statement



THE RECTORY, AND MASTERS' HOUSES.

of the religious observances. I quote again from "Memorials of St. Paul's School": "The whole household attends prayers in the chapel every morning. The service consists of a hymn, a psalm from the Psalter, the Apostles' Creed, and suitable collects. It lasts scarcely fifteen minutes. In the evening, directly after tea, there is a short service in each house, occupying about five minutes; a hymn is sung and a few prayers are said. Just before the studies are dismissed for the day an interval of five minutes is set apart for Bible reading. The older boys who are out of the study are left entirely free as to this matter. Of course, as far as personal influence can affect them, they are urged to form the habit of reading the Bible daily. On Sunday three services are obligatory. At nine o'clock the shortened form of morning prayer is said, and occupies about thirty minutes. The second service is held at 11.30 A. M., and consists of the communion office with sermon. The boys leave after the prayer for Christ's Church Militant. They are rarely in chapel more than an hour at this service. The shortened form of evening prayer, with sermon, is used in the afternoon at 3.15, and takes ordinarily three-quarters of an hour. The entire time devoted to the chapel services on Sunday is, on an average, not quite two hours and a half, which does not seem an excessive amount. . . . A short sacred lesson is recited in the afternoon by all the members of the school below the fifth form." A St. Paul's Guild, composed of boys, but presided over by a master, has charge of the chancel, looks after the Sunday library, visits the sick at the Infirmary, and performs other like services.

Not far from the school is situated an Orphans' Home, which is to a great extent dependent upon St. Paul's for its maintenance. It was founded in 1866 by Dr. and Mrs. Coit to shelter the many orphans left by the Civil War. Although the institution has now been turned over to the charge of the diocese, a regular Dona-

tion Day is still kept when delegations from the different forms present the contributions of the boys. In the old days, the school being much smaller, the forms, each in turn, used to march up in a body with their donations. They were in the habit of meeting each other on the way, and it was not long before a regular system of rushes was established, which, though intensely relished by the boys, proved in the end, as the size of the forms increased, so dangerous, that they had to be suppressed. Hence the present method of sending delegates was substituted.

In looking towards the future of St. Paul's School, one is impressed with the great results which can be accomplished by the Alumni Association. It has already done a noteworthy work by raising the funds to build the new chapel and its tower. The greatest need of the school at present is a large permanent endowment, so that the whole annual income can be devoted to current expenses; that the perfecting of the equipment can go on unhampered; that the masters can receive better salaries; and that no sudden serious loss or misfortune can bring disaster. Scholarships also are much needed, like the two founded a few years ago by Professor Henry Ferguson of Trinity College, Hartford. The Alumni Association is now making efforts to raise the necessary funds for these purposes, which will place the school upon a basis of financial prosperity. With regret the authorities of St. Paul's have seen themselves obliged from time to time to raise the annual charges. Starting with $300, they have doubled in the thirty-nine years of the school's existence, until now



THE FARM HOUSE.

the cost of tuition and residence is $600. St. Paul's during last term contained a total of about three hundred and thirty boys, representing almost every state in the Union. New York by far outstripped the others, sending one hundred and nine boys. New Jersey only thirty-nine; Pennsylvania thirty-eight; and Massachusetts, thirty. The youngest boy was eleven years and nine months old; the oldest,



THE SWIMMING HOLE.



FIRST CREWS ON LONG POND.

eighteen years and three months; and the average age was sixteen years and two months.

Complaint has sometimes been made that St. Paul's too closely resembled an English public school. The use of the words "form" instead of class, "master" instead of teacher, "rector" instead of principal, has been cited as evidence of this. The favoring of cricket as the school game has also aroused criticism. It may be that the example of the great English schools did exert much influence upon both founder and rector, because in them alone, forty years ago, could be found that peculiar combination of religious, mental and physical training which they desired.

But Dr. Coit was no blind imitator. Though he has been likened to Arnold of Rugby, the two men were quite dissimilar. They resembled each other only in the success with which they were able, each in his own way, to control and inspire great masses of boys. It has even been said that Dr. Coit's educational ideas were not novel, being substantially those held by most American educators fifty years ago. He regarded the study of Latin and Greek as the best and only basis of sound education. He himself knew the classics as few modern scholars ever attempt to know them; they were his cherished companions.

Henry Augustus Coit was born January 20, 1830, at Wilmington, Del., where his father, Rev. Joseph Howland Coit, was rector of St. Andrew's Church. In 1832 his family went to Plattsburgh, N. Y., his father having been elected rector of Trinity Church in that city. There his youth was passed until his fifteenth year, when he was sent to the well known boarding school at College Point, Flushing, L. I., under Dr. Muhlenberg. In due course he went to the University of Pennsylvania; but, his health giving out, he spent a winter in the South, chiefly in Georgia. On his return, he accepted



THE ATHLETIC HOUSE.

the position of assistant professor of the ancient languages at St. James's College, Maryland. He remained there about two years, and then, in 1851, assumed charge of a large parish school under the direction of Dr., afterwards Bishop, Bowman of Lancaster, Pa. There he met Miss Mary Bowman Wheeler, to whom he was subsequently married. While at Lancaster, he was ordained deacon by Bishop Alonzo Potter, the ordination taking place at St. James's Church, Philadelphia. His ordination to the priesthood followed one year later, in Plattsburgh, Bishop Horatio Potter officiating. He was at this time serving efficiently as missionary at Ellenburgh and Centreville, Clinton County, N. Y., having recently left his charge at Lancaster. Here he remained until, having been invited by the trustees of St. Paul's School to become its rector, he came to Concord, April 3, 1856. His marriage had taken place one week earlier.

The rectorship of St. Paul's is now held by the late Dr. Coit's brother, the Rev. Joseph Howland Coit, whose long service as vice rector of the school has peculiarly fitted him to carry on the work. After thirty years' residence and constant participation in the life of St. Paul's, the new rector entered upon his duties under the best possible auspices. He is assured of the complete confidence, respect and affection of the alumni, and can count upon their coöperation in furthering the vital interests of the school.

Another brother of the late rector, Mr. James Milnor Coit, Ph. D., has for many years labored earnestly for the welfare of the school in a number of different capacities. To him more than to any other individual St. Paul's owes the careful cultivation of the natural sciences there carried on.

The Rev. Charles Wheeler Coit, and Mr. Joseph Howland Coit, Jr., M. A., both sons of the late rector, are among the masters, so that the name which has been identified with the origin and growth of St. Paul's is likely to continue upon its rolls for many years to come.

The present corporation consists of Rt. Rev. William W. Niles, Bishop of New Hampshire, Rt. Rev. Henry A. Neely, Bishop of Maine, Rev. Joseph H. Coit, Samuel Eliott, LL. D. of Boston, Charles P. Gardiner of Brookline, Mass., Edward Newton Perkins of Jamaica Plain, Mass., William C. Sheldon of Brooklyn, Prof. Henry Ferguson of Hartford, Edward A. Abbot of New York, and George H. Fisher of Philadelphia.

Every St. Paul's boy remembers with special affection the name of the Rev. John Hargate. He was born in Manchester, England, and came with his parents to the United States in 1849. He entered St. Paul's School in December, 1856. After completing the sixth form, he became a master in 1861. He was in charge of the Lower School from 1880 to 1887. He then removed to the Upper School, of which he has been the head ever since. From 1868 to 1888 the Rev. Charles A. Morrill was a most efficient helper in the gymnasium and out-door sports. The tradition of his gymnastic feats will last a long time. The Rev. E. M. Parker, in his seventeen years' service as master, has rendered the school special services in promoting the study of botany and mineralogy, and in fulfilling the duties of Secretary of the Alumni Association. The Rev. Thomas James Drumm has been a master since 1874. Old boys remember him as a remarkably successful teacher, especially of Latin. The school lost a valuable teacher in the late Rev. Thomas G. Valpey, who left a bequest to found certain Greek prizes. To Major Charles H. Whipple, U. S. A., the school has been greatly indebted for giving annually since 1874 a gold medal to the boy passing the best written examination on an assigned theme in English literature.

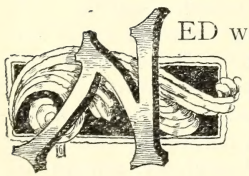
It was mainly through the efforts of the Rev. William S. Emery that the funds for the new chapel were raised. Many gifts have been received from different members of the Marquand, Evarts, Appleton, Carter, Vanderbilt, Stevens and Wheeler families and others. Mr. Richard H. Dana, like his distinguished father in his day, acts as a firm friend and sagacious adviser to the school authorities and an untiring worker in the Alumni Association. There are many other faithful teachers and friends to whom it would be a joy to pay tribute.

Throughout its history St. Paul's School has been averse to any notoriety. It has never advertised. Its growth has proceeded from the reputation which its alumni have given it before the world. Pains have been taken to keep the doings of the school, even its festivities and athletic sports, out of the columns of the newspapers,—no easy matter in these days. Only on rare occasions has some public occasion displayed to outsiders the remarkable strength of affection which binds the alumni together,—as in the service in memory of the late rector, in Calvary Church, New York. Those who were present at that service will not soon forget the majesty of the music, sung by hundreds of men and boys, or the tribute to the life of the great schoolmaster by Bishop Potter.

It is with diffidence that the writer has ventured to place this inadequate sketch of St. Paul's before the public. His excuse for the attempt must be that of an old boy,—pride in the achievements of the school, and a knowledge that it is playing an important part in the life of the nation, helping to shape the educational thought and standards of our times.

YELLOW NED AND HIS FREEDOM PAPERS.*

By Eugene Deveaux.



ED was the best loved slave on the two plantations. Not even the cook, who assuredly held the hearts of us all,—not even she could dispute with the yellow man on this score. There were on the slave roll three Neds—Yellow Ned, Black Ned and Guinea Ned. Black Ned had been sent over to the "Kee-Chee Place," an adjoining plantation, the negro quarters of which were four miles away. Guinea Ned had, by common consent, lost part of his cognomen, and the fellow was called for short simply "Gin." And so it was that the home people called the yellow slave simply Ned; though it was occasionally necessary to refer to him fully as Yellow Ned.

Guinea Ned was a homely, squatty fellow, a poor pattern for a field hand. He was small and decidedly ungainly. Yet "Gin" could chop out and hoe out and pick out as much cotton as any darkey weighing twice as much as the little fellow could pull on the beam. Gin—strange to say—had a great aversion to doing work about the house or barn; the only labor-love he had was in the cotton field. In this he reveled. You could put him there, give him plenty of corn cake and fat meat and his regular milk ration and then let him have what he called his "sweet 'tatur and watur millyun patch" and his 'possum dog; and, the overseer's word for it, Gin would not have gone out of the

*The leading incident of this sketch is substantially true, many of the facts being well known in a certain locality in the South. For obvious reasons the author has preferred to veil all the names, including his own, in the garb of fiction.

hearing of the big horn which hung at the overseer's door,—would not have gone even if the happy land of freedom could have been reached by going just over the big river which rolled solemnly around the western verge of the gloomy Kee-Chee swamp with its cypresses and its raccoons, its mosses and its mosquitoes.

But Ned was an entirely different darkey. Notwithstanding all the fellow's merits—for we loved him because of his many good traits—Ned occasionally gave the family much trouble. He was afflicted with what the other colored people called "spells." He had a grievous weakness for strong drink; and whenever the "spells" came, Ned would invariably get on a spree. My northern friends may think this an improbable narration—a negro slave getting on a spree in the old times. But, slavery or no slavery, lash or no lash, Ned went on his spree when the enemy made attack upon him through the bottle. If the philosopher fond of tracing sequences had followed the line back to its initial point, doubtless he would have found the moving force in Ned's trouble lying in the caprice—or the something else—of a likely-faced quadroon known in the region round about as "Big Jin," or more fully, "Deveaux's Big Jin," a field hand at the Kee-Chee plantation. She was a huge woman; and yet she hated the title "Big Jin," preferring the more euphonious appellation, Jenny,—which had to be used if her favor was sought.

If the tender passion ever burned in its fieriest, fiercest glow in the slave heart, Yellow Ned writhed in its tortures under the scorching influences of Big Jin's caprice. Big Jin had never married, at least she had never been given away under the forms of matrimony known to the slave; and Ned loved her with a desperate passion, gross darky as she was. But somehow the woman affected not to care much for the "stuck-up house-nigger from de home place," as she was pleased to call him; and I may add gently that the alleged cause was a mortal jealousy of a man whose skin was whiter than Ned's, but whose honor or virtue was not so pure or fine as that in the slave negro.

Ned was a house servant at the home place; and he could be trusted at all times, except when too far gone in one of his "spells." The only thing you could depend on then was that he would sleep off his trouble. When he got so much whiskey aboard that, as the overseer said, he didn't know the barn door from a steel trap, you could depend on his sleeping it off, even if it took a whole week to do it. On such occasions the master was always sorely tried. Ned was one of the mainstays about the house, and his services could not be well dispensed with. Yet whenever Big Jin got the old scratch stirred in her, the arch-fiend would not cease until his hand was on Yellow Ned—and then came the inevitable "spells."

One unvarying indication of the approach of the fiend was a little wildness in Ned's eye—the first effervescence of the bottle spirit, putting boldness into the negro's heart; and the next thing you would hear from him would be a clamor for freedom. "*I wants my freedom papers!*" he would whine and drivel. In the hour of his troubles Ned always wanted "freedom"; and he imagined that inseparably connected with the state of freedom in a darkey was the possession of a certain species of writing which he called tersely "freedom papers." He had known of sundry cases of emancipation in the old days, and these had been accompanied invariably with the written testimonials. Ned never clamored for freedom save when trouble came; then it was his uppermost prayer. He imagined the "papers" would place him upon an equal footing with certain white people; and if he could have been endowed with freedom only long enough to "get even" with the rascally white fellow supposed to have

been his rival in Big Jin's heart or favor, he would have willingly died the next hour.

Somehow Ned always had an abiding faith in his attaining freedom. When I was but a child, stealing off in the long winter nights to listen to the darkey's talk around the big wood fire, Ned would give us his visions of freedom. He so poured his quaint, glowing sentences into my innocent soul that I would actually go and plead with the master, asking him to give Ned the coveted "papers," to give him the sweet liberty of which he had spoken so rapturously. But the master would always smile when I approached him in that way. He knew better than I what Ned's usual inspiration was.

There were several things about Ned which caused the hearts of all the children to be drawn towards him. As I have said, the man was house servant; and familiarity with him had certainly not brought contempt in any one. Our love for Ned was sincere and deep and sympathetic; it was entirely different from that cherished for old Isaac, another servant in the home quarters, who made brooms and baskets for us, and who could always tell us big tales about Dempsey, or Murrell. Dempsey was a famous fighter, though not of the prize-ring type. He was a country giant, a sort of backwoods Sampson, who walked rough shod and ruthlessly over the mediocre Philistines of the neighborhood. Everybody knows about John Murrell, the highwayman. We children all liked old Isaac, we really revered him; but as for Ned, he had both our sympathy and our love. There was something about the yellow man that chained our hearts, and made us love him so that it was in deference to our pleas and tears that the master would never punish him when the fellow had an attack of his "spells." I have known the good man so outraged by Ned's conduct that he would get out the long red-twisted cowhide kept for the flagellation of incorrigibles, but when the moment came for the application of it to Ned the children would be on hand with pleading tongue and flowing eyes, and Ned would be dismissed with simply a severe admonition.

One reason why we were so attached to Ned, I think, was that there was so much in him that was in common with the white race. To tell the truth, the fellow was very nearly white—hence his name, Yellow Ned. Rumor had it that no more aristocratic blood flowed in the veins of any white man around than in this slave. Although Ned's hair was inclined to the curly, his appearance otherwise indicated clearly a lineage of high order. I do not remember that he was ever other than gentlemanly in his way except when he was crazed with drink.

Ned showed the human side of his character especially in the way his heart went out in the matter of love. Big Jin was the whitest negro woman in all the neighborhood; and despite her general bulkiness, she had a comely face for a darkey. Ned wanted Jenny to marry him. He said he wanted to marry in regular "preacher fashion." But the woman's head had been turned by—well, I shall not repeat the rumor that so vexed poor Ned. Big Jin was a coquette. The woman had really promised Ned that she would marry him—some day; she would not say when. But she worried the yellow man until his "spells" were recurring with painful frequency. She had been so vixenish in her conduct, provoking trouble in various ways, that the master was on the eve of getting rid of her by sending her out of the country, as a means of reforming Ned. As for Ned himself, he was too valuable a servant for the master to think of attempting to dispense with his services in a sale or otherwise.

Ned always had a little ready money. He blacked the boots of the young gentlemen of the house and of

visitors to the place; and he so applied himself to the personal comfort and enjoyment of every one that he was not forgotten in the purse. Hence he was able to supply himself too well with the liquid fire obtainable by negroes then from what is now known as a "blind tiger," but called in the old times a "low-down nigger-doggery," run in connection with a "still." This doggery—the term was a contemptuous travesty upon the word grocery—was seven miles from the home place. When every one else on the plantation was fast asleep, Ned would manage to slip away, steal out one of the best of the horses, and in a night ride speed away to Wilson's—the doggery man,—supply himself with medicine for his heart's ills, and hie away home before the approach of the coming day.

The heart trouble, however, could not be cured by the Wilson balm, and matters were growing worse all around. Serious complaints against Ned were lodged with the master. He was not only accused of riding the horses unmercifully at night, in his dashes to the doggery, but it was alleged that he was giving serious trouble over at the Kee-Chee plantation. In fact, there was a conclusion all around that Ned was becoming generally worthless, and all on account of his infatuation for Big Jin and—the bottle. Troubles are like hungry jackals, that prey in packs,—never coming singly.

The master's patience at last was gone. He told Ned plainly one morning what he might expect. If Big Jin was going to act the fool always,—if he didn't quit going to Wilson's,—well, if Ned wanted a wife, he could marry the black cook at the quarters of the home place; he could then stay at home and behave himself, or—he could make up his mind to go to Mississippi!

Now Ned knew what "Mississippi" meant. At least he thought he knew what it meant; and there is no more terrible infliction to mortals than imaginary evils. The Southern-border slave, the one from Virginia, Tennessee, or North Carolina, had an idea that the negro purgatory was Mississippi; that state was supposed to hold the most cruel and exacting type of slavery known in the South. Even if this were erroneous—and as to that I am not prepared to say,—it made no difference in the slave mind. The slave mind pictured the evil—and therefore it existed. Ned had heard enough to convince him; and therefore, seeing the determined lines in the master's face, hearing the determined tones in his voice, feeling also the fickleness and uncertainties of Jenny's heart, the conquered fellow in his despair temporarily reformed, and eventually—married the black cook.

Slavery did not always know the heaven where matches were made, although it made many marriages after a fashion, or after a law,—and that law was often cruelly imperious. But this is one of the least of the sins that lie at the door of that awful curse. It drove Yellow Ned, a decent, gentlemanly, high-minded fellow, to take as his wife and partner for aye an uncouth black wench who was without grace or attraction, without an accomplishment save that of knowing how to bake bread, how to season salad, and how to do some other things in the kitchen.

Ned entered upon his new life with a positive and manifest repugnance—and for two reasons—it was either take to wife Tilly the cook or go to Mississippi. He was not yet reconciled to the hell; but he consoled himself in the reflection that in wedding Tilly he would eventually bring Big Jin to penitence and regret. We often derive some degree of happiness from the fact that by our own little act we can bring unhappiness to others who would hold themselves aloof from our ministrations—and Ned did. The poor fellow had some consolation in the fact that he was still out of the Mississippi torment, and that in the marriage with Tilly, a de-

gree of spite had been inflicted upon Big Jin.

But Ned and Tilly did not live long together. In less than two years the woman died—and she died of a mysterious ailment. The negroes on the plantation declared she had been "pizened." But our faith and love in Ned was still so unshaken that it was impossible for us to connect him with such a crime. Ned was never the same fellow again, never as he had been previous to his marriage. For a while he gave himself up quietly and most faithfully to the household duties devolving upon him, and in loving and caring for the little girl born to him—a frail, sad-eyed child, which had also a good friend in the mistress of the home place, who saw that it was well supplied with necessities.

Meanwhile Ned resumed his visits to the Kee-Chee plantation—always going to see Big Jin while there. We were all in hopes that the woman would now consent to marry him. But no; she still "played the fool" with him. Rumor said that the "white man" was still in the path. Yet no one suspected any serious difficulty, from the fact that Ned had not been known to touch his bottle since the death of Tilly; and as long as the liquid devil could be kept out of him, we had no apprehensions of mischief. But a crisis was coming.

One Sunday morning the master was waked from his late rest by the demonstrations of little Jake, who came running into the room saying in an excited manner: "Dar's som'en' wrong at de stabul."

On his arrival at the stable, the master found one of the best horses at the point of death; and Ned was there also—on a most furious spree. The negro had stolen the horse during the previous night, had gone to the doggery, and, having remained away too long to return quietly in the darkness, had ridden the poor horse most unmercifully in the effort to reach home by daylight. He was also wrought to that point in drunkenness when courage becomes insolence; and he confronted the master with a fierce demand for his "freedom papers." He was anxious about the matter—just then and there.

"Go away, Ned!" said the master, "what is the matter now? You are too drunk even to receive a thrashing for your cruelty to this poor horse." He was standing pityingly beside the horse, whose sides were thumping violently, and whose whole hide was in a foam of sweat and dust; and as if he had a premonition of other trouble, he said to Ned: "What have you and Big Jin been doing? You yellow scamp! I shall punish you tomorrow for this."

Ned skulked away, half defiantly. There was evidently some devil working in him; and he knew the master meant exactly what he said—some sore punishment was ahead.

There soon came the revelation of the other trouble. In less than an hour's time there came to the home place a startling report—a report that Wilson's "still" and doggery had been burned during the night and that Wilson himself was missing; and it was confidently believed that he had been consumed in the flames.

The master on his return to the house was looking to see what new developments there were; he wanted especially to keep an eye on Ned. Some one said that the darkey had taken his little child and gone over to the Kee-Chee place to see Big Jin. There was evidently something wrong elsewhere also; all the trouble was not at the stable. The master was unusually solicitous about the events of the morning. He had never known Ned so fiery nor so insolent; nor had he ever found Damon, his favorite horse, in such a hopeless plight with "the thumps"—I remember that was what they called the trouble with the poor animal; nor had there ever been found as the result of one of Ned's night expeditions as much new brandy as it was ascertained he had brought in with him on

his return from Wilson's. And what portent was there in Ned's new half crazy "spell"? The missing doggery keeper, the man Wilson himself, was, as alleged, Ned's rival, and the tragedy might involve not only Ned but Big Jin also.

So contrary to his usual rule, the master rode over to the Kee-Chee plantation—Sunday morning as it was. Ned and his little child were not there; no one on the swamp plantation had seen them that morning. Where were they? It was such an unusual thing for the master to ride into the negro quarters at the Kee-Chee place on a Sunday morning, and make anxious inquiries about Ned and the baby, that the darkeys were at once startled. They knew there was serious trouble; and they showed it by their white eyes, and by that look which ignorant beings have on being confronted with a serious surprise. Big Jin evidently knew nothing of Ned, nor of the previous night's events outside of her own cabin, where she and her mother and two others had remained since dark the evening before. She at least was not mixed up with the Wilson tragedy—the master was made easy on that score. But the air at once became full of rumors about Ned. At every gate about the plantation there was a group; there were laden tongues in every squad. Sundry of the colored people "knowed"—and they had "knowed it all de time—dat som'en wrong was agwyen on"; and it was all because of many things alleged to have been said or done or to have happened, in all of which Ned and Wilson and Big Jin were involved. There were all sorts of rumors about Ned's "bad doin's"; and the old story of the "*pizenin'*" of poor Tilly,—even this was revived.

But what of it all; now that Ned was gone—gone sure enough, as it would appear? He had not been seen about the Kee-Chee place for a week, not since last Sunday, when he and Jin had parted in a quarrel, the woman getting the last word, telling the man to "g'long 'bout his own bis'ness!"; and he had gone. Search was made for Ned again at the home place; every corner where he had been in the habit of sleeping away his drunken stupors was hunted through, but without avail. It was now a well settled fact that the fellow had run away, since neither he nor the little child could be found. It was surmised also that, as he was not so drunk as to take the sleep which always came when he was overtaken by the devil in a jug, he was surely sober enough to travel, and that, becoming alarmed, he had fled. The whole neighborhood was at once aroused, and every available man for miles around went in pursuit of the fugitive,—poor Ned charged with the commission of a triple crime. But he could not be found. Day after day elapsed, yet there was not the first trace discoverable showing whither he had gone after he had passed out of the gate going in the direction of the Kee-Chee plantation. It appeared that he had now struck out for freedom, papers or no papers.

This was Christmas time in 1860. There were many disturbing factors in life at the South, then. Behind the majority of these factors there was the slave. Everywhere you went you could hear it said that a war was coming, a war about the negro. Some Southern men were growing deeply anxious about the slave chattel; and whenever there was a "runaway nigger" in any community, it was at once suspected that at the bottom of it there was an "emissary" in our midst, an emissary from across the northern line, some agent of the "Abolition Bureau."

Now Ned had all the intelligence necessary in so heroic an undertaking as a dash, or a long secret toil and plodding for freedom. He was the very character to take into confidence in such a scheme if he was approached opportunely—and if there

had been the "emissary" of the right character. So the question arose, who had been in the neighborhood long enough to have put Ned on the road to "sweet liberty" beyond the line?

The memory of nobody in the community was able to present any victim of suspicion, except one, and he a fellow who had tramped through the country with a pack on his back, and on his tongue the unvarying tale that he was a Jew from Paris selling goods his brothers had sent him from the old country. So forthwith some of my "fire-eating" Southern brothers put upon the Jew so-called the offence of being connected with the flight of Yellow Ned and his little girl. Some of the neighbors were suddenly possessed of a wondrous store of knowledge. They had long known that the fellow who was prowling through the country offering such wonderful bargains in suspenders and linens was no Jew, but a genuine Yankee in disguise; he was "too smart to be a Jew." The suggestion came also that the rascal was not at all interested in the freedom of Ned and his child, but that there was simply a ruse to get them both out of the country, take them to a locality where all would be unknown under the pretense of escorting them to a free country—and then when poor Ned and little Til were in Memphis, or Natchez, or somewhere far away, they would be quietly sold by the abductor. The poor negroes would at last land in Mississippi, where they would not be heard from again; while the "Jew" would turn up in New York, or Philadelphia, or Boston, or Canada, with the proceeds in his pocket.

And so the poor Jew peddler—for he was really a Hebrew of the Hebrews, one who made his fortune in America, and who, as I personally know, is now a prominent banker in New York—this poor Jew had to bear in his absence the double sin of being "a vile Yankee" and "a nigger thief"; and printed posters were sent out all over the country offering large rewards for the interception and securing of the trio. I have now before me an interesting bit of the history of that period; it is one of the circular advertisements offering the reward. There is a conspicuous heading illustrative of the old time runaway slave making tracks toward the land of refuge, a round wallet suspended from the pine stick across his shoulder. Hatless, shoeless, and coatless, the African is depicted in the act of making exceedingly long strides for freedom. It was, however, a poor picture of Ned; for he was one slave who showed but little of the African type in his face or manner. He had a good looking; half Caucasian face.

No one ever applied for the money offered for the return of Yellow Ned and little Til. The master never saw his runaway slave again, never after that Sunday morning when he told him to "Go away!" for the morrow would bring punishment sure. The bondman and his little girl were gone forever. But there is a sequel which may interest the reader.

The Christmas holidays of 1860 were ended, and all pursuit of Ned was abandoned, for the simple reason that there was not a solitary trace left behind showing how or whither he had disappeared. He was seen to go out at the gate leading in the direction of the Kee-Chee plantation—that was the last. The master went to his grave with the sincere conviction that the dark cold waters of the great river had swallowed up his trusted servant and the little child in their efforts to escape the coming punishment. The good man was willing to believe in any theory, suicidal or accidental. One thing was certain,—the deep poplar canoe which had for many years rocked in the anchorage at the fishing place above the Kee-Chee plantation near the home quarters—that canoe was gone, gone apparently like the darkey, never to return. We who from the

beginning rejected and ignored the "Jew" theory, we believed in charity that poor Ned and little Til had got into that canoe, after their departure from the gate that Sunday morning, and that Ned,—whose head was wild and heavy with its jug devil aboard, had attempted to paddle away and both had gone overboard and been swept into unknown depths beyond, the canoe floating onward with the current, forever silent over the Christmas tragedies.

Nearly five years had rolled around, and Ned, no longer representing a thousand dollars in gold,—Ned and little Til were about forgotten, gone as a vague and useless dream. We who were then in the terrible struggle for existence, under the shadow of calamities too awful to narrate in a story like this,—we had something else to think about. And yet I occasionally reverted in thought and word to happier days forever gone by, wondering if aught would ever throw any light upon the dark mysteries connected with the burning of the distillery and the doggery and the man Wilson; for his charred remains were found next day amid the ruins, two thousand gallons of liquid fire having enveloped the distiller in the hellish tongues which flashed upward in the explosion of barrel after barrel. I wondered if aught would ever reveal the fate of Yellow Ned and baby Til.

One day late in the autumn of 1865, I was surprised at finding in my mail a letter postmarked in Ohio and forwarded from our old home to the out-of-the-way place where I was at the time living, somewhat in exile, in consequence of troubles growing out of the war. I saw, by the address on the envelope, that the letter was from some one who was not familiar with the old Huguenot method of writing the family name. What was the meaning of this missive from Ohio? Many Southerners in those days, many who were placed under ban, were suspicious of everything crossing the border line of their own personal knowledge; even the swallow that dashed by overhead was magnified into a hawk. But it flashed over my mind that I had been instrumental with others in extending slight favors to some Union soldiers, prisoners at Salisbury and in Libby, and among them were some Ohioans; and I jumped to the conclusion that there was in the letter a grateful acknowledgement of the act of brotherhood in 1864, with possibly an offer of assistance to me now that it was known I was in trouble.

I broke the seal, and looked at the signature. I was dumbfounded at the name attached,—the words sounded so like my own name. The signature was, Edward Davoe. "Who is Edward Davoe?" I said. The opening lines of the epistle, written in good clear English, solved the mystery. The substance of the letter was as follows:

"I hope you have not forgotten me. You were a little boy when I ran away from slavery, Christmas week before the war. You may remember me by the name of Yellow Ned. You were then a little boy fond of writing;—and so I thought if you were yet alive I would ask you to write to me now. I have many things to write about, but I have thought I would wait till I could hear from the old master and the rest. I hope you are all well, and not much hurt by the war. Is *Jenny* alive and well? I want to go back to the old plantation, and see how everybody is getting along in freedom. I must not forget to tell you that my dear baby Little Tilly died soon after our getting into a free state. We had such a hard time traveling of nights, that it broke her down, and she could never recover. I don't know what we would have done if it had not been Christmas times, and all the colored people on the way able to help us along."

There was a P. S., which said: "By the way, I have the *freedom papers* at last!"

And so here was the runaway Ned, discovered at last! To confess the truth, I was delighted to hear from the man. I felt somewhat complimented that he should have remembered me and written to me for information rather than to others of the old home. The epistle from our late slave was indeed about as gratifying to me at the time as would have been the communication from my late enemy the prison boys of 1864. Here was a communication of a character I had never expected—a letter from one of our runaway slaves.

I answered Ned's letter promptly, giving him all the information I could at the time. I told him that his old friend Big Jin—or Jenny as Ned used to call her tenderly—had left the old plantation,—that she had learned to scorn field life and had embraced a profession; that she no longer sweated in the sun over the cotton balls, but had gone into the shade and was taking life leisurely over the dishes in my own kitchen; that she had asked to come and live with me in the distant state; that she was now *our cook*.

So I wrote Ned, in the effort to appear in a good humor. I did not tell him what Big Jin the cook had said when she was informed by me that Yellow Ned was alive and had written me a letter and had inquired about her. The language of Jenny was not sufficiently complimentary to Ned to warrant me in communicating her exact words. The woman had simply shrugged her immense shoulders, turned up her big white eyes, replying, when I told her that her old lover was not dead, but living in Ohio: "What dat fool nigga doin' down dar wid dem san'-lappin' poo' folks?"

Jenny had localities badly mixed up in her mind. Geography was not one of her accomplishments. She knew no phrase so expressive of poverty and contempt as "poor sand-lapper"; and she instantly imagined that Ned had been hiding among poor folks south of us all these years.

I hesitated a moment at the kitchen door, watching Jenny as she busied herself over the stove; I was curious to observe what would be the effect of the sober second thought about Ned—if any came. The woman, with her face averted from me, seemed in a deep reverie. Presently there came a heavy sigh—at a point where she appeared to have reached a conclusion about something; and I heard her say, as in a sort of self communion: "Lawsey! lawsey! dat poo' niggah!" and then, after another swell of her bosom: "Poo' Ned!" Whether Jenny actually thought Ned was among the suffering poor sand-lappers, and deserved commiseration for that, or whether there was something else in the woman's heart, I leave philosophers to judge.

My letter had assured Mr. Davoe that I should be happy to see him, that I had no doubt but Jenny would be glad too, and that I believed he would enjoy a trip through the South. This was an end of the correspondence. I had no reply to my communication, and I supposed that I had heard the last of Ned. But Christmas day, 1865, five years from the time that the yellow slave disappeared, the announcement was made to me that "a gentleman at the door desired to speak with me." He had sent in a card, a bit of highly perfumed board, upon which I read the name: Mr. Edward Davoe!

There were many things connected with the old slavery and the colored man that had their "toning" influences on the late Confederate soldier in the South during the year of our Lord, 1865. In many instances the toning was up instead of down. And here was one feature of the troublesome negro question which I had personally never before known. I was called on to face a runaway slave who had been for years among northern people and had now returned to the South with a great conquering government at his back; and I was one of the humiliated sons of the Confeder-

acy, an exile not only in poverty, but with nothing in the world between me and the halter except the parole and the protest of General Grant. I was a sensitive white gentleman now much under the ban politically and financially; and I was called on to meet a very ward of the whole nation, once a slave in our own family, now writing a "Mr." to his name and announcing his presence with a card highly perfumed!

I did not send out for the visitor to come in; I went in person to the door; and as I opened it, I extended my hand in a most cordial manner to the neat, well-dressed, slightly colored man before me, looking him squarely and pleasantly in the face and saying as gently as I could, "Is this you, Ned?"

He smiled and, reciprocating my gentle manner, inquired: "And is this 'Mars' 'Gene'—as we used to call him?"

"This is Eugene," I said; "and you are Edward, as I see things have changed a little since we last saw each other."

"Yes!" he rejoined, as we still stood at the door. "There has been a very *great* change in *some* things," and he made an effort to smile suavely as he gave me this broad hint at once.

"Yes," said I, keeping out of my tone and manner any regret that might at that time have been lurking within, "yes, Ned, yes. But come in; I know you want to see Jenny. She is yet with us—in the kitchen."

I saw a cloud on the man's face—a cloud not untouched with the glint of scorn and bitterness—as I used the word kitchen. He thought I was going to invite him into the rear yard. I at once took in the situation, and promptly added: "Give me your hat, Ned, and come right in to my room, where we have a good fire."

The fellow was actually glad to have me address him so familiarly as Ned, even if there was in it a reminder of the slavery days. And then the invitation into my room—when there was the suggestion of the antithesis, into the kitchen—this was the benediction. To have invited the "Mr." into the back yard at once would have been equivalent to kicking him out at the front gate.

I soon made Ned completely at ease. He felt the influence of the old home spirit; and he soon came down from any elevation. The only restraint that he was under was in the fact, which he at once realized, that there were still bounds which he dare not transgress, free man though he might be. He saw that while I no longer recognized him as a slave, I recognized him still as a negro. We both saw that there were some things about which it was better not to talk. I do not remember now whether there was any chilliness in my manner, but Ned knew what the independent spirit which I manifested meant. And perhaps I was not altogether free from fault; for in my curiosity to know about the escape from slavery five years ago, I had asked Ned some questions about the burning of the distillery and the death of Wilson; the story of the Jew also came up for explanation.

At the mention of Wilson and the burning of the distillery, I saw the fellow was touched; and he requested that I "would not discuss matters connected with slavery." As I was in no way interested in the memory of Wilson, being glad of the destruction of the doggery, knowing, furthermore, that any attempt to bring Ned to an arraignment for his supposed connection with the crime would end in a travesty of justice, I dismissed the subject, merely saying by way of counsel: "Well, Ned, excuse me,—I shall not talk about that matter any more; but if you go back to the old home, you may have some trouble over it. I don't think any one there knows that you are alive; and I am sure I shall not have the matter followed. But about the Jew?"

The fellow expressed great surprise that any one should think he had any

assistance in the matter of escape. He said that he had never seen the Jew to speak to him except once, and that was when he came to the front door with the pack of suspenders and linen; and then Ned had advised him to go on to the next house.

"I had long ago made up my mind," said Ned, "to make an effort to get into a free country, and when the time came I was ready. Perhaps I was not so drunk that Sunday morning as old master thought. No, I had no assistance, except what the colored people on the way gave me. It was Christmas times, and nobody seemed to suspect me and my little girl of being runaways."

I saw that Ned was growing impatient in some way; and I thought at once of Jenny, the cook. I told him I would send for her—that I supposed he had called to see her as much as to see me. We sent word in to Jenny that "Yellow Ned was in the big house," and that she must dress up and come in and speak to him. In some twenty minutes the huge quadroon came in, all smiles. Big Jin had learned many lessons in the past years, and we prized her highly in the kitchen. And yet, yellow as she was, she was a genuine negro all over. Still, she had a tongue that was untamable and a spirit that was warm yet fierce and capricious. She had eschewed all company when she came to cook for us.

But when she came in to the big house she was smiling immensely about something. Ned was such a likely, well-dressed fellow, he had such a gracious manner in greeting his old time slave companion, that he at once went into Jenny's favor. She was the first person that Ned had seen in five years whom he had known in slavery; and the meeting was a happy one to both. The slaves of the two plantations, the Kee-Chee place and the old home quarters, were now scattered to the four winds, even in that brief space of time since emancipation; and these two were all I knew anything about there in my exile.

I asked Ned what he was going to do now he had come South. I wondered what was to be done with him. The man seemed embarrassed a moment, but replied that he had come South expecting to remain. He had saved some money; and he intended to locate, buy him a home, and "do something." I determined that our old servant should not suffer, either in body or spirit while in the community where I lived. There was an unoccupied tenement, an out-house, in our yard. I told Ned I would have a sleeping place arranged for him there and that if he wanted to remain a few days before going on to the old home place in the adjoining state, I would be glad to have him, and Jenny would provide him with something to eat.

But bless my stars!—it was not twelve o'clock the next day before Jenny came in and told us, with her broad grin and merry twinkles of the eye, that she wanted to quit, and that we would have to get another cook! I took in the situation at once.

"Are you and Ned going to marry, sure enough, at last, Jenny?" I asked; and here is her reply, *verbatim et literatim:*

"Dat's wot dat fool nigger say he done come back heah fuh!"

Ned never left my place until he had fully secured what he "had come back for." He at once bought him a comfortable home in town, moving into his own house after the wedding ceremony had been performed by a local functionary of the village.

And my hero—the gentlemanly slave whom we children once loved so well—is to-day one of the prosperous "colored men" of the community, a local politician whose name occasionally gets into the prints and who I know will enjoy reading some of the bits of his history which I have given here. He has never been molested, not even by rumor about the tragedy in the adjoining state, a state which

doubtless for good reasons he has never yet revisited. And she who was once the "Big Jin" of the cotton field, and afterwards Jenny the cook, is now mentioned as "Mrs. Davoe," as she drives by in her own carriage. Her husband occasionally goes by on what they call metaphorically "a high horse," the untamed spirit of which is Ned's old enemy, the jug devil. But instead of his sleeping the trouble away in stupor, as in the old slavery days, he is now given to singing; and one of the melodies he is fond of rendering has a chorus ending:

> "O de halle-hallelujah days is heah,
> An' 'de freedom papers' come!"

MARCHING STILL.

By Minna Irving.

SHE is old and bent and wrinkled,
In her rocker in the sun,
And the thick gray woolen stocking
That she knits is never done.
She will ask the news of battle
If you pass her when you will,
For to her the troops are marching,
Marching still.

Seven tall sons about her growing
Cheered the widowed mother's soul;
One by one they kissed and left her
When the drums began to roll.
They are buried in the trenches,
They are bleaching on the hill;
But to her the boys are marching,
Marching still.

She was knitting in the corner
When the fatal news was read,
How the last and youngest perished,—
And the letter, ending, said:
"I am writing on my knapsack
By the road, with borrowed quill,
For the Union army's marching,
Marching still."

Reason sank and died within her
Like a flame for want of air;
So she knits the woolen stockings
For the soldier lads to wear,
Waiting till the war is ended
For her sons to cross the sill;—
For she thinks they all are marching,
Marching still!

ONE WEDDING DAY.

By Louise Diman.



F you don't mind, Mary," said Robert, as the train rolled into the station at Worcester, "I will jump off a minute and buy a paper."

They had been married at noon that day; and as they were both desirous of not being recognized as a bride and groom, Mary did not demur, but said in her most matter-of-fact voice: "Don't miss the train."

As Robert stepped off the platform, he met an old acquaintance, who insisted upon taking him across the station to introduce him to his wife. Then he bought his paper and, feeling that he had been too long on his errand, pulled out his watch, saw that he had only one minute in which to catch his train, looked in rather a bewildered way about the station full of trains coming and going, and then—how he made the mistake he never knew—jumped on to the last platform of a train just starting, but which was *not* the one on which Mary was anxiously awaiting his return.

She was in one of the forward cars, he remembered. He was a very absent-minded fellow, but he did remember the car, and he hurried through the long train, knowing how anxious she would be and reproaching himself for leaving her in this way on their wedding journey. He reached the car at last; but there in the seat where he had left her sat an elderly gentleman reading the *Herald.* What could have become of Mary? There was no sign of her nor of any of their belongings. Then it dawned upon him that the passengers had an unfamiliar look; and as he stood in the aisle gazing about with an agonized expression, the conductor put his head in at the end of the car, cried, "This train express to Boston!" and slammed the door.

To Boston! He was then going back to Boston, which they had left an hour ago,—while Mary must be speeding along to Springfield alone! He sat down and took out his watch mechanically and put it back again without looking at it; then he opened his paper and sat staring at it but not reading a word. What would Mary do? He hoped that she would go to the hotel in Springfield where they had engaged rooms; yes, of course she would. He would telegraph her there as soon as he reached Boston and would follow her by the next train.

After Mary had watched Robert out of the car, and had thought as she saw him disappear in the crowded station how much better looking he was than other men, her first thought was that she would not be nervous and foolish about his getting back in time. Men always get off at stations, and always come back at the last minute; and when he rejoined her she would not let him know that she had been in the least anxious. When the train began to move and there was no sign of him, this fine resolve was a little shaken. "But," said Mary to herself, "he has probably jumped on to the rear platform and will come strolling calmly in;" and she looked eagerly to see his tall figure coming from the next car.

"Tickets, please!" said the conductor; and by this time the Worcester station was left far behind, and Mary's heart was sinking very low.

"My husband has my ticket," she

said with dignity. "I think that he must be in the smoking-car;" and she tried to believe that he had been detained there by some persistent talker. By and by the conductor came back, saying, so that every one in the car could hear, that he had failed to find the owner of the tickets; whereupon some of the passengers began to grasp the situation and to proffer well-meant advice to the forsaken bride. This was gall and vinegar to the dignified young woman. That this could have happened on their wedding journey—she going to Springfield alone, with Robert's coat on the back of the seat in front, and his umbrella beside hers in the corner! What could have become of him, and what should she do?

Her thoughts went quickly over the events of the day, the ceremony in the church, the breakfast, the congratulations and the hasty good-byes. Then she thought of the roomful of presents, and she remembered that she had not thanked her Cousin Eliza for a picture that had arrived the day before; neither she nor Robert had admired it, and she began mechanically to compose a note of thanks which should be sufficiently grateful and yet not untruthful.

"Next station Springfield!" cried the conductor; and in a few minutes Mary found herself standing there alone, with two umbrellas and a bag, and a man's overcoat on her arm.

"Can't I help you, Mrs. Brooks?" said an unexpected voice, and she felt someone lifting the heavy coat from her arm.

"Oh, thank you," Mary said gratefully,—and then rather stiffly: "How do you do, Mr. Bradford?"

That it should be Norton Bradford of all people! To be sure she had told him about a year before that she would always be his friend, and she had lately thanked him for a very pretty wedding present and had said that she and Robert would hope to see him often at Number 27 after they were settled; but that it should be this man standing there with her instead of Robert!

"Where's Bob,—looking after the trunks?" asked Mr. Bradford.

"Oh, yes," she answered; "he's coming,—that is,—he was detained,—I really don't know where he is;" and then with a sigh she exclaimed: "What shall I do?"

Norton Bradford looked puzzled. Then he thought: "She's embarrassed; they didn't want to meet anybody they knew, and me least of all;" so he offered rather ceremoniously to take her things inside and to go and tell Bob where she was. Then Mary told him what had happened, and looked so troubled that he felt he must stay and help her whether she wanted him or not.

"I am going to the Massasoit House myself," he said, "let me carry your things." So they went to the hotel together.

"Is there a telegram for Mrs. Robert Brooks?" Mr. Bradford asked at the desk.

"No," was the clerk's reply, "but here is a letter."

How could a letter have come so soon? But it was not from Robert. It was addressed, in a pointed, feminine style, to "Miss Mary Morison." A fine line was drawn across the name, under which was written, "Mrs. Robert Brooks," in the sprawling hand of Mary's younger brother.

"Well," said Mr. Bradford cheerfully, "he'll be here soon; the next train from Worcester gets here before seven. If you would like to go to your room and rest, I will see that any telegram that comes is sent up immediately."

He looked so kind as he said this that Mary began to reproach herself for wishing that he was not there; and she tried to thank him for his goodness, and he to protest against her gratitude. As they stood talking by the parlor door, Mary suddenly felt conscious of the scrutiny of a pair of spectacled eyes, and she confronted her Cousin Eliza, who had sent them

the picture. As soon as that elderly relative had assured herself that it was really Mary, she crossed the room and grasped her hand, and began to explain very fast how she had wanted to go to the wedding,—but that it came on the very day of her brother-in-law's mother's funeral in Springfield,—and now it was almost time for her train to go,—only she did want to speak to Mary just for a minute. Then, turning to Mr. Bradford, who was cornered in such a way as to make escape impossible, and towards whom she had directed many interested side glances, she said: "Mr. Brooks, I presume."

"No," answered Mary for him, "this is Mr. Bradford." Whereat Cousin Eliza became much confused, a dim recollection crossing her mind of a certain gentleman of that name whom she had heard of as having been attentive to Mary. "I thought it said Brooks on the invitation," she said to herself; but she had a poor memory for names, and these both began with B. So, stopping Mary's attempted explanation with a few hasty good wishes to the bride and groom, she hurried away to catch her train. "And I never said a word about her picture!" Mary told Robert afterwards.

That young man in the meantime had reached Boston and, after telegraphing to Mary and taking a few turns up and down the station, sat for nearly an hour in the waiting-room, concealing his guilty countenance behind the still unread cause of all his troubles, only hoping to avoid recognition. At last he was on the train again; and after what seemed an interminable journey, he walked into the Massasoit House in Springfield as the clocks were striking seven.

"But why didn't you telegraph?" Mary exclaimed when he had told her all about it.

"Do you mean to say that you didn't get my telegram?" he cried; and as they went down to their late supper he asked at the desk if one had not yet been received.

"Perhaps this is the one," said the smiling clerk who had given Mary her letter, as he shuffled the half dozen telegrams on the desk. Robert tore it open without even looking at the address, and began to scold the man for not having delivered it; but Mary picked up the envelope and said reproachfully: "Oh, Robert!" It was addressed: Miss Mary Morison.

The Morison family were at that moment sitting by the domestic hearth in Boston. The striped awning had been taken down from the front door, and the rice swept up, and the Morisons were talking over the wedding.

"Robert is so absent minded!" Mrs. Morison said. "I only hope they will get to their journey's end without losing any trains."

"Or losing one another!" added Mr. Morison.

"They needn't have gone away from the house in such a hurry," remarked young Joe. "I saw Bob in the Albany station when I was seeing Aunt Lydia off, and I would have gone after him, but I had only three minutes to check her trunk. They must have gone in the same train."

Joseph made this same observation to Norton Bradford, whom he met a few days afterwards, after describing the wedding in full and asking him why he had not been there; and Norton Bradford smiled and said: "What do you think of the Subway?"

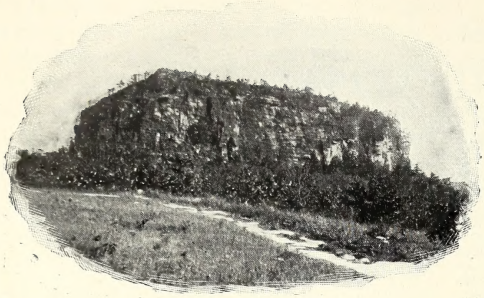
MOHONK AND ITS CONFERENCES.

By Benjamin F. Trueblood.

IF one were commanded to pick out the most civilized and civilizing spot in America, he would not go far wrong if he selected Lake Mohonk. This now famous spot might well lay claim to the double honor because of the perfection of its appointments, physical and moral, for the benefit of those who frequent it, the high character of its *habitues*, and the nature of the enterprises there undertaken for the betterment of the world.



On first hearing the name of the place, which was originally spelled Moggunk or Moygunk, then Mohunk, and now Mohonk,—one would scarcely think of things civilized and refined, but rather of the wild, the weird, the mysterious, the warlike. More than one intelligent visitor at Mohonk has mistaken the name for Mohawk, and written it so, but merely from the similarity of the sounds, it must be supposed, and not from any intention of insinuating that Mohonk is now, or ever was, a savage spot, like the quondam home of the terrible Indian warriors on the Mohawk River farther north. But Mohonk, as the name suggests, was in the centuries gone by a favorite haunt of the Indians, who fished in the waters of the lake, if fish there were, roamed through the woods surrounding it, sat and brooded, quarreled and made love on the great cliffs overhanging its edges, or gazed in uncultured wonder on the magnificent sunrises and sunsets which every day threw their glory on "Great Sky Top," the



SKY TOP.

highest of the cliffs. One loves to think there were never any Indian tragedies enacted on the borders of this lake from which have gone forth in recent years such influences for the saving and civilizing of the red sons of the forest still left to us after the "century of dishonor." But it is well, perhaps, that we do not know all about the early history of Mohonk, for civilization has everywhere ugly events behind it which we would fain forget or never know.

A few miles northwest of Poughkeepsie, in the valley of the Wallkill River, on the Wallkill Valley Railroad, lies the sleepy town of New Paltz, one of the oldest towns in the country, settled originally by Huguenots two hundred and twenty years ago. Leaving the railroad at this place and going west through the beautiful and populous valley, down into which the Mohawk warriors once stole to attack and murder the Dutch settlers,—who were not followers of William Penn,—a drive of half an hour brings you to the foot of the Shawangunk Mountains. The name at first nearly takes away your breath. After hearing it pronounced—Shongum, Shongum—until your nerves are steady, you look up at the highest point in the range just before you and wonder what its outlandish Indian name may be. You are told by the driver of the mountain stage which has come down, along with a dozen others, to meet you and other people at the station, that that is "Sky Top" (English for Mohonk), and that just over its crest lie Lake Mohonk and the Mountain House, thirteen hundred feet above the Hudson.

The ascent of an hour takes you through charming forests on the mountain side, across open meadow spaces, around gorges, past clamorous hillside streams, along the edges of uneasy precipices, with the tree tops far below you, until finally you pass under the massive, jagged, tumbled cliff on the southern face of Sky Top, and come out upon the edge of the romantic lake sparkling there in the top of the mountain, in a cup of solid stone. You are at once reminded of scenes in Switzerland, if you have traveled thither, except that in Switzerland the lakes are below and the mountains above. Here nature has played you an immense trick, and the lake is in the very top of the mountain, except that Sky Top towers above it three hundred feet on the east and the bluffs on the west side

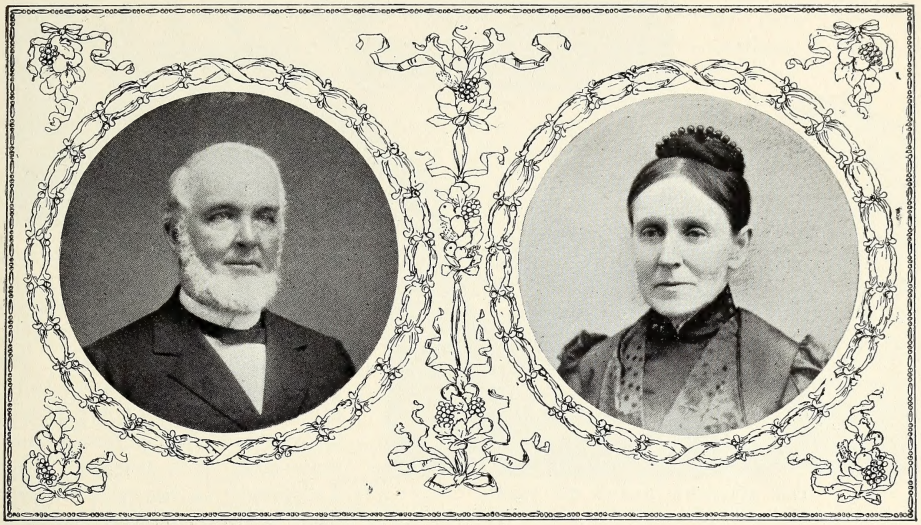


THE HOTEL OFFICE.

rise in places to sixty or seventy feet.

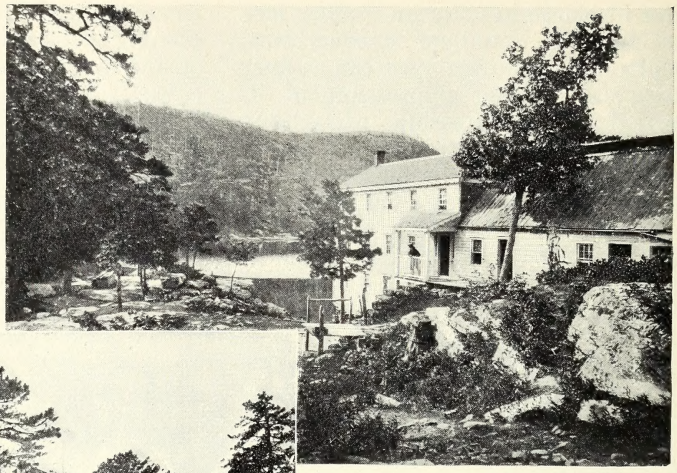
The spot is unique in every way, and only your own eyes can convey to you a fitting impression of its varied and fascinating attractions. The lake itself is of the purest, clearest water, from forty to eighty feet in depth, changing its hue with the angles of the sun and with every passing cloud. It has no visible inlet or outlet. It is something over a mile in circumference, about half a mile long, and from one hundred to four hundred yards in width. Scarcely any two yards of its edge are alike. There are places where for a few feet the water breaks in gentle ripples on a beachlike shore, others where it plays around immense boulders, others where it laps and plashes far under overhanging ledges, others where it chafes against the perpendicular walls of solid rock, and still others where it mirrors the overhanging trees and shrubs. There is not a tame foot anywhere on its whole border.

From the rear of the hotel at the northwest angle of the lake, one looks off over the Rondout valley, along which runs like a ribbon of light the Delaware and Hudson Canal, and at evening sees, displaying themselves on the mountains to the west, as fine sunsets as can well be imagined. From the tower on Sky Top parts of six states can be seen. Every point of the compass is swept by the eye; it is one of the most comprehensive and magnificent mountain panoramas anywhere to be found. There is the Wallkill valley overlooked on the east, with its two hundred thousand people, its farms and villages, up which toward Albany and down which toward New York the eye runs for many miles. On its extreme eastern edge, fifteen miles away, are seen the Highlands skirting the Hudson and almost wholly hiding it from view. On the west you gaze down into the Rondout valley, with its rich farm lands, and across to the splendid range of the Catskills, among whose clefts Rip Van Winkle's ghostly companions once made their midnight rackets playing at ninepins. The mountains and hills skirting the horizon in every direction are innumerable,—the hills of New Jersey and northern Pennsylvania, the Berkshire hills of Massachusetts, the

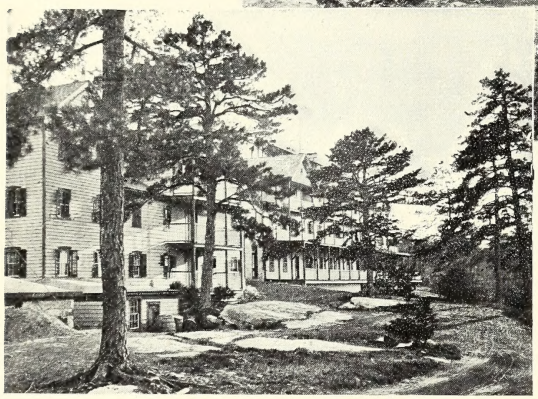


ALBERT K. SMILEY. MRS. SMILEY.

Green Mountains still farther away in Vermont, besides those mentioned. It is not strange that painters go to Mohonk not only to paint the scenery but also to draw inspiration for their work at home.



IN 1868.



THE MOHONK HOUSE IN 1878.

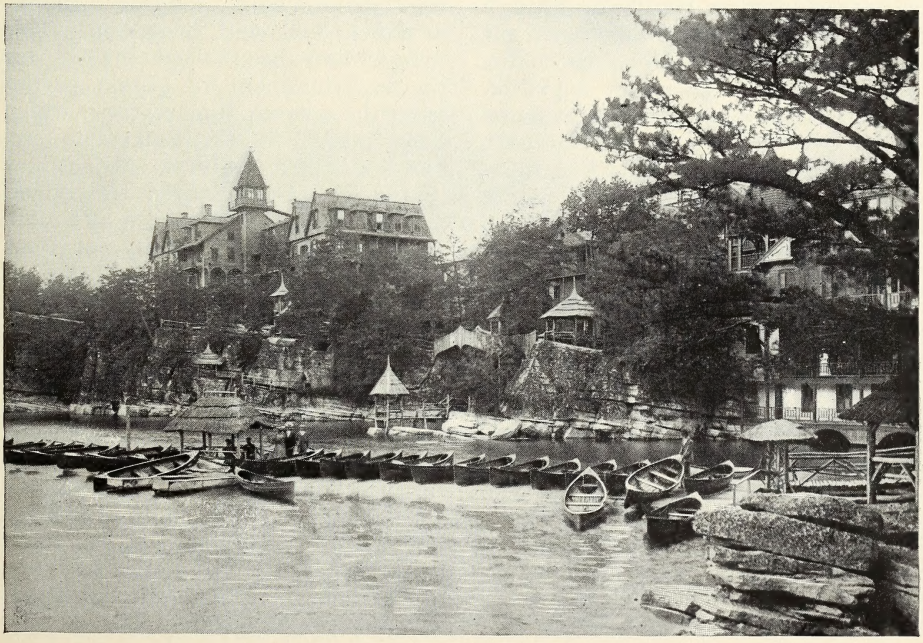
Of the rock formations and disformations at Mohonk, you might use all the adjectives befitting bold, massive, rugged, tumbled things, and then coin a few to complete the vocabulary. The rambles among the huge broken masses of pebbled quartz, called Shawangunk grit, of which the mountain is composed and out of which the finest millstones are made, constitute one of the favorite Mohonk pastimes. The geologists who summer at Mohonk live in high clover. These rock fragments, if anything so huge as some of them can properly be called fragments, lie tumbled about on the southern side of Sky Top and Eagle Cliff in the most amazing confusion. One would go almost distracted with the sheer disorder, if the red arrows painted on the rocks by a kind and knowing hand did not assist in maintaining one's equilibrium. As you walk over the flat, hard, often polished surfaces of the still undisturbed rocks, you can easily trace the scratches drawn across their faces ages ago by the glaciers which then slowly made their way over this region. The Labyrinth in the side of Sky Top, through which you can walk and climb and descend and jump and squeeze and edge yourself for about a mile, a part of the time in darkness, a part with a streak of light running far away over your head, is one of the wonders in its kind. If you are lean and thin like Pharaoh's kine or the Kansas dry-weather pigs, you will find a trip through this Labyrinth extraordinarily exhilarating; otherwise it is much more comfortable to seek some less exacting rock amusement, like that of exploring the caves near by.

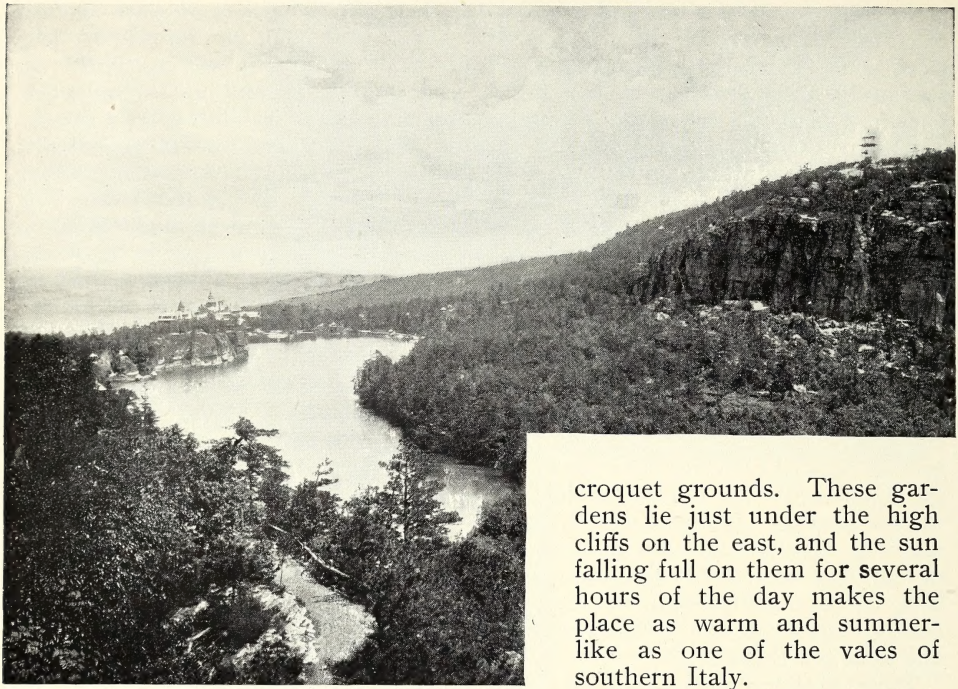
The forest attractions everywhere on the mountain are many and varied. Trees of many varieties are found in dense profusion all about the lake. Shrubs and bushes, no less interesting, have vied with the trees for the occupation of the locality and thrust their roots in among the crevices of the rocks wherever there is a sprinkling of soil. Tall, sturdy pines have fastened themselves upon the seemingly

soilless faces of the cliffs and among the broken masses of the mountain sides and flourish there like cedars of Lebanon. Ash and maple, oak and chestnut, hemlock and birch abound. There are whole acres, nay square miles, of mountain laurel, whose pink-white blossoms fill the woods in June and render the whole region glorious. If one wishes to know anything thoroughly satisfactory about all this marvelous display of trees and shrubs, of flowers and soft clinging mosses, of old brown lichens and swaying ferns, he must go to Mohonk in the first sweet days of June and stay till the golden days of October have crowned the hills with the indescribable autumnal beauty. It seems hardly right that one man should have a "corner" on all this wealth of mountain and lake, of rock and stream, of tree and flower; but when one knows the rest, one does not think so.

Lake Mohonk came into the possession of Mr. Albert K. Smiley in 1869. Invited to visit the spot by his brother, Mr. Alfred H. Smiley, then settled near Poughkeepsie as a farmer, he came and spent one day in inspecting the region. He was so impressed with its beauty and picturesqueness and with the possibilities of its development into a summer resort of unsurpassed attractiveness and usefulness, that he at once purchased the lake and three hundred acres of land, exhausting his entire purse in doing it and taking upon himself a debt of $14,000. Many who know its subsequent history as a place of such unique moral influence on the life of the country, will never believe that the inspiration which came to Mr. Smiley on that day and led him to make the venture was only a mere human impulse.

From year to year the original purchase has been added to, until the estate has grown to nearly four thousand acres. It lies in five towns and extends along the crest of the mountain about six miles, averaging about one mile in width. Over this great area Mr. Smiley has built nearly forty miles of private roads, the cost of construction rising in places to three





THE LAKE FROM EAGLE CLIFF.

thousand dollars per mile. These roads, which are extremely well made, run in every direction, through the woods, around the hills, down the mountain sides and along the cliffs, binding the whole estate together. Numerous signboards placed at many points give directions. In addition to the roads, some twenty-five miles of walks have been laid out, leading from the hotel about the lake and through the woods to the points of greatest interest. Swiss summer houses and lookout-rests, over a hundred of them, have been put up on the cliffs and the hills, and at various picturesque places along the roads and walks, the views from many of which are very beautiful. At the north end of the lake, running off from the hotel a third of a mile, an extensive lawn and gardens have been constructed, cut through by walks in every direction and abounding in flowers, vines, shrubs and small fruits. Connected with these gardens are tennis and croquet grounds. These gardens lie just under the high cliffs on the east, and the sun falling full on them for several hours of the day makes the place as warm and summer-like as one of the vales of southern Italy.

When Mr. Smiley made his purchase in 1869, the site of the present Mountain House was occupied by a small tavern with ten insignificant lodging rooms, a dance hall and a saloon. This tavern had been used mainly for the entertainment of picnic parties from the surrounding regions, which had made it their favorite resort for half a century. Mr. Smiley remodeled and enlarged the house, and the next year opened it as a summer hotel with a capacity for forty guests. It was at first in charge of his twin brother, Mr. Alfred H. Smiley, so much like the owner that when the latter came to take charge in person, nine or ten years later, nobody would have known except from the name that the previous manager was not still there. The brother bought a twin lake, Minnewaska, on the top of another spur of the same mountains, seven miles away, where he has built two fine hotels which will accommodate about seven hundred guests. The Minne-

waska site is in many respects quite as romantic and attractive as Mohonk, and no one has really seen the region without taking the drive across the valley up to Minnewaska.

The Mohonk hotel was at once a pronounced success. It has been taxed to its utmost summer after summer, many being turned away for lack of room. Addition after addition has been made to the building, which is now a picturesque and rambling structure with a frontage of seven hundred feet, accommodating nearly five hundred guests. It is supplied with all the modern conveniences, hydraulic elevators, electric lights, call bells, steam heat and baths. There are large open fireplaces in parts of the building, in which on cool days blaze roaring fires made of wood gathered on the mountain. The one in the new dining room—a room magnificently large, high, light and cheery—is big enough to put to the blush the famous fireplaces beside which our grandmothers sat and knitted. Most of the sleeping rooms are provided with private balconies; and there are wide public piazzas, four hundred feet of them, with restful armchairs to suit all corporeal dimensions. Water is supplied from two reservoirs, holding over a million gallons, situated on Sky Top at an elevation of two hundred feet. For protection against fire, there are seventy hose-valves within the hotel connected with twelve standpipes outside. There are as many more in the other buildings connected with the hotel, and many hydrants on the grounds. The outfit of the house is completed by the "Mohonk Lake" post office and a Western Union telegraph office connected by direct wire with New York.

The *morale* of Mohonk is unique among the large summer hotels, and to this fact is largely to be attributed its extraordinary success. The house was opened as a temperance house, and has been kept so ever since. Card-playing and dancing have been excluded. Mr. Smiley was told that he could not run the hotel a year on this basis. He simply replied that if he could not, he would not run one at all. The Sabbath has been carefully observed from the first. Guests "are not expected" to arrive or depart on Sunday. The grounds, which are generously left open to all well-behaved comers, picnic parties and driving parties during the week, are closed to them all on Sunday. A religious service is held in the large drawing room in the forenoon, conducted by some minister whom Mr. Smiley always "happens" to have stopping at the hotel, and attended by a large proportion of the guests. In the evening there is a song service, at which those who desire come together

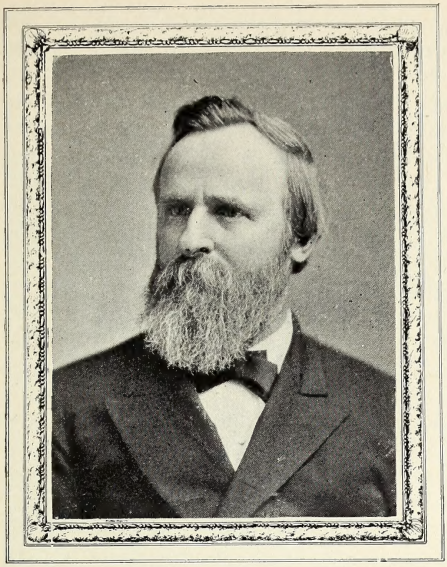


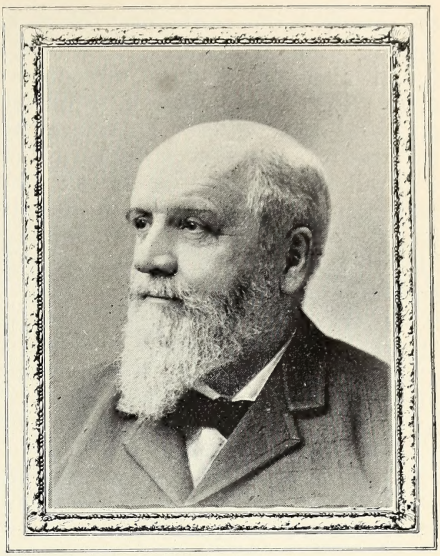
in an informal, pleasant way and sing hymns. Mr. Smiley himself is always present, and whoever may preach or direct the music, he himself always "leads," by divine right, in his own quiet, beautiful way. On week days there is public worship for fifteen minutes every morning, at which one or two hymns are sung, a selection of Scripture is read and a prayer offered by Mr. Smiley or some one else. These morning devotions as well as the Sabbath exercises are all so natural, so free from cant and from formality,—penetrated with such an atmosphere of sincerity, that, though the attendance is entirely voluntary, most of the guests are attracted to them. The Mohonk Sabbath is not a Puritanic Sabbath. Aside from these few simple restrictions, the guests are at liberty to do as they choose as to reading, writing, lounging in their rooms, sitting in the summer houses or strolling about the premises. The day is such a quiet, restful, pleasant one, to body and soul alike, that the guests go back to the usual pleasures and pastimes of the week-day with increased delight and zest. Mohonk is a hotel, a home and a church all combined, in such a way that no one can tell where one ends and the other begins.

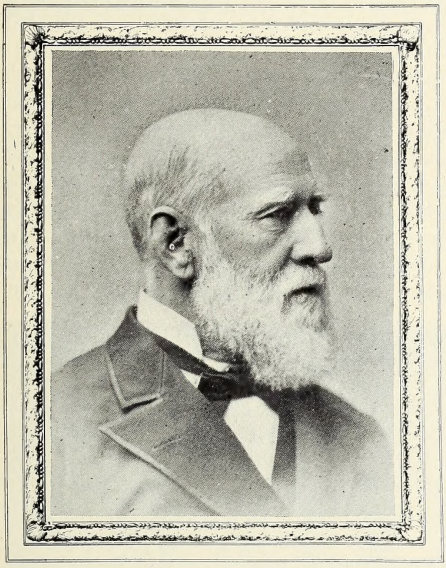
It ought to be said that the Mohonk *morale* extends to all the ordinary household service. The cooking is honest, healthy cooking. Meals are served at regular hours, which are not departed from except under extraordinary circumstances. The fruits and vegetables served on the table are many of them grown on the estate. The milk and cream have no smack of the city hydrant, for Mr. Smiley has a hundred cows of his own, which would sniff their noses at the tuberculin doctor and tell him that no tubercle microbe can live in the ozone of the Mohonk air. Many of the waiters in the dining room are college and school girls who secure places at the Mountain House either for the physical benefits of a summer there or to aid them in meeting their educational expenses. Applications for these places are so numerous that half a dozen such establishments would hardly exhaust them. There is no smoking, no slang, no loafing among the bell boys; every one of them is a gentleman. Many of them come from families of the best character, and they seem as anxious to do their duties well as if the whole establishment belonged to them. An English gentleman staying at Mohonk last year remarked that these boys seemed to him to belong to an entirely different genus from that of the ordinary hotel boy. Nor are the men who care for the stables with their sixty horses wanting in the virtues of the place. Some of them have been at Mohonk for many years, and are not only reliable, but experts in everything pertaining to teaming in the mountains.

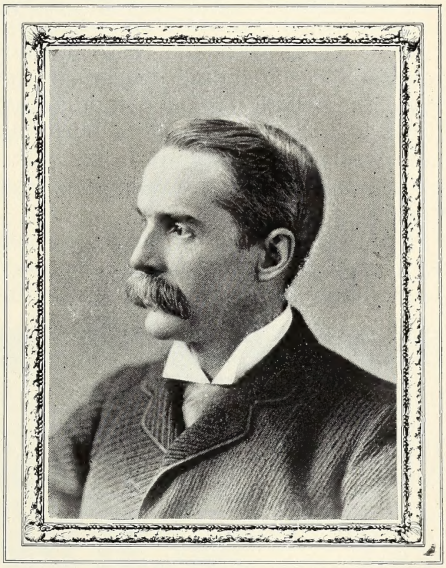
This moral purity and cheerful restfulness of Mohonk has appealed with increasing force to those hardworking professional and business men in the cities, and to families of the educated and refined classes, who desire a place for summer outing free from the low frivolities and wearying carousings of so many of our resorts. Though Mohonk has never been advertised through the ordinary channels, people of this character have learned of it through their friends, and summer after summer have applied for accommodations in numbers many times that of the capacity of the place. The list merely of the prominent people who go to Mohonk in the summer days would be a very long one, and would include statesmen and publicists, eminent clergymen and lawyers from the great cities, college presidents and professors, geologists, botanists, authors and artists, and "honorable women not a few."

The provision for healthful entertainment at Mohonk is abundant. Mountain stages, carriages and saddle-horses are kept for the use of the









RUTHERFORD B. HAYES. CLINTON B. FISK.
GEORGE F. EDMUNDS. MERRILL E. GATES.

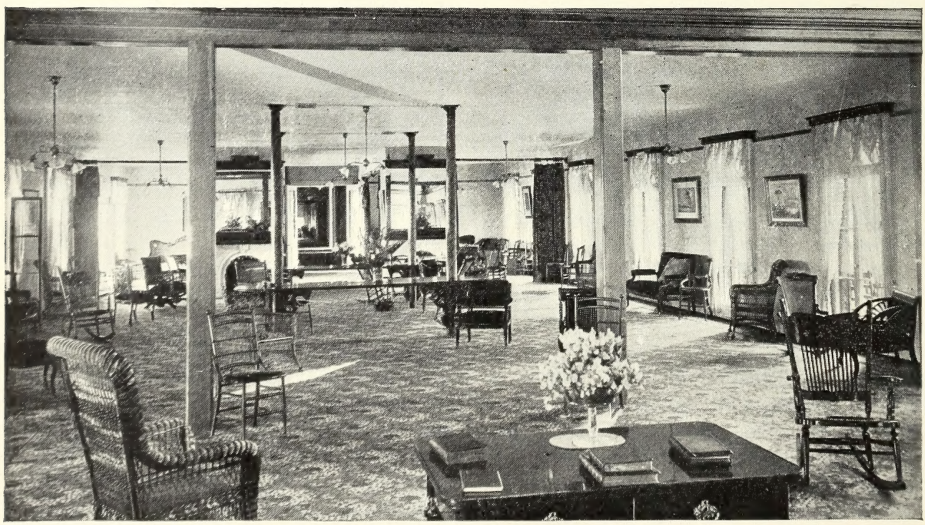
Presidents of Mohonk Conferences.

guests. On the lake are a score or two of boats, and as boating is one of the favorite pastimes these are nearly always out skimming over the lake or hovering about its borders. There are tennis and croquet grounds and bowling alleys. Indoor provision for pastime is also not wanting. As you enter the spacious office—which might with equal propriety be called a reception-room, a library, a reading and writing room, or a post-office—a collection of two thousand well-selected books, for the free use of

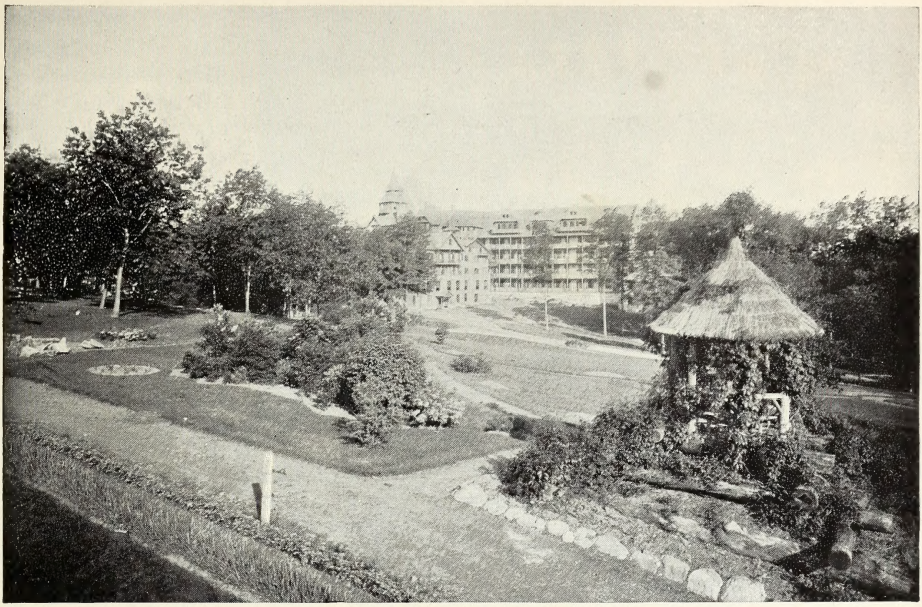
the guests, is one of the first things to attract your attention. Here are found also the leading newspapers from New York, Boston, Philadelphia and other cities. There are two reading rooms in the hotel furnished with all the leading American and many European weeklies and monthlies. On days when the clouds hang low, the guests, who, as a rule, spend their time indoors only when obliged to do so, find pleasant occupation in reading, or writing, or sitting in groups and chatting in the halls and about the blazing wood fires. On these days and of evenings there are musical entertainments and bright literary exercises in the large drawing room; and when Mr. Smiley gets any unusually big fish in his net, as often happens, he puts him up on exhibition and makes him tell about the wide sea of the world from which he came. What with all these attractions and the unending delights of the lake, the woods and the mountains, the visitor finds Mohonk a veritable paradise, from which only the two-edged sword of some necessity can drive him away.

But Mohonk is not more famous for its unique attractions as a summer resort than for its conferences for the promotion of philanthropic ends. To multitudes of people throughout the land who have never visited the spot, it is known only through these conferences, which have given it a national, almost a world-wide fame. The first of the conferences called and organized by Mr. Smiley was the Indian Conference. The history of this conference and of the two subsequently organized is one of the most interesting and instructive bits of the moral and philanthropic history of the country.

Mr. Smiley was appointed by President Hayes, in 1879, a member of the Board of Indian Commissioners, which had been created by Congress ten years before, during the administration of President Grant and at his suggestion. This board of ten commissioners, who were to be men eminent for their intelligence and philanthropy and to serve without compensation, have coördinate power with the Secretary of the Interior over Indian affairs. They supervise all purchases of Indian supplies and have power to inspect the whole service and to remove all corrupt practices which they may find prevailing. In 1882, after three years of service as one of the commissioners, Mr.



MOHONK HOUSE PARLOR—THE PLACE OF THE CONFERENCES.



THE MOHONK GARDENS.

Smiley met with the others in a special meeting at Washington. All the religious societies having dealings with the Indians had been invited to meet with them and report on the condition of the Indians under their care. At this meeting Mr. Smiley observed that there was great difference of opinion among the different organizations as to the proper treatment of the Indians, that their practices were different, and that there was as yet, after ten years of the Grant peace policy, no such thing as an intelligent, disinterested, coherent system of Indian work. It occurred to him that a revolution in the whole system might be brought about if the various persons specially interested in the Indian, both public officials and representatives of the private organizations, could be brought together to discuss the problem for a number of days together and to make recommendations to the government. What place more suitable for such a conference than his own mountain home at Lake Mohonk? Mrs. Smiley heartily united in the plan and "ordered" her husband to "call a hundred or more to meet at our house as our guests." Thus originated the Mohonk Indian Conference.

The first conference was held in October, 1883. To this Mr. Smiley invited the Board of Indian Commissioners, the secretaries of all the religious societies, the Senate and House Committees on Indian Affairs, the army officers having dealings with the Indians, the prominent members of the Indian Bureau, of the Indian Rights Association and of the Woman's National Indian Association, the heads of the Indian schools, editors of leading papers, and prominent men in different parts of the country. Not all of those invited came, for the powerful centripetal force of Mohonk was then unknown to most of them. The fifty or sixty who did meet remained in conference three days, during which the various phases of the Indian problem were surveyed and the ground was prepared for practical effort afterwards.

The Conference, which was presided over by General Clinton B. Fisk, then one of the Indian Commissioners, created a new interest in



much, Mr. William H. Lyons, Mr. William McMichael, and General E. Whittlesey, Indian Commissioners, General R. H. Milroy, Hon. A. C. Barstow, Dr. Lyman Abbott, Missionary Secretaries Dr. Kendall and Dr. Strieby, Charles Loring Brace, Presidents Rhoads of Bryn Mawr, Caldwell of Vassar and Gates of Rutgers, Philip C. Garrett, Henry S. Pancoast, Joshua W. Davis, Moses Pierce, Hon. Darwin R. James, Major Henry C. Alvord, Captain John C. Kenney, Rev. George Dana Boardman, William S. Hubbell, George S. Spining, Theodore L. Cuyler, etc. Some of these remain connected with the Mohonk Indian Conference to this day; others came yearly as long as they lived. General Fisk presided over the subsequent conferences till his death in 1890, since which time president Merrill E. Gates has presided, both with great ability and satisfaction to the members. The second conference was a meeting of experts, in large part. It proved to be one of unflagging and increasing interest to the end, so that Mr. Smiley determined that thereafter, as long as he lived, a similar Conference should be held each year, or "until every Indian has his rights."

the Indian question, and was so successful that Mr. Smiley called another Conference the next year. The invitations to the second Conference were issued with so much discrimination that General Fisk, who was again called upon to preside, said that it would probably have been impossible to find another sixty people in the whole country so thoroughly interested in and identified with the subject as the sixty then present. Among them are found the names of Mr. Herbert Welsh, who acted as secretary, General S. C. Armstrong of Hampton fame, Captain R. H. Pratt of Carlisle, Miss Alice C. Fletcher, to whom the Omaha Indians owe so



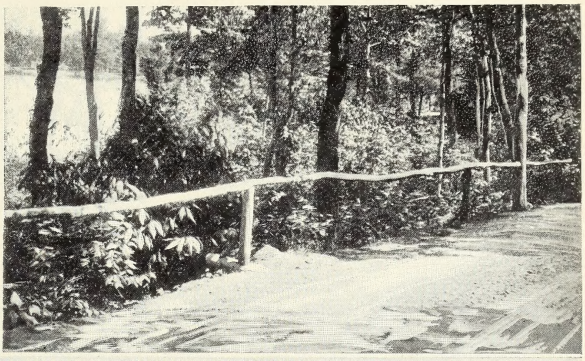
The minute or platform, adopted at the third Conference, October, 1885. gives the general lines on which all the conferences since held have proceeded, and indicates the general condition of the Indians at that time in their relations to the government. It is as follows:

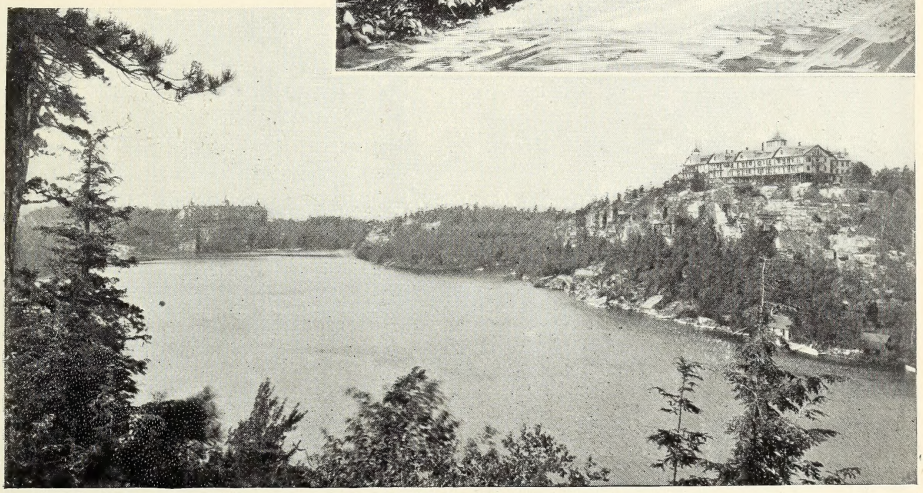
1. The present system of Indian education should be enlarged and a comprehensive plan should be adopted, which shall place Indian children in schools, un-

der compulsion if necessary, and shall provide industrial education for a large proportion of them. The adult Indians should be brought under preparation for self-support. To this end the free-ration system should be discontinued as rapidly as possible, and a sufficient number of farmers and other industrial teachers should be provided meantime to teach them to earn their own living.

2. Immediate measures should be taken to break up the system of holding all lands in common, and each Indian family should receive a patent for a portion of land to be held in severalty, its amount to be dependent upon the number of persons in the family and the character of the land, whether adapted for cultivation or for grazing. This land should be inalienable for a period of twenty-five years.

3. All portions of the Indian reservations which are not so allotted should, after the Indians have selected and secured their lands, be purchased by the government at a fair rate and thrown open to settlement.





MINNEWASKA.

4. The cash value of the lands thus purchased should be set aside by the government as a fund to be expended as rapidly as can be wisely done for their benefit, especially their industrial advancement.

5. In order to carry out the preceding recommendations, legal provision should be made for necessary surveys of the reservations, and wherever necessary negotiations should be entered into for the modifications of the present treaties, and these negotiations should be pressed in every honorable way until the consent of the Indians be obtained.

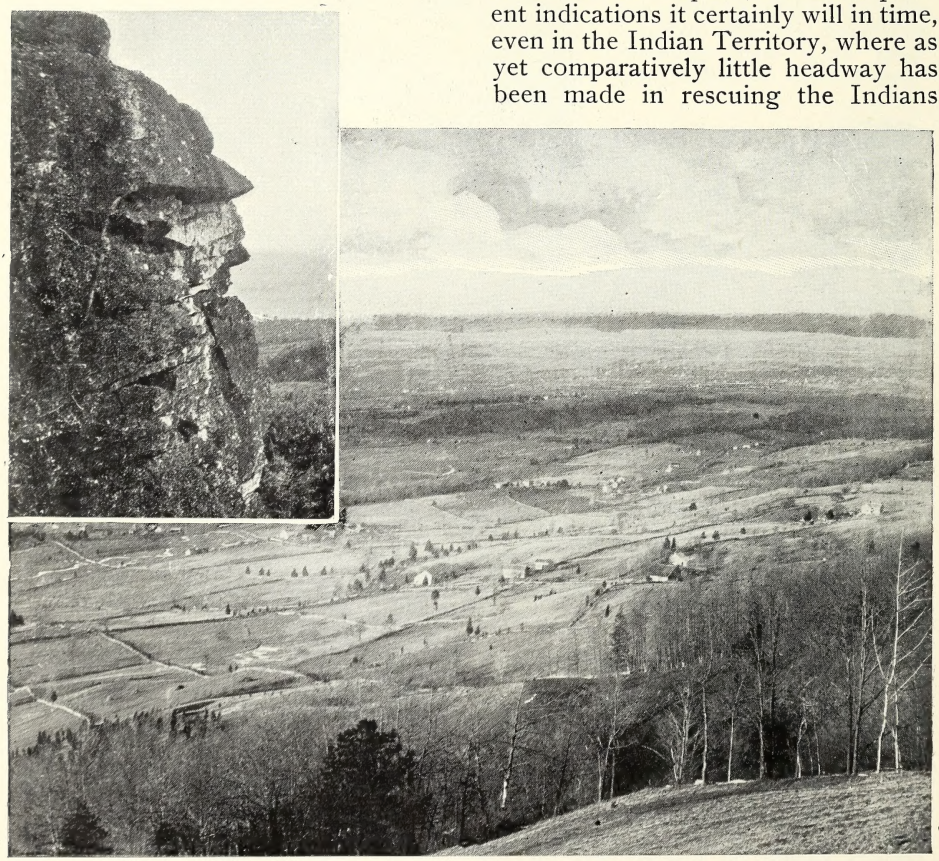
6. Indians belonging to tribes which give up their reservations and accept allotments of land in severalty, and all Indians who abandon their tribal organizations and adopt the habits and modes of civilized life, should be at once admitted to citizenship of the United States and become subject to and entitled to the protection of the laws of the United States and of the States or Territories where they may reside.

During the process of civilization some representative of the United States government should be charged with the protection and instruction of the Indians; but all such officers should be withdrawn as soon as the Indians are capable of self-support and self-protection.

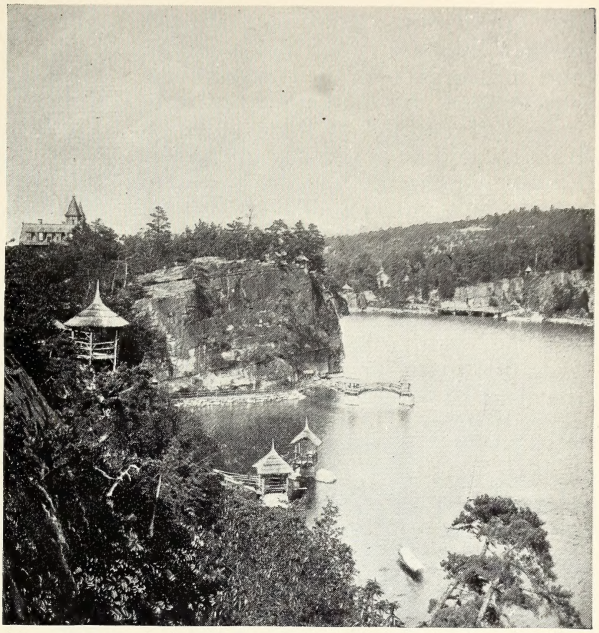
We are unalterably opposed to the removal of tribes of Indians from their established homes and massing them together in one or lotments of land in severalty, and all In- Indians and an impediment to their civilization.

In the fourteen years of its existence the Mohonk Indian Conference has exercised a powerful influence, in fact by far the greatest influence in this nation, in the solution of the many problems of Indian civilization, which were only just beginning to be touched when it was organized in 1883. It has sent its deputations to Washington, keeping itself in close touch with the government. It has brought about legislation along the lines of its policy. Through its varied membership it has kept the condition of the different Indian tribes before it and has been able to speak intelligently to the government. In its membership have been many of the foremost men of the country in both public and private life, men like Senator Dawes, Senator Evarts, Chief-Justice Strong, President Hayes, General Miles, General O. O. Howard, General T. J. Morgan, General John Eaton, Bishop Whipple, Hon. Andrew D. White, Dr. James McCosh, Edward Everett Hale, Dr. Austin Abbott, Rev. C. C. McCabe, Joseph Cook, Theodore Roosevelt, James Grant Wilson, William E. Dodge, H. O. Houghton, Dr. William Hayes Ward, Hon. Seth Low and scores of others of like character, both men and women.

With such a personnel and with its expert knowledge of Indian affairs, the Conference has been able to speak with authority and practically to dictate the government's Indian policy. It has not yet accomplished all that it set out to accomplish, but from present indications it certainly will in time, even in the Indian Territory, where as yet comparatively little headway has been made in rescuing the Indians



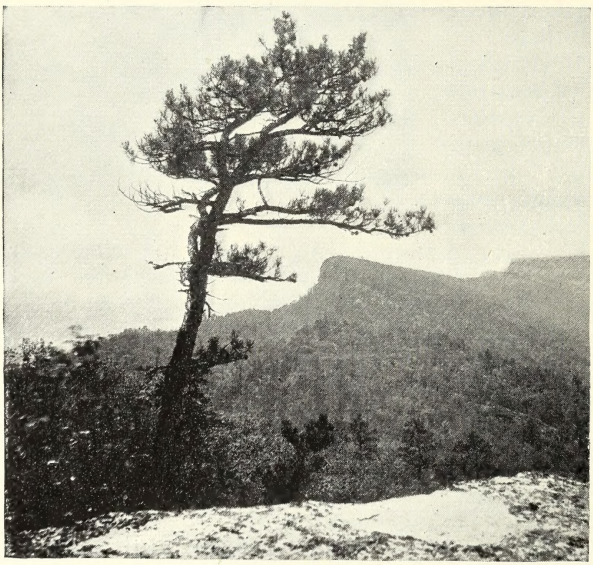
THE RONDOUT VALLEY AND THE OLD MAN OF THE MOUNTAIN.



from the old ways. The classified civil service now extends over almost every branch of the Indian service, having been much enlarged during the past year. Several of the tribes, through recent decisions of the courts, have been put on an equality with the white man under the system of our common law, and a number have taken land in severalty, two tribes, the Choctaws and the Chickasaws in the Indian Territory, since this article was begun. Industrial and school education have steadily advanced, two and a half million dollars being appropriated for Indian education this year. Sixty thousand Indians, nearly one-fourth of the whole number, have taken allotments for homes. Twenty-three thousand Indian children are in schools. The tribal relation is disappearing, and Indians are beginning to become United States citizens. The reservation system is beginning to break up. The Indians are learning farming, stock-raising, etc. But there is much yet for the Conference to do, along all these lines, in counseling and assisting the government; and Mr. Smiley will doubtless have the joy of fulfilling his prophecy that it shall be held each year as long as he lives. He even declares that he will continue to hold it after he is dead, through the medium of his brother, Mr. Daniel Smiley,—a half-brother "according to the flesh," but more than a whole brother in every other way,—who is even now the trusted and efficient prime minister of the whole Mohonk empire, as all Mohonkers know.

Not satisfied with having taken the Indians under his protection, Mr. Smiley undertook seven years ago to spread his wing over the seven millions of negroes in the South. Two Negroes Conferences were held by his invitation in 1890 and 1891, in the early part of June. They were attended by many of the same men and women who have been the strength of the Indian Conference and by leading members of the various associations doing work among the Freedmen in the South. These two conferences were presided over by President Hayes. They were extremely interesting, and no better speaking was ever done at Mohonk than in them. But the Negro problem is a very different one from the Indian problem. The latter is in nearly all its phases a problem to be dealt with by the national government. It has been possible, therefore, for a conference of eminent, public-spirited citizens like that at Mohonk to bring effectively to bear upon the general government influences for its proper solution. The Negro problem is one of much wider scope and greater complexity. The Freedmen, scattered as they are through the Southern States of which

they are citizens, cannot be dealt with in their political and social relations, and not largely in their educational development, by the national government. It became at once apparent that it would be practically impossible for a conference held in the North, to which it would be difficult to get Southern men to come, to do much to influence the separate states of the South towards an improvement in the condition of the Negro. Mr. Smiley is a man with whom speeches, however fine, pass for very little, unless they lead to something practical. He therefore decided, though reluctantly, to give up the Negro Conferences.



FROM PINNACLE ROCK.

Meanwhile International Arbitration, in which Mr. Smiley had been interested all his life, had been pushing itself more and more to the front in all civilized countries. With a view of aiding in promoting this great cause he called a conference to meet at Mohonk on the 5th, 6th and 7th of June, 1895. To this there came fifty or sixty of those specially interested in the subject. Mr. John B. Garrett of Philadelphia was chosen chairman, and Mr. Bright of the *Christian Work* secretary. The Conference, at Mr. Smiley's suggestion, confined itself almost exclusively to the subject of arbitration, not going much into the general subject of peace and war. Addresses were made by Dr. Austin Abbott, Judge Robert Earl, Hon. Philip C. Garrett, Edward Everett Hale, Professor G. H. Emmott, Hon. Robert Treat Paine, Mrs. H. J. Bailey, President Merrill E. Gates, Hon. Charles R. Skinner and others. The subject was treated both historically and theoretically in a most instructive and impressive way, and the Conference adopted a platform, drawn up chiefly by the lamented Dr. Austin Abbott, in which special emphasis was laid upon the fact that arbitration has been successfully tried so often by the civilized nations that "its feasibility as a substitute of war is demonstrated." It was declared to be "the American practice," and the United States government was urged to proceed at once to negotiate a permanent treaty of arbitration with Great Britain. The Conference, which was an experiment, was a pronounced success; and Mr. Smiley decided to call another.

The second Mohonk Arbitration Conference, held in June last, was a memorable occasion. Its membership was more than double that of the previous year, and was conspicuous for its ability. Ex-Senator George F. Edmunds presided. Because of his long experience in political life and his knowledge of history and international law, he contributed greatly to the success of the Conference, which could not have been more fortunate in its

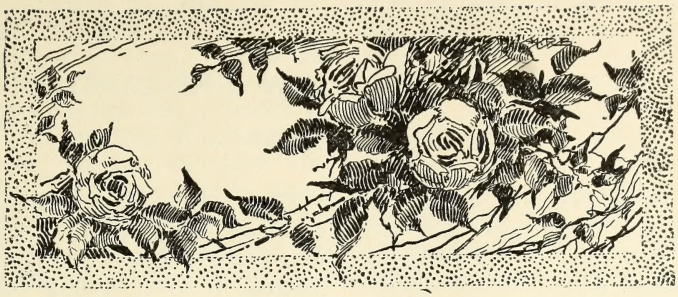
presiding officer. Among the membership were Hon. John A. Kasson, Ex-Minister to Austria, Judge Stiness of Providence, Judge Ashman of Philadelphia, William Allen Butler, Cephas Brainerd and Walter S. Logan of the New York City Bar, Mr. Hodgson Pratt of London, president of the International Arbitration Association, Dr. Lyman Abbott and Dr. A. H. Bradford of the *Outlook*, Robert U. Johnson of the *Century*, Edwin D. Mead of the *New England Magazine*, Mr. Foxcroft of the *Boston Journal*, Dr. Hallock of the *Christian Work*, Rev. E. E. Hale, Rev. Reuen Thomas, Rev. R. S. McArthur, Bishop Foss, Mr. Joshua L. Bailey, Congressman Gillett of Mass., Hon. Robert Treat Paine, Hon. Samuel B. Capen, Hon. George S. Hale, Mrs. Kate Gannett Wells, Professor Clark of Columbia, President Warfield of Lafayette, Dr. Martin of the Imperial University of China, Matthew Hale of Albany, and a hundred others, all of whom it would be a pleasure to mention. Nearly all the speaking was of a very high order, proceeding from sincere and earnest conviction. The report of the Conference, giving all the speeches, is one of the most valuable contributions yet made to the literature of the subject. The platform of the Conference, adopted at the close of the three days' discussions, was telegraphed that night to President Cleveland and to the Associated Press. In view of the great interest shown in the subject of arbitration the past year, culminating in the Anglo-American treaty signed on the 11th of January last, this declaration is here given:

"In the settlement of personal controversies civilization has substituted the appeal to law for the appeal to force. It is high time for a like substitution of law for war in the settlement of controversies between nations. Law establishes justice; war simply demonstrates power. Such a substitution of law for war requires a permanent tribunal to which all nations may appeal. Its *personnel* may change, but its judicial life should be continuous; its mere existence would often prevent controversy, and its decisions would become a recognized interpretation of international law. It would not impair the sovereignty, lessen the dignity, nor hazard the honor or safety of any nation. The enforcement of its judgments might be safely left to the moral obligations of the nation concerned and the moral sentiments of mankind. Such a tribunal should be so constituted that all civilized nations may, if they choose, by adhering to the treaty constituting it, avail themselves of its benefits. Disarmament of the nations should follow the recognition of and provision for the reign of reason over the passions of mankind. The facts that during the past year the Interparliamentary Peace Union, containing parliamentary representatives from fourteen European powers, has formulated a plan for an international tribunal; that France has officially proposed to this country a permanent treaty of arbitration; and that it is semi-officially reported that negotiations are pending between the United States and Great Britain for a similar treaty, justify the belief that the way is now open to create between this country and Great Britain and between this country and France, and perhaps with other powers also, some permanent system of judicial arbitration as an essential safeguard of civilization. We assure President Cleveland that a great majority of his countrymen will hail the consummation of such a treaty as the auspicious harbinger of welfare to the world, assuring peace among leading nations, security and expansion to industry and commerce, steadier employment at more remunerative wages to workingmen, more exalted civilization, a condition of the world more in accord with the enlightened conscience of man and the loving will of God. We earnestly call upon statesmen, ministers of every faith, the newspaper and periodical press, colleges and schools, chambers of commerce and boards of trade, organizations of working men, and upon all good men and women, to exert their influence in favor of this movement, both in making known to the President their desire for a permanent tribunal and in helping to create a larger public sentiment against war, which shall be an efficient and constant support of the new judicial system thus to be founded."

The Arbitration Conference, which meets again in June of the present year, bids fair to become as famous and as powerful for good in its way as the Indian Conference. It has already won its place among the great agencies working for the peace of the world.

Who is Albert K. Smiley, who has made Lake Mohonk the centre of so

much pleasure of the highest order and so much moral influence on the nation and the world? He was born at Vassalboro, Maine, March 17, 1828. He was educated in the Academy of his native town, in the Friends' School at Providence, and at Haverford College, Philadelphia, from which last he was graduated in 1849. After this he engaged in educational work for thirty years, first in Haverford College, then in an English and Classical Academy at Philadelphia which he and his brother founded, then in Oakgrove Seminary in his native town, and for nineteen years, from 1860 to 1879, as head master of the Friends' School at Providence, R. I., which he did much to develop and to render one of the foremost of the fitting schools of New England. Mr. Smiley is a Friend in his religious connection, but one of the large-hearted, large-headed, progressive kind, who believes in making his principles tell, in active, incessant effort, for the redemption of the world. Though unflinchingly loyal to his conceptions of Christian duty, there is not a particle of narrowness or bigotry in him, and Christians of every name find themselves perfectly at home in his Mohonk "church." Since his removal to Mohonk in 1879 and his appointment that year as one of the Indian Commissioners, he has been entrusted by the government with many important missions connected with the Indian service. In 1889 he was chairman of a commission of three to select reservations for the Mission Indians of Southern California. In 1895 he was chairman of a committee of investigation, named at the suggestion of the Secretary of the Interior, which prevented the iniquitous scheme of uniting two tribes of Indians in Western Nevada and thus depriving them of their guaranteed rights. He has spent much time for sixteen years in inspecting and helping overhaul the Indian Bureau, in visiting officially the Indian schools at Hampton, Carlisle and elsewhere and numerous agencies in different parts of the West. He was chairman of a commission to investigate charges against a Commissioner of Indian Affairs and two other high officials, all of whom were removed. In addition to his labors for the Indian, in the prosecution of which he spends many thousands annually, Mr. Smiley has been for twenty years a trustee of Brown University, and was for many years a trustee of Pomona College, California, and one of the original trustees of Bryn Mawr College. In 1856 Mr. Smiley was married to Eliza P. Cornell of New York. She has been his faithful, sympathetic and intelligent helper in all that he has undertaken for the elevation of humanity. Having no family of their own, they have taken into their hearts all the great human family; and all who know them will wish them many years yet in which to promote right and justice, love and peace, throughout the world.



THE INDIAN SPRING.

By Abbie Farwell Brown.

I KNOW a shady hollow 'neath the pines,
Rich floored with velvet moss and trailing vines,
Where grouping ferns grow lusty, tall, and green,
With sipping from the bowl o'er which they lean;
And crimson berries on the margin cling,
Like drops of blood about the Indian spring.

On this same spot these many years ago
A graceful figure knelt and, bending low,
Wrist-deep in moss, one hand curved to a cup,
The water to her scarlet lips dipped up.
A heron's wing drooped from her dusky hair,
Which draped her rich-hued cheeks and shoulders bare.

Swift, stealthy footsteps took her by surprise;
She started, flushed, and met his eager eyes,—
A noble figure, young and lithe and tall,
With one proud eagle feather crowning all.
A pause, a word, and lo! the heron's wing
Brushed with the eagle's there above the spring.

Two cruel eyes gleamed from the piny shade,
Fixed on the bended heads of man and maid;
Sudden, a gray goose feather with a twang
Of hate and envy from the darkness sprang.
One shrilling cry—the heron wing was fled;
Low lay the eagle plume; the spring ran red.

The years have gone; new mosses veil the ground,
New ferns, new vines ;—but here the spring I found,
And here the gray goose shaft its story told,—
A heart of flint 'neath moss and years of mold
And vines to which the blood-red berries cling,
I found an arrow by the Indian spring.

ENGLAND AND NEW ENGLAND.

By E. P. Powell.



OTHING could express more strongly the tie between the two countries than the fact that the Plymouth colonists named their new home after the old one. That cosmopolitan genius, Captain John Smith, first devised the title. It was really a new edition of England,—not exactly the old repeated, for its system of schools, its system of churches and its civil government were anything but copies. The free and universal compulsory town school system is not even yet quite established in the old country. But the roots were in the mother soil. We can trace back most that we have done to legitimate causes in English history antecedent to 1620.

Tyler is hardly just in his distinction when he says that there was one grand difference between the English colonists in New England and nearly all other English colonists in America—that while the latter came chiefly for some material benefit, the former came chiefly for an ideal benefit. Pennsylvania, South Carolina and Georgia had their moral and intellectual ideals. Tyler is more closely correct in saying that "in its inception New England was not an agricultural community, nor a manufacturing community, nor a trading community; it was a thinking community, an arena and mart for ideas, its characteristic organ being not the hand, nor the heart, nor the pocket, but the brain; the proportion of learned men was extraordinary." There were in fact more men in Massachusetts who could write good Latin in 1697 than there are in 1897.

With sturdy determination to sacrifice all for freedom, their longing for dear England burst forth constantly in song and prose. "Still," said Bradford, "it is not with us as with other men whom small things can discourage or small discontentments cause to wish themselves at home again. We are weaned from the delicate milk of our mother-country, and inured to the difficulties of a strange land, which however in great part we have by patience overcome."

There were three classes of colonies, the charter, the proprietary and the royal. The last were based rigidly on English law. It was provided that "all persons being our subjects shall go and inhabit within the said colony, and all their children and posterity shall have and enjoy all liberties, franchises and immunities of free denizens, to all intents and purposes as if they had been abiding within this our realm of England." The proprietary colonies were the subject of the most delicious dreams and hopes of the greatest minds in England. Locke drew up an ideal constitution for the Carolinas; but it came out of his own head more than out of English life, and so fell to pieces. The charter colonies were absolutely individual efforts at colonization, and only took charters after they had shown their English grit to get on without patronage or help of any sort. De Tocqueville says: "The general charters were not given to the colonies of New England till their existence had become an established fact. Plymouth, Providence, New Haven, Connecticut and Rhode Island were formed without the help and almost without the knowledge of the mother country." But this did not hinder them from

forming a charter tie with the old country at a later date.

The tun or town came over as the social and civic unit of New England and the parish as the unit of Southern life. We all had from England our language, our instincts, our vices and our virtues. As ideas move westward they never go quite without modification. The people in our Pacific States are more pliable than those in the Atlantic. New methods find more adherents in newer states. Co-education began in Ohio; woman suffrage in Wyoming. New England would not have been English if it had not felt the right and need of adjusting itself freely to environment. New France was exactly Old France in fresh type; New England was Old England in larger type with larger freedom. The God of the Puritans was a New-Light God; and Puritanism was the one thing in the world then that dared to think, feel and plan for itself. It was a new genius of Anglo-Saxonism. The love and loyalty felt for the old was tempered by a great enthusiasm for right or righteousness. This was so stout a zeal that it was impossible that there should be created only one church or one state or one school. Colony broke off from colony and church schismed away from church. So it quickly came about that there were many colonies and many forms of religious government and service. This could not be realized without vast argument and, with some appeal to force, much more appeal to reason. Nature and natural enemies compelled these diverse clans and kirks to befriend each other. Federalism was in the air nearly two hundred years before it was finally made the key of continental union. All these new ways and feelings after safety in novel experiments prepared the way for a breach with Old England. It was a hard lot in which they were placed. When it took six months to hear from King and Parliament they must still look out for themselves The faith that led them across the water grew into a civil as well as a religious passion. They were clearly the children of the Most High. They had been led, if not through the Red Sea, through a vastly greater sea; and they had met, if not Canaanites, tribes far more dangerous and savage. But the old love was warm and did not fail in loyalty for two hundred years. Then the breach came from the application of a revenue system which made the colonists part and parcel of a European system from which they had become too far removed and alienated. Anglo-Saxon life was beginning to reach out into all quarters of the globe; and soon it would be true that the sun never set on English soil. It was necessary that the true colonial idea should be devised and established,—the system which makes England to-day the mother and not the mere possessor of provinces.

The lesson was a hard one to learn; but let it be said for England that she alone has ever been able to learn it. Gladstone said recently that there were but two powers in Europe capable of expansion and colonization, Russia and England. To-day the vast empire of Great Britain covers one-fifth of the globe and is loyal to the core. England-love is a passion from New Zealand to New Guinea. If I ask why is this magnificent unity, I have only to open Sir William Wilson Hunter's "Ancient Civilization and Modern Education," where I read: "The present political movements among the Indian races are only one aspect of a general advance, moral, intellectual and industrial. The most significant fact connected with the late Indian National Congress at Bombay was that this vast gathering of eighteen hundred representatives from every province in India, for political purposes, was held side by side with a still greater meeting of six thousand people, chiefly Hindus, in the same city, for ameliorating the condition of

woman in India—the Social Reform Conference. We sometimes hear India's marvelous awakening compared to the renaissance of Europe four hundred years ago. But in India the change is not only taking place on a greater scale; it also goes deeper. English rule in India is calmly carrying out processes of consolidation that never entered the brain of Roman statesmen. It has created a nexus which is beginning to be recognized as a bond between man and man and between province and province—a nexus interwoven of a common language, common political aims and a sense of the power of action in common,—the products of a common system of education."

The eagerness and virility of England in the way of colonial expansion, looked at deeply, is the salvation of the world from the burden of either total barbarism or effete civilization. Her rapacity in crowding the weaker is a defect not without a compensation. Her dragon's teeth, every one, come up men. To-day Old England and New England make up that in the world which is vastly most worth considering. New England no longer means a strip of rocky coast, but half a continent. Old England no longer means the British Isles, but the best parts of Asia and Africa with Australia and islands that only expert geographers can enumerate. If she does not do all that we could wish in Zanzibar and Beloochistan, we must recognize that what she chiefly destroys is savagery, and that she spreads the highest civilization the world knows. Our own safety to-day, our commerce, our moral and intellectual progress are bound up in those of the vast and vastly spreading empire of the English people.

Tiffany, in his charming account of his circuit of the earth, tells us that after a few weeks' tarry among Mongols and Japanese he felt like hugging and kissing the whole Aryan race. Wherever he had struck the Turanian stock, it had seemed to him "one and the same thing, devoid of deep inwardness of feeling, having an exterior mask of manner, incapable of any achievements that are dearest to us: the epic and drama of Homer and Kalidasa, of Dante and Shakespeare, the music of Beethoven and Mozart, the sculpture and architecture of Asa Minor, Persia and Greece, the chivalrous worship of woman, the philosophy of Germany and India, the religion that has dowered Syria, India and Europe with its hierarchy of saints." Of England he says: "She is the legitimate successor of imperial Rome. Ruthlessly may she conquer, but in the train of conquest follows the broadest, the wisest, the most humane and tolerant statesmanship the world has ever witnessed. To be humbled by her is to be exalted by her. For back of the greedy, unscrupulous mercantile adventurers lies the great truth-speaking, justice-loving Christian civilization of the home-nation, ever with its Edmund Burke or kindred moral geniuses to voice the deeper sentiment of the people for righteousness and mercy. What a noble breed of men are the pro-consuls she has sent out to rule a realm like India,—men heroic in courage, supremely loyal to duty, enlightened in intellect, devout in feeling, an honor to humanity. Blessed the nation that has such constellations with which to fire the souls of its more generous and aspiring youth." Those of us who lay aside a most narrow prejudice and study the history and condition of English colonies and conquests will accord fully with all that is said.

The American states had hardly become well severed from the old country politically when they turned their united faces homeward for sympathy. From 1779 to 1793 resentment was strong on both sides. Then Washington in spite of our strong affiliation with France negotiated a treaty of commerce with England,—the first treaty ever formed by the United States. Jay, who was our first com-

missioner, was not overwise in his work, and the treaty was far from a reasonable sample of national amity and justice; but it opened the way. It was not till 1823 that the two countries were placed in a position where they could form an alliance on the basis of equity and fraternity. England meanwhile by her sole pluck and statesmanship had gone through the Napoleonic cyclone unbroken, and had finally caged the Corsican in St. Helena. He was succeeded however in European politics by a force equally arbitrary and lawless. Russia, Austria and Prussia had formed an alliance to restore legitimacy and crush democracy. France was practically a member of the same bond. The liberal government set up in Spain was overthrown by invading troops, and the Bourbons returned to power. Europe was in the hands of rulers *Dei gratia.* A conference was next called to sit in Paris to arrange for a similar disposal of popular government in America. The attack was to be made on the small republics of South America which had successfully revolted from Spain. Afterwards the United States would be commercially and otherwise pressed to probable destruction. Even one of our major generals, the ever-to-be-detested Wilkinson, had been under stipendiary pay of the Spanish Bourbons, to use his influence to break up our union. It was a critical juncture. Canning, who was prime minister of England, turned to our minister, Mr. Rush, and proposed that the two countries form a counter alliance. The correspondence was referred to Thomas Jefferson, who was then residing at Monticello, after his long public service, including two terms of the presidency. His answer was: "One nation most of all could disturb us. She now offers to lend aid and accompany us. By acceding to her proposition we detach her from the band of despots, bring her mighty weight into the scale of free government, and emancipate a continent at one stroke. With her we need not fear the whole world. With her then we should most sedulously cherish a cordial friendship; and nothing would tend more to knit our affections than to be fighting once more side by side in the same cause. But I am clearly of Mr. Canning's opinion, that it will prevent instead of provoking war. Nor is the occasion to be slighted which this proposition offers of declaring our protest against the atrocious violations of the laws of nations by the interference of any one in the internal affairs of another, so flagitiously begun by Bonaparte and now continued by the equally lawless Alliance calling itself Holy. I should think it advisable that the executive should encourage the British government to a continuance of the dispositions expressed in these letters by an assurance of his concurrence with them as far as his authority goes."

The Monroe Doctrine or American system, as it was styled by Adams and Jefferson, was promulgated as a result of the renewed alliance of England and New England; for at this time all of the United States was practically becoming New England. The English language, English customs, English law, English religion, English schools were crowding out all others, from the mouth of the St. Lawrence to the mouth of the Mississippi. Vast Spanish and French territories were bought or otherwise absorbed; but it was English custom and speech which entered in and took possession. One hundred years ago the French language was more generally spoken than the English; today the latter is spoken by one-fifth of the population of the globe. The alliance proposed by Canning, and accepted by Jefferson, and announced by Monroe was at once of import vastly beyond all dreams. The Holy Alliance did not attempt the proposed conference; and never intermeddled with American affairs. The Holy Alliance itself soon fell apart. Inside of ten years Louis XVIII was over-

turned by a revolution. All Europe was set on the high road to a breach with legitimacy. In 1848 civilization was bowled to the next milestone of liberalism. Behind the American system was an alliance of English speaking peoples.

Was Canning's idea of good statesmanship prophetic? Is not the destiny and the good policy of the two Englands to draw closer together? From 1823 we have never seriously quarreled. Our faults have been the same, our virtues the same. We believe in our destiny. We have crowded our neighbors,—let us frankly confess it,—and not always justly acquired territory. England has not been over sensitive as to the means used to settle boundary lines. But in our prosperity England finds hers; in her prosperity we find our own. Nearly half our trade is with England and her colonies. It would have been impossible for the United States to have entered on her career of stupendous progress from 1823 but for this practical fellowship with England.

Hosmer, in his "Anglo-Saxon Freedom," wrote a brilliant chapter on an English-speaking fraternity. John Bright said to the committee for the celebration of the Centennial of the American Constitution in 1887: "As you advance into the second century of your national life, may we not ask that our two nations may become one people?" The principle of federation which unites our independent states was most wonderful, the most original device of the American Constitution. It shows us at last a government not weakened by vast extent, but stronger the wider its territory. The colonies of England are now federated or federating in groups. Why shall not the whole unite in one great brotherhood of progress and enlightenment? Sir Henry Parkes, the ablest statesman of Australia, said to the legislature of New South Wales: "I firmly believe it is within the range of human probabilities that the great groups of free communities connected with England will, in separate federations, be united to the mother country; and I also believe that in all reasonable probability, by some less distinct bond, even the United States of America will be connected with this great English-speaking congeries of free governments. I believe the circumstances of the world will develop some such new complex nationality as this, in which each of the parts will be free and independent, while united in one grand whole, which will civilize the globe." This is the loyalty of peoples, the friendship of humanity, not the old loyalty to lords or even to parliaments. The English stock is coherent by the natural adhesion of common purposes.

Through the terrible trial which finally ended in our war for independence, New England clung to Old England with a tenderness that could hardly be surpassed by that of mother and child. "We never declared our independence of the English people, of English tradition, of English literature, of English liberty, love and common law. We love them better year by year. Only shallow minds can fail to feel that we are one people still, and one forever. This fraternity of blood and brain has grown of late, and will continue to grow. Nothing flows between us but water. This we have narrowed to a moment of time with electric cables; while the noblest lines of steamers in the world make London and New York less than two Sundays apart. We exchange our weekly newspapers, and the *Review of Reviews* has its editorial departments on both sides of the Atlantic." Integrally, vitally, commercially, politically, socially, we are steadily growing together. It is not true that we are accepting Anglican ideas; nor that England is being transferred into another republic like our own. The ideal ahead is a new one, a larger and nobler fraternization on a plane according to the altruism

of the age. But all the more must we heed the suggestion of Mr. Bryce that we must undertake to understand each other. "As there is no military class in the United States, so there is no class which feels itself called on to be concerned with foreign affairs; and least of all is such a class to be found among the politicians. Even leading statesmen are often found strangely ignorant of European diplomacy; . . . and into the minds of the whole people there has sunk deep the idea that all such matters belong to the bad order of the Old World, and that the true way of the model republic to influence that world is to avoid its errors and set an example of pacific industrialism. Such abstinence from Old World affairs is the complement to that claim of a right to prevent any European power from attempting to obtain a controlling influence in New World affairs, which goes by the name of the Monroe Doctrine." On the contrary, the point is well taken that we need to cultivate a knowledge of the Old World, and to fully apprehend especially English prudence and English ideas. Intellectual isolation is as absurd as commercial isolation. It is an old saying that "he who knows one religion knows none." It is equally true that we cannot adequately comprehend a democratic republic unless we comprehend other political and governmental régimes.

Fortunately a great zeal for historic studies has arisen. "The burden of a true American education," said Jefferson, "must be history." We are in all senses a historic race. Almost everything of fundamental importance which we have done on this continent is rooted in English history and life. This historic awakening has led us into the field of our common Anglo-Saxon life. We are learning to understand the great human need of friendship with our brothers of the same stock. We see or are beginning to see that our republic is essentially a new England—enlarged, expanded, younger, full of hope, but having English grit, English independence, English loyalty, and with not much that is dominant which does not find its roots in the mother stock. Weeden says: "It is generally assumed that the French, encumbered by the trappings of feudalism, were beaten in the race for America by the English seeking for homes founded on religious and political convictions. This is true; but it does not convey the whole truth. It was the power of carrying the home outward, the working it into other institutions common to other homes and other individuals, that built New England. It must be remembered that the New Englanders and their descendants never made a failure of a colony. When Bradford and Winthrop, Hooker and Coddington planted settlements, these were not enclosed places. No walls guarded them from the world without. These plantations were communities in the egg. All the factors of previous living, home, church, military organization, political representation, were enfolded in the families and the persons of these English men and women."

Canning thought the young South American republics would develop as New England had done. But New Spain, like New France, has never succeeded in constructive growth. It has only bred revolution and discontent and bankruptcy. Like father, like child. We have lived already for three-quarters of a century as near neighbors of the South American republics; and so far we have found it impossible to enter into any but the most formal relations with them. Their trade is insignificant. Their educational and religious policy has scarcely made any advance. Apart from that of Chili their governments have proved unstable and contemptible. Mexico at last has risen from the chaos of revolution by the force of her native Indian race. Juarez, the conqueror of Maximilian, and the

creator of a firm and settled government, was without a drop of foreign blood.

Where then should be our affiliation, where our confidence, where our generous judgment, where our right hand of sympathy? Those who are ready for war or discord between England and the United States do not comprehend the present and the future any more than they comprehend the past. Every American who knows history and who has prophetic vision realizes the deep import of the opportunities of to-day to bind the two great free nations closer together for activities, in which, realizing in themselves more and more the high ideals of the best minds of their past, they shall make themselves more and more the great leaveners and servants of the world.

A WANDERER.

By Clinton Scollard.

NOW that the gulfs of dusk are deep,
And birds have hushed their happy themes,
I wander down the aisles of sleep
Hung with the tapestry of dreams.

The little silvery winds go by
With fluting softly passional;
The stars march up the midnight sky,
And yet I heed them not at all.

For I have felt the enchanter's wand,
And know my soul, released once more,
As elemental as the frond
Amid the mosses by the shore.

What now to me the coil of clay,
Since I may fare to my desire,
Beyond the azure bournes of day,
Beyond the utmost planet's fire!

All nature's vast, mysterious face
'Tis mine—an intimate—to see;
I taste for just a breathing space
The freedom of eternity.

A breathing space!—and then—and then,
The robins' matins, and I rouse,
To find that I am once again
In my contracted prison-house.

THE IDEAL ABANDONED FARM.

By Allen Chamberlain.

EVERYONE has his fad to follow; and our fad for years had been the quest of the ideal abandoned farm. Much of our time while on our little summer holiday journeys had been devoted to this cause, not because we intended to make a purchase, but because, as it is the privilege of the poor man to desire the beautiful things of this world which he sees or hears about, so we liked to gratify in this mild way a passion for exploration and adventure. At last we have achieved the object of our search; and we find the realization of our dream to be a little disquieting, for now we must find another hobby on which to ride about the world. Were we credited with a handsome balance in the bank, we might have tried to buy "our farm"; but there is the consolation left us that, so long as no one else discovers it and lays it waste with attempts at improvement, we can be happy in fancying ourselves its owners. For this reason we will not reveal its whereabouts at this time; and yet a certain pride prompts us to boast a bit about it by way of arousing the envy and enthusiasm of other searchers for such ideal things.

It was one fair day late in August that we climbed the long hill by a winding, weed-grown road, to gain a closer view of the ruin which looked so promising through the glass from the valley below. The morning sun lay hot upon the long southerly slope and held the flowers of the earlier season still afield. There were also the more timely flowers; but we repeatedly paused to look wonderingly at the strawberry blossoms in the grass, and a single rich ripe berry peeped blushingly up as we pushed the weeds aside. The spring represented by the strawberry was hobnobbing with the autumn whose badge of goldenrod, asters and everlasting was everywhere in evidence. Even in the midst of the snows of the long winter such a place could not be dreary.

The road crossed a rocky pasture, skirted along the western edge of a magnificent maple grove, then took a lane walled in from open but disused fields on one hand and from orchards of ancient but thrifty apple trees on the other. This lane had its end in the dooryard on the rising ground above the orchards. There beneath two graceful oaks we sat us down to study at our leisure the surroundings.

A long time we sat in silence, our gaze moving slowly over the landscape; and when at length our eyes met, they told in a single look the admiration words could not express. It was one of those vast panoramic landscapes seen only in hilly country, and this one was unusually harmonious as a whole. Under a shoulder of the hill, giving shelter from the north and east, stood the old house, all soft yellow-browns and grays, and by its side the grinning skeleton of a huge barn, weatherbeaten and lichen-covered on the north side. To the south and west the hill sloped away overlooking thirty miles of island-set and mountain-girt lake five hundred feet below, and westward were tidy white farmhouses in the valleys and on the lower hillsides with their fields and pastures and woodlots, and beyond mountains on mountains, into the pale pearl of the far off distance. Who would not boast of owning such a view?

But the view was merely one detail in this delightful old place. The house attracted us next; but it was

with awe that we approached, and we paused beneath the old butternut tree in the dooryard to speak our admiration of it all. It was a rambling house, which conformed to our notions of the ideal, and judging from the varying angles of the roofs, its building must have been at least in four installments, and many years apart. This was one of its strong features, giving to the house an even greater flavor of antiquity than was its due. It suggested the old English manor houses with wing after wing built by succeeding generations and each addition showing a new architectural form. We knew that only three generations had lived in this old house, but each had left its imprint strongly set upon it.

Although the entire structure showed signs of having been reclapboarded and painted when the most recent section had been built, we could readily trace the successive steps of its development. There was the original one-room, low-roofed cabin of the grandfather, with a great chimney of old-fashioned soft brick, all out of proportion to the size of the house it was made to serve. On the other side of the chimney a roof of higher pitch arose, covering the first addition of a couple of rooms. Beyond this another bit had been added; and then there had evidently been a lapse of some years before they began anew and built the present main house on the other end of the settler's cabin. Thus the newer part faced the west, its gables standing north and south, while from the southeast corner the older sections trailed away to the east and joined a sort of combination shop and carriage shed, which made another angle by running south. This left the dooryard toward the barns completely sheltered from the inclement quarters and open to catch all there was of warmth in the winter sun.

We could not fail to admire this demonstration of economy, the adapting of the artificial to the natural surroundings. Utility had been the motive, and Nature had been kind enough to lend herself so favorably as to produce a most harmonious effect. The two sugar maples planted on the northeast corner to break the sweep of the wind piled their dense foliage up behind the old roofs so as to set them off to the best advantage. So on the south the oaks, set out to shade the dooryard from the full glare of the sun in summer, served to relieve the monotony of the broad open space between the buildings. It was as if a landscape architect had laid it all out beforehand for the old settler and his descendants to build to. And after studying the house a little more, both within and without, we came to believe that the old grandfather must have had a potent seed of artistic grain hidden away somewhere in his make-up. Certain it is that a strong æsthetic sense matured from some source in his children and grandchildren, as the new house bore striking evidence.

We had learned from a neighbor, who remembered the place in its prime, that it had been one of the finest farms in the country, that its giant corn had ever been the wonder of the autumn fairs, and that its hay crop always topped the record of the vicinity. These men then understood how to take advantage of the natural fertility of their soil, and their buildings and the long lines of massive stone walls, six feet thick at the base and four feet high, were witnesses of their patient labor and their foresight. But even for so rich a farm the buildings, and especially the newer portions, were unusually fine. They were more like some city man's country place, being almost elegant in their finish compared to the simple country architecture of the structures put up by the average farm carpenter. There was no attempt at display, no jig-sawing and gingerbread work, but every feature showed stability and integrity, and was in unimpeachable taste.

It was all of the old story-and-a-half type. The main house, about twenty-five by thirty feet on the ground, had been painted white on the south and west, and on the colder sides a warm buff. This in itself was a sufficient indication of artistic feeling. All the windows were provided with pretty green blinds (rather the worse for many years of slatting in the wind); the roofs were all drained with gutters and neat conductors; and the gable ends and chimneys bristled with the lightning rod delusion. Along the western side a flower garden had once bloomed behind a fence of paneled box posts and delicate palings, just such a fence as one sees along the streets of any New England village. A riot of shrubs and vines and hardy flowers is running there nowadays, and disputed the passage of the visitor up the little brick paved path to the front door, and the passage of the sunlight in at the front windows. That front door, with its broad hewn stone step, its heavy handmade panels, and its wrought iron latch, had a dignity all its own which was just a little marred by the presence of a bell-pull, the only snobbish thing about the house. It may have been the presence of the bell-pull, or it may have been the feeling that this door was seldom used in the old days except for funerals, that deterred us from trying to enter there. It is at the side door of the New England farmhouse, letting into the warm kitchen entry, that the visitor always finds his heartiest welcome; and such a door we found on the southerly side, fastened only with a piece of ox-chain drawn through the latch and hooked.

For nearly a quarter of a century no one had crossed that threshold in home-coming, though countless summer boarders from neighboring farms had roamed through the rooms as the years came and went, a heedless crowd for the most part, no doubt, feeling little of the reverence for the old associations which seemed to us to echo with every footfall along the ancient floors. The chain fell clanking against the casing, the door swung in with a weird creaking, and we paused on the threshold of the great kitchen. It was a long, low studded room, half the width of the house, and with only a little bedroom taken off the length on the north end. Scarcely a whole sash of glass remained in the house, and the winds of heaven allowed no musty odors to develop there. The doors into the adjoining rooms were flung wide open, and cupboards and closets likewise stood exposed. The wall paper had been stripped off in places and left hanging in tatters, the ceiling was broken in spots, and brick dust and mortar littered the hearth. There was the old fireplace; but it had been bricked up when stoves came in, and by its side was the brick oven, the very sight of which put into our mouths the flavor of the baked beans, the brown bread, and the Indian puddings which must often have come forth steaming from its cavernous depths in the days gone by. Opposite the fireplace, three windows and a door, all in a row, opened to the fields on the east, and the door by which we entered, with a window by its side, looked out upon the south.

We felt almost like intruders upon the privacy of a stranger's hearth when we thought that here, in this great room, was centred the family life. Here the mother and daughters cooked the meals, and here the family board was spread. We could fancy the mother standing in the east doorway, with the tin horn in hand, looking out upon the fields and listening for the halloed response to the noontide summons. Here in the evenings, during the colder seasons, the family must have gathered about the fire, the father to read his weekly agricultural paper, the younger children with their books (for they were well schooled, we learned), and the mother and the older daughters to make music with spinning wheel and loom. From those poles along the

ceiling strings of dried apples and onions may have hung, and in the chimney corner no doubt a pitcher of cider mulled and simmered,—for the old man, like all the farmers of his time, made many a cask of cider in his own press, the great hand-made wooden screws and massive beams of which alone remain to mark its site.

It must have been a happy household, where everything pointed to the comforts and even to some of the luxuries of life. With five stalwart sons, the father need not have been bowed down with toil before his time; and with five splendid daughters, the household duties should never have become drudgeries for the mother. It is overwork that wrecks the health and destroys the happiness of many a farmer's home and drives his children to seek their living in less laborious lines. It was not so here; but it was in vain that we searched about the house and farm for some clue to solve the mystery of the abandonment. It was not till afterwards that we learned something of the hidden history of the place, and how this beautiful home, the result of the united efforts of the family, was so ruthlessly deserted.

Two of the sons lost their lives on the lake; another served his country on the field of battle and left his ashes in the sunny South; the remaining two, ambitious to try their turn at trade, left the paternal roof, and have never once returned. One by one the daughters found other objects of their affections and went to help make other happy homes. The mother, thus left childless in old age, succumbed to a malady common enough, but seldom recognized,—a broken heart. It was but a cold and cheerless barren for the father then, and he turned his tottering footsteps toward his daughter's in the neighboring village. The farm would neither sell nor let; and when ere long it fell to the children as his heirs, a sale was forced under the hammer, and the homestead passed from being the pride of the country to be a horse pasture.

As we wandered about the house and saw the evidences of refinement and thrift in every detail, we were more than ever puzzled to understand how children bred under such influences could have proved so careless of the fate of the family rooftree. The æsthetic seed had developed within them, as corn does in new ground, with such rank growth that sentiment had been choked out. Without sentiment, the oak upon which nations lean for their support and which springs from the heart's core, æstheticism is cold and hollow.

In their last days, two of the daughters felt the love of childhood drawing them once more toward their old home, and they longed to be laid in the little family graveyard behind the house. There to-day their staring marble tombstones are the only incongruous features of the whole moss and weed grown spot. Late in the day of our visit on the hill, we spent an hour or more within this walled and locust-shaded quarter of an acre, reading the inscriptions on the half dozen stones. In vain we sought for the graves of the father and mother. The lichen-covered slates of the grandparents were there; but it was not until we had given up the quest that we stumbled over a vine-covered mound marked only with a flat field stone, unhewn and unlettered, and beside it another. Was this the gratitude of those children who went abroad into the world and were successful as a result of their early training? Yet we were told by an old man who had known the family well, that theirs was a happy household. The world and its people are queer indeed.

These thoughts began in the great kitchen, and they developed and found expression as we sauntered slowly from room to room. Out of the kitchen on the northwest opened a large sunny room with three windows looking out upon that wonderful view. This was perhaps a dining room on holiday occasions such as Christmas and Thanksgiving, and at other times

a sitting room. Its finish was white pine stained and grained most truthfully to represent brown ash. A heavy wainscoting encircled the room, and in this and in the broad panels of the doors the graining was truly a work of art. All the mouldings were of a delicate yet rich form, which would have delighted the eye of an architect. There was no fireplace here, but a smokepipe hole suggested the possibilities of a cheery blaze in an open soapstone stove. A little front hall opened from this room, and across it lay the northwest front room, finished in white, with a stiff old-fashioned fireframe surmounting the open hearth, and with walls gay with impossible birds and flowers. A certain coldness seemed to pervade this room even on that warm summer afternoon, and we felt sure that here was their parlor, a room used, like the front door, for funerals and when the minister called.

How we wished that we might have seen their furniture and how they arranged their rooms! We felt certain that for the most part this family must have been strongly original in such a matter and have evinced there also that taste so strikingly shown in the building of their house. The atmosphere of this room in its deserted nakedness seemed to indicate, however, that, no matter how unconventional they may have been in the rest of their house, this room was set apart to the prejudices of the country and the times. We fancied this, therefore, to have been like so many other country parlors we had seen: a staringly bright carpet on the floor, the gilt-banded curtains always down to protect this jewel from the sun, the chilling black haircloth sofa, a few stiff-backed chairs balancing partners at the corners of the carpet pattern, a tawdry and betassled camp chair, and a doleful organet.

The parlor opened also upon the kitchen, thus taking us completely around the great chimney; and here, on the northeast corner, was the little kitchen bedroom, where the father and mother must have slept. Across the kitchen, near the door by which we first entered, opened the older portions of the house; and reverently we entered the grandfather's first abode, the cradle of the homestead's infancy. Here was unquestionable antiquity: No plaster anywhere; the walls cased in boards of old growth pine of a width that seems fabulous to-day; the ceiling planked across two massive beams of ax hewn oak; windows small, with unequal sash and set with cheapest glass; and a great chimney with fireplace and oven occupying almost one entire wall. No paint had ever touched the woodwork here, but smoke and age had toned those boards into a rich warm brown. This room had probably become the washroom in later times. A narrow doorway beside the chimney led into the first addition, made necessary by a growing family and made possible by a worthy farm. Here were the signs of the earliest aspirations to elegance. The walls were plastered and adorned with paper, and one room, made cozy by a generous fireplace, was presumably the first parlor. By giving the roof of this part a little higher angle than that of the original house, a goodly garret was made, where the children may have slept. At some later day, still another bed room was added to the ground floor, a mere closet, just big enough for a bed and chair and with but a single window.

Most people nowadays, when planning a house, give considerable thought to closet room. With these people this seems to have been an afterthought entirely, for the closets were hitched on outside and patched on inside whenever and wherever they were needed. By this arrangement everything was as handy as if previously studied out, and had the added advantage of contributing to the picturesqueness of the pile both within and without.

The garrets were explored; and here again was written the wealth of

the native forests in the heavy timbering of the roofs and in more of those wide pine boards upon the floor, soft as satin and brown as walnut. The other extreme of the house we also sought, the cellar, opening the two stout double doors of the rollway from without, and peering into the two high brick vaults under the main chimney. Coming as we did from the strong sunlight into this subterranean den, heavy with strong earthy odors, those yawning arches, filled only with the blackest of shadows and rumbling with a deep echo of our voices, suggested all sorts of uncanny things. It was like the dungeon of a ruined castle; but we knew that this dread keep had never held aught but potatoes and apples safe against the attacks of frost and damp of winter. It was like experiencing heaven after a taste of hades, to go forth into the sunshine again.

On our way back of the house to the graveyard, we looked into the carriage shed and shop, and there found their deep, dark well, with a great wooden grooved wheel hung in the rafters overhead, on which the bucket rope once ran. Here too was a chimney with bricked-in kettles, where the sap was probably brought in the spring to be boiled down into maple sugar and molasses.

From the hilltop beside the graves, we looked across the old fields so long untouched by plough or scythe and now coming up to pines. Nature could not bear to see this wanton waste of man and had turned those rich acres into a garden of her own to expend their native vigor in producing the wild blossoms. Wherever the pines had not yet started, flowers and grasses grew in richest form. There was the red clover, hearty and bright as the faces of the boys who once ran there at play; and meadowsweet, as pink and white as the daughters of the farm in youngest womanhood; and the red and brown spikes of the iron bush, standing for the sturdy men folk of the place. For their neighbors these had smiling yellow buttercups, tiny yellow sorrel stars, golden flowered tansy, asters—purple, yellow and pink, and yellow and white,—tall stalks of evening primrose bearing great burdens of seed pods and decked with lemon stars, the delicate pink-stripped bells and red and green stalks of the dogbane, and everlasting and goldenrod everywhere. Surrounded by all these, far out in the field on the north, there stood one remnant of man's cultivation, a gnarled and half dead rose bush. It grew with its back to one of those great stone walls, as if it had hoped here to hold its ground against the goddess's encompassing hosts.

As the sun ran low in the western sky and threw a soft and mellow rose light on the hill and the old house, we turned away toward the valley once more. Sadly we left the scene; and yet it was with a feeling of thankfulness (born perchance of an attempt at philosophizing over our inability to purchase the treasure), that we were not permitted to unthrone the blessed genii of that old family and set up the usurping gods of foreigners. Let the cricket sing unheard upon the hearth in the summer evenings, and the bat hook himself to the ancient rafters through the sunlit hours. Let the winds of autumn whisk the red and yellow leaves through the sightless windows to make a bed for the snows of winter to lie upon. Let the old house stand, as long as its sturdy frame can outlive the climate's shocks, to tell its poetic story to him who will attune his ear to catch the air of the pathetic song.



By Henry B. Atherton.

A PICTURESQUE manufacturing town of twenty-five thousand inhabitants, in the heart of New England, Nashua never fails to attract and interest all who become acquainted with its scenery, its history or its people. For sixty years the frontier settlement of the Massachusetts Bay Colony on the north, it is now the "Gate City" of New Hampshire, the second in population in that state, and second to none in its public spirit, industrial activity and educational facilities.

Nashua is the youngest and lustiest child of ancient Dunstable, which was the nursing mother of seventeen thriving communities in two states, all of which, either in whole or in part, have been carved out of her broad territory. The compact part of the city lies within the radius of a mile from the intersection of Hollis and Main Streets, just south of the City Hall. Beyond that limit are still to be found the "ffarmes," mentioned in the early records, with many pleasant dwellings and comfortable homes, but no shop, store or outlying village. The surface is undulating and varied, comprising broad plains, gentle hills, beautiful sheets of water, cultivated fields and tracts of wild woodland.

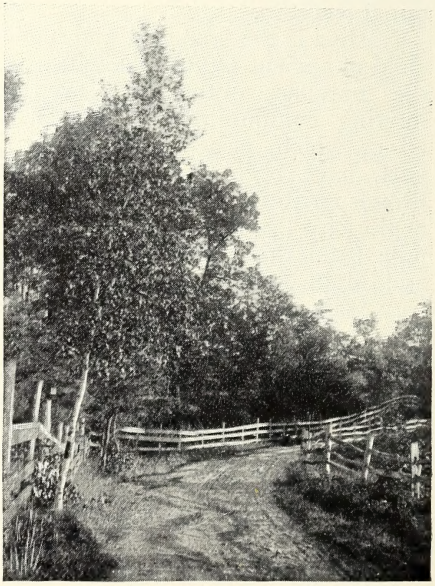
Pennichuck Brook, with its succession of lovely ponds, forms the northern boundary. Salmon Brook, with its picturesque surroundings, the placid Nashua, moving quietly along between its wooded banks—except where it rushes headlong and turbulent over the rapids at Mine Falls—and the majestic Merrimack, with its mighty current, add charm and variety to the scenery. Shade trees are numerous, and nowhere does the American elm attain to greater symmetry and beauty than on the banks of the Nashua.

The first settlers in the vicinity of Boston had been on this side of the Atlantic less than thirty years, and had just begun to be concerned about the character of some of the newcomers—especially the Quakers—and to enact immigration laws forbidding their introduction under a penalty of £100 for each offence, when, in the year 1656, as along the coast they began to flog and exile those unoffending people, three Puritan worthies, Maj. Simon Willard, Capt. Edward Johnson, the author of "The Wonder Working Providence of Zion's Savior," and Jonathan Danforth, the surveyor, made an excursion inland. Their object was to select and survey a tract of eight thousand acres granted to the town of Billerica. Striking the Merrimack near where that river changes its course from south to northeast, and passing north-



INDIAN HEAD COFFEE HOUSE.
Photograph by P. F. Porter.

ward along its right bank, they were soon beyond the last log house of the sparse settlement, and leaving the clearing they entered the confines of that immense forest which then extended, unbroken by the white man's ax, northward for three hundred miles to the banks of the St. Lawrence. Following an Indian trail through the dusky glades of the "forest primeval," they bivouacked at night beneath the stars, and still wending their way northward under giant oaks and lofty pines, they crossed Salmon Brook and the corn lands of the Indians, passed near their favorite fishing place at the falls on the Merrimack, and, fording the river of the Nashaways near its mouth, passed the Pennichuck and, on the afternoon of their second day, came to Naticook and the Souheganock. Here, on the northern verge of the territory subsequently to become the township of Dunstable, they found the "trucking howse" of a white man, one John Cromwell. What relation, if any, he bore to the Lord Protector, who also it is said once designed to emigrate to New England, history does not inform us. But true to the instincts of his race, self-reliant, surrounded by the wilderness and its dusky denizens, and fifty miles from his base of supplies, he was exchanging commodities with the aborigines at a profit. That he was accustomed in buying peltry to reckon his foot as weighing a pound, or that in consequence his customers, on finding out the iniquity of it, burnt down his "howse," is a doubtful tradition. It might have been true, but the same story is frequently told of other early Indian traders. Cromwell abandoned the locality, leaving only his name, by which the beautiful falls on the Souhegan are still called, and the last we know of him he was a dweller in "Lubberland" on Great Bay. The true reason why he retired from business at Naticook was because in the following year a number of others, including the doughty Major Willard himself, William Brenton, Thomas Wheeler and Thomas Henchman, procured from the General Court the exclusive monopoly of this traffic with the Indians. Their successors in business from Boston still furnish necessaries



ON FAIRMOUNT.

to the residents of Naticook and vicinity, but have long since ceased to take their pay in furs.

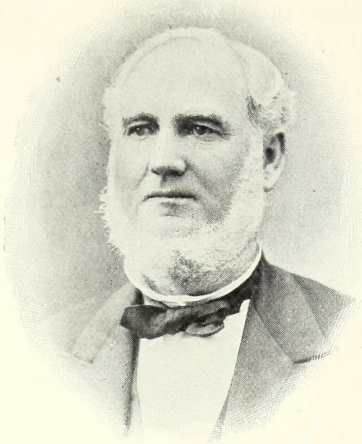
In 1673 the Artillery Company of Boston received a grant of a thousand acres north of the Nashua and west of the Merrimack, which embraced the site of all the compact part of the present city lying north of the first mentioned river, including Artillery Pond and the North Common. The same year (October 15, 1673, O. S.), Charlestown School farm and was on the Souhegan at Dram Cup Hill, a name ominous and suggestive both as to shape and size.

About the mouth of Salmon Brook the first settlers came and occupied the lands formerly cultivated by the Indians. Their farms were laid out in narrow strips reaching from the Merrimack on the east to the brook and, farther south, to Long Hill, on the west, and extended in succession

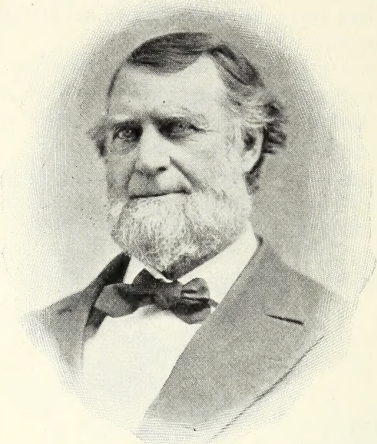


THE NASHUA NEAR FAIRMOUNT.

Dunstable was chartered by the Massachusetts Bay Colony, and in May of the following year it was surveyed and its boundaries were described. It covered about two hundred square miles. At this time Edward Colburn, Henry Kimball and Capt. Samuel Scarlett had already located farms, which are mentioned in the record. The northwest corner of Dunstable was the northwest corner of Middlesex County and of the southerly toward Chelmsford. The infant settlement was protected by a ditch and block house or garrison erected about a mile northwest of the mouth of Salmon Brook and about the same distance southwest from the mouth of the Nashua and from the falls on the Merrimack, much frequented by the Indians for fishing. It commanded the trail, afterwards the "country road" which ran northward parallel to the Merrimack across



COLONEL GEORGE BOWERS.



GENERAL AARON F. STEVENS.

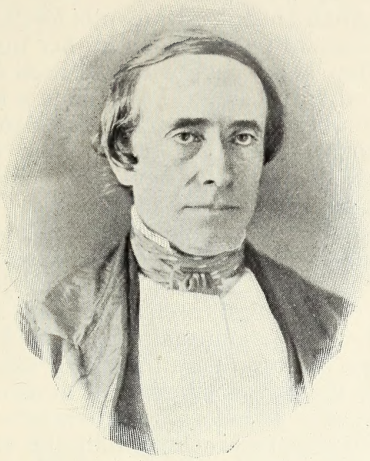
the ford of the Nashua. The neighborhood which was protected by this log fort is still known as the "Harbor," meaning, I presume, shelter or place of refuge. Here came John Blanchard, Jonathan Tyng, John Lovewell, Thomas and John Cummings, John and Henry Farwell, Thomas Lund, Joseph Hassell, Robert Usher, Robert Proctor, John Sollendine and Christopher Temple. Capt. Thomas Brattle of Boston headed the petition for a charter. He was son-in-law of William Tyng, and at a town meeting holden at a safe distance, in Woburn, in 1677, was chosen one of the selectmen of Dunstable.

This little settlement in the great woods, the advance guard toward the north for more than half a century of Anglo-Saxon civilization on this continent, underwent the ordinary vicissitudes and trials of nearly all the early New England communities. During King Philip's War, with the exception of Jonathan Tyng, all the settlers prudently withdrew toward the coast, and later, in 1692, when the epidemic for hanging witches broke out along the coast, they prudently remained in the wilderness a long day's journey from the centre of contagion.

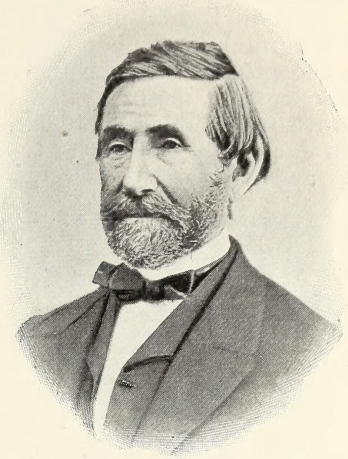
In 1686 the Indians who had claimed any rights in the territory of Naticook and Dunstable sold out their interest to Mr. Tyng and for the most part moved away. A few remained, however, among whom was Joe English, the grandson of Masconnomet, sagamore of Agawam. Many are the wonderful exploits related of this friend of the white man. In the end he was killed by hostile Indians, his loyalty to the settlers having cost him his life. A precipitous rocky hill in New Boston, lying west of the Unconoonucs and



GENERAL JOHN G. FOSTER.



HON. CHARLES G. ATHERTON.



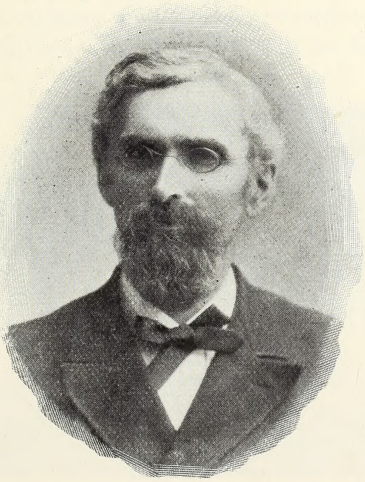
HON. JOHN M. HUNT.

visible from Nashua, still bears his name. The last friendly Indian was Philip Anthony, who lived here late into the last century.

Mine Islands at the foot of Mine Falls, laid out to Hezekiah Usher in 1682, were said to be the source whence the Indians obtained their supply of lead for bullets, and traces of both lead and silver have been found there,—but Mr. Usher was disappointed in his quest there for valuable deposits of either metal.

The first meetinghouse was built in 1678, and the next year Rev. Thomas Weld became the settled minister. Six years later it became necessary to build a larger meetinghouse, "about the size of the one at Groton," as described in the records. The first recorded birth is that of William, son of Jonathan and Mary Tyng, April 22, 1679; the first marriage, that of John Sollendine, August 2, 1680; and the first death, that of Hon. Edward Tyng, December 22, 1681, aged 81.

Sollendine, who was probably a carpenter, was the architect of the first meetinghouse, which structure was built with Puritan simplicity, we may be certain. The conduct of religious services within that edifice, however, seemed to require some offices, the necessity for which is not now generally recognized. For example, it is recorded that on May 21, 1688, "Samuel Goold was chosen Dog Whipper for the Meeting House." The necessary inference is, that dogs, being useful for protection against both wild beasts and wild men, were numerous, and that, partaking of the spirit of that age, even the dogs had the habit of going to meeting.



HON. ORREN C. MOORE.

Sollendine was also *pontifex primus;* he built the first bridge. On June 29, 1699, the town voted that "John

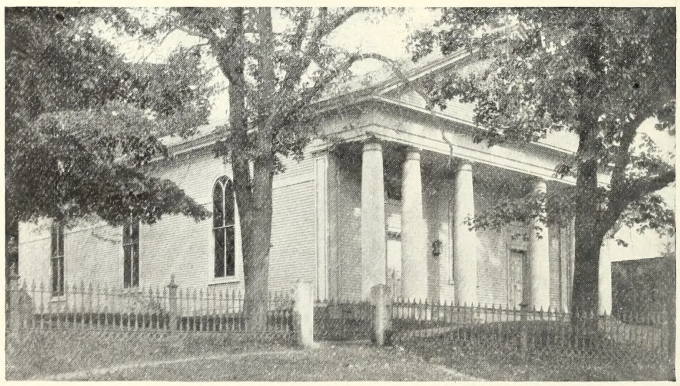
Sollendine build a sufficient bridge over Salmon Brook near Thomas Clark's ffarm house;" but with rare thrift and prudence, which the modern municipality might well imitate, the proviso was added "that the cost do not exceed the sum of forty shillings," and it was on condition also



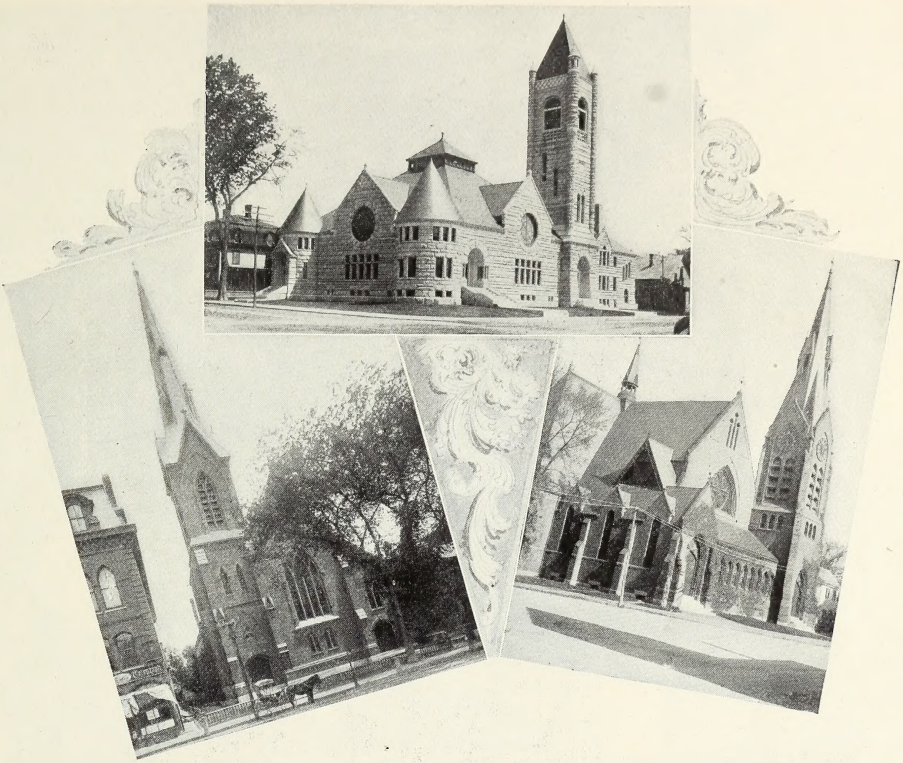
THE OLD OLIVE STREET CHURCH.
Photograph by P. F. Porter.

that the builder should pay one half the expense in the first instance himself, and if the bridge was carried away by the water within a twelve month, he was to be at the whole expense of rebuilding.

Near this bridge, on Allds' road, John Lovewell, who had served as an ensign under Cromwell, and also with Captain Church in the great Narraganset swamp fight, had his house. Here, just two hundred years ago, on the last day of March, at dusk, he had an unexpected call from three visitors from the north, who desired to put up for the night. They were Hannah Dustin, a woman of forty, the mother of twelve children, her nurse, widow Mary Neff, who had been captured with her by the Indians a fortnight before at Haverhill, and Samuel Leonardson, a lad of fourteen, who had been carried away from Worcester a year and a half before. They had drifted down the Merrimack forty miles in an Indian canoe from the mouth of the Contoocook. John Lovewell might well have been surprised at the unusual character of the luggage carried by these two women and the boy; for besides a tomahawk and other plunder, they brought to his little dwelling at nightfall the fresh scalps, taken by themselves the morning before starting, of two Indian men, two squaws and their six children, ten in all. They had at first merely cut off the Indians' heads with their own tomahawks and started away, and their grim booty, which they turned back to obtain, was the result of an afterthought. They received a bounty of £50, one-half of which was paid to Mrs. Dustin and the remainder in equal shares to her companions. The savages, a few days before, with a hearty contempt for child life, had dashed out the brains of her baby before the mother's eyes, and had burned the roof-tree that sheltered them. One learns to do cruel things by the force of exam-



UNITARIAN CHURCH.



METHODIST CHURCH. FIRST CHURCH. PILGRIM CHURCH.

ple, and poor Mrs. Dustin proved an apt scholar.

This exposed settlement did not wholly escape the perils of savage warfare. On the north bank of the limpid little stream which runs from "Silver Spring" to Salmon Brook, Joseph Hassell, Sr., had his house. The place where the cellar was can yet be seen and is appropriately marked. Here, on the night of September 2, 1691, the enemy appeared, and Hassell, his wife Anna, and their son Benjamin were slain. At the same time Mary, the daughter of Patrick Marks, was killed, as tradition has it, about a mile north of the house near the south bank of the Nashua, probably while trying to make her escape from her pursuers. On the morning of the 28th of the same month, Obadiah Perry, Hassell's son-in-law, and Christopher Temple were slain. A rock in the river, about thirty rods above the upper mill, was called Temple Rock, and is said to mark the place of his death. They were all buried on a little knoll near the Lovewell house.

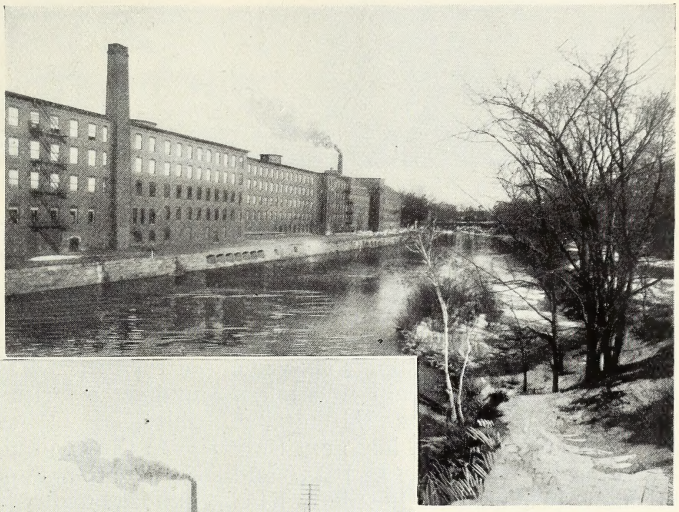
Capt. William Tyng was the first to embrace the offer of £40 a scalp made by the general assembly, and in the winter of 1703-4 returned from Pequawkett with five scalps. Six years later he perished by the tomahawk. Robert Parris, who had a garrison near Mr. Weld's in the southern part of the town, and his wife and daughter were slain. Two younger girls who hid under a hogshead in the cellar escaped; one of them lived to become the mother of Col. John Goffe. July 3, 1706, a large party of Mohawks came from New York and attacked the Weld and Galusha garrisons. Goody Cummings, wife of John Cummings, Nathaniel Blanchard, his wife Lydia, and daughter Su-



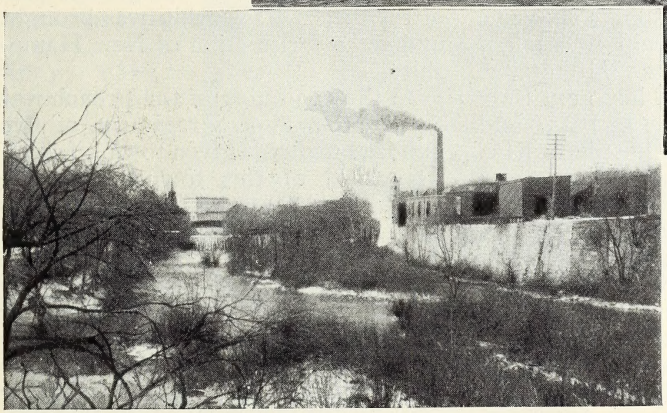
WINTER ON THE NASHUA.

sannah, and Rachel Galusha were slain.

This little advance guard on the frontier had become almost a forlorn hope. September 4, 1724, a party of French Mohawks fell upon Dunstable and carried away Nathan Cross and Thomas Blanchard whom they found upon the north side of the Nashua engaged in making turpentine. A rescue party of ten was ambushed and all but one killed. Penhallow relates that a second engagement took place, the Indians, elated with their success, having moved down to the ancient ford of the Nashua, where their further advance was resisted by the English settlers on the south side of the stream. The deefense of the little settlement was so successful that the Indians finally withdrew; but tradition has it that, in defiance, they left the rude outlines of an Indian's head carved on a large tree by the river's side near the ford. That rough carving gave the name of Indian Head to the little cluster of houses which years later was to be found in that locality, also to one of the national banks of the city, and to that renowned hostelry, the Indian Head Coffee House, which for many years occupied the site of the present elegant First Church. The cotton mills of the Jackson Company are known as the Indian Head mills, and thousands of bales of their product have been sent to far Cathay, bearing the trademark of an Indian's head, defying all the world to compete with the honest work of their looms.

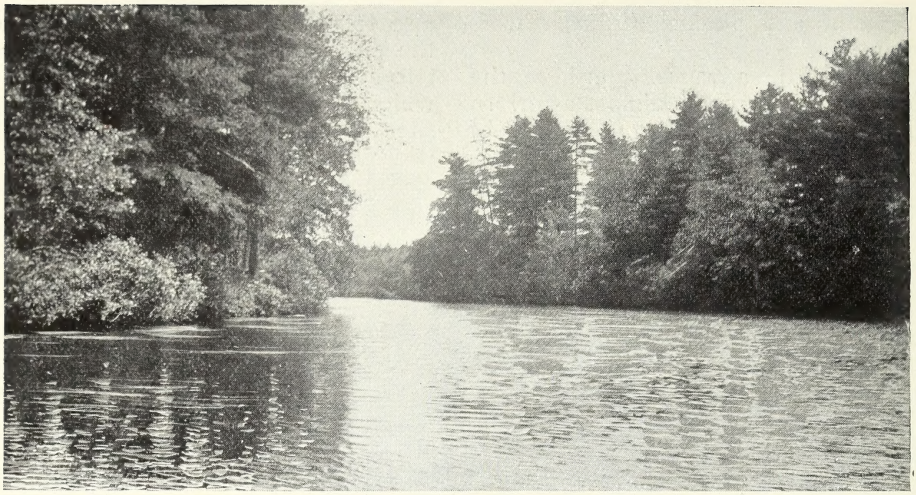


JACKSON COMPANY'S MILLS.



BELOW THE DAM.

Toward the close of 1724, John Lovewell, the son of the first settler of that name, together with Josiah Farwell, Jonathan Robbins and forty or fifty others, offered themselves to the General Assembly to serve as rangers and to "employ themselves in Indian hunting one whole year," if they could have suitable encouragement, which in their memorial they put at five shillings a day provided they killed any Indians; "and if within that time they do not kill any they are content to be allowed nothing for



ON THE NASHUA.

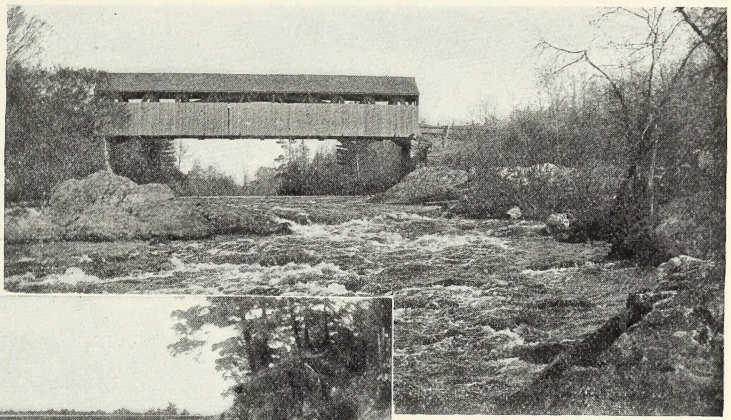
their wages, time and trouble." The Bay Colony, having apparently become of the opinion that "the best Indian is a dead Indian," accepted their services and offered them £100 for each scalp and two shillings sixpence a day. Their first scalp was taken north of the White Mountains, December 10, 1724. They next took ten more, February 10, 1725, and killed a whole party of hostile Indians armed with new Canadian guns and within two days' march of our frontier. This was at Lovewell's Pond in Wakefield. Their third expedition, in May following, was disastrous. Captain Lovewell and eight more were killed outright, while others died of their wounds. The chief, Paugus, was killed by John Chamberlain, and henceforth Dunstable was free from the attacks of the savages.

For thirty years after Lovewell's fight, or until the beginning of the French and Indian War, in 1755, this region rapidly increased in population, and settlements were begun as far north as Concord. During this period the old township was rapidly being dismembered. Brenton's farm became Litchfield. Nottingham West, now Hudson, was set off east of the Merrimack. North of Pennichuck Brook, Rumford, now Merrimack, was incorporated. The West Parish, later called Hollis, was taken away, and the town itself was severed in twain by the location of the province line in 1741, so that the greater part of the original township was brought under the jurisdiction of New Hampshire.

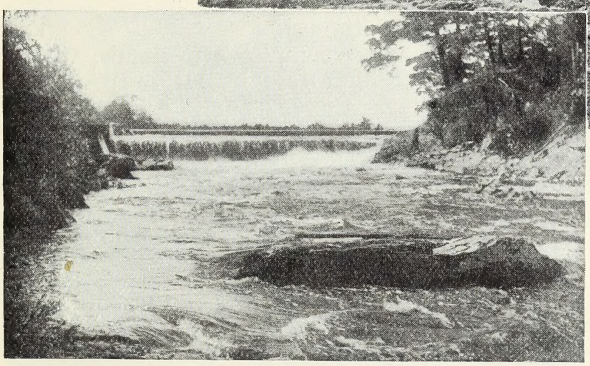
At the beginning of the French war the command of a regiment of five hundred men was given to Col. Joseph Blanchard of this town. Later he was succeeded by Col. Zaccheus Lovewell, the brother of the hero of Pequawket. In this command was the famous company of rangers led by Robert Rogers, with John Stark for lieutenant. The forest, says Fox the historian, was their home, and they excelled even the Indians in cunning and hardihood. Everywhere they wandered in search of adventures, fearless, and cautious, until their very name became a terror to the enemy. At midnight they traversed the camp of the enemy or carried off a sentinel from his post as if in mockery. Their blow fell like lightning, and before the echo had died away or the alarm subsided another blow was struck at some far-distant point. They frequently imitated the strategy as well as the dress and war paint of their savage enemies; and it is no wonder

that, after three generations of almost continual contact with them, they should have taken on some of the actual characteristics of their foes. Many of the descendants of the first settlers of Dunstable took an active part in the contest which resulted in the overthrow of France on this continent.

The list of the men who were in the Revolutionary War comprises nearly all the adult male population; and in the War of 1812, the Mexican War and the war for the suppression of the rebellion the town has fully sustained her reputation for patriotism. Gen. John G. Foster, who was with Anderson at Sumter, an officer in the regular army, was a native and resident of Nashua. The large Grand Army Post of the city bears his name. In the war for the Union, company after company was raised without



RUNNELL'S BRIDGE.



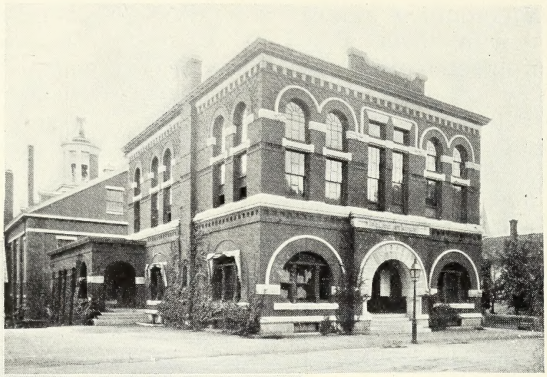
MINE FALLS.

effort in this city; and on many a well-contested field the descendants of the early settlers showed by their superb valor that they were worthy of their virile and sturdy ancestors. Gen. Aaron F. Stevens, a distinguished lawyer and subsequently member of Congress from Nashua, commanded the 13th New Hampshire regiment on its organization; and Col. George Bowers, a descendant of John and Col. Zaccheus Lovewell, who had commanded with distinction a company in the Mexican War, was the lieutenant colonel of the same regiment.

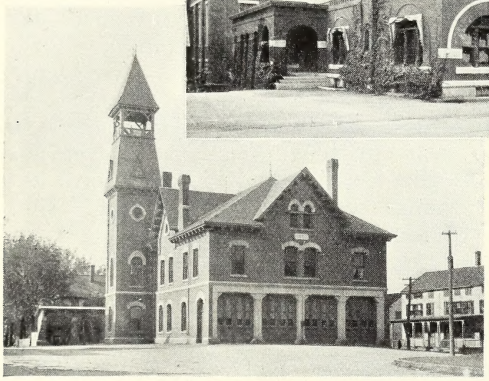
On the Fourth of July, 1803, there was a celebration on the occasion of the launching of a canal boat on the Merrimack near the mouth of the Nashua. The oration was by Daniel Abbot, an eminent lawyer and the friend of Webster. The new boat was christened *The Nashua;* and the village which had hitherto borne the name Indian Head became Nashua Village. Nearly thirty-four years later, January 1, 1837, that part of the ancient township lying in New Hampshire laid aside its historical and time-honored name and became Nashua. In 1853 the town became a city. The orthography of the name varies in the ancient records, being given as Nashaway, Nashuway, Nashua, Nashoway and Nashawake. Those familiar with the origin of the name generally give the long sound to the vowel in the last syllable.

The first dam was built by the Lovewells at Salmon Brook about one

hundred and eighty years ago; and that stream has ever since furnished water power for manufacturing purposes. The Underhill Edge Tool Works were located near its mouth, and the Vale Mills utilize its power at the present day. The dam on the Merrimack fourteen miles below at Lowell, setting the water back, has prevented Nashua from obtaining its water power from that river. So it has come about that the Nashua has been the main reliance for power for manufacturing purposes, largely supplemented by the use of steam. Both of the large cotton manufacturing concerns, the Nashua Manufacturing Company and the Jackson Company, are located on this river, the first bringing the water about three miles from Mine Falls, and the other taking its power at the dam below the Main Street bridge. This dam was built originally to supply the canal connecting the village with the Merrimack. The first named company was chartered in 1823, and sold the lower privilege in 1825 to the Indian Head Company which began to manufacture woolens the following year. The Jackson Company was incorporated in 1830 and converted the establishment into a cotton manufactory. These two concerns are both under the efficient management of William D. Cadwell, Esq., employ twenty-five hundred hands and have a monthly pay roll of $66,000.



POLICE STATION.



CENTRAL FIRE STATION.

The next important manufacturing interest in the city to-day is the shoe industry, Established only twenty-three years ago, one shop, that of the Estabrook-Anderson Shoe Company employs a thousand hands, and its daily output of shoes is ten thousand pairs. Bracket and Company employ 250 hands, with a pay roll of $12,500. Both these companies are well housed in spacious and substantial brick buildings. The Nashua Boot and Shoe Shop employ



HIGH SCHOOL

225 hands, with a monthly pay roll of $7,000.

The card and glazed paper business, which has been a considerable and profitable industry in Nashua for many years, having been started in 1849, is now carried on in a very extensive brick building on Franklin Street erected for the purpose six or seven years ago.

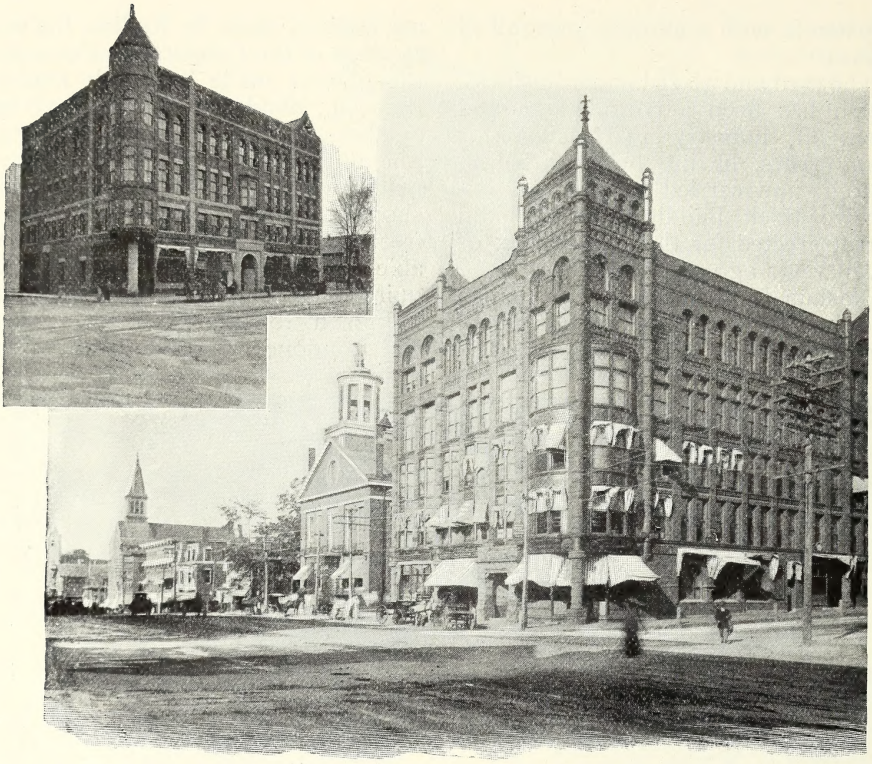
Nashua is proud of her workmen and their work. The engine lathes of Flather and Company are of such unary engines made by Rollins, the iron castings of the Coöperative Company, the planers made by Mark Flather, the sash, blinds and doors of Gregg and Son, the registers made by Enoch Shenton, the kits, tubs and barrels made in Proctor Brothers' extensive shops, and the White Mountain freezers, all serve to sustain the enviable reputation which the city has acquired. Hall's Hair Renewer, not unknown to fame, Dunlap's seeds and Londonderry Lithia water are all



CONCORD STREET.

rivaled excellence that they find a ready market, not only in this country, but in nearly every country in Europe as well. "Made in Nashua" has come to mean honest work done with superior skill, so that many of the companies have prefixed the name of the city to their corporate names,— as the Iron and Steel Company, the Saddlery Hardware Company, the Textile Machine Company of William White, the Iron and Brass Foundry Company, and others. The station- put up in Nashua. The power shearer, an interesting and useful machine made by the American Shearer Company, was invented in Nashua by R. T. Smith and J. K. Priest.

The American system of manufacturing watches, as pursued in Waltham and Elgin, originated with the Nashua Watch Company, which went to Waltham. Among the famous industries of a former day were the Underhill Edge Tool Company and the Nashua Bobbin, Spool and Shut-



MASONIC TEMPLE. ODD FELLOWS BUILDING.

tle Company, each taken away and absorbed by a trust.

The change from a system of manufacturing on a small scale by hand in each household to the use of power, the division of labor and employment of aggregated capital in large establishments has been coincident with the rapid growth of Nashua and most of the large towns of New England as well as elsewhere, and suggests many interesting problems. In the forthcoming voluminous history of Nashua, now in press, a detailed history of the various industries of the city is given in a valuable article written by Mr. R. T. Smith, an expert in mechanical matters and a well-known inventor.

As we have seen, Dunstable was originally a settlement of English Puritans within the limits of the Bay Colony. The settlement of the Scotch-Irish fifty years later, in close proximity, at Londonderry, was destined to change somewhat the character of the people in the neighborhood. Mr. Cochrane and Mr. Morrison, both authors of histories of towns within their sphere of influence, insist that Scotch-Irish is the proper appellation of these people, while our genial friend Colonel Linehan, with equal insistency claims they were Irish and not Scotch at all, and never called themselves Scotch or Scotch-Irish,—though some like the emigrant ancestor of General Stark were not born in Ireland but in Scotland,—and that, Ireland being the original Scotia whence all the inhabitants of Scotland came a thousand years ago, all the inhabitants of Ireland were necessarily Scotch. I hope I do not misstate his argument.

Be that as it may, these Presbyterians from the north of Ireland were inclined originally to be clannish, they

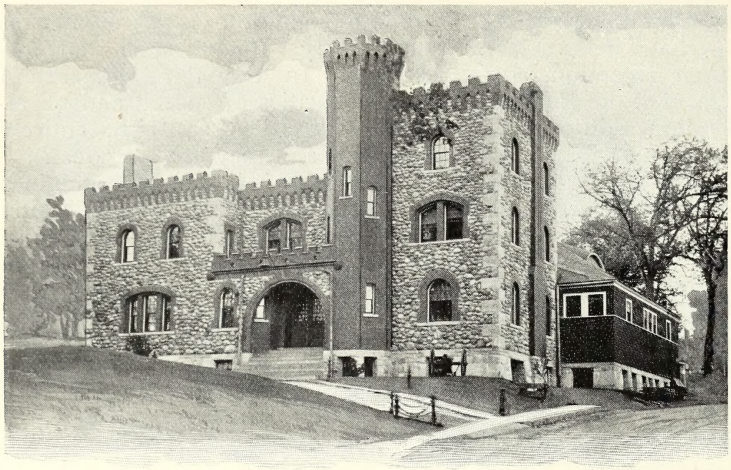
were capable of entertaining strong prejudices, and, perhaps from a lack of cordiality in their reception, conceived a hearty hatred of the Puritans and their descendants within the Bay Colony. This strong race soon spread through the adjoining towns, sending out many swarms from the parent hive, and not a few settled in Nashua. Of this sturdy stock were Gen. George Stark, Col. A. H. Dunlap, Hon. Albert McKean, Hon. Orren C. Moore, editor and proprietor of the *Telegraph* and member of Congress, all now deceased, and the Whittemores, the McQuestens, Allds, Wilsons and many others prominent in the history of the town.

The date of the advent of the undisputedly Irish in Nashua is the year of the last great famine in Ireland. Shortly after that they began to come in considerable numbers, and the movement though now diminished has not wholly ceased. Accused by their English neighbors at home of being lazy and thriftless, here they have shown the opposite characteristics. No labor has been too arduous for them, and their constantly improving condition is a significant commentary upon such adverse criticism. In the third generation the peculiarities of speech and physiognomy regarded as Irish, entirely disappear, and they are Americans.



MAIN STREET.

The influx of Canadian French into Nashua began in earnest a generation ago. The absence of the native born producers in the ranks of the Union army, the great waste of all the products of human industry entailed by the war and the consequent demand for labor and increase of wages brought them here. At first they came a few at a time to work through the summer and return; then they began to stay a little longer; and finally from their earnings they established homes for themselves, and then their priests came also and built churches and parochial schools, and now they have prosperous parishes. At first they were inclined to believe there was no God across the border and that they would be threatened with all possible dangers both temporal and spiritual; but they have found their fears were groundless. Their pastors keep up the French language in their churches and schools, in order that they may be in less danger of losing the faith; but the children all learn English. They have drifted from their provincial isolation into the current of American progress, which cannot be resisted. They still continue to come whenever there is



THE ARMORY.

an increase in the local demand for labor; but they no longer come as their fathers did with their Indian allies armed with the tomahawk and scalping knife, traversing the frozen wastes of the wilderness in the dead of winter and leaving caches of food at intervals to insure a safe return with their captives. Now they glide swiftly along the Grand Trunk or Canadian Pacific clad in the garb of peace and ready to do any honest work. And they are welcome; there is work for them to do, and they do it well. They are engaged in the annexation of Canada to the United States piecemeal. They leave behind them the barren lands where for more than two centuries they have hibernated, and bring with them all that is of any value, stout hearts and strong and willing hands.

In 1760, when they surrendered to the British, there were sixty thousand French in Canada. Of their two and one-half millions of descendants who are alive to-day, Mr. Mercier, the ex-premier of the Dominion, shortly before his death assured the writer that one-half had already crossed into the United States. They are the most fecund race in Christendom, while the home stock in France are probably the reverse. Pierre Lessard of Nashua is one of twenty-seven children, the mother of all of whom was living a short time ago, at an advanced age, at St. Hyacinthe. She also was one of twenty-seven children, all having the same mother.



EDGEWOOD CEMETERY.

There are two French Catholic churches in Nashua. The parish of Father Milette is the larger of the two and comprises all of Nashua south of the river. His church is on Hollis Street. On the north side, on Chandler Street, the parish of Father Lessard is erecting a spacious and lofty church of gray marble. On Kinsley Street a pretty little chapel has been built for the use of the Protestant French.

The Irish Catholics have their place of worship on Temple Street, in a church built under the auspices of Rev. John O'Donnel, the first Catholic priest settled in Nashua. Father Buckle is the present pastor. Their parochial school is on Spring Street opposite the High School.

Nashua has a system of well-graded public schools unsurpassed by any in the state. There are nineteen school buildings with over twenty-five hundred pupils. The system is complete from the kindergarten to the high school and training school for teachers. Most of the school buildings are a credit to the city and are pleasantly located. Two handsome new schoolhouses have just been completed.

The city has a free public library of 15,000 volumes, now located in Odd Fellows Block. A new library building is in contemplation, for which a conspicuous site fronting the whole length of Main Street has been secured. For the erection of this building, Mrs. Mary A. Hunt and Miss Mary B. Hunt, the widow and daughter of the late Hon. John M. Hunt, a native of Nashua and a successful banker and business man, gave in 1892 the sum of $50,000. The gift was in memory of the husband and father and was but the beginning of other and still more important benefactions by the same donors. The initiative for the establishment of the library was taken thirty years ago by the "Young Ladies Soldiers' Aid Society," an association of about fifty patriotic young ladies of Nashua formed for the purpose indicated by its name. A fair was held and $1,200 raised, the books of "The Union Athenaeum" and of the library kept at the Nashua Manufacturing Company's office were donated and the support of the city obtained, and the library finally opened to the public. The schools make free use of the volumes upon the shelves, and the work done by the library fairly supplements the work of the public schools. The library has a reading room in which are kept many of the leading periodicals and newspapers. This room is open from 9 A. M. to 9 P. M. on week days and on Sundays from 2 to 5 P. M. Miss Harriet Crombie is the librarian. Two daily newspapers, both republican, the *Telegraph* and the *Press*, are published in Nashua. The latter succeeds the *Gazette* which was for many years the organ of the democracy of the city under the management of Gen. Israel Hunt, B. B. Whittemore and others, and is now edited by William O. Clough. The *Telegraph* was founded by Albin Beard and his brother Alfred about 1833, and was first issued as a weekly under the name of the *New Hampshire Telegraph*. Alfred Beard died soon after the beginning of its publication and the paper continued under the ownership of Albin Beard, who was also its editor until his death in 1862. Mr. Beard, who was a great favorite, was one of the first mayors of Nashua, and his paper had a wide circulation and influence in this section of the state. Mr. Beard's funny stories and quaint witticisms will long be remembered by the residents of Nashua of the last generation. For a year and a half after the death of Mr. Beard, the present writer had the editorial management of the paper. Some time subsequently the paper came into the possession of Hon. Orren C. Moore, a man of rare natural ability and energy. He began the issue of a daily edition and kept up its publication until his death, in 1893. The paper under his management was always a

wholesome family paper. No improper advertisement could find a place within its columns, and its editorial opinions were never for sale. He was never afraid single handed and alone to attack any form of injustice. If a public corporation sought to put a blanket mortgage upon the resources of the community by means of watered stock, he was quick to see the iniquity and take up arms against it; and the people soon came to know him and have confidence in his motives even when they differed from him in his conclusions. The publishing company is now under the management of his widow, Mrs. Nancy W. Moore. Mr. James M. Adams is the editor.

Nashua is well supplied with churches. Besides those mentioned there is a large Baptist Society which continues to worship in the brick church it has long occupied. This society has two offshoots. A chapel on Crown Hill and the French chapel in Kinsley Street already mentioned. The original society was the largest in the state, with the largest congregation of any in that denomination. The present pastor is the Rev. Charles L. White.

The Unitarian Society occupy the picturesque old church adjoining the Nashua Cemetery, where rest so many of the former residents of the town. Here beneath the shelter of the ancient oaks repose the remains of the brothers Beard, Col. L. W. Noyes, Hon. Charles Williams, Gen. George Stark, Hon. Charles G. Atherton, who forty years ago was a member of the United States Senate from New Hampshire, Gen. John G. Foster and many others of the professional and business men of Nashua. The church seems to harmonize with its surroundings. The pastor is Rev. Enoch Powell.

The handsome new edifice of the First Congregational Church is of granite. Here worship one of the largest societies in the city, under the ministry of Rev. Cyrus Richardson. The building on Main Street next to the Post Office, formerly occupied by this society is now owned by the Free Baptist Society, Rev. C. S. Perkins, pastor. Pilgrim Church stands on the site formerly occupied by the Olive Street Church, for many years one of the interesting landmarks of the city. This society was formed by the union of the Pearl Street Congregational Society with the Olive Street Society. Rev. Reuben A. Beard is now the minister of the church.

The Methodists of the city are united in one society, and worship in their handsome brick church on Main Street under the ministry of Rev. J. M. Durell. The Church of the Good Shepherd is a handsome stone church on Main Street. Rev. James Goodwin is the rector.

The water of Pennichuck Brook is pumped into a reservoir on Winter Hill in the north part of the city and furnishes an unfailing supply of good water. The waterworks are owned by a private company, which has recently made many improvements and is well managed. A private corporation also lights the streets. With the agitation of municipal reform the question of ownership by the city of its water and electric-light plants is under discussion.

Nashua is one of the most favored centres in New England. Six railroads converge here from all quarters of the compass, so that this city cannot be excelled as a shipping point. All these different lines are now leased to the Boston and Maine Company, and the handling and transfer of freight and passengers are all done under a single management. That railroad has recently constructed large freight sheds and storehouses. The surface of the ground is such that the city can be extended in nearly every direction, and the several lines of railroad are laid out so that there are many good chances for the location of large plants using steam or electricity as a motive power along the different

lines. Many of the most successful manufacturing concerns in the city have already taken advantage of such locations and thereby effected a great saving in the cost of manufacture. Coupled with this advantage for the location of such large plants handling heavy freights and requiring large space, is to be considered the generous policy of the city, which invariably gives any worthy industry desiring to locate here, exemption from taxation for a term of ten years.

While the locations for large industrial plants by the railroads are by no means exhausted, there are also eligible building sites in healthful situations for large houses with spacious grounds and wholesome and desirable surroundings to be obtained within three quarters of a mile of the city hall. This is notably the case on Fairmount Heights, a broad level terrace half a mile long in the northwest part of the city, at an altitude of fifty feet above the level of Main Street, with beautiful views in all directions. Many handsome houses have been recently built on the Lowell road and on Concord Street, somewhat farther away and beyond the compact part of the city. The Nashua street railway with its commodious cars furnishes an easy means of reaching any part of the city. This electric railroad plant is planned to accommodate a city of twice the present population of Nashua. The industrial growth of the city has been steady and sure without a break for the past quarter of a century. Without haste and without rest, moving steadily forward, Nashua seems destined to continue indefinitely on her career of prosperity.

THE SUN OF LOVE.

By Alexander Blair Thaw.

SINCE love's blind eyes have pierced that veil
Which parted thy dear life from mine,
The sun of love shall never fail.

From out the flame of passion's pale
White heat a living light doth shine,
Since love's blind eyes have pierced that veil.

Beneath this light must still prevail
Earth's inmost fire. Lo! by this sign
The sun of love shall never fail.

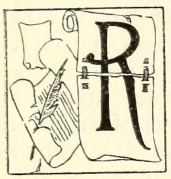
Why must we seek some mystic Grail,
And shun the cup of earth's pure wine,
Since love's blind eyes have pierced that veil

Which like a darkening cloud did trail
Sometime between my soul and thine?
The sun of love shall never fail;

For now among our senses frail
Hath grown some sense almost divine,—
Since love's blind eyes have pierced that veil.
The sun of love shall never fail!

A STUDY IN PSYCHOLOGY.

By Lewis E. MacBrayne.



OLAND, Roland, the tide is nearly full. Throw away your book and come with us for a sail."

But Roland Rankie pretended to be very much interested and, looking lazily from the hammock, merely said: "Can't do it. Run along without me."

So the young man in the immaculate flannels down on the stone wharf climbed over the side of the yacht and, with various directions to the skipper to avoid all appearance of evil in rough waters, stowed himself forward and began to tell the other members of the party the story of one of his many mishaps. He was the son of a very worthy family, and as guileless as the youngest sea gull that dipped the crest of the waves that day. The yacht had passed out of the mouth of the river and caught the smell of the sea beyond, when Roland Rankie threw down his book and walked up to the inlet where his canoe was tied. Its paddles were already upon the landing, and the cushions, bright colored and fragrant of pine needles, were arrayed as for some expected passenger. The swelling waters were swinging the other canoes gently about, and had nearly blocked the mouth of the inlet with the larger boats; but a few skilful strokes of the paddle shot Rankie's birchbark craft into free waters and headed it up the Kennebec River.

Now at certain times of the day, when the tide is out, the river is a very narrow stream, hurrying to the sea between muddy, shell-ribbed banks and shrinking far from the inlets and the protecting piers. But when the tide is full, the river rushes boldly in from the sea, running high to wharves that were so well out of its reach, swelling inland to the salt grasses and the foot of the pines,—a broad, noble river, carrying the yachts safely to the Kennebunkport bridge and holding the tide of the happy summer life nearly a mile from the sea. At such times the stream is dotted with canoes and pleasure boats borne on by the waters with only the need of a guiding oar.

So there was no need for Roland Rankie, on this fair August morning, to dig his paddle into the water with such vigor, unless indeed he wished to race the tide. But he did it, as he had done nearly every morning for a week before, and then, as he neared one of the summer houses upon the bank, he stopped paddling almost entirely, in direct contradiction to his former haste.

When a young man falls in love at the seashore, the passion, however sweet and headstrong, is very apt to die out with the wind or lose its strength with the receding tide. But when, on the other hand, a young man follows the object of his love to the ocean, his affection grows stronger and healthier, like the growth of a tropical plant for a time held away from the warm sunshine. Now this was just what had happened to young Roland Rankie, sturdy, manly fellow that he was; for the August sun that had tanned his skin had so stirred the fancies in his brain, that he was driven to the point where he must tell of his love and learn the answer to its message. He may have had this avowal in mind when he refused to join the yachting party of Tommy Tannhauser, he of the immaculate flannels; or the opportunity may only have suggested it later. At any rate, it came about.

When he reached the tiny wharf in front of her father's house, she was already there, a fair fresh girl of twenty-two, gowned with the most becoming of duck suits, and crowned with the sauciest of boating caps. He made his morning greeting without betraying any emotion, but lingered over her name when he called her Grace, and held both her hands for a moment when he assisted her into the canoe. Then he paddled away from the shore, and they drifted with the stream. Past pennant-hung yachts they floated, by the dingy old schooners that always seemed to have crept up to the bridge and gone to sleep; under the bridge itself and by the bobbing Norton wharf they went, until Rankie turned into one of the little creeks that are the beauty of the stream, and they were undisturbed by the current, among the shadows of the pines. And then it was that the strength of his love came over him, and he told her of it in an honest, simple manner, with no extravagant sentiment or book taught formulas, but with a thrill in his earnest voice which to a woman is the truest note of eloquence and sincerity.

On the face of it, there was no reason why his suit should be rejected. They were both of the same social set in town; he had prospects to match her high education; and besides, when a man can canoe every day with the girl of his choice, to the utter discomfort of Tommy Tannhauser and other scions of wealth, he is led into believing that she does not at least look unkindly upon him. So Roland Rankie told of his love with little fear as to the answer.

They were facing each other in the canoe, she among the cushions and he on the little seat forward with his paddle resting on the bank. She was attentive when he first began to speak, and after he had finished looked critically at him for a moment in silence. Then she said:—

"I am so sorry, Roland! Do you think that you really love me?" Her tone, hard while sympathetic, disturbed him.

"Love you, Grace!" he exclaimed hotly. "Do you think I am a man to say what I have said for the mere fun of the thing?"

"Don't misunderstand me, Roland," she said, with less of the hardness in her voice. "I know that you are sincere; but don't you feel that what you call love now is not lasting,—that it is only the sensation of pleasant surroundings, and the desire to retain it? Don't you understand me?"

He did not understand, not for a moment, and his good sense told him that he was no fool above other men, even if she did set him down for a youth of fancy. "Perhaps it is only a sensation of pleasant surroundings that other men have felt since the world began!" he said rather roughly.

The young woman saw what was passing in his mind and, leaning forward, said to him very kindly: "There has been no lasting love. Men have been loyal, and women have been true; but there has always been as much regret as happiness."

Rankie looked upon her as if she had said quietly that there was no God, but she went on: "I have studied this matter deeply. Psychology was a fad with many of us girls at college. With me it became an earnest study, and I followed it until I was nearly lost in confusion. Sometimes I thought that I had gone into it too far, it was such a shock to me." She paused for a moment, and looked wistfully across the river. Thoroughly disturbed, and not knowing what tack to take, Rankie kept silent until she resumed: "We are strange organizations. If we have a certain amount of pleasure, the brain is wearied and seeks rest in an equal amount of sadness. That is why so many of us have the blues. Our intellect gives us ideas; these in turn cause emotion and furnish a motive. When there is motive, there is choice and rational action."

"Well, that is all right," cried

Roland, finally catching the drift of her mental philosophy and springing to his own defense. "My intellect was good and, the other things following, it is perfectly rational action when I ask you to be my wife."

"But the fault is this," she answered. "The intellect cannot hold firm the same ideas, and when they are changed the whole chain is broken, and the rational action has only a memory, which itself is delusive, to guide it. Only so long as the beautiful predominates around us, our æsthetic emotions make life full of gladness."

"But I don't see how this is in any way to prevent your marrying me," he interrupted. "With our combined intellects we ought to be able to shun the ugly in life. You haven't said that you don't love me."

The tide was beginning to turn, and the canoe felt the slight change, and began to lose its tranquility. Rankie tried to steady it, and finally pushed off again. He did it all mechanically, but it afforded them both a moment's relief. He broke the silence that followed by saying: "I see nothing in what you have said to prevent your loving me." This, he felt, was in the right direction. He was not prepared for what followed.

"There is everything, Roland," she said with a startled tone in her voice. "You must understand what I have told to nobody else. I have lost all power of loving. I have the warmest regard for my friends, but love for none of them."

Rankie grasped the paddle resting across his knee, and tried to connect what she had said with the sunny nature that had made her so popular. "You have never shown it," he said simply.

"No,—because I have fought against it," she answered. "It began by my analyzing the feelings around me. If there was laughter I looked carefully into the cause, and saw the mental picture and then the physical response. If there was sorrow, I began to inquire into the mental shock that had caused it and determine the length of time the impression would remain. For the last few months I have analyzed and dissected human emotions until I have lost the power of feeling bad if my closest friend has sorrow. You cannot understand what this means to me. I would give the world if somebody would destroy my theories."

Roland Rankie took his cue there, and determined that if reasoning could win her he would reason as he had never had occasion to do before. He did not feel quite prepared to begin at once, so he asked her to tell him more about her theories, but made no further reference to his proposal. This action put her more at ease, and as he paddled slowly down the stream she talked earnestly of the mental creation of ideals, the philosophic imagination and the cosmic emotions. Other canoeists who passed them thought it the idle conversation of a summer day. When the wharf in front of her house was reached, Roland did not offer to go ashore and finish the conversation, but said: "Remember the river carnival is on to-night. I shall call for you at eight o'clock."

"Thank you," she said with evident relief at the outcome. "You are the best man of sense I have ever known. I am so glad that we can remain friends as we were."

"Nonsense!" he answered gaily. "We shall be married within a year. Bring a wrap to-night, for you may be out late." And then he paddled down to the beach, at the mouth of the river, where the gay bathers were beginning to sport themselves, and, sitting apart from the merry groups of youths and maidens, with his back to a sand hill, remained there, deep in thought, until the bathers had all left the water and gone away and until finally there remained on the beach nobody but himself and the old man who cared for the row of bathing houses. Then he got up and, walking back through the

waving salt grasses that grew in places nearly to the foam of the breakers, found that his canoe was beached ten feet above the water.

At eight o'clock that evening the light of a thousand grotesque lanterns shone along the bank of the river lined by the hotels and summer houses. The club houses were brilliant to the water's edge, and the old bridge, far up the stream, was a rare network of fanciful lights. Bonfires and torches were burning on the opposite shore, and the river itself was already dotted with the brilliant floats that were to take part in the river parade. In the ancient squares of the town, hay carts were discharging laughing groups of young people from the surrounding beaches, for straw rides were still proper, if one did not mind the inconvenience of that mode of travel. Every foot of vantage ground on the wharves was already taken.

Rankie paused before he entered his canoe, to note the picture of beauty about him. The tide was coming in full, and every mark of disfigurement in the stream was far below the surface. Other young men in ducks and white sweaters or flannels were already paddling from the canoe wharves, and the sound of merry voices came to him from every hand. It seemed to him that he had never known the river more beautiful upon a carnival night, and yet he was not without misgivings as to the effect it would have upon the fair passenger he proposed to entertain for the evening. It occurred to him as he started up the river, that the task he had set for himself was a rather weighty one for such a night. He had been out before in carnival time, and he smiled at the romance of those evenings of the past. He was sure that he had never said anything resulting from deep thinking then.

But youth is still youth in spite of all theories; and when a little later Rankie had assisted Grace Maitland to her seat among the cushions, he felt none of the awkwardness in the situation that might have been expected after the conversation of the morning. The procession of decorated boats was already forming, and the music of a serenade from the land was borne across the water. It was necessary for them to take the other side of the stream, and for a few moments they were both kept busy in steering clear of other crafts. They passed many people whom they knew, and answered pleasantly the salutations; and then the brilliant procession started, with a small hurricane of applause from the shore and a salute of rockets and Roman candles from along the river front. It was indeed a scene of beauty, a dream upon the river which would leave its sensation of pleasure for many a day, and they both enjoyed its rich color with all the appreciation of enthusiastic youth.

"The mind is indeed attuned to the perfect," she said at length. "It is sad that it should be discouraged at the imperfections it receives."

"It need not be, if it is a healthy mind," Rankie replied shortly,—"unless it has lost its way in the maze."

That was a challenge to defend her theories, and she accepted it promptly. She soon realized, however, that she had something stronger to encounter than the opposition of a man who loved her. He was arguing on her own line of thinking, and bringing a trained logic to bear upon her.

"Don't lose yourself in trying to grasp the thought of eternity," he said once, after she had concluded a spirited explanation of the classification of emotions as having responded to certain conditions since the world began. "You haven't had enough practice," he added, not unkindly.

For the first time she was above the necessity of concealing her true feelings, and she rallied to the attack with a calmness which he himself thought rather superb. "This fairyland," she said, "so beautiful now,—where is its

power beyond the creation of a noble emotion?"

"Beauty is not an emotion, any more than life," he responded; "else where would the progress in art have been?"

Their conversation was interrupted by an accident a short distance up the stream. One of the boats in the procession had taken fire from a lantern, and in a moment was a blaze of flame. The boat had been draped to represent a garden, and blossoming from it was an immense tulip, the petals of delicate tissue paper on light frames, and the pistil nothing less than a young man in becoming costume.

The tide had turned, and Rankie had been drifting with the stream; but he turned when a cry from another boat gave warning of the accident, and paddled to the assistance of the burning blossom. There had been nearer aid, however, and when he arrived the blaze was extinguished and nothing remained of the flower but Tommy Tannhauser, drenched to the skin, but otherwise uninjured.

"They have watered this flower too much, Roland," he said comically; and this gave such a humorous turn to the affair that further discussion of psychological subjects was out of the question. This was not satisfactory to Rankie, for he had meant to win, and matters now stood but little better than an armed truce.

Whenever there is a carnival night, there are lunches late in the evening, and it is long past midnight when the last lights have gone out along the shore. Rankie and Miss Maitland were hailed by a boatload of their friends soon after the river parade was dismissed, and invited to one of the parties. So they paddled down stream, for the house was near by St.-Anne's-by-the-Sea, and their nearest stopping place was at the last pier in the river.

The river had fallen rapidly when they returned to the shore an hour and a half later, and the lights were nearly all lost in the darkness. The canoe was tied beside the float, pointing toward the sea.

"There, I have forgotten my wrap," said the young woman, looking back along the path by which they had come.

"It is on the piazza," he replied, dropping the rope that he had begun to untie. "It will not take a moment to go for it."

He ran lightly back, following the wooden walk that made the way easier around the Ocean Bluff House. He found the wrap, but was detained for a moment or two while he explained his return. As he again passed the hotel upon the bluff, he thought that there came to him from the sea one sharp cry, and that it called his name. He stopped and listened, but heard only the wash of the waves upon the shore, and hurried along to the river. In those brief moments in which he ran there flashed before his mind a thought that set his face stern and hard. His voice sounded strange as he called to her from the darkness. No answer of any kind came. He had reached the float in a moment. One paddle was lying where he had left it, but the canoe was gone, and the river was running mad to the sea.

There was a dory beached above the pier, he remembered, and he sprang to where he had seen it. All of his strength was required to place it in the water, although it was a pleasure craft, with cushions and a stern rail. He felt grateful that the oars had not been carried away. On any but a carnival night they would not have been left in the boat. The dory turned down the stream as soon as he jumped in, and was already under way when he placed the paddles in the oarlocks. As he straightened back into position he was facing up the stream where only so short a time before the glory of a thousand varied lights had made bright the way. It was very dark now, with only the embers of fires burning along the shore. The lights in the houses were nearly all dead; only one gabled cottage was still

brilliant, and there came to him from the open windows the sound of the Mendelssohn wedding march. The muscles of his arms swelled as he bent to the oars, and the boat shot along faster than the rushing tide. He had passed the walls of the breakwater and was caught in the roll of the waves before he paused, and then it was only to shout in a loud voice: "Grace!"

He could hear the fall of the breakers as they broke in foam upon the beach, and the deeper roar of the sea upon the rocks. He thought of the canoes carried out to sea by day and brought in only when the promptest warning had been given; he remembered how soon they were overturned when caught in the trough, and in a frenzy of despair he shouted again. It seemed minutes that he listened, and then there came an answer far out to his left:

"Here, Roland, here,—I am trying to keep her head to the waves!"

O, the joy now of sturdy strength! His oars touched the water and flashed across the crests of the waves as if moved by a machine. The click of the oarlocks came with the regularity of a Henley race. There was something now to row for,—and he knew well how the greatest speed was gained. Five minutes passed,—as much as five; and then the dread came over him that he might be too late,—and his voice rang out again. The answer was much nearer, so near that he heard the note of exhaustion in it. No shout from the throngs of his own college could have so urged him on in a race.

Drenched with spray and trying with all her strength to keep the head of the rapidly filling canoe to the waves, he found her at last. Her face was white, and her eyes were straining into the night before her. In that one awful hour all her theories of life and her philosophy of death had gone from her and failed her utterly. She was back to the primitive order of things, a human being fighting for her existence. There were but two things, life and death, and the one was tossed in the awful clutches of the other.

Roland shipped the oars as his boat struck the canoe and, leaning down quickly as he did so, caught her in his arms and lifted her from the deep. A rolling wave had parted the frail craft from them and rolled it beneath the brine before he could steady the stronger boat again. And they knew that the danger was not past then,—for they were on the way to the open sea, with the tide strong from land.

But love guided the first sailor home, and will ever be the brightest beacon that shows the way to port. They did not speak while he turned the boat about and began the hard pull back to the land. It had seemed as if all was understood between them in that moment when he lifted her from the sinking canoe and had felt her arms about him. But it was not until they were once more within the friendly shelter of the breakwater that she said, with a great sweetness in her voice:

"One does love the old world so,—and you, dear!"

There were no lights now in the cottage with the gabled roof, but the wedding march which he had heard was ringing in his brain.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

"NUMEROUS reasons have been given for the rejection of the Arbitration treaty, but there can be no doubt, from what was said in the debate and in conversation by senators, that the dominant cause was a combination of hatred and distrust of England and an unwillingness to give her the advantage which it was thought she would derive from the treaty. England was treated as our hereditary foe, instead of our hereditary friend, and the attitude of the English government toward the Armenians and the Greeks in Turkey and the Boers in Africa was harped upon. The most effective argument was summed up by a senator in the remark to-day: 'If we ratify this treaty, within fifteen minutes the news would be flashed around the world that we have made what most nations would regard as a close and special alliance with England, and we do not want to put ourselves into that attitude.' All the influences which are against England appeared in the opposition to the treaty, and accomplished its destruction."

We find this passage in the despatch telegraphed to the leading Boston newspaper by its Washington correspondent on May 5, after the rejection on that day of the Anglo-American arbitration treaty by the Senate. We have had the curiosity to look back through the files of the same newspaper to December, 1895, and read the Washington despatches reporting the feeling at the capital on the day following President Cleveland's startling Venezuela message, which may properly be regarded as the provocation of the efforts which led up to the arbitration treaty which has just been rejected. The most significant passage in the despatches of that day is the following:

"The popularity of the message in the country generally was the first thing that most senators and representatives spoke of. The war spirit, as a result of thirty years of peace, is supposed to be rising in the country; and the hereditary hatred of Great Britain, the desire of the South to march to battle once more under the American flag, and the impatience of the young men of the country with the slow processes of reward in peaceful pursuits were all mentioned as reasons why the suggestion of the possible war would be popular."

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"The hatred of England,"—that is the one thing which appears at the beginning and reappears at the end; and that is the main thing in the whole matter. In this alone has there been any consistency, or any pretence of consistency, among the senators who have now written their names in the blackest roll of shame in the recent records of Congress or of the republic. All else is self-stultification and hollow mockery. In 1895 these men were posing piously as the doughty champions of arbitration. That was their chief stock in trade—for at least a fortnight. We are in this thing the representatives of the modern humanitarian idea as against the bulldozing and brutality of the past, of the method of reason against the method of force,—that was the cry. Our position is strong and we can confidently abide the verdict of the future—that was the word again and again—because we have planted ourselves upon the great principle of arbitration, which commands the future. It was because Great Britain had refused to arbitrate her differences with Venezuela that Mr. Cleveland,—who is at least to be credited with sincerity and uprightness and is not a whited sepulchre,—issued his threatening message demanding arbitration. "Having labored faithfully for many years to induce Great Britain to submit this dispute to impartial arbitration,"—that was his plea and his

apology,—having so labored and so failed, I now do so and so. If Great Britain would accept the principle of arbitration in the case and act upon it, then, even though arbitration gave her every acre which she claimed, the President was content; and the patriotic, pious senators all said, Amen. "Our views"—so wrote Mr. Olney to Lord Salisbury—"call for a definite decision upon the point whether Great Britain will consent or will decline to submit the Venezuela boundary question in its entirety to impartial arbitration." Mr. Olney was a hero—for at least a fortnight—with the noble senators from Nevada and other great states; and—for at least a fortnight—he was almost as good as a Republican in the eyes even of the fastidious Matthew Stanley Quay, that connoisseur and criterion of the important political virtues. And Mr. Olney, be it warmly said, although guilty in his correspondence of some extraordinary theories and distinctions,—classifying England as the representative of monarchism over against the Spanish South American republics as the representatives of the idea of self-government in the world,—Mr. Olney is an upright, downright man, a man in earnest, and not a humbug. For his championship of arbitration, of arbitration in general as well as in particular, the senators praised him, the 26 as well as the 43. Was it not the pride of the Great Republic that she was the steadfast leader in this enlightened modern policy; and did not Great Britain show, by her rejection of it in this Venezuelan exigency, that after all she belonged at heart among the effete despotisms? Our President's message, backed by a century of senators more or less, would teach her a thing or two, not only about the Monroe doctrine, but about the general modern way of doing business. "It is a notification to Great Britain that she must arbitrate or fight,"—so said the oldest Massachusetts newspaper, and so in their various dialects said the other newspapers, and so said the senators. For arbitration, for public law against the fist, the future against the past, science against barbarism,—for arbitration they would live and fight and die.

Then the long negotiation began between Mr. Olney and Lord Salisbury for a general arbitration treaty between the two countries. Our secretary—is not the correspondence published?—always urged the most, would always give the treaty the broadest scope and make the fewest reservations; that was to be expected,—for did he not represent the Great Republic, whose business and pride it is to set the pace for enlightenment and for the future? The British lord slowly conceded one demand after another, would restrict and guard and qualify; what else was to be expected from monarchy and the hoary past? But the thing was done; we got what we asked for; we had our way; it was a "triumph of American diplomacy."

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And this is what the Senate has rejected; this is the history of what preceded its recent action. It is, we say, the greatest piece of self-stultification in modern politics; it is the most shameful chapter in the history of the Senate since the Civil War. When, in 1884, Henry B. Payne of Ohio was seated in the United States Senate by Standard Oil money, and the Committee on Elections, with the damning evidence before it, reported that it was inexpedient to investigate the matter, Senator Hoar said: "The adoption of this report will be the most unfortunate fact in the history of the Senate." Senator Edmunds, when the report was adopted, said: "This is a day of infamy for the Senate of the United States." But more unfortunate, more infamous, is the blow which has just been struck by the Senate, the republic's responsible representatives and servants, at the cause of international peace and reason;

most infamous, most unfortunate, because the blow is struck conspicuously, in the eyes of all the world, struck deliberately, struck when the world, groaning under armies and navies, cries to heaven for check and rebuke to the spirit of militarism and war, by the republic which, under divine commission to lead the world in the way of order and industry and fraternity, is herself a-whoring with the old devil of the nations, multiplying guns and gunboats,—struck hypocritically, by men who cry Peace and want war, and by men who steal the accents and invoke the motives of humanity in the interest of faction and of hell.

Struck hypocritically, we say, stealing the accents of humanity to serve the devil. "The attitude of the English government toward the Armenians and the Greeks was harped upon,"—so the Washington correspondent wrote to his newspaper. The twenty-six pious senators trembled lest a ratification of the arbitration treaty at this time should appear to the nations of the world like an "alliance" with England, and thus the Great Republic, whose fair fame is so dear to them, seem privy to iniquity; and from that they shrank in horror. Jones of Arkansas and Jones of Nevada felt themselves the proxies and attorneys, retained by high heaven, of oppressed, struggling humanity, against "our hereditary foe" and freedom's, the English people, the great representatives and agents of despotism and darkness in the world from Wiclif's time and Milton's to Bright's and Gladstone's; and that solemn charge and consciousness nerved them to heroism. The chivalric Quay, ever at the front when a good deed can be done for freedom, Morgan the blessed peacemaker, "Billy" Mason and the man from Texas, and Patrick Egan and—the pity of it!—Michael Davitt, in the lobby, pulling the strings which moved the marionettes set to declaim for the Irish vote,—these would give the English people the medicine they needed, in the name of the Lord, teaching them the great lesson of cosmopolitan obligation, even at the high price of our own repudiation of it. As for poor Greece,—it is recorded that France too, and Italy and Germany and Austria and Russia, as well as England, had gunboats frowning at her gates; it is not recorded that in any of those countries there was such an uprising of the people, such an expression of public opinion in condemnation of it, as almost paralyzed the government,—that is recorded of England alone. Nevertheless, arbitration treaties by all means, should any ever be offered or ever be possible, with the Kaiser and the Czar; but let our "hereditary foe" be taught a lesson.

It is all, we say, the veriest hypocrisy. Lord Salisbury and his ministers may deserve rebuke for their policy in the East—and we are of those who think they do deserve it. If we had a poet half as able to administer it as William Watson, we should like to see his ringing, stinging lines added to those of the great English singer. If we had men at Washington half as able to administer it as Gladstone and Harcourt, we should be glad to hear them speak. But when America would undertake to teach England politics and set up in trade as the world's monitor, let her in God's name choose other tongues than Quay's and the Joneses'.

We had our own opportunity to speak and act in behalf of the Armenians in a way that would be felt; we did not do it. We had our opportunity to make our influence felt for Greece, but we did not do it. "Even the apparent sympathy of the American government, on which she had a right to count," Professor Grosvenor has strongly and justly said in his recent address on the Greek question, "was wanting. With inconceivable apathy or culpable indifference, the

American Secretary of State tacitly acquiesced in the so-called pacific blockade of Crete. Thus doing, he violated or ignored a principle of international law for which the United States have contended almost a century. He ranged the American people, so far as official influence was concerned, against the cause of liberty and on the side of injustice and oppression. There is no call for America to interfere in the affairs of foreign nations. From the entangling alliances or complications of the Old World we are mercifully free. But it ill becomes us, at the behest of any or of all the foreign powers, to abandon practically the doctrine of neutral rights, in the defense of which we have spoken more than once, not only with the lips of diplomacy but from the cannon's mouth. The simple words, 'We protest,' would have resounded from Crete to Athens and from Athens to Crete, and through every European court. They would have tended to disintegrate the monstrous concert between Christian Europe and the Ottoman, and have nerved the arms of Greece and Crete with new courage and hope. The golden opportunity was before us, such as is seldom vouchsafed a nation, to make our voice heard and our influence for humanity felt around the globe. The golden opportunity was thrown away."

What were the twenty-six senators doing? What did they ever do or say for Greece, whose woes now suddenly lie so heavy on their hearts? When did they ever take her name upon their lips save in connection with "the attitude of the English government" and for the purpose of appeal to vulgar prejudice and the fanning of animosity against "our hereditary foe"?

Lord Salisbury is not England, and no particular day or year is human history. A great measure, a great principle, not for to-day and to-morrow, but for history and the future, was submitted to the Senate, and the Senate was not equal to it; the controlling minority was false to the high traditions and high call of the American people, and by its act the republic has been garbed as a traitor to the cause of progress and of human hope. Let there not be shuffling—guilty, weak refuge in talk of things not before the Senate and not before the country or the world, talk of "alliances." No "alliance" of America with England or with any other country is possible or is dreamed of by any American. No friend of the arbitration treaty ever propounded or desired it. No senators ever believed it or ever believed that any government or any people in the world suspected it. There may be hardening of the heart among the senators, but there is no such softening of the brain.

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It was no question of "alliance" with which the Senate had to deal; it was the question of international arbitration. Will the American republic plant itself firmly upon the principle of arbitration, declaring that the time has come when all international disputes, like all community and personal disputes, shall be settled by the methods of reason instead of by force, by the courts instead of by the cannon or the fist? Will we make a beginning, with the one people that is willing to make a beginning with us? Welcome, France, welcome, Spain, welcome, Germany, welcome, every nation, to the blessed bond, whenever you will. But will we make a beginning, since there must be a beginning somewhere if the policy of peace is ever to supplant the policy of war, with the English people, the one people as yet willing to make a beginning with us? That was the question, the simple, single question, submitted to the American Senate; and the Senate, by its controlling minority, answered, No.

It was a minority which answered No,—let all the world know that.

Twenty-six men answered No. Forty-three men answered Yes—the Everlasting Yes, which shall continue to sound on until it triumphs and unites the world. Of the nineteeen men who did not respond, making the Senate's eighty-eight, it is written that seven would have voted Yes, and four would have voted No. The minority which voted No, barely a number large enough to defeat the treaty, would, did senators like representatives stand for populations, have been a vastly smaller minority, and the treaty would have been emphatically ratified. Ten of the twenty-six senators, from the five states of Idaho, Montana, Nevada and North and South Dakota, represent a combined population smaller than that of either of the cities of New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, or Brooklyn. Nevada, with the same power in the Senate as the largest state in the Union, has a population (60,000) less than that of Worcester or Lowell or Fall River or Cambridge in Massachusetts. These were the states which blocked civilization and covered the republic with shame before the world. Hardly one of the great states was found in the bad column. The state of William Penn alone among these—"by merit raised to that bad eminence"—was found casting both its votes against the principle of which Penn was the first great champion. To the glory of New England be it ever remembered that not one of her twelve senators voted No.

This minority of the Senate, representing a vastly smaller proportion of the population of the country, represents a still smaller minority of the character and ability of the Senate. There is not one great name in all the twenty-six, hardly a well known name, not one conspicuously identified with any great measure or movement for the welfare of the country or of mankind. All the strong names, Allison, Hale, Hoar, Hawley, Morrill and the rest, the leaders and not the hinderers of the people, the men who speak and act whenever a good word needs to be spoken or a good deed to be done,—who have real concern, be it said, about Armenia and about Greece,—the men whom America honors and whom the world knows and honors too,—these names all stand, with the names of the late President and the present President brilliant beside them, in the roll of the Everlasting Yea.

There are some of us who believe that the day of senates altogether, in city, state and nation, has gone by, that Cromwell and the men of the Commonwealth were wise when they abolished the upper house in England and established a simple legislature of one chamber. We are glad that the second chamber is rapidly disappearing from our modern municipalities. If we may dogmatize for one state, we would say that Massachusetts would be better off without her senate than with it. If senates in America have indeed checked some bad legislation, they have been the graveyard of as much that was good. For our own part, speaking of the national congress, we should like to see Mr. Hoar and Mr. Allison and their peers promoted to the House of Representatives, which perhaps we would then call the Senate, and Mr. Quay and Mr. Platt and the residue remanded to private life. But that is a remote contingency, and we need not discuss it. Such action, however, as that with which we are here dealing, and much besides in this time, compel the question whether the time has not come for radical reform in the constitution of the Senate and whether it is just to the high interests entrusted to us to give to states like Utah and Nevada the same power in the Senate, where influence is most concentrated and votes count as nowhere else, which we give to Ohio or New York. About this let men argue and dispute. Meantime let us reflect for our own comfort, and let us fail not to remind the world, that only this constitution of the Senate, which makes it a

grossly and grotesquely unrepresentative body, made possible even such a minority vote as that which defeated the arbitration treaty, and that the overwhelming majority of the American people and almost all of the country's intellect and conscience are on the side of peace and reason and the proposed advance.

Our "hereditary foes," the English people, have in their constitution one provision which goes far to make them rivals in real self-government and in democracy even of the Spanish republics of South America, and which it sometimes seems as if we ourselves might adopt with advantage. It is the provision which keeps their government and their legislators always on their good behavior and always subject to marching orders. When a ministry cannot command a majority, then it must lay down office, whether the month be March or May, and a general election may at any time be necessary, even if there was an election last year or last Easter. What makes it necessary is such an expression of public opinion as makes it clear or makes it probable that Parliament does not in some great exigency represent the people. The English theory is that Parliament does at every moment represent the people and execute its will; and when at any moment it fails to do this or is suspected of not doing it, then it is paralyzed and must be renewed. We do not know that we are in a position in America to recommend the adoption of this democratic feature of the British "despotism;" but we hazard the opinion that, if it were our practice, and senators had not a safe six years before them, but a tenure determined by popular approval, the recent minority against the arbitration treaty would have been much smaller than it was.

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* *

America is not New England. It is also New Germany, New Ireland, New Sweden, New Italy, New France. But it is more than this and different from this. America is America, with her own individuality, her own history, her own destiny, and her own duty. We are independent of all, while under obligation to all. To no country are we under so great obligation as to England. We are chiefly men of English race. England, as no other country, is indeed our mother country, the great giver of our language, our literature, our law and our dominant political habits and ideas. The mother country has not stood still since her daughter set up her own establishment. Freedom within her borders has still continued to "broaden down." In no country has it broadened down more steadily, more surely, or more sanely. In no other country in Enrope to-day are there so many men whose thoughts are world-wide, whose minds are so full of the future, or whose pity and indignation are so quickly stirred by suffering and wrong at home or abroad. We have had an open field in the century; England has had every encumbrance of entail and tradition. Which in the century has advanced the fastest and the farthest? Which has the most to teach to-day, and which the most to learn?

Never was there a time when the cultivation of community between Americans and Englishmen was so commandingly as now the dictate of patriotism and of humanity. Never have we been taught so humiliatingly or so startlingly as by the barbarous rejection of the arbitration treaty by the Senate, out of "hatred of England" as our "hereditary foe," the mischief of that hereditary ignorance to which the pitiful feeling is indeed real and that unholy combination of commercial envy and jingoism hankering for a "brush" with our great rival, which simulates and stimulates and harnesses the sentiment for its own damnable ends. This is our national insanity and our national sin; and this is the place where the American

devoted to internationalism and the cause of peace and reason among men has to begin his work, as schoolmaster and doctor and moralist. That the arbitration treaty should have been rejected at all were a blot upon the republic, whose boast it has been to lead the nations in the path of peace; that it should have been rejected, when had it been a treaty with any other nation it would have been ratified, precisely on grounds which specially commended it to all right-minded men—because it was a treaty with England,—this is disgrace indeed. The nation which indulges towards another an habitual hatred, as well as an habitual fondness,—such are Washington's own solemn words of warning in his Farewell Address, —is a slave, a slave to its animosity, which is sufficient to lead it astray from its interest and from its duty. By that slavish animosity the nation has been led astray in the day of Cleveland and Richard Olney, as it was almost led astray in the day of Washington and John Jay.

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The greatest opportunity of the century, the greatest opportunity in history, has been offered us to join in emphasizing to the nations the principle of international law and order and to help realize the dream of William Penn and Immanuel Kant, which senators play with to point their periods, of the federation of the world. We have been betrayed, and the republic stands before the world to-day as the thing which it is not. The rejection of the arbitration treaty leaves America in little danger of war with England ever; America and England are too far along for that. But it leaves America false to England and false to her great obligations to mankind. It should rouse every American to a sense of his kingship and nerve him to its exercise. Ours is not a government by senate, but a government by public opinion, to which senators bow. To the creation of that government every pulpit and platform and newspaper, every teacher of the people, every thinking man and woman, may contribute. Let that creation and reform go on with new discernment and with new devotion; go on until the republic's other name is righteousness, and until the nations of the world become the kingdom of our God.



THE COLLEGE YARD, HARVARD, SHOWING THE OLD BUILDINGS.

Reproduced from an Etching published by J. F. Olsson & Co.

THE

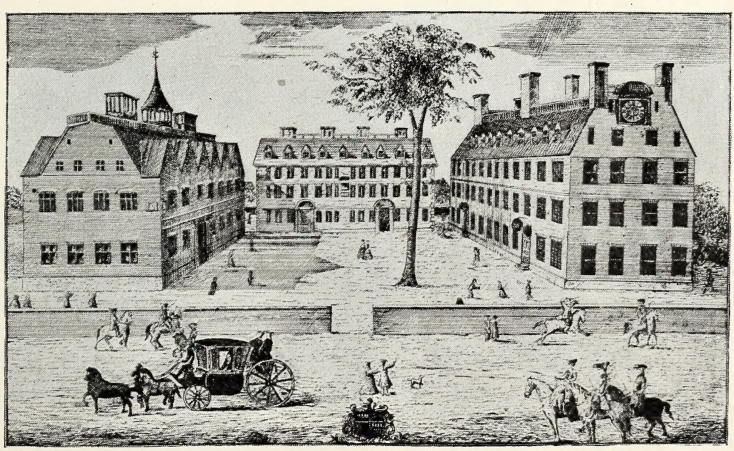
NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE.

NEW SERIES. JULY, 1897. VOL. XVI. NO. 5.

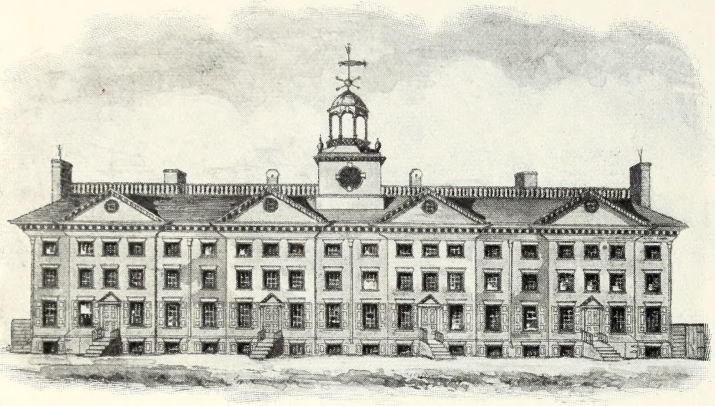
THE DEVELOPMENT OF COLLEGE ARCHITECTURE IN AMERICA.

By Ashton R. Willard.

I THINK we all occasionally feel a certain regret that our Puritan ancestors should have carried their Puritanism into their ideas of art and architecture and so rigidly excluded from their first attempts at making a home for their higher school of learning the severe, calm and tranquil idea of the cloistered college built around its quadrangles. On the most superficial examination of the subject we are compelled to concede that American college architecture was from the beginning Congregational, and not Anglican. The idea of the dormitory building, the classroom building and the office building as units in themselves, and not as united members of one whole is the idea which we see applied from the start. The Oxford College brings all its members together in serried array around its quadrangle; there is no line of juncture visible between the chapel, the hall and the dormitory; they stand united like a group of Anglican communities under a bishop. In the American idea there is no such union. Take that primitive group at Harvard, of which two buildings, Massachusetts and Harvard Halls, still remain, and upon examining the angles of these several elements of the approximate quadrangle we find not the slightest indication of any intention ever to join them together. They stood as separate as the Congrega-



HARVARD COLLEGE, 1726.

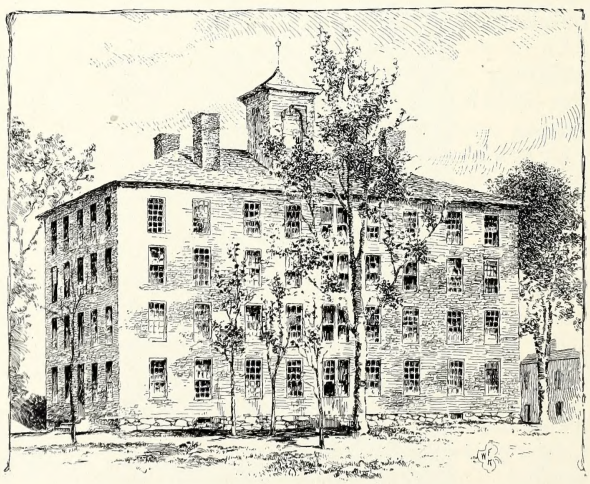


KING'S (COLUMBIA) COLLEGE, 1790.

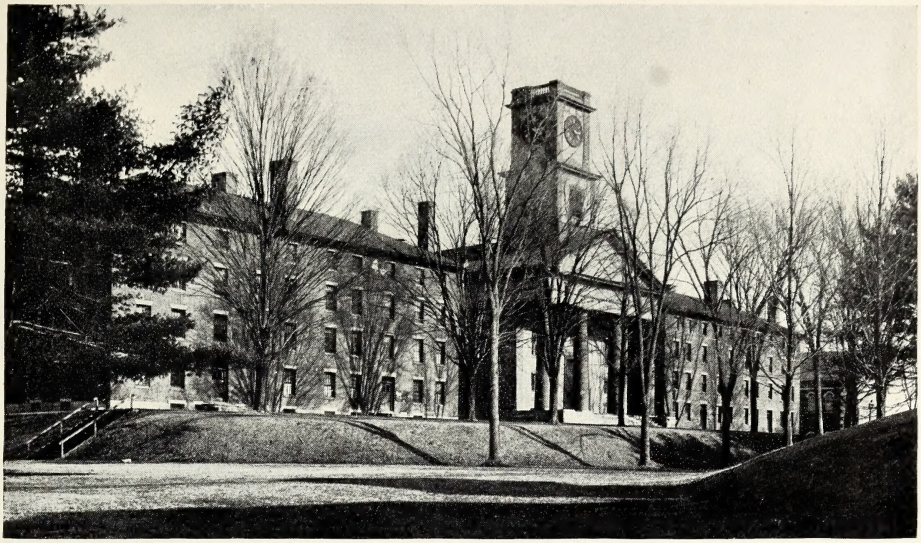
tional churches under the early ecclesiastical polity of New England.

A simple glance at the Oxford quadrangles gives us a pretty clear idea of the source from which the original idea there so charmingly applied was derived. The obviousness of the derivation directly from the cloister is made all the more clear and logical when we reflect that when the university originated learning was the province of ecclesiastics; the young men went when the ideas of a higher education were in their infancy to the monastery, and afterward to something which resembled it in external form as closely as one thing can well resemble another. Put a Benedictine monk of the fifteenth century in the midst of the cloistered quadrangle of Magdalen College today, and he would find little to marvel at; the grouping and massing of the buildings would seem to him extremely natural.

In the first group of buildings at Harvard, Massachusetts Hall was simply an enlargement of the form of building then used in Boston and the neighboring towns for the dwelling house, for the warehouse and for almost every possible purpose except the church. The old Cradock house at Medford is a good example of the style. The Cradock house was a double square on the ground plan; it was two stories high, and it had a gambrel roof; it was built of brick, with a projecting horizontal course between the first and second story windows; the chimneys were at the ends. These identical features were carried over into Massachusetts Hall, with only such changes as the difference in the conditions demanded. The gambrel roof was repeated; the chimneys were placed at the ends; there were the same ornamental courses of brickwork; and, furthermore, the proportions of the building were closely similar. The only material differences were that the



WEST COLLEGE, WILLIAMS COLLEGE.

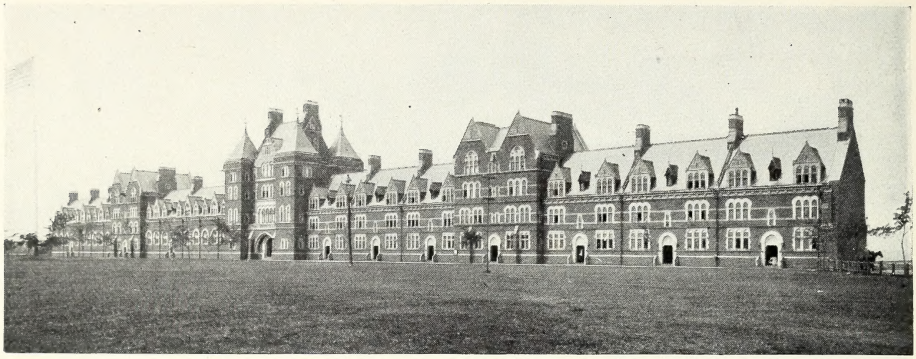


THE OLD BUILDINGS, AMHERST COLLEGE.

Harvard College building was given three stories instead of two, and two entrances instead of one, because it was intended to furnish space for many more rooms, and needed an additional entrance to make the rooms more easily accessible.

Very few of the other American colleges have any gambrel-roofed buildings, for the reason that a more elegant style speedily came into vogue. Strange as it may seem, the more refined ideas of the late Italian renaissance, which found their way to England, and were applied in ordinary domestic and semi-domestic architecture, also struggled over here to our remote New England settlements and rendered the gambrel roof unpopular. Palladio began to be adapted early in the eighteenth century for English use. His pillared and balustraded buildings were revised and corrected so as to be applicable to English rural and urban construction, and gradually the idea gained ground that a high roof, with an awkward bend in the middle, was a deformity. The gable, if introduced at all, was admitted only as a decorative feature in the form of a pediment with very flat inclines, introduced at the centre of the front, sometimes with and sometimes without columns or pilasters.

The original buildings of Kings (now Columbia) College, in New York, as shown by a print published in 1790, had no less than four low, flat gables on the front, one over the centre of each entry to the building. The idea of a portico was suggested by bringing the front of the building beneath each gable slightly forward, but there were no columns or pilasters. The roof sloped upward at a very low incline, and the balustrade was placed at the summit of this slope against the sky. At Harvard we have as examples of the same style the old dormitories inside of the enlarged quadrangle,—the quadrangle which was mapped out when the original building forming the end of the old square opposite the street was removed, and which is now much more appropriately called the "Yard," the term quadrangle having been from the first inappropriate. Hollis (1763), Stoughton (1805) and Holworthy (1812) are the more ancient of this group, and Hollis the most thoroughly characteristic. It has the low, sloping roof, without any gable at the ends, and with nothing of the gable



TRINITY COLLEGE, HARTFORD.

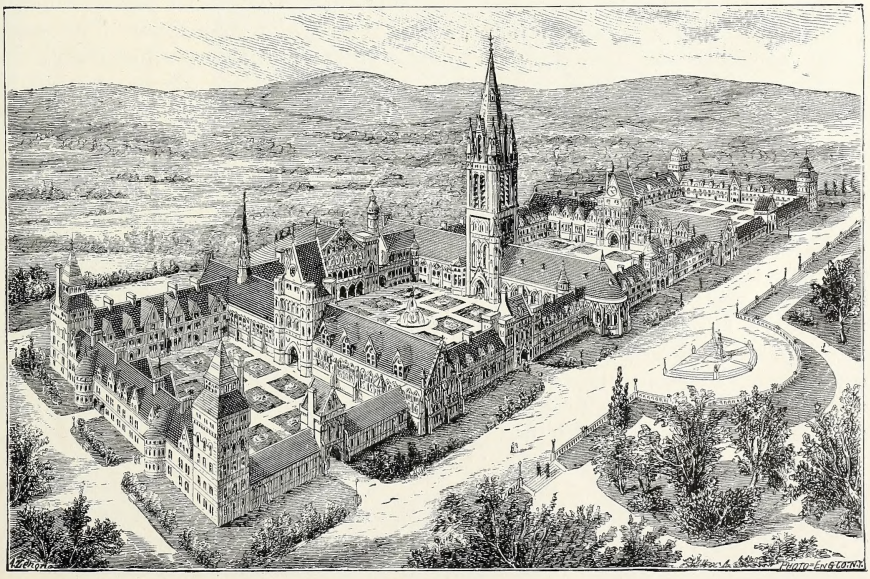
description about it except the low, ornamental pediments in the middle of the long sides. It also has the projecting horizontal courses of brickwork, like those of Massachusetts Hall, which are intended to represent the entablatures dividing the different stories in classic architecture; and these relief courses stop short before they reach the end of the building, as if the builders had had some idea of placing pilasters at the corners, and had then left their purpose unexecuted. These three old halls have another feature which is almost invariably present in college structures in England, the feature of separate entrances for each pair of rooms and of transverse halls with no longitudinal halls; so that the lodging rooms are arranged almost like houses on a city street. This same system impresses everyone who goes from college to college at Oxford to note the peculiarities of their design, the longitudinal halls being almost invariably omitted, and no provision being made for reaching the apartments in one entry from the apartments in another except by going out into the court.

The earliest of the college buildings at Yale was a wooden structure built in 1717-18, standing near where the Osborn recitation hall now stands, and removed some time before the beginning of the present century. An engraving of it is preserved in the Chittenden library building. The oldest of the existing college buildings at Yale is the hall known as South Middle, constructed in 1750-52, and at present entirely surrounded by more modern buildings. It was originally built in the form of Massachusetts Hall at Harvard, and was expressly intended by its designers to repeat the lines of that structure, which, it seems, had already come to be regarded as a model of college architecture. There is an old engraving of this hall, as it stood in 1786, in the Chittenden library. Like Massachusetts Hall, it has three stories and a gambrel roof, two entrances, twin chimneys at each end and projecting horizontal bands of brick at the level of each story. South Middle, as it stands to-day, does not very closely resemble Massachusetts Hall, because it has been two or three times made over. In 1797 the gambrel roof was removed and the brick walls were carried up another story; and the roof which was constructed above this additional story did not preserve the old form. A glance at the end of the building reveals the fact that the gables were not always constructed as at present. The space between the original slope of the brickwork in the old gambrel-gable and the present vertical line of the corner, which it was necessary to fill up when the front and rear walls were carried up another story, is constructed of rather clumsily laid brickwork, which still shows the line of juncture with the older masonry. The ancient hall at Yale seems never to

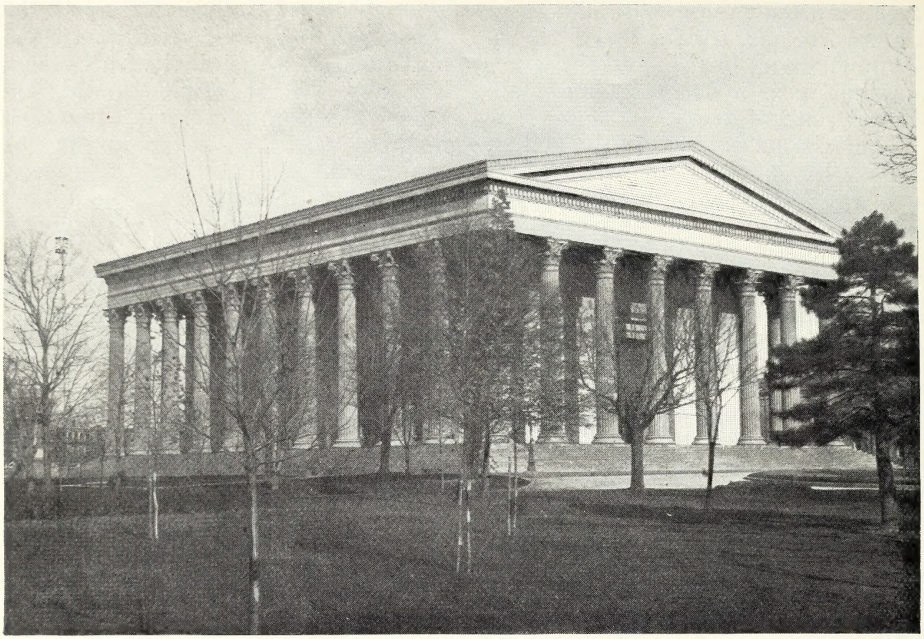
have been built quite as solidly as its Harvard model, for the levels are to-day much more broken and the whole building is in a decidedly more advanced state of decay.

The original builders of the college at New Haven and those who continued their work between 1750 and 1850 seem to have distinctly discarded the idea of building anything like a quadrangle. What they preferred was a straight line; and for nearly a hundred years after the construction of South Middle everything was placed in a row; so that at the end of the century the buildings in which the college was housed resembled nothing so much as a train of cars. To make the application of this simile more wholly accurate, I should say that they resembled a train of cars with three locomotives placed crosswise between the first and second, second and third, and third and fourth cars of the train. These locomotives were the Athenaeum, built in 1761-63, the Lyceum, built to correspond with it thirty-seven years later, and the old Chapel, completed in 1824. The Athenaeum, Lyceum and Chapel had their long axes east and west, and fronted toward College Street; all the other buildings had their long axes north and south parallel with College Street. Several prints of the old "row" are now preserved. One of them, dated 1807, hangs in the entrance hall of the Chittenden library, and shows the sequence of buildings as they stood before the chapel of 1824 and North College were built. The print possesses an additional interest for undergraduates of to-day from the circumstances that the draftsman saw fit to introduce in the foreground a party of young gentlemen, probably collegians, playing football. It must be conceded that they go at it in a rather languid way, and that their bell-crowned silk hats and long-tailed coats seem rather unprofessional when compared with the football costume at present in vogue. A later view of the row, inserted as the frontispiece of a small book about Yale College printed in 1843, shows the sequence of old buildings complete, with the old Chapel and North College in their places.

South Middle was the only hall built at Yale with a gambrel roof. Before the date of the construction of



THE COMPLETE PLAN FOR TRINITY COLLEGE.



GIRARD COLLEGE, MAIN BUILDING.

the next building in the row (South College), which was built in 1793-94, the style had changed; and not only was this new hall given a plain triangular gable, but it was thought necessary to alter the roof of South Middle so as to correspond to it.

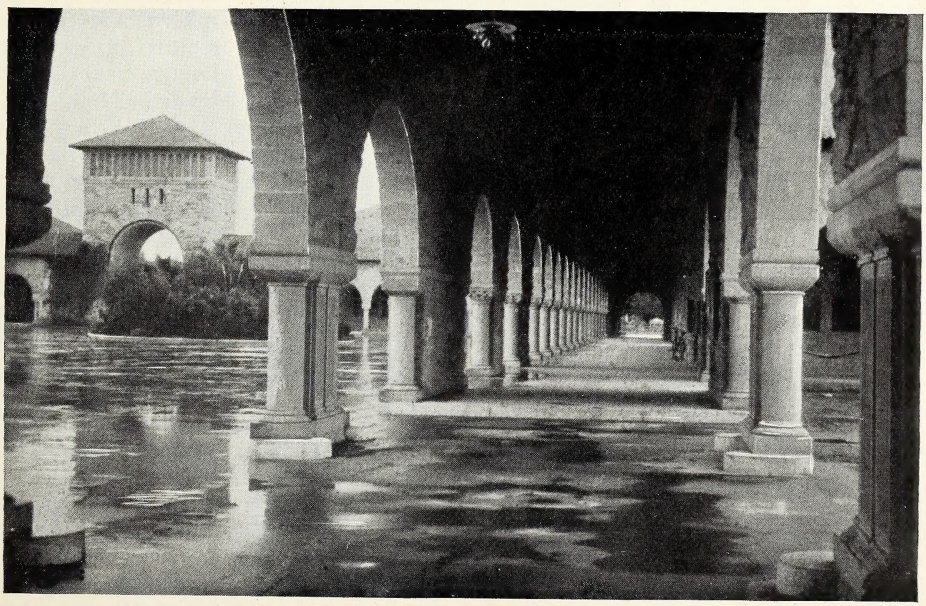
Of the seven buildings which constituted the old row at Yale only three now remain. South College had to be removed to clear the ground for the construction of Vanderbilt Hall in 1893, and the old Chapel which stood just north of it had also to come down at about the same time. South Middle and the Lyceum still stand; then there comes a gap where North Middle once stood; and finally we reach North College, the last of the remaining buildings of the old group. These weather-beaten relics of the old institution are now surrounded by a complete circuit of new halls, not one of which was standing before 1840; so that in the course of fifty years the entire outward aspect of Yale College has been changed.

In several other American colleges the plan was adopted of constructing the college buildings in a row and not in the form of a quadrangle. One thinks of Amherst and Williams and Princeton and Bowdoin, of Brown University and Wesleyan University, the University of Vermont at Burlington, the old Western Reserve College in Ohio, of Andover Theological Seminary and many other institutions. At Dartmouth College, founded in 1769, the first three buildings were placed in a row, but the fourth building broke through this system of arrangement, and was placed so as to form a second side of an anticipated three-sided square. The three-sided square, that is to say, a square with three sides, formed of buildings not coming together at the corners and with the fourth side formed of a fence, seems to have been the farthest that our ancestors ever thought of advancing toward the English quadrangle idea of college construction.

It is proper at this point to refer to the importation of ultra-classical ideas of art into this country in the second quarter of the present century and the influence exerted upon college archi-

tecture by the new aesthetic movement which produced the Sub-Treasury building in New York, the granite Custom House in Boston and other buildings in other parts of the country, with pillars, porticoes and pediments. All this architecture was in the day of it commonly called "Grecian." We regard it now simply as one phase of the comprehensive movement toward a revival of the forms of Greek and Roman art, which goes back for its origin to the discovery of the buried treasures of Pompeii about the middle of the last century. The architects of this classical revival contented themselves at first with imitating the ancient monuments standing at Rome. After the publication of Stuart and Revett's book on Athens, it was discovered that Roman architecture was merely a pale reflection of Greek architecture, and that if the modern designer wished to go to the bottom of things and copy not a copy but the original, he must not stop at the Pantheon, but must go back to the Parthenon.

Thomas Jefferson appears to be entitled to rank as one of the pioneer architects of this country by virtue of the influence which he exerted on the form of the buildings of the University of Virginia, a college which was provided between 1819 and 1826 with a set of buildings in the first phase of the classical style, with a reduced copy of the Pantheon as the principal feature of the group. Jefferson, as is well known, spent certain very impressionable years of his life at Paris, and although he cultivated certain democratic airs, he was at heart an aristocrat, and loved to surround himself with what was stately and beautiful. All the illustrated histories of the United States have woodcuts of his home at Monticello, which, with its classical architecture, shows the ambitious and aristocratic character of his tastes; and when, after having served his term as President, he tried to find occupation and distraction in creating a university for the state of Virginia, he bestowed great pains upon the architectural design, and determined that it should be in accord with the advanced aesthetic ideas which he had imbibed in Europe. It is apparent that their artistic aspect

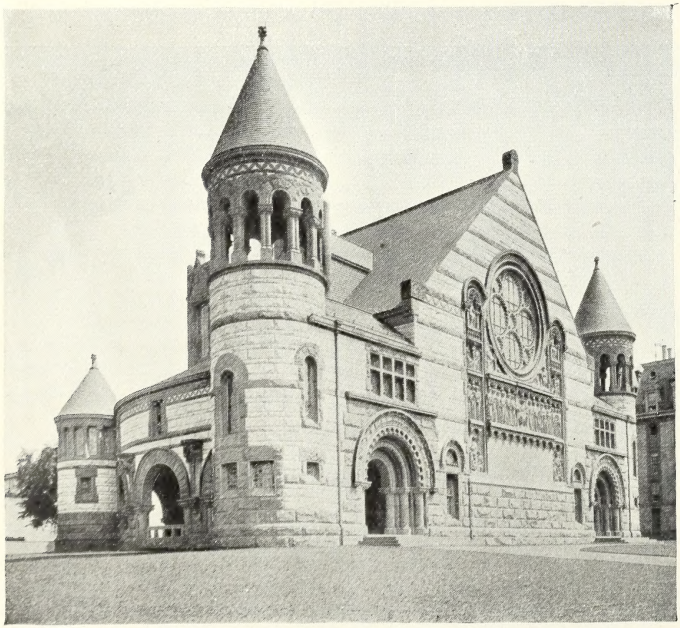


ARCADE, LELAND STANFORD UNIVERSITY.

was the foremost consideration and utility a secondary one. The reduced model of the Pantheon, with its portico, its pediment and its low, saucer-shaped dome, stood at the centre of one end of a long, open square called "the lawn," and on either side of this square was a continuous colonnade, broken by five porticoes; the five porticoes representing the fronts of the professors' houses, and the colonnades forming a covered gallery to connect them and place them all in communication with each other.

A design like this, executed in marble, would have been sumptuous; executed in wood, or at best in brick and plaster, its grandeur could hardly have been more than theatrical. Subsequent generations have been rather disposed to laugh at Jefferson for his naive overlooking of certain primary utilitarian considerations, but his scheme shows that he had a certain trait in his make-up which was rather uncommon among Americans of his time, namely a perception of the beauty of harmonious lines; and the present generation will be disposed to pardon him his utilitarian oversights in view of the service which he rendered in slightly turning the general trend of American thought from the ultra-practical, in holding up before them in an authoritative way the idea that "looks" had at least some title to be considered, and that utility was not the sole thing which should enter into the builder's mind.

The Grecian idea had its day of popularity also in New England, and while the pillared style was in vogue a number of college halls were built, some of which are still standing. Of the two first college buildings of Trinity College at Hartford, constructed in 1824 and called respectively Jarvis and Seabury Halls, the latter was in this style. Seabury Hall, which had an Ionic portico, was designed by S. F. B. Morse, whose name is connected in the public mind with a very different sort of work, the invention of the electric telegraph. Both Seabury and Jarvis Halls at Trinity were pulled down some time before 1880 to clear the site for the present state capitol.



ALEXANDER HALL, PRINCETON UNIVERSITY.

Grecian architecture enjoyed for twenty years great favor in New England. Every old country town has its two or three white pillared mansions in this style, with their pediments and their low pitched roofs, from which the snow has to be laboriously shoveled after every snow-storm by "hired men," or persons of superior station in the household, who no doubt accompany this disagreeable



NEW DORMITORIES, UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA.

work with many an inward malediction on Greek ideas in art and all who were concerned in their importation into this country.

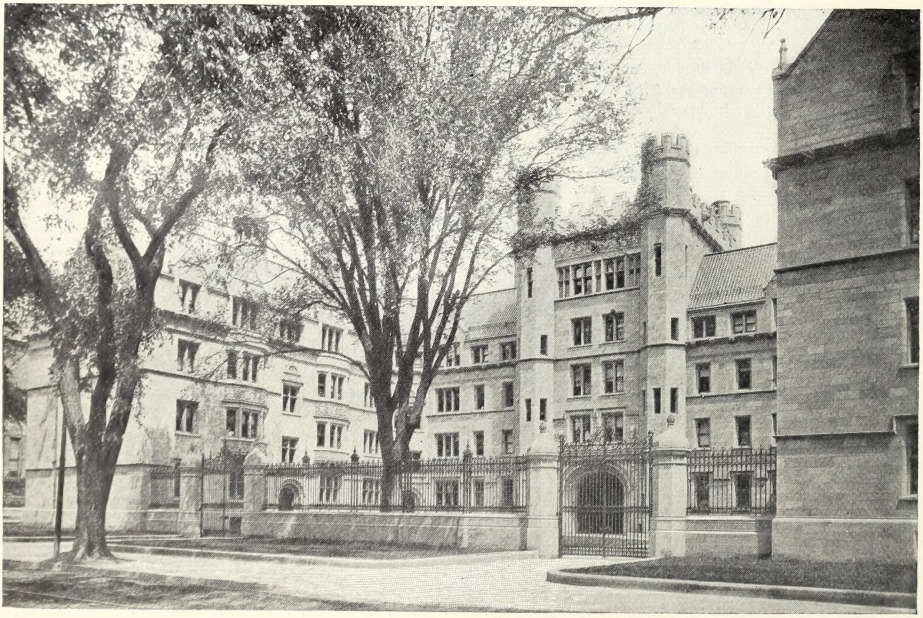
The most conspicuous example of college building in the ultra-classical style is the central building of Girard College at Philadelphia, a marble structure erected between 1833 and 1847, and made to conform very closely upon the exterior to the model of the Parthenon, saving the difference in the style of the columns, which are Corinthian instead of Doric. Girard College was the first example of a college building in this country erected at a cost of over a million dollars. The expenditure ($1,933,821.78) was something enormous for the times; and when the Greek temple was completed, the college itself, which was to be housed within its marble walls, had hardly any means with which to meet its running expenses without going outside of the funds originally reserved for its support. Since that day the tendency of college trustees to put too much money into architecture has been frequently made a reproach against them; but in this particular case it appears that the builders of the remarkable structure were simply obeying the directions given by its founder. Girard left in his will most minute directions as to how the college was to be constructed. Certain paragraphs of that instrument read precisely like an architect's specifications to a contractor. One of the things upon which he was most insistent was that the building should be absolutely fireproof. Not a particle of wood was to be used in the construction either in the floors or in the roof; everything was required to be built in the most substantial way; and in those days building substantially meant building at a tremendous expense. Those who have inspected the building remember the peculiar impression made by the interior. The whole edifice is simply a case of bank vaults, and seems meant to serve as a treasury building for a government which has millions in gold and silver to be stored away in some edifice of colossal strength, where moth and rust cannot corrupt nor thieves break through or steal. I do not find that Girard definitely prescribed the use of columns on the exterior, but the expense incurred in setting up this row of Corinthian shafts was not alone the cause of the lavish expenditure.

After 1840 architecture at American colleges was almost wholly given over to the Gothic style. The romantic

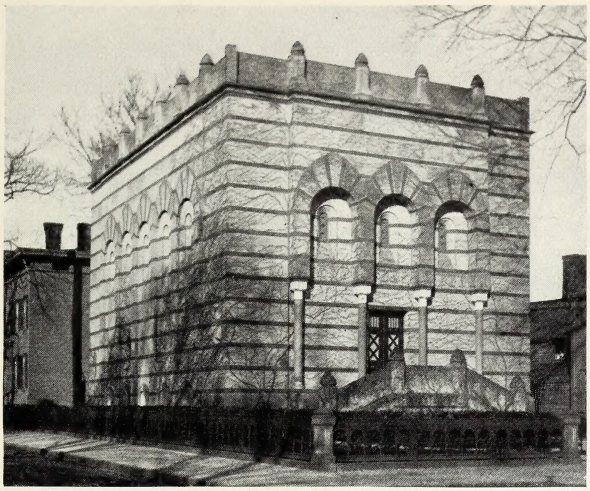
movement which had begun to definitely affect all literary and artistic production in Europe as early as 1820, began at length to make itself felt on this side of the ocean. One of the leading features of the romantic movement was a renewed interest in the life of the middle ages, an interest which concerned not merely its substance, but its outward aspects. Indeed, its concern with the substance of mediaeval life was relatively slight, and it was its picturesque trappings which really fascinated the public mind and gave the movement its success.

The first of the Gothic buildings at Yale was the old library, which still exists, although supplanted in practical usefulness by the recently constructed Chittenden library. The Gothic library was built between 1843 and 1846, and was placed upon High Street, forming the first of the circuit of modern buildings, which have since entirely surrounded the college square and shut out the old row from view. The library, which was built of brown stone, was followed by Alumni Hall, constructed of the same material, in 1852, and made to conform also to the principles of Gothic architecture, as they were then understood. Alumni Hall has only one very serious disfigurement, the wooden battlements on the towers, which are only one step removed from the canvas architecture of the stage. They might easily be replaced by stone battlements of the same design; and this I conceive would be regarded by any architect as a perfectly legitimate piece of restoration.

From 1852 down to the present time every one of the halls which have been built inside the college square at Yale,—Farnham Hall (1864-69), the Art School (1864-66), Durfee Hall (1870), Battell Chapel (1874-76), Dwight Hall (1886), Lawrance Hall (1887), Osborn Hall (1889), Chittenden library (1890), Welch Hall (1891), Vanderbilt Hall (1894), and Phelps Hall (1896),—have been built in a Gothic or mediaeval style, and the primitive architectural character of the college has been virtually effaced. Having once commenced to build according to a different principle, how-



VANDERBILT HALL, YALE UNIVERSITY.



SCROLL AND KEY HALL, YALE.

ever, it was judicious to continue upon the same line. The newer buildings may differ considerably among themselves, but this difference is much less than if some were classic and others romantic; and such divergence as exists will disappear in the course of time.

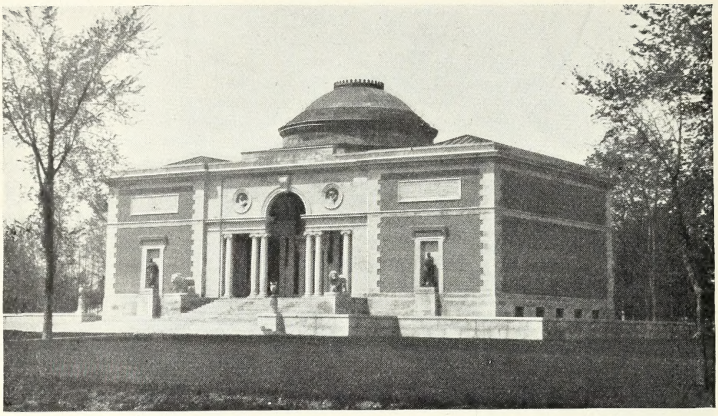
Vanderbilt Hall, built by Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt in memory of their son, W. H. Vanderbilt, which is one of the most recent of the Yale buildings in the mediaeval style, is entirely constructed of brown stone, and is honest and solid in construction to a point of which the early New England builders formed no conception. To take a single example, none of the primitive Gothic builders in this country, except the architect of Trinity Church and one or two buildings in or near New York, thought of constructing a vault of solid stonework. Their Gothic was only skin deep; it had to do simply with exteriors and façades; and even in their façades they contented themselves with using wood in many cases where the simplest principles of honesty in construction would have required the use of stone. In the case of Vanderbilt Hall, not only is the whole visible exterior from turret to foundation stone constructed of solid masonry, but so is the central arch which passes through the heart of the building and serves as one of the entrances of the larger quadrangle beyond. The interior of this passageway is entirely lined with stone, and the honesty of the masonry exhibits no flaw anywhere.

The same solidity of construction is a notable feature of the new Phelps Hall, bridging the only space left open between the older buildings on the side toward College Street, this structure also (which is more a tower than a "hall," in the old-fashioned sense of the term) being pierced by a broad passageway which is vaulted in stone through its entire length. Side by side with this consistent return to the essential principles of Gothic construction, it is interesting to note a piece of extra-modernness. Phelps Hall is provided with an elevator, and



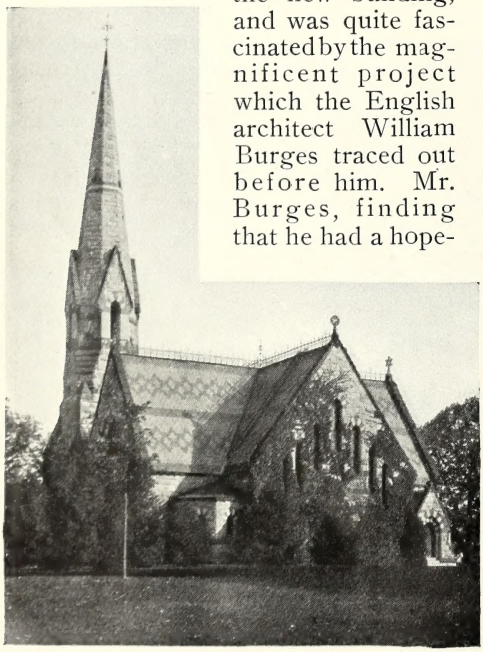
ALPHA DELTA PHI HOUSE, AMHERST.

the approach to this contrivance of yesterday is directly from this vaulted passageway which smacks so strongly of the middle ages.



WALKER ART BUILDING, BOWDOIN COLLEGE.

The project of the new group of buildings for Trinity College designed in 1873 was interesting because it was the earliest attempt in this country to realize what so many have always wished to see realized, the application of the quadrangle system to American college building. The old president of Trinity College, Dr. Jackson, who managed, or assisted to manage, the sale of the old college property to the city of Hartford as a site for the proposed new state capitol, made a journey to England to talk over plans for the new building, and was quite fascinated by the magnificent project which the English architect William Burges traced out before him. Mr. Burges, finding that he had a hopeful client in Dr. Jackson, went further with the plan and had it executed in water color with all its cleverly composed masses and details set out in the appropriate colors until the picture was something which it made one's mouth water to look at. When brought over to this country it captivated not only Dr. Jackson, but the other persons in whose hands lay the authority to determine upon plans for the new college buildings; and in obedience to their instructions an American architect was sent over to London to confer with the author of the design and to reduce the general idea to specific form.

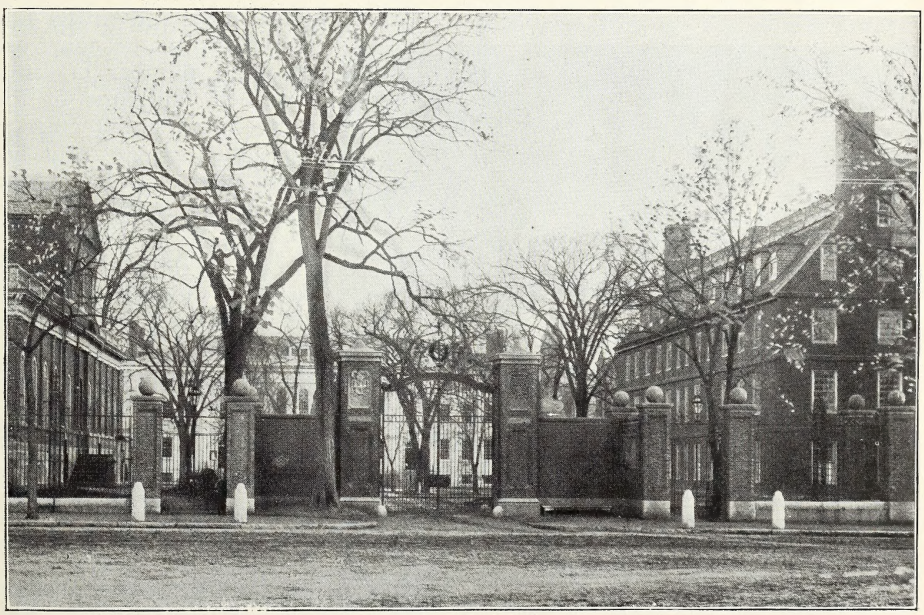


AHMERST COLLEGE CHAPEL.

Architecture is not like music; the project which the architect prepares for some vast composition is not like the score for some grand opera, written in hieroglyphics interpretable only by experts and meaningless to the average mind until so interpreted. Mr. Burges' picture could, when it was fresh, be seen and appreciated without any interpreter to make its meaning clear; and the reproduction of it can still be seen and appreciated and the harmonies and leading motives enjoyed even though they have never been rendered as their projector intended they should be. Upon the first glance at the ambitious plan one is reminded of another group of buildings, mapped out on quite as ex-

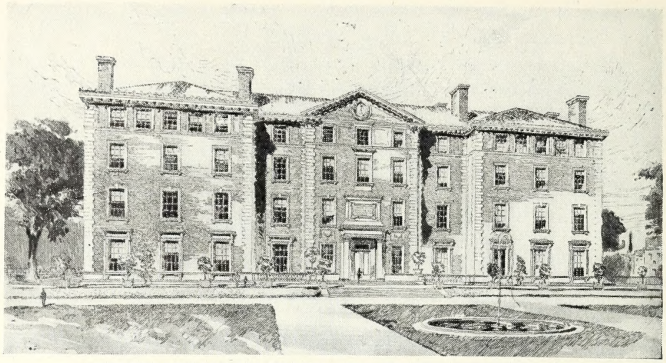
tensive a scale at nearly the same time, which was actually realized,—the group of government buildings at Ottawa. The resemblance to this stately group is limited, however, to the character of the architectural detail. In its organism, in the framework of the great mass, the Trinity College project resembled, so far as I am aware, no actually existing group of buildings. There is nothing at Oxford which can be compared with it. Everything there is irregular and casual compared with the superb symmetry of this great mass. The Oxford quadrangles grew as a tree grows; they have the irregularity of all wholes which are produced by gradual accretion. The Trinity project had the perfect symmetry which we find only in masses created by fiat. Inside of this symmetry there was just enough variety of detail to save the whole construction from the flat uniformity of the insane asylum and the hospital. One of the cross-arms was to contain the museum and the library; and this particular appropriation of the inner space was to be allowed to show itself clearly on the exterior. The other cross-arm was to contain the chapel and the dining hall; and here again the exterior was to betray the inner use. The north end of the whole structure was to have as its centrepiece the theatre for graduation and for other public gatherings of the college, and the south end was to contain the residence of the president, which would offer a legitimate excuse for varying the façades in the centre of that elevation and introducing at that point something of the domestic character into the exterior. These various special uses being provided for in the transverse structures, the longitudinal structures were to be appropriated to the more ordinary uses of the college. They were to contain the class rooms and lecture rooms; they were to furnish living rooms for proctors and tutors; and in the upper stories they were to contain dormitories for the students.

Out of all this there has been realized a little more than one-sixth,—one-sixth of the original project in area actually covered,—and this sixth



THE NEW GATES, HARVARD UNIVERSITY.

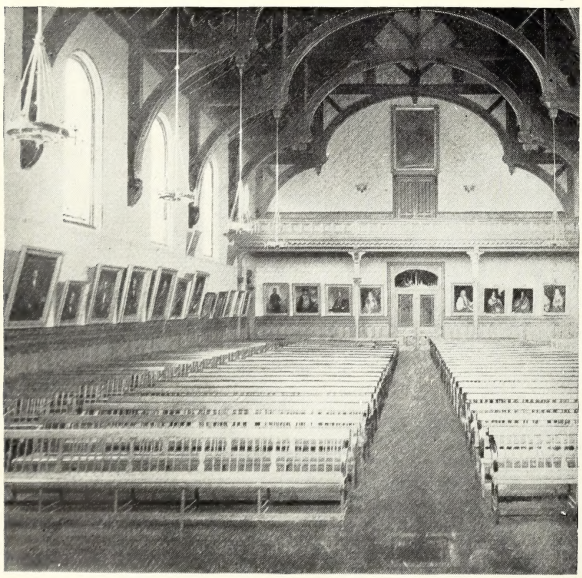
is composed of the western side of the central quadrangle, appropriated in the original design principally to students' rooms and halls for recitations and lectures. Except for one or two peculiarities, this fragmentary mass stands well enough alone and does not too obviously force upon the observer the fact that it is a mere limb of a body of which the trunk is lacking.



SCHERMERHORN HALL, COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY.

Abandoning, for the time at least, the attempt to go on with the original project, the authorities at Trinity College have admitted other buildings detached from the nucleus of the original group and differing from it in architecture. In short, the quadrangle plan, planted with great hope, has failed to take root in the soil of Hartford, and the more normal form of American college building, that of the detached structure, has grown up in its stead. We are compelled, therefore, to look elsewhere for more successful experiments in quadrangle-building; and we find a strikingly original application of the idea in the building of the Leland Stanford, Jr., University in California.

The quadrangle at Leland Stanford, Jr., was developed in the form of a great hollow square, suggesting far more than it suggests the traditional English college quadrangle, the market place of an Oriental city, surrounded with low arcades as a shelter from the heat of the sun. Around this quadrangle and on the side farthest from the court are placed a number of semi-detached buildings of the same style of architecture as the inner arcade; and beyond these it was intended to build still another arcade of larger circuit which should embrace the whole group. This last phase of the project remains at present unrealized.



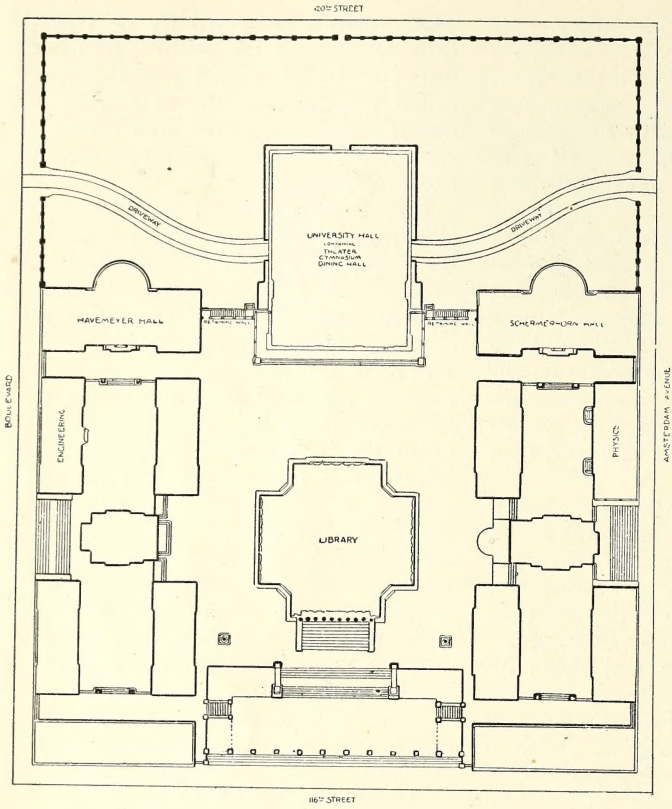
SAYLES MEMORIAL HALL, BROWN UNIVERSITY.

The architecture of the great inner quadrangle is Richardsonian. At Palo Alto the belief has taken root that Richardson himself originated the design; but in the list of works designed in whole or in part by Richardson, appended to his biography by Mrs. Van Rensselaer, no mention is

made of the California college. It may have been one of those inchoate designs talked of but not put upon paper by the great man, defined, perhaps in conversation with his associates who went on with the work after his death, but which never received visible form from his hands during his lifetime. A great architect surrounded with a corps of assistants who have come to understand thoroughly his processes and his methods, can almost dictate his work stenographically, as Doré used to dictate his pictures, the work remaining in the end substantially authographic, despite the assistance rendered by others in carrying it out.

The Leland Stanford, Jr., plan is not likely to be repeated anywhere else for several reasons, the two most obvious ones being the utilitarian and aesthetic drawbacks of the system. The American mind loves, in architecture, something which will stand up high, something with a touch at least of the soaring and aspiring character about it, and something which shall have, if it can be by any possibility introduced, a broken sky line. The Palo Alto buildings are as far as possible removed from this ideal; they cling to the ground, and their sky line is virtually flat. On the utilitarian side, the drawbacks are at least sufficient to create a further discouragement in the way of reproducing the same arrangement of buildings elsewhere. Very few colleges, and certainly no city college, could command the space requisite for carrying out such a plan; and if they could, the loss in compactness and in convenience of access between the buildings would tend to prevent the adoption of the Palo Alto system. On the whole, it is no matter of regret that the Leland Stanford, Jr., University should have been constructed as it is, because it furnishes such a wholly strange and novel term in the American vocabulary of college architecture. It stands unique, almost as if one of the great Carthusian convents of Italy, with its vast cloister, encircled by its row of little houses for the monks, had been imported to this country and dropped down on the flat soil of California; and it is destined, with little doubt, to retain this unique position as long as the buildings stand.

One further partial application of the quadrangle plan may be alluded to,—the court of St. John's at Cambridge. St. John's, as is well known, is a divinity school of the Episcopal church, existing under the shadow of Harvard University, but having no organic connection with it. It was founded in 1867, and the various buildings in which it is now housed, lying on Brattle Street, not far from the Longfellow house, have all sprung up since that date. A long dormitory building constructed of yellowish brown stone, a recitation and library building, and a dining hall, all of the same material and designed substantially in the same style, are so put together as to form three sides of a square. Looking in at them from the street, one has somewhat the impression of a quadrangle as it would be arranged on the stage, with the fourth side cut away to make it possible for the spectator to look into the interior. Something of the sense of seclusion, of tranquillity, of protection from the rush and hurry of coming and going, something, in short, of the effect of an eddy setting back from the current of the stream, has been produced by this fashion of building. Three other structures standing on the grounds of the school, the chapel, the dean's house and a second dormitory, built comparatively recently, have not been annexed to the quadrangle, but occupy positions entirely detached. I do not know whether it is the intention to carry the quadrangle idea any further, but it is evident from the way in which the buildings of the older group have been left that they have assumed their definite form on the side toward Brattle Street, and will retain their present shape of a compromise between the quadrangle



PLAN OF THE NEW BUILDINGS AND GROUNDS, COLUMBIA COLLEGE.

plan and the detached plan of college building.

A more recent and more successful attempt at constructing college buildings on the quadrangle plan is the one which is in process of realization at the University of Pennsylvania in Philadelphia. This institution had, down to 1890, no cloistered buildings; the various college halls were constructed according to the New England idea of detached buildings, and differed quite materially in architecture one from another. In 1894 announcements were made public of an intention to built a vast system of dormitories entirely surrounding two hollow courts, and the process of constructing the quadrangles according to these designs has since then advanced to partial completion. Owing to the fact that the university was situated in a great city, with the area which it was possible for it to occupy controlled and limited by the location of the streets, it became necessary to plan one of the new courts in the form of a triangle. In English college architecture a courtyard of this form would be something difficult to find. The cloister of the monastery, which had so much to do with determining later the form of the college court, was always square, and had been so from the earliest times. The triangular court at the Pennsylvania University seems destined therefore to hold an almost unique place in college architecture, owing its peculiar shape not to the mere desire to produce a picturesque effect, but to a more legitimate cause—a controlling condition in the circumstances under which the plan was evolved.

Worked into the designs for the buildings surrounding the courtyards, in the drawings as they have been published, are a chapel and a dining hall, the dining hall bearing evidence upon its exterior of having been designed according to the English collegiate model, with traceried Gothic windows filling all the interval between the buttresses.

The exterior architectural details of the whole group of buildings are of English Gothic, of the same style which is encountered in a number of the college buildings at Oxford. The design of one of the entrance gates,

by Cope and Stewardson of Philadelphia, was exhibited at the Arts and Crafts exhibition in Boston last April, and was much admired. The tower with its gateway beneath had the same solid and substantial qualities as the Phelps tower and gateway at Yale.

The problem of providing suitable quarters for a university in the heart of a great city has been studied and again solved, though after a different fashion, by the architects of the new buildings for Columbia University in New York. Perhaps I commit a physiological error in locating the heart of the city of New York so far north as the square between 116th and 120th Street; but if the centre of pulsation is at present further down town, it will not be long before it will move far enough toward the Harlem River to make the statement relatively correct. In the design for the new colleges, it is very evident that the builders had no such spaces to dispose of as those who erected the great quadrangle of Leland Stanford, Jr., University; but the various structures have been arranged with great ingenuity so as to place the greatest possible number of buildings on the area which the architect could command, with the least possible appearance of crowding. All of the buildings in the group have at least one frontage either toward the streets which bound the university property or toward the large central court.

The general plan adopted is the American plan, and not the English plan—to this extent, namely, that all the buildings are isolated. In other particulars the group will bear as a whole no resemblance to any existing American university, with the possible exception of the University of Virginia as designed by Jefferson. Even here the resemblance is slight, and is limited to the parallelism between the architectural style of the library and of Jefferson's rotunda, and to the harmony of design between the different buildings composing the group. Mr. McKim is a rather more gifted artist than Mr. Jefferson, and his management of the classical styles is decidedly less childlike and naive.

In the group as a whole there is a faint and distant flavor of the World's Fair, something which makes it seem vaguely like a second Columbian exposition. Schermerhorn and Havemeyer Halls, the two outer buildings fronting toward the open space at the north of the colleges, have certain points of resemblance to the old halls at Harvard, more particularly to Hollis and Stoughton. They are much more elegant in detail, but in their general contour there is something about them which would be apt to suggest to a person familiar with the Harvard group the lines of those venerable structures.

One of the things which one notes in wandering about among the Oxford colleges is that the chapel is almost invariably a member of the group of buildings clustered around the quadrangles, and is regarded as being as essential an element in the functional parts of the institution as the dormitories or the dining hall. In American colleges a separate building for a chapel has not always been considered as a necessity; indeed, very few American colleges have been able to call themselves the proud possessors of separate chapel buildings until within the last fifty years. Harvard, as usual, took the lead in providing itself with this luxury, the Holden Chapel—which still stands and which, although it has nearly survived its usefulness, is still looked upon with the same kindly veneration with which stalwart youth looks upon the great-grandfather in the chimney corner—having been built in 1744. One regrets that the original Holdens, who thought that their Georgian dovecote would hold all the students who might ever have occasion to assemble within it, could not see the whole student body of the present day and witness the attempt to crowd them all within its four walls.

At Yale the religious exercises which the students were required to attend were originally held in the old wooden college building which stood near the corner of Chapel and College Streets, and which was removed near the close of the last century. The original place of assembling was supplanted in 1763 by the construction of the first separate chapel building, known afterward as the Athenaeum, standing next south of South Middle in the original brick row, and removed within the last five years. After 1824 the daily religious exercises were transferred to another building, the New Chapel, destined in its turn to become the Old Chapel, which was erected north of North Middle, but still somewhat in the old traditional New England church style, with a projecting tower on the front and a belfry; and this chapel of 1824 continued to be used until the Gothic Battell Chapel was dedicated in 1876.

Almost all the college chapels constructed within the last fifty years have been built in some one of the Gothic or mediaeval styles. Wesleyan University had, I believe, no separate chapel building until its Gothic chapel was constructed in 1868-71. Dartmouth had no separate chapel building until the Rollins Chapel, which is Romanesque in style, was built a few years ago.

In chapel building, the architectural movement in this country has not developed anything distinctly novel or anything which can be set over against the ordinary form of church edifice and distinguished from it; but in one other sort of building designed to furnish a meeting place for students something more original has been devised. Since the secret society movement in American colleges has gained sufficient strength to provide something more than temporary and shifting quarters for its members, a number of buildings or "Society Halls," as they are called, have been designed and erected which have a character all their own. I say "character all their own," but I should limit this by saying that they have a sort of kinship with funereal and sepulchral architecture. The original designers of these structures wished to have them declare their purpose distinctly and to proclaim to everyone in unmistakable terms that they were intended to veil something from the vulgar gaze; and not only from the vulgar gaze, but the gaze of every one except of an exclusive and selected few, who alone were to be permitted to cross the threshold.

The most singular and freaky forms of this new genus in building are probably to be found at Yale, in the Skull and Bones Hall, built in 1856, with a double padlocked door and not an opening in its exterior wall except some narrow slits in the small receding wing at the back; the Delta Kappa Epsilon Hall, a more audacious form of this same sphinx-like architecture, and the Scroll and Key Hall. In this last the resemblance to a mausoleum is very close; a foreigner unacquainted with American college customs might easily mistake it for a tomb which, owing to some whim of the family to which it belonged, had been constructed outside of the limits of the not very distant cemetery.

The Yale model of the secret society hall was for a certain period extensively adopted at other colleges; that is, the idea of constructing the building so that it would obviously proclaim on the outside what it was to be used for was adhered to. More recently another form of building has come into vogue. It does not look in the least like a tomb, but much more like what the real estate agents term a "desirable country residence." The building contains not only a meeting room for the society, but suites of lodging rooms, studies with bedrooms attached, for the use of the students who happen to be members of the society. The students who belong to these organizations have close social relationship with each other, and find it agreeable to be quartered under

the same roof. This new form of "society" life and "society" building has come to play a great part in many of the country colleges, like Amherst and Williams. I shall not go into it here in detail, as it is to be made the theme of a special article in the magazine. In a future number of the magazine I hope myself to discuss the development of college libraries in America, and shall therefore say nothing here touching that special field, where architecturally the influence of Richardson has been so great.

In the Memorial Hall at Harvard* University we have a somewhat remarkable experiment in college architecture. The architects, Messrs. Ware and Van Brunt, were not a little restricted in making their plan for their unique combination by their desire to bring its exterior into approximate correspondence with the well established lines of the European Cathedral; and to do this it was imperative that the semi-circular auditorium of Sanders Theatre, which was to be a part of the building, should be turned outward so as to form an apse. Despite embarrassments, the interior of the auditorium is a remarkable success. Comparing the work with its historic prototype, the Sheldonian Theatre at Oxford, we find that the modern architects have improved upon their model in many particulars. Their interior is not only roomy and capable of holding a large audience, but it is beautiful, and its beauty is a beauty of its own and not the borrowed beauty of a playhouse. There are not a few churches in the country whose interiors much more strongly suggest the ordinary theatre than this auditorium at Cambridge. By the avoidance of the horseshoe curve of the gallery, by the introduction of substantial parapets of oak instead of the traditional iron and plaster balcony fronts, and by the rigid exclusion of paint and stucco from the decoration, the architects succeeded in creating something which they could frankly call a theatre without for an instant suggesting a haunt of Melpomene, Thalia or Terpsichore, and which would furnish an appropriate environment for any university function, however serious or solemn.

Certainly the combination of ideas in this building designated comprehensively as Memorial Hall is the most singular presented in any college edifice. The Memorial Hall is precisely the smallest part of the mass, merely the transept, merely a corridor or vestibule by which one enters the theatre on one side and the dining-hall on the other. Still the architects, besides leaving room for inscribing on the marble panels on the walls the names of Harvard men who served in the Civil War, also managed to give a semi-sacred and unsecular air to the memorial space by vaulting it overhead and by placing great cathedral windows at the ends.

The dining-hall would impress a European familiar with similar halls at Oxford and Cambridge principally by its size. The hall of Christ Church at Oxford is regarded by English university men as a stately room, but the area on the floor is less than half that of the hall at Harvard. On the whole, the idea of eating in this gregarious fashion does not seem an altogether happy one. Admitting, however, the defects inseparable from the plan, the hall where Harvard eats is by no means a badly designed room. In essentials it obeys the old traditions. It is made clear that it is not the nave of a cathedral by the circumstance that the windows do not come down to the floor, but are stopped by a wainscot which rises to a height of fifteen or twenty feet along the whole length of each side of the hall. This follows the precedent of the dining-halls of the English colleges; and these follow the precedent of the refectories in the abbeys and monasteries of the middle ages; in this fundamental type of the collective

Note.—See illustrations of Memorial Hall in article on "Harvard College During the War of the Rebellion," in the New England Magazine, March, 1891.

dining-room the high wainscot was made necessary by the fact that the tables were arranged in a hollow square around the room, with seats only on the wall side, and with a high panelling of wood to serve as a back to the benches.

Memorial halls exist at many of the other colleges, and serve a variety of purposes. The memorial hall at Wesleyan University is the chapel; the persons of whom it is a memorial are, as at Harvard, the members of the university who took part in the Civil War. There is a memorial hall in prospect at Dartmouth, which is to contain college offices and a large auditorium.

At Union College there is a memorial hall, which was erected at large expense in 1876 as a monument to Bishop Alonzo Potter and to Eliphalet Nott, the latter having held for sixty-two years the post of president of the college, and having done more than any other president to give the institution an honorable standing among American colleges. I am informed that the original design was traced by a French architect by the name of Ramée, in 1812; but Ramée, who lived in an age of classicism, could not possibly have given it its present Gothic details. The Nott Memorial Hall suggests, dimly and distantly, a number of circular or polygonal buildings scattered over Europe, and among others the Church of S. Vitale at Ravenna. Geometrically this form of construction is generated by taking a cross section of the nave of a cathedral and revolving it about its central vertical axis. The building at Union College is surrounded, on the interior, by two balconies, and is used as an art gallery to contain the pictures, the bronzes and the casts of the antique belonging to the institution. The architect who converted the sketch of Ramée into the working plans for the present structure was Edward T. Potter, brother of Howard Potter and of Clarkson Nott Potter, who together contributed one-half of the hundred thousand dollars which the building cost.

I have said nothing thus far about Richardsonian architecture as an entity in itself, but only referred to its application to one form of college building, the library. A dissertation on Richardsonianism would be out of place here, and has come to be out of place anywhere, because the subject is, at least temporarily, exhausted. Richardson was a phenomenon, and everyone has reached the point of conceding it, and is consequently contented to let the matter drop. Richardson was the inventor of the only style of architecture which was not imported into this country from outside, but which grew up here and spread all over the United States from Boston to San Francisco without any propulsion from Europe. There is not a city of any size in the country where important public buildings have been erected in the last twenty years in which architectural forms and details and ideas of ornament distinctly traceable to Richardson are not to be found. Richardsonism has permeated ecclesiastical architecture and commercial architecture, and naturally its influence has not been lacking in college architecture. Harvard has two original buildings designed by him, Sever Hall, used for recitations, and the Law School. Yale has the Osburne recitation hall, which, though not by Richardson, wears the garment of his thought; and the Chittenden library, also at Yale, presents a number of recognizable Richardsonian features. Alexander Hall at Princeton, although not built until after the death of the Boston architect, would not be what it is if he had not lived.

Besides the various species of college buildings to which I have referred, there is a long list of others of which I have made no mention. Among them is the gymnasium, always an important element in the college equipment from the point of view of the student; the laboratory and

other buildings intended to facilitate scientific research; and the museum and other structures of that class intended to do duty as warehouses for storing away the valuable collections of objects of every description of which our colleges and universities have become the possessors. Yale has had an art gallery since 1831, when the small building now standing near the centre of the quadrangle and originally intended to contain the Trumbull collection was built; and other colleges are gradually being provided, by the generosity of their alumni, with buildings intended to serve a similar purpose. Among the more recently erected structures of this class is the Walker Art Building at Bowdoin College, where we see again the low, flat dome which seems to have been given a new hold on the public favor by the success with which it was used at the Columbian Exposition.

I must at least make a passing allusion to the fine old gate—old in spirit if new in construction—designed by Mr. McKim a few years ago to protect the principal entrance to the grounds at Harvard and create a visible bond of connection between Massachusetts and Harvard Halls. The pleasure which this work gives to everyone seems to be due to its perfect harmony with its surroundings. The way in which it fits into its place reminds one of Dr. Waldstein's discovering in the Louvre, among the fragments of ancient sculpture, a marble head which he surmised to belong to one of the headless Lapiths in the metopes of the Parthenon preserved at the British Museum, and which upon being applied in the form of a plaster cast to the headless trunk was found exactly to complete the figure in the spirit of the original design. The McKim gate, extracted out of the architect's mind two centuries after the designing of the buildings which it was intended to accompany, fits in the same way, with the same flawless adaptation of every line and contour to the other structures which have been so long waiting this completing touch. If the other gate on Cambridge Street seems any less beautiful, it is largely because there is not the same harmony in its surroundings. Thayer Hall, which backgrounds it from the street, is not by any means a Colonial edifice; and the new art museum which has recently stepped into a position beside it wears an architectural dress which is as far removed from that of the older Harvard building as a Greek toga from the round coat and top boots of Miles Standish.

I have tried to show the historical conditions under which various architectural styles have successively come into vogue in our colleges. So far as the development of unique and individual forms, or of any one definite form for any one class of buildings, is concerned, we have accomplished in this country relatively little. The chapel is not distinguishable from the church. In library building a unique form has been developed and then partially lost. In the building of gymnasiums, laboratories and museums we still allow individual architects to develop their individual ideas and are obliged to say that little unity has made itself obvious in what they have produced, though they have designed many buildings of great practical utility. Finally, as between separate buildings and quadrangles, we stand wavering.

The reason for this state of affairs is obvious; and as the reason is destined to continue, the situation which it creates is likely to continue also. Three-fourths of the college buildings at institutions unsupported by the state have been built by funds contributed by private individuals. In the case of great institutions like the University of Pennsylvania, where a public treasury, with no personal ambitions intermingled, pays the cost of the college buildings, great quadrangles can be constructed at an expense of millions; in other colleges where individuals contribute from

their own private purses the sums which are to build a chapel, a library or a dormitory, we must expect to see a continuation of the practice of erecting separate buildings. No one who does a noble and generous act of this kind wishes to merge his giving in the mass or to have his own personal share in the matter wholly lost sight of, as it would be if he poured his contribution into the reservoir of a general building fund. And if the private donor wishes to affix, in some way, his own personality to his gift, who can blame him? His instincts are as old as human nature. As a well known classical author observed nearly two thousand years ago: "Even those philosophers who write books on the contempt of fame take pains to have their names inscribed on the title pages of their volumes."

NEW HAMPSHIRE'S OPPORTUNITY.

By Frank West Rollins.

NEW Hampshire occupies the same position with reference to the rest of the United States that Scotland does with reference to England; and it is not unlike Scotland in many of its features. It has the same rough, mountainous surface, the same apparently sterile soil, the same babbling brooks and swift-running rivers, the same forest-clad hillsides, the same sunny glens. Its people, too, have some of the same characteristics: they are hardy, keen, canny, thrifty, inured to toil, solid in mind, tenacious of their rights, loyal to the soil and possessing in a high degree the inestimable quality of common sense. Scotland has become the summer resort and pleasure ground of the English people; they fish in her streams, they shoot on her hillsides, they camp by her lakes, and they go back to their work invigorated by this communion with nature.

I believe that New Hampshire is to do for the United States what Scotland does for England. It only remains for the residents of the State to aid and abet nature, and to hold out the proper inducement to the summer tourist.

For many years, the principal source of wealth in New Hampshire has been manufacturing. The many rivers and smaller streams have furnished cheap power, and enabled us to compete successfully with the rest of the world, and to-day our valleys are dotted with little mills, producing everything from cotton cloth to electrical machinery, to say nothing of the great corporations which have built up our few large cities. But are we going to be able to retain this manufacturing? We have had the advantage of cheap power, while in the West and the South they have had largely to use steam; we have had the advantage of plenty of skilled labor, which the West and South lacked. We have had the advantage of capital which the West and South lacked. But what are to be the conditions of the future? The advantages of cheap water power are growing less yearly. Steam power, through the enlarged efficiency of engines and greater economy of fuel, is steadily becoming cheaper, and before long we shall be forced to compete with electricity produced in some inexpensive manner, and of that no one knows the possibilities. Skilled labor the West and South will gradually attract; and capital they are slowly accumulating, much faster than most of us are aware. If the egotism may be pardoned, there has been a steady emigration of New

England brains, skill and push into the West and South, and they are rearing a class of men as well able to direct great interests as our own manufacturers. Is it not possible that this source of our wealth may gradually diminish? I hope that the great growth of our country may furnish a market for all we can produce, as well as all that the many mills which my mind's eye can see in the great West and South of the future can turn out. But it is well to have an anchor to windward. Let us not have all our eggs in one basket. There is one thing which the West and the South cannot take from us, cannot imitate, and cannot build up, and that is our summer climate. They cannot take from us our cloud-capped mountains, the glory of our wooded hills, the loveliness of our winding valleys, and the beauty of our lakes and rivers. These we have as a birthright, a gift from God, the heritage of every New Hampshire man. Our manufacturing may pass away, our spindles may be silent, the whirr of our looms may cease, cobwebs may collect on the windows of our mills, the tramp of the countless operatives may no longer resound in our streets; but the mountains will still look grandly down upon the weary traveler, the shade of the forests will still invite him to repose, in our valleys he will still find a tonic for his mind, and our lakes will draw him from the struggle for wealth and existence to the contemplation of the greater problems of life.

But New Hampshire must awake to her possibilities. She has work to do. We must conserve, we must enhance, we must assist nature, which has so bounteously endowed us. How?

First, we must build good roads. Second, we must preserve our forests. Third, we must preserve our fish and game. Fourth, we must hold out the right hand of fellowship to the stranger within our gates.

The subject of good roads is as old as civilization. In fact, good roads represent civilization. Whenever the Romans conquered a barbaric people, their first work was to construct a magnificent road connecting the conquered country with Rome; and these roads were so well built that many of them exist to this day and are still in use. The condition of the roads in a town is a good index of the character and progressiveness, or lack of progressiveness, of its people. Our whole system of road building in New Hampshire is faulty. It is the old town system, which is fast being discarded in other states. The men whom we select at our town meetings are frequently incompetent, and generally have no knowledge of road building, beyond such few ideas as they have picked up in the hard school of experience. Experience may be a good teacher generally, but a narrow experience is not of much use in the scientific building of roads. A certain sum of money is appropriated for the year, and when that is exhausted, as it usually is at a very early date, the roads have to go as they are for the balance of the year. The system of working out taxes on the highway is a pernicious one. In the first place, the men are working under the orders, perhaps, of their next-door neighbor, who has no authority over them, and very likely they think they know more about the subject than he does. The work is done in a perfunctory manner, and generally at the wrong season of the year. Men won't work out their taxes on the road when they can do work of their own; but if they find a few days when the weather is not suitable for work on their own farms, they go and work out their highway tax. Let all taxes be paid in money. Let a road engineer be employed permanently, if possible, one who is competent to build roads and knows the proper use of materials. If it is not possible for the town to afford an engineer all the time, let it hire one for a few weeks in the summer and put its best local man under him for instruction. The right man

can accomplish more by a few weeks' work with proper laboring men under him and with the right materials, than the whole town turned out haphazard under incompetent instruction.

Merchants have not yet thoroughly awakened to the immense bearing on their business of the character of the roads leading into their town; neither have the farmers a clear idea of the saving in time, money, wear and tear, which would follow from thoroughly built highways, kept in good order the year round. Good roads shorten distances, bring the buyer and seller nearer together, bring the farmer nearer his market, give the children better chances for school, bring the women together for social pleasures, and in every way help to make life more livable and enjoyable.

It takes more ability, more technical knowledge, to build a good carriage road than to build a railroad. It is not something that one can dig out of one's inner consciousness — one must serve an apprenticeship to the trade. The best way to remedy the condition of things which we see in New Hampshire as concerns roads is by some such plan as is being tried in Massachusetts. In that state they have a State Road Commission of three men, appointed by the Governor, who are empowered by the Legislature to build a certain amount of state road each year, connecting important centres. The state bears most of the expense, but the municipalities through which the road passes bear part. These roads are built under the supervision of skilled engineers, and in the best and most substantial manner, great care being had to study local conditions, the uses to which the road is to be put, the kind of wear it will have to sustain, and the nature of the material with which it is constructed. Eventually Massachusetts will have a great system of scientifically constructed roads, for the Commissioners are carrying on their work in a systematic manner and with the idea of making each section fit into the great whole. This work serves two purposes: it creates a system of fine roads for the state, and these perfectly built highways serve as object lessons to the counties and towns through which they pass. The effect is already visible, for in many cases the towns have taken up the work where the state stopped, and have built miles of similar road at their own expense.

New Hampshire cannot spend money as Massachusetts can. We have to husband our resources. But we might have a State Road Commission, made up of a chief engineer, and an assistant in each county. The chief engineer must be a thoroughly competent road engineer, and should be the only man to receive a regular salary, which the state should pay. The representative from each county should be the best man for the purpose who can be found in the county, and should be paid for the time he spends in the work. This Commission could have regular meetings, map out a system of work, advise counties and towns as to the best places and methods for building their highways, hold themselves ready at all times to assist the local road surveyors, and, if a system of state roads or boulevards is ever undertaken, the Commission should have it in charge. The chief engineer would gradually instruct the county assistants, and they in turn the road surveyors, so that from one common centre the knowledge of road building would spread over the state. In most parts of New Hampshire there is abundant material at hand for good macadamized roads. It only needs trained men to instruct in its proper selection, preparation and application.

It is entirely within the range of possibility that in a not far distant future New Hampshire will undertake the building of state roads somewhat after the manner of her neighboring state. Already it has been proposed to build a state boulevard from the southern state line to the White

Mountains. Massachusetts is about to construct a state road from Boston northward, which will strike the Merrimac Valley near Newburyport. Undoubtedly Massachusetts would bring this road up to the New Hampshire line if New Hampshire undertook to carry it on. Starting from the state line, we could carry it up the valley of the Merrimac to Franklin, and on up the Pemigewasset Valley to the White Mountains. Farther in the future it might be extended to the left, down the valley of the Ammonoosuc, to its junction with the Connecticut, and as time went on, completed down that side of the state; or it might be swung to the right, through "The Notch," and follow the windings of the valley of the Saco through the State of Maine. We might have the co-operation of Maine and Vermont in this undertaking, and we might build a magnificent and comprehensive system of boulevards, with a definite aim and purpose, which would appeal to every lover of nature and outdoor life.

I would have this boulevard built in the most approved and enduring manner, with a bicycle path at one side for the wheelmen. At suitable intervals I would have picturesque and well-kept taverns, a treat to the eye as well as a comfort to the inner man. Connected with each tavern there should be a bicycle repair shop and a blacksmith's shop—the two could be combined. At every cross-road or branch road should be a guidepost, not only telling where the road leads to and the distances, but indicating the nearness of any place of interest. For instance:

MANCHESTER, 5 miles.

MELVIN'S POND, 2 miles. Boating and fishing and good campground.

BAKER'S HILL, 3 miles. Good hotel on summit—fine view.

Another good thing would be to have a rough map of the region painted on one side of the guideboard showing the location of important points and the roads leading to them. One cannot estimate the value which such a boulevard would be to the state, the number of people it would annually bring here, nor the amount of money these people would leave behind; this would run up into the millions.

Can any one fail to see and feel the attractiveness of such a scheme? We will imagine that you are the father of a family, that you are comfortably well off, and that you have, therefore, a pair of good roadsters and a family carriage. You are casting about for a pleasant vacation for your family. This great boulevard system is known to you. When at the breakfast table you propose to ride over it, every one will be delighted at the idea. Bags are packed, the trunk is strapped on behind, the sundry necessaries and conveniences are crowded into small compass, and, leaving business and care in the counting room, you devote yourself to a family outing. The comfortable carriage rolls smoothly on over the splendid roadbed. You stop to gather flowers by the wayside, or to water your horses at the watering troughs scattered along the road. Attracted by the inscriptions on some guidepost, you turn aside to visit some place of interest, or to test the hospitality of some hillside inn. At night you find a warm greeting at one of the model taverns along the road, you enjoy a good dinner, and you smoke your cigar, while the children frolic before the house, and your wife indulges in reminiscences with the other women on the piazza; and then you sleep the dreamless sleep of childhood. You live the life of the birds; you wander where your inclinations lead you; you have no plans; you linger by some brook or on the shore of a lake; you speed your horses over level stretches; you watch the moon down behind Mount Washington; and you are up to see the sun take its dip in Echo Lake. After two or three weeks of such a life you return, perhaps by the Connecticut Valley, perhaps by

the Saco, rested, rejuvenated, a new man.

Perhaps you are fortunate enough to be a man of large means, and can afford a four-in-hand and brake. In this case you invite your intimate friends, make up a congenial party, and with your traps inside and the box well stored, you bowl along the North Shore some fine morning, getting a whiff from the salt marshes, or the scent of clover from the fields. The changing scene, the exhilarating air, the music of the horses' feet, make life worth living. Four horses put the road rapidly behind one, and after what all agree to have been the most beautiful drive of their lives, you sweep up, we will say, to the broad front of the Profile House, with a clank of harness, a rattle of feet, and a blast from the footman's horn which fills the piazzas with curious guests. A warm welcome awaits you everywhere. You crack your whip under the nose of the Old Man of the Mountain; your wheels awake the echoes of the Glen; the merry shouts of your party are drowned by the roar of waters in the Flume; you speed along the hillsides, viewing the broad sweep of mountain summits, range on range; you plunge into the cold depths of forest shade. So the joy goes on, from sunlight to shadow, from mountain to valley; you view the world at its best. These things will New Hampshire do for you.

Or perhaps you are a young man or woman of very small means, living upon a meagre salary, with but a two weeks' vacation in the summer. Yet is all this enjoyment open to you, a little different in manner and degree, with less of the filigree and whipped cream: the real substance of it, the open fields, the towering mountains, the foaming waterfalls, the still, dark pools, the speckled trout, the beauties of the summer day, the glories of the summer night, all these are yours for the taking. Mount your bicycle, that greatest blessing of the nineteenth century; pack your little kit, send ahead such changes of clothing as you will need, choose a companion who has been tried and shares your moods, and, as you spring into the saddle, cast behind you "the cares that infest the day." Can you not see yourself skimming like a swallow along the perfectly-kept bicycle path? Can you not feel the spring of your muscles and the bubbling over of exuberant life? Can you not hear the bobolinks bursting their hearts with gladness, the thrush thrilling his liquid sunshine through the arches of the woods? Can you not smell the wild roses by the moss-covered walls, see the white pond-lilies tilting on the wayside ponds, see the quick summer shower come skurrying over the hilltops while you huddle close to the big pine, see the sun came bursting out, turning the drops on every leaf into flashing diamonds,—see yourself returning home at the end of your two weeks with muscles of steel, cheeks like cherries, a pulse as regular as an eight-day clock, and no nerves at all?

Such a boulevard appeals to all classes. It is the privilege of the rich, the right of the poor; and it would be appreciated and patronized. The road should be divided into sections, as a railroad is. Each section should have its caretaker, who should go over it frequently, keeping it in perfect condition, checking the first sign of wear. Suitable materials for repairing should be kept at proper intervals. It should be the duty of the State Commission to see that the trees and shrubs along the road are preserved and properly trimmed, and new trees should be set out.

This brings me to the subject of our forests. One of the chief glories of New Hampshire, one of the greatest attractions, is our forest-clad hills. Strip the trees away, leave the bare rocks, expose the barren soil, and you not only ruin the beauty of the scenery, you spoil our water power, and cause frequent and disastrous floods. Yet, with all warnings disregarded, the work of destruction goes on. The

portable sawmill is the curse of New Hampshire. Its shriek can be heard on every mountain side, in every glen. Wherever there is a little patch of timber to rest the weary eye, the lumber hunter pitches his slab hut, and the ruthless saw goes screaming through the noble pines. That agonizing sound always seems to me the cry of the dumb tree in its death agony. Nothing is left behind by the portable mill but unsightly stumps and huge heaps of sawdust, where once was the towering pine or the graceful fir. Law has not yet been made to reach the despoilers; sentiment does not appeal to them. What care they for scenery, or floods, or water power, or the future? "After us, the deluge!"

We have a State Forestry Commission. Its members meet and study the question; they resolve that it is all wrong, this destruction; they advise; but what can they do? They have no power. If the lumbermen, as they are obliged to do abroad, would only take such trees as are suitable for timber, leaving the young growth, or if they had to plant a tree for every one cut down, as they do in some countries, we might have hope. But the path cut by the lumberman is like that of a glacier. Nothing living is left; and after the lumberman usually follows a fire, which kills all hope of the regeneration by nature. Unless the State will spend a vast amount of money, the only thing to do seems to be to try and stir up a little patriotism or a little fear on the subject, to try to bring home to the lumbermen and other parties interested the absolute danger they are running, danger to their pockets. It would be well also to organize all over the state village and town improvement societies, and let them take up energetically, each in its own locality, the conservation of the trees and forests and the planting of new trees and forests. Let every town and city, too, begin to buy up the pretty little contiguous tracts of woodland for parks. Such tracts can be bought cheaply now. Personal work in these lines must be done by all who love nature and love their state.

The fish and game in New Hampshire are being well looked after and preserved. We have nine fish hatcheries, and our streams, under judicious laws, are being protected and stocked. Game is increasing, and in a few years the sportsman will find New Hampshire good hunting ground.

A word should be said to the keeper of the summer hotel and the summer boarding house. The average summer visitor is not in search of luxuries, and he does not want the pleasures of the city. He wants something unlike what he has the rest of the year. He does want a good bed in a neat room. He wants wholesome food, properly cooked and well served—well served, and not thrown at him by a slattern in a dirty dress, and on cracked, heavy crockery. Give him plain country fare, plenty of chicken *broiled*, plenty of fresh eggs, good butter, good bread, fresh vegetables out of your own garden, very little meat, unless you can get the best, which you probably can't; have it served by as pretty a girl, a farmer's daughter, as you can find, neatly and prettily dressed; and have your table immaculately white and clean—and don't forget a few flowers for it in the morning. Throw away your frying-pan; go bury it in the pasture twenty feet deep. Abjure pork, and never allow veal to enter your door. In fact, don't patronize the butcher much at all. Summer is the time for fish, fowl, game and vegetables, salads and fruit. Your boarders will bless you if you will remember it.

Make your place attractive; pull down old, rattletrap buildings; paint the barn; straighten the fence; put up a swing for the children; build a boat for the boys; lay in a stock of rods and lines; familiarize yourself with the points of interest in your region, so that you can tell your visitor where to go; trim your orchard and enrich it, so as to have plenty of early fruit;

put your lawn into proper condition; set out flowers; watch over your guests and anticipate their wants; put writing materials and time-tables in their rooms, and see that a pitcher of hot water is brought up in the morning; be polite. It is little attentions which make people contented and good-natured. Remember this, and you will have your reward.

There is hardly a section of New Hampshire which is not suitable for summer homes, and hardly a hillside or valley which does not now have its summer visitor. We have but a short stretch of sea coast, but what there is is beautiful indeed. There is no nobler harbor on the coast than Portsmouth harbor. The Piscataqua comes pouring down from the hill country into the deep estuary, giving ample water at all tides for any vessel afloat. All about it are quaint buildings, old fortifications with histories, and picturesque arms of the sea reaching back into the surrounding country. The tumble-down fishwharves, the dark old chandler shops, the gambrel-roofed warehouses, all have a fascination, all have a tale to tell. Across the bay from Portsmouth is the Navy Yard, where so many famous vessels of the old navy were launched, and sleepy old Kittery, which furnishes an attractive home to many in the summer months. On the Portsmouth side are ancient Newcastle, containing the home of Governor Wentworth and many other notable houses; and farther on Rye, with its well-kept roads, and Hampton, with its long stretch of hard beach and Boar's Head. The people along our seacoast might add much to the attractiveness of the region by building a sea drive along the coast from Portsmouth, through Newcastle, Rye and Hampton, to Newburyport. One reason why Rye and that immediate section have been so popular is that the roads have been kept in good condition,—which emphasizes what I have been saying in preceding pages. I often hear men say that the principal reason they go to Rye is that the roads are excellent. The region is attractive, but not more so than many others; the reason why so many men of wealth have been in the habit of going there with their carriages is largely the care given the highways.

A very beautiful region is that along the Piscataqua and around the shores of what is known as Great Bay. It is not much frequented by the tourist, but it is very picturesque, and has a flavor of the olden time, with its roomy mansions surrounded by ample grounds, its mammoth elms, its fruitful orchards, its quaint fish-houses, and its dories, rising and falling with the tide. This section will ere long receive more attention. Suppose you were to go up the shores of Great Bay and buy one of these old mansions, or an old farm with a sunny slope of meadow running down to the water; suppose you were to buy a steam or naphtha launch. There are great opportunities for pleasure with a launch or small steam yacht there. You can cover an immense range of water and see some very picturesque scenery. You have first the lovely expanse of water at your door; you can always run down to Portsmouth; or you can go up the Cocheco to Dover; or up the winding Bellamy, when the tide is right, to Sawyer's Mills; or up the Salmon River to Salmon Falls; or up through the meadows of the Berwick to the home of Sarah Orne Jewett; or you can meander through the salt marshes to historic Exeter. It is a great country for waterways, and holds out seductive allurements to the amateur yachtsman who does not care to venture far on the bounding main. One can almost think oneself in Holland at points in that section of New Hampshire.

In the southwestern corner of the state, clustering around old Monadnock, are aristocratic Dublin, East Jaffrey, Peterboro, Marlboro and Fitzwilliam, good old English names given them by the sturdy Englishmen

who first settled there. On those high uplands the summer winds are always cool and fresh; the hottest noonday heat is tempered. Over in the valley of the Ashuelot, which winds its way down to join its great brother, the Connecticut, we have another group. Keene, nestling like a lily of the valley under a snow bank, is one of the beauty spots of the state. You come upon it suddenly as you are driving through the hills, and you linger over the lovely view and wonder how anyone can ever wish to live elsewhere. A nearer acquaintance does not dispel the feeling. Its broad streets, its great trees, its substantial homes, make it one of the most attractive small cities of New England. Then there are Winchester, Hinsdale, Swanzey, the home of the only Josh Whitcomb, and Chesterfield, with its lovely lake and that wonderful panorama of the Green Mountains from the little village on the hill, all having their peculiar claims. Come with me for a drive. We will start from Keene and drive down through the valley of the Ashuelot. The little stream winds in and out between wooded hills, through fair meadows and over mossy stones, constantly bringing some new beauty to the view. This is a drive you want to be leisurely about. When you have sufficiently tasted the scenery along the Ashuelot you come to the bigger stream, and, turning to the right, swing into the beautiful valley of the Connecticut, with its broad intervales, its rich alluvial meadows, its substantial farmhouses, its hospitable summer homes. We make a brief halt, perhaps at enterprising, beautiful Brattleboro on the Vermont side; then we will view the Connecticut from the high plateau on which Walpole rests quietly; we will drive through Charlestown's broad street, enclosed with elms and ancestral homes; and we will rest for a day in Claremont, one of the fairest of New Hampshire towns, where a tasteful inn opens its welcoming doors. From Claremont we will make a side excursion to Newport, an attractive little town snuggling among the hills; and near by we shall have the pleasure of a drive through Austin Corbin's game preserve, where we shall see more kinds of game than we supposed existed in all America. Not far from Newport, too, is Lake Sunapee, curling itself gracefully among the islands and projecting points, a very fairyland, and an excellent spot for the fisherman and the sportsman. Going back to Claremont and continuing up the smiling valley of the Connecticut, with its orchards, its cornfields and its tobacco plants waving their broad leaves in the wind, we come to Windsor (on the other side of the river, like Brattleboro,), a place with many stately summer homes. Passing through Meriden and Lebanon, we come to Hanover, the seat of Dartmouth College. A day here will not be ill spent, viewing the buildings, old and new, and drawing in a breath of the life scholastic. Then on to historic Haverhill, which lies in peaceful loveliness between the bends of the great river. Arriving at Wells River, we will turn to the right again and follow the Ammonoosuc, so long the home of the Indian, through those well-kept, well-to-do villages of Bath and Lisbon, stopping for a day or two at Littleton, from which centre there are many drives which well repay the traveler. In fact, Littleton is one of the best centres to drive from in making a carriage tour of the mountains. From Littleton it is but a step to the heart of the mountains.

The great White Mountain region, with its lofty summits, its sky-piercing crags, its masses of primeval forest, its streams and falls and lakes and ponds, is of course our chiefest treasure; but one should approach it slowly and humbly, in the way that I have described, the gentler beauties of the lowlands being a fitting preparation for the grandeurs of that inspiring chain of peaks.

In the extreme northern section of the state, away beyond the mountains,

there is almost a virgin section of country, at least almost unknown to most people, and it is well worth visiting—a delightful region in which to spend the midsummer. Up there in the north are Lancaster, which many think one of the most delightful places in New Hampshire; Colebrook, Berlin and Stewartstown, surrounded by beautiful scenery, lying in fertile valleys, and having a cultivated, prosperous, hospitable people. All through this region there is good fishing and hunting; and it has the especial attraction to many of being out of the beaten track. Nowhere can you find lovelier lakes than the Connecticut Lakes, the source of the noble river; and there are Diamond Ponds and many other little ponds and streams. By driving up the valley of the Androscoggin from Berlin, about fourteen miles, through a wild and deeply-wooded region, you come to Errol Dam, the lower end of the Rangeley Lake system, so well known to sportsmen.

On the eastern side of the state the Conway meadows make a picture unrivaled, and draw their thousands every summer; while Ossipee, with its fair lake, has many admirers. Chocorua, which so many poets have sung about, and which the lamented Frank Bolles loved so deeply, dominates as beautiful a region as there is in all New England. When we reach Wolfboro we are in the lake region. Winnepesaukee lies before us, twinkling in the sun, its hundreds of wooded isles like great emeralds in a setting of silver. Here is rest, here is pleasure, here is sport, here is health. No island is just like any other; no cove resembles its neighbor; every rod you sail opens up new views and new delights. Here nature is at its best, and man can only love and admire.

I have entirely neglected the large, strong cities and towns of the centre of the state. They speak for themselves, with their wealth, their prosperity, their whirring wheels. I am in these pages getting as near as possible to nature, and leaving the works of man as far out of the count as I can.

Sons and daughters of New Hampshire, wherever you are listen to the call of the old Granite State! Come back, come back! Do you not hear the call? What has become of the old home where you were born? Is it still in your family? If not, why not? Why do you not go and buy it this summer? Is there any spot more sacred to you than the place where you were born? No matter how far you have wandered, no matter how prosperous you have been, no matter what luxurious surroundings you now have, there is no place quite like the place of your nativity. The memories of childhood, the friendships of youth, the love of father and mother cling about it and make it sacred. Do you not remember it—the old farm back among the hills, with its rambling buildings, its well-sweep casting its long shadows, the row of stiff poplar trees, the lilacs and the willows? I wish that in the ear of every son and daughter of New Hampshire, in the summer days, might be heard whispered the persuasive words: Come back, come back!

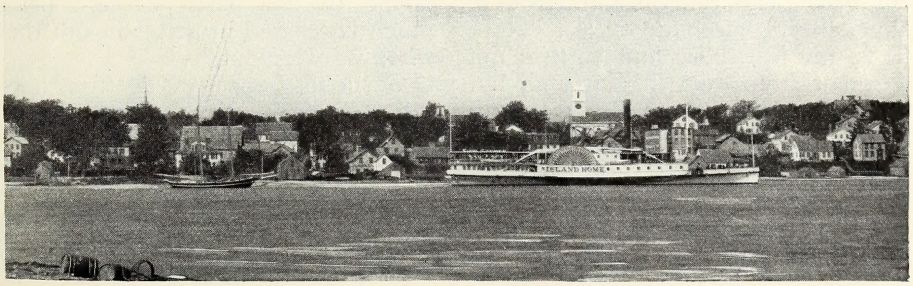
Martha's Vineyard.



By William A. Mowry.

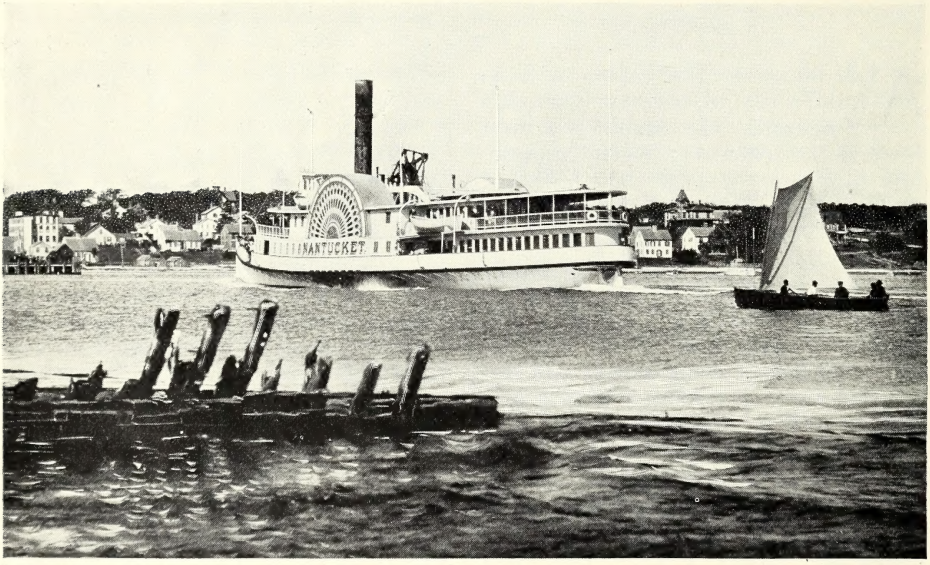
ALL honor to Bartholomew Gosnold. He discovered Martha's Vineyard. He made the first English settlement in New England. His foot first pressed the shores of Maine. He, first of all Englishmen, traversed the sands of Cape Cod. He and his twenty men first sailed along the southern shores of Nantucket and Martha's Vineyard. On the 21st of May, 1602, he anchored his little vessel and went ashore on No-Man's-Land. He named it Martha's Vineyard, but afterwards transferred the name to the larger island north of it. On May 24th, he sailed past Gay Head, and from its resemblance to the cliffs of Old Dover, England, he called it "Dover Cliff." The next day, Gosnold sailed across the entrance of Vineyard Sound and came to anchor at a "rocky ilet." This little island he named Elizabeth Isle, in honor of his queen. Subsequently he named the entire line of islands the Elizabeth Islands. Beginning upon the west, the eight largest islands bear the euphonious names of Cuttyhunk, Penikese, Nashawena, Pasque, Naushon (the largest), Weepecket, Uncatena, Nonamesset.

At Cuttyhunk, which Gosnold called Elizabeth Isle, he made the first settlement of Englishmen in New England. Here he built a house and a fort, intending to remain there with "eleven men who promised to tarry with him" and establish a permanent plantation. From this point Gosnold made several visits to the adjacent islands and to the mainland. He first of all sailed through that wonderful Vineyard Sound, through which strait at the present time more vessels pass in one year than through any other channel of water in the whole



VINEYARD HAVEN.

world, excepting only from the Straits of Dover to London. As Gosnold visited these islands and the mainland, as he looked out upon the great forests of "beeches and cedars," as he saw large tracts of "low, bushy trees, three or four feet in height, which bear some kind of fruit as appears by their blossoms," as he saw quantities of "strawberries, as sweet and much bigger than ours in England, raspberries, gooseberries, whortleberries, and such an incredible store of vines, as well in the woody part of the island, where they run upon every tree, as on



the outward parts," and again when he looked out upon an island "full of high-timbered oaks, their leaves twice as broad as ours, cedars straight and tall, beech, elm, holly, walnut trees in abundance, hazelnut trees, cherry trees, the leaf, bark and bigness not different from ours in England; but the stalk beareth the blossom or fruit at the end thereof like a cluster of grapes, forty or fifty in a bunch, sassafras trees, great plenty all the island over, a tree of high price and profit, also divers other fruit trees, some of them with strange barks of an orange color, in feeling soft and smooth like velvet,"—we may well believe that Gosnold attributed to these islands such appellations as "fair fields," "fertile meadows," "stately groves," "pleasant brooks," "beauteous rivers" and "fragrant flowers."

Three weeks Gosnold and his men spent in erecting his house and fort. Many disputes and controversies arose, however, until it was decided that they should abandon their enterprise and return to England. They left the island with "many true, sorrowful eyes," and after a short passage of only five weeks they came to anchor before Exmouth, "all being in good health, having had no sickness in their company during their entire voyage, but on the contrary," as the scribe of the party wrote, "being much fatter and in better health than when we went out."

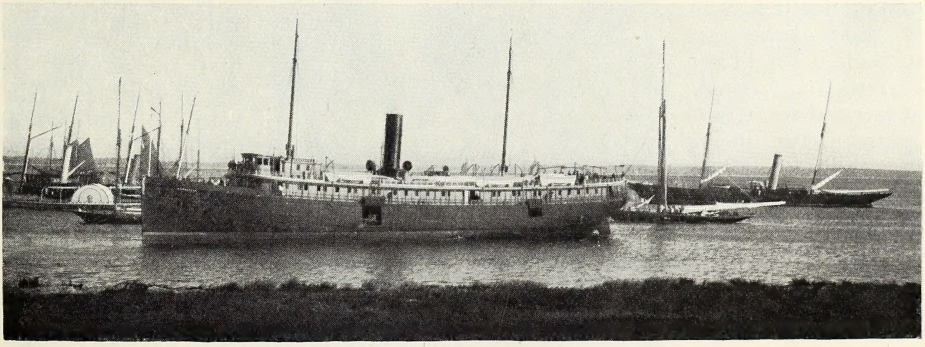
Gosnold's house was the first habitation built by the English on the shores of New England. One cannot sail through that famous Vineyard Sound or ramble upon the shores of Martha's Vineyard, either at Old Town or Great Harbor (Edgartown), New Town (West Tisbury) or Dover Cliff (Gay Head), without one's



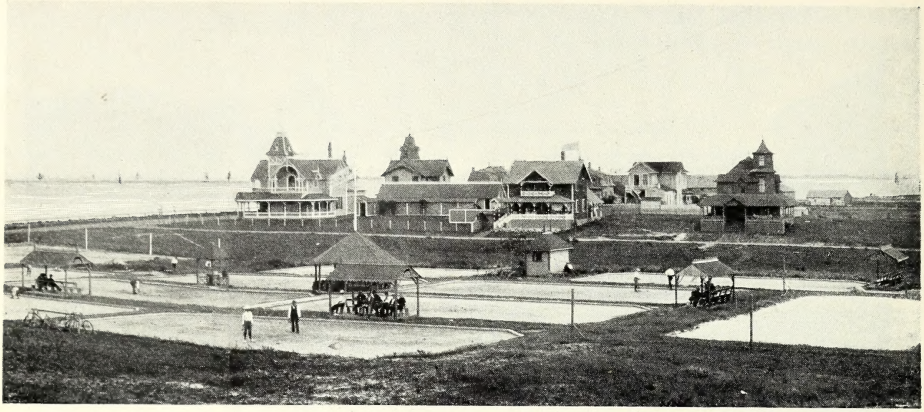
IN COTTAGE CITY.

thought running back to the time of Gosnold and the Indians and this first attempted settlement upon these shores. At first the Vineyard, Nantucket and the Elizabeth Island were not included in any of the colonial governments of New England. Under a grant from the king, William, Earl of Sterling, claimed all the islands between Cape Cod and the Hudson River. His agent, James Forcett, as early as 1641, granted to Thomas Mayhew and his son Thomas, of Watertown, all these islands, the Elizabeth Islands, the Vineyard and Nantucket, with the same powers of government which the people of Massachusetts received from their charter.

The first settlement in Martha's Vineyard was made in 1642 by Thomas Mayhew, the son, and a few persons with him, who established themselves at Edgartown. For a long time this place was called Old Town. The father soon after came to the settlement and became the governor of the colony. In 1644, however, these islands were annexed to the jurisdiction of Massachusetts, probably at the request of the inhabitants. Twenty years later, they came under the control of New York, and while connected with that colony were formed into a county. Martha's Vineyard has ever since remained as Duke's County. The charter of Massachusetts from William and Mary, which reached New England in 1692, reconveyed these islands



STEAMERS AT COTTAGE CITY.

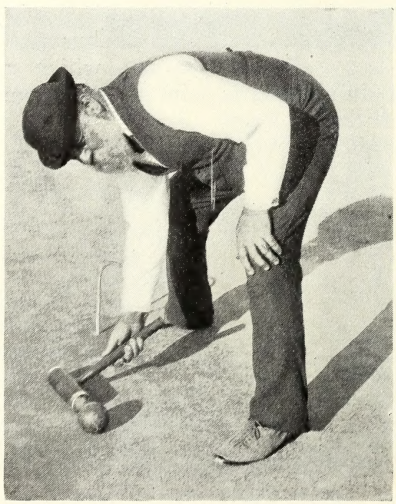


CROQUET AND TENNIS COURTS AT COTTAGE CITY.

from New York to Massachusetts. In 1695 Nantucket became a county by itself.

Thomas Mayhew was the progenitor of a large family, some of whom are still found among the residents of Martha's Vineyard. Thomas Mayhew, Jr., became a minister, pastor of the church here established, and missionary to the Indians. Through his instrumentality, "many of the natives were induced to embrace the Christian faith."

At the time of the first settlement upon this island, at Great Harbor, as it was then called, the Indians were very numerous. The original settlement was half a mile or more south of the present courthouse. The spot where the village of Edgartown stands to-day was at that time an ancient Indian burying ground. In later years, when cellars have been dug, human bones were found in great quantities. Occasionally the skeleton of a giant would be exhumed. In one case, a huge jawbone of a man was dug out from the ground, larger than that of any man at the present time, so large that it could be placed against the face of an ordinary man and entirely surround his jaw. Directly south of the village, in early times, was what was termed a "kitchen midden." This term signifies a shell heap, a dumping ground. It had a rich black mold two feet deep, in which were found deer's horns and various specimens of shells, some of which seem to be of species extinct at the present day. This "kitchen midden" certainly indicates that the Indians had had a settlement there for ages. The ancient Indians of Martha's Vineyard were a hospitable race and more friendly and peaceful than those upon the mainland.

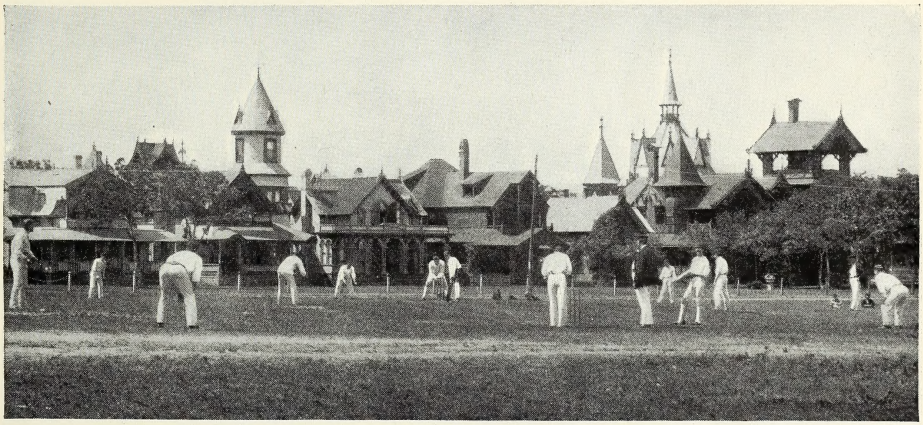


Rev. Thomas Mayhew was the first missionary to the aborigines. His labors antedated those of the Apostle Eliot. After his death his father assumed the work, and a few years later his son, and this laudable missionary enterprise to the Indians was

carried on by some member of the family till the beginning of the present century. In the early days of the settlement, nearly all the Indians upon the island became professed Christians. They were formed into a church in 1659, and another Indian church was established in 1670. Full-blooded Indians lived in this locality as late as the early part of the present century, but none can be found to-day on the island. The last one of the pure bloods was Simon Johnson, a deacon in the Baptist Church at Gay Head, who died about twenty-five years ago.

At the time of King Philip's War, all the Indians upon the mainland were confederated against the English; but Mayhew had such confidence in his Indians that he employed them as a guard for the island, furnished them with ammunition, instructed them in military tactics and in rules for the safety of the people should the danger become imminent. These converted Indians proved reliable, so that the terrible storm which raged within Massachusetts and Rhode Island was entirely averted from these islands. The islanders escaped all harm during the sanguinary struggle.

In the Revolutionary War they were not so fortunate. Nantucket and Martha's Vineyard suffered severely from the invasion of the British, who were as cruel and brutal here as upon the coast of Connecticut and Rhode Island. Subsequent to the Revolution the islanders turned their attention to the whale fishery, which in due time came to be the source of the principal wealth of the island. Both Nantucket and Martha's Vineyard at first carried on whale fishery after the most primitive style, pursuing these monsters of the deep in row-boats from the shore. Even in this fashion they found the business profitable. A little later small vessels were fitted out for the whale fishery, which in turn were successful in bringing wealth to the hardy islanders. In due time Edgartown and Nantucket vied with New Bedford for the prize of leadership in this hazardous industry. Large ships were built, manned and commanded by hardy sons of Martha's Vineyard, and these vessels sailed every sea where whales were known to exist, in both latitudes, from the equator to the Arctic and Antarctic icebergs. Many a man is now living on Martha's Vineyard who in his younger days followed the seas and threw a harpoon. How often have I sat hour after hour and listened to the tales of their adventurous exploits. Here is a story which one of



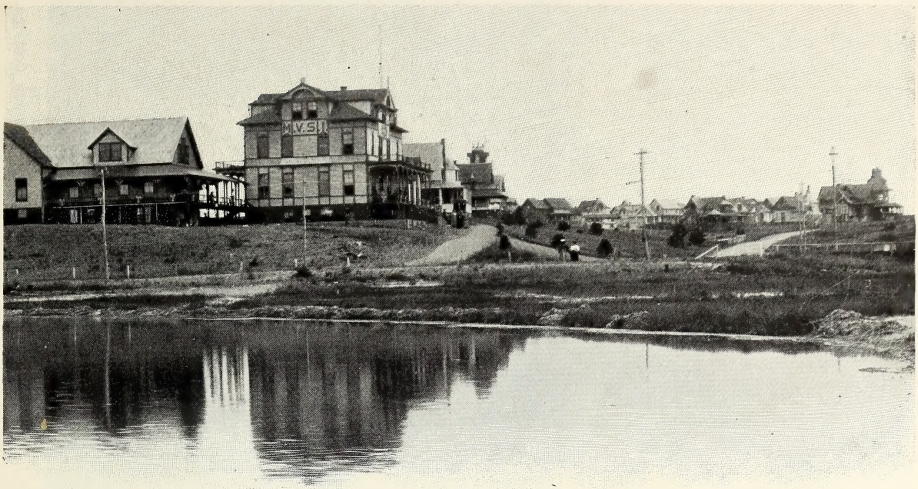
COTTAGES AT COTTAGE CITY.

these men told me only a few weeks ago:

"How long did I follow the seas? Well, something over thirty year. Whaling all that time? Oh, no, I was on a whaler the first part of the time, but in a merchantman the latter part. I first went to sea when I was a youngster, fifty year ago. I've never bunked in the fo'c's'le. I went out as cabin-boy at first, and I've been in the cabin ever since. I've held various positions as ship's officer. Where have I sailed? Well, in all



latitudes pretty much, and all longitudes. I've been around the world again and again. I've been whaling up on the Northwest coast beyond Bering Straits; I've found them in the Ar'tic and in the Antar'tic. When I was on a merchantman at one time I went all through the Malay Islands. They told us we mus'n't go ashore, any of us, for the natives were hostile. We went ashore just the same. All you had to do was to carry a couple of yards of calico for an apun, or a cheap pocket-knife, or a dirk, or a string of beads,—and jest you give that to the rajah and no man in the village would dare to touch you. All you got to do is to get on the right side of the guv'nor and you're all right. Then I've been all round Australia and New Zealand. But I've had a good time over and over again at Norfolk Island. One time we anchored there, and some of us fellows attempted to go ashore in a row-boat. It's pretty bad making a landing. The surf ran high and we were laboring hard at the oars when I see a native swing off into the water and swim for the boat. He got to us and we pulled him in. He says: 'Here, you fellows, give me the steering oar, and I'll land you.' So we gave him the steering oar, and he says: 'Now, you do jest as I tell you'; and we watched until by and by he sung out: 'Now, all pull for your lives'; and we pulled, just as a big wave struck us and pushed us away up on to the sand. Before the wave could carry us back, a dozen men seized hold of the boat and pulled her ashore. Well, we were lying round there on the dock, when one of the natives came



MARTHA'S VINEYARD SUMMER INSTITUTE.

up to me and says: 'I know who you are, you're Bowers from Nantucket or Martha's Vineyard, United States.' He called my name right out, and he called it straight too. Well, I looked at him and I said: 'Where did you ever see me?' 'I never saw you before.' 'How did you know who I was then?—for you've told it right.' 'Well, you come up to the house, and I'll tell you.' So I started off with him, and we went about a mile through the woods, by a little narrow crooked path, thick bush on either side, so that we couldn't see ten feet ahead of us. We got up to the house, a large square house with big rooms. Then he brought out a photograph and showed me. Well, sure's you live, that was a photograph of my friend Mather and myself taken together. Now Mather was an old messmate of mine, and one time in a foreign port we had this picture taken. And I said: 'Well, well, how did you come by that?' 'Oh, Mather gave that to me; he told me all about you; he thought the world of you. And if you are Mather's friend you are my friend.' And then he took me upstairs and showed me a good nice room with a fine bed and everything well furnished, and says: 'There,



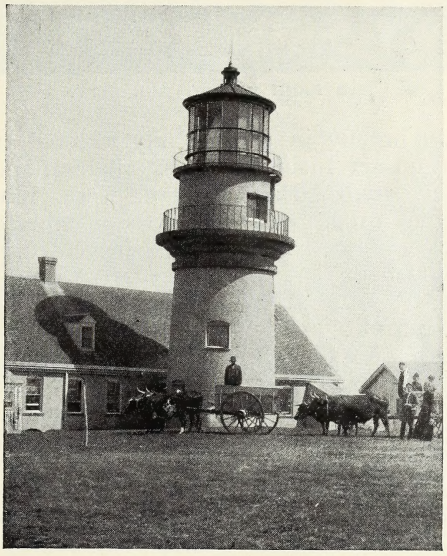
STUDENTS AT THE INSTITUTE.



GAY HEAD.

Photograph by Baldwin Coolidge.

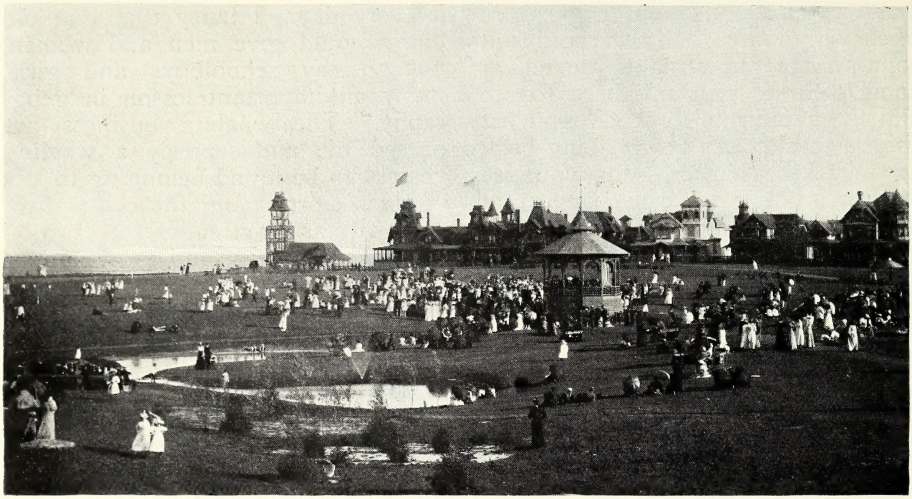
that's your room. You come here whenever you like, and this room is at your service; now make yourself at home.' So I went up there to see him frequently, and one day,—what do you think? As I was going back down to the harbor,—for you see there was but one real harbor to that island, and that was Sydney Bay,—going back to that harbor, right in the middle of the woods, in that little, narrow, crooked path, I come right up face to face with a man I knew. He was from the Vineyard, and we both stopped and stood there and looked at each other. And if that wasn't strange;—in that little, narrow, crooked path, there I met my old shipmate, Tyler, that I hadn't seen for years and years! Well, I guess 'twas two minutes before either of us spoke, and then Tyler says: 'Well, old shipmate, what are you doing here?' And I said, 'Well, old shipmate, what are *you* doing here?' And then we both said, 'I am glad to see you,' and shook hands and laughed and had a good time. Well, when you meet an old friend and countryman away off at the ends of the earth like that, under such circumstances, you have a good many questions to ask him, and when he answers them all he pays you back by asking just as many more."



GAY HEAD LIGHTHOUSE.

I tell this because it is representative of the lives and experiences of many of the men still living in Martha's Vineyard. This man is a most intelligent man, proud of his voyages. He kept a diary, writing in it every day. I fancy that that old diary would give men and women, not to say schoolboys and girls, many an important lesson in geography. The whaling business has passed by, and scarcely a whaling vessel can be found belonging to any of those ports along the coast. Edgartown has very few vessels traversing the high seas, and those mostly fishing smacks.

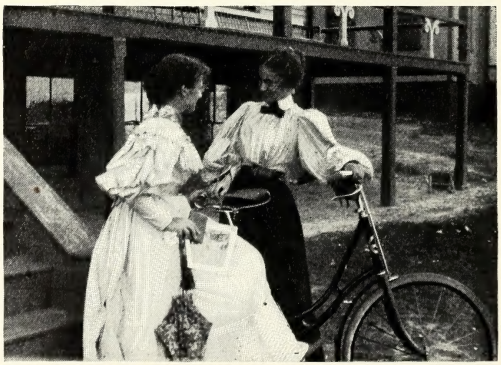
The Martha's Vineyard of to-day is very different from the Martha's Vineyard of the early time. Oldtown is a quiet summer watering place. Newtown or West Tisbury comprises a community of farms. Gay Head, with its famous lighthouse near the spot where the *Columbus* was wrecked, has its few half-breed Indians and its wonderful Dover Cliffs of colored clay. Chilmark is the largest of the five townships, with a variety of interests, and it includes Vineyard Haven and West Chop. But Cottage City surpasses all in population and as a summer resort. The chief interest in the island to-day is found in its great attractions for summer residents. Its growth in this respect has been phenomenal. This beautiful island has charms for all sorts of visitors. The naturalist finds here specimens of vegetable and animal life which are either rare or unknown in other parts of the world. Although the island as a whole is composed of sand, the great variety which nature shows in vegetation is little less than marvelous. Professor Burgess, who has



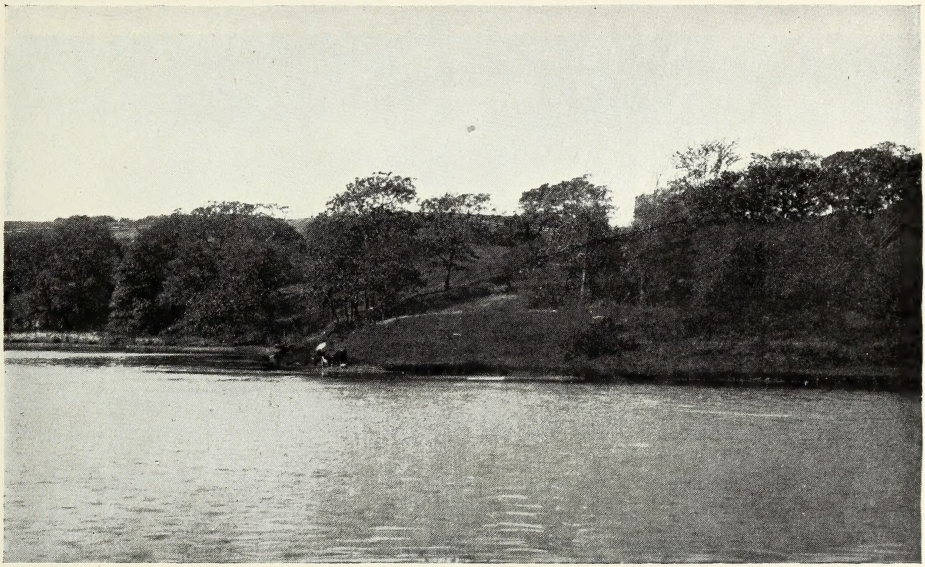
THE PARK AT COTTAGE CITY.

taught the classes in botany in the Martha's Vineyard Summer Institute for fourteen years, has analyzed and classified over seven hundred species of plant life found upon the island. The algæ show almost an infinite variety of exquisite beauty. "Here are ribbons, green, purple, orange, crimson, red; and here are ruffles and laces of richer hue and more delicate tracery than any that grace the robe of a queen."

The climate during the summer months makes Martha's Vineyard most attractive and restful. The eastern end of the island has now become one large watering place, with summer visitors from various parts of the country. The causes which have brought this about are worth noticing. First of all should be mentioned the Methodist Camp-meeting. In August, 1835, in a beautiful secluded grove of oak trees, a few far-seeing Methodists held a camp-meeting. The experiment was repeated the next year; and out of that humble beginning important results have grown. Those early camp-meetings were primitive and unique. The worshipers stretched a large tent for the meeting, and each family erected a rude tent for its own habitation. The first year there were nine of these tents; but soon the number in attendance increased, until the Martha's Vineyard camp-meeting became the largest of the kind in the country. Cottages soon took the place of tents, —at first cottages of humble proportions and so huddled together as to occupy but small space; later men of wealth from various parts of the country, particularly from New York, built large cottages and laid out beautiful grounds. In due time an association was formed and incorporated, which now owns the large tract called the Camp Grounds, with its hundreds of cottages and its great iron taber-



nacle for the camp-meetings and worship on Sundays through the season. This tabernacle is located in the centre of a circular ground finely laid out with trees and shrubbery, grass plots and concrete walks. It will seat five thousand people, and has the finest acoustic properties. Within the camp grounds everything is kept in the most excellent order, with due regard to beauty, health and comfort. In the old times, forty years ago, when tents predominated and cottages were scarce, at camp-meeting time the tents of all kinds and sizes numbered two hundred and fifty, one year three hundred and twenty. To-day the tent is a rarity, but within the limits of the town of Cottage City there are eleven hundred cottages of all sorts, sizes and dimensions.



WHERE COTTAGE CITY GETS ITS WATER.

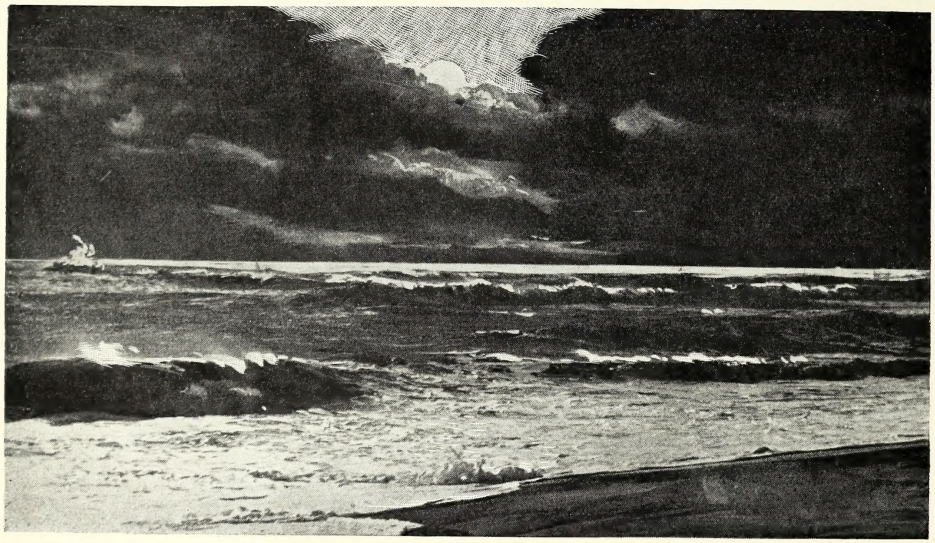
Just across Lake Anthony from the camp grounds are the Highlands, a beautiful location and admirably adapted for attractive summer residences. Here some gentlemen purchased two hundred acres or more of land, and were incorporated in 1870 as the Vineyard Grove Company. They laid out the land artistically, with house lots and ample parks and drives, and the place is now known as the Vineyard Highlands. From the high bluffs on these Highlands are charming views of the sound, the constant line of sailing vessels, the steamers arriving and departing, the shores of the mainland opposite, Lake Anthony, the camp gronuds, and Oak Bluffs. Within the lands of this Vineyard Grove Company, in 1875, the Baptists established a camp-meeting, and in a beautiful grove of oak trees they erected the Baptist Temple, a fine circular building with open sides, where religious services are held on Sundays in summer, and camp-meeting or, as they call it, "Religious Gathering," annually, in the month of August.

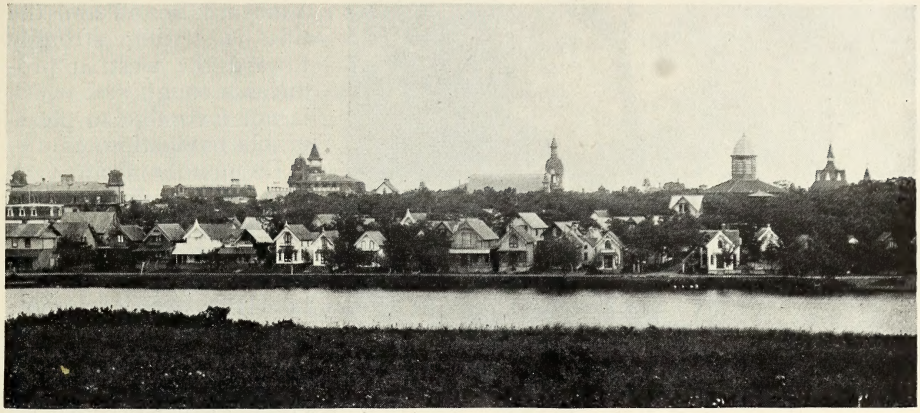
Cottage City is admirably located for a summer watering place. On the one side are Oak Bluffs and the Camp Grounds, with the Oak Bluffs wharf; and on the other side are the Vineyard Highlands and the Highland wharf. Lake Anthony, a beautiful sheet of water, lies between, with Sunset Lake farther to the west. This is a charming sheet of fresh

water emptying into the salt water at the Causeway, which is the town road from one side to the other.

Lying as it does out in the Atlantic Ocean, Martha's Vineyard enjoys sea breezes every day and at all hours. No matter which way the wind is, it blows from across the sea. The temperature during all the summer months averages about ten degrees lower than upon the mainland. Cottage City is supplied with pure water of the best quality from an inland lake. The soil is sandy, and the surface is so undulating that drainage is of the very best. As to the healthfulness of the island, it has been said that a physician could not find sufficient support unless he was at the same time a surgeon. An aged Methodist minister told the writer that, during a year and a half of his pastorate at Edgartown, he attended the funerals of eleven members of the church, only one of whom was under seventy years of age; and during one year's pastorate at Vineyard Haven, he buried seven members of the church, whose combined ages made five hundred and fifty years. Thirty-four per cent of the population reach the age of sixty years, and more persons die between the ages of eighty and ninety than between seventy and eighty.

Cottage City has a permanent population of more than one thousand; and sometimes, during the height of the season, the summer residents number twenty-five thousand. It has two excellent beaches, with hundreds of bathing houses, and the bathing is the most delightful on the entire Atlantic coast. The water is from fifteen to twenty degrees warmer than at Nantasket Beach, and the tide ebbs and flows only about two feet, so that bathing is good at any hour of the day. The beaches are perfectly safe, free from dangerous surf and undertow. It is no unusual sight to see five hundred persons bathing at one beach at one time. The streets and sidewalks of the entire village are concreted, the place having between thirty and forty miles of concrete pavement. It is therefore the paradise of bicyclists. The L. A. W. has for many years held its annual meet here. At Martha's Vineyard, too, the New York Yacht Club has headquarters; and every summer, in August, the yacht race presents one of the most beautiful sights to be found anywhere.



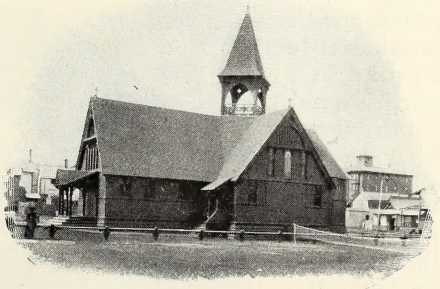


SUNSET LAKE.

The old nautical proverb, "If you are in a safe harbor, do not put to sea in a storm," has its counterpart at Martha's Vineyard: "If you are at sea in a storm, put into the nearest safe harbor." Vineyard Haven and Edgartown Bay furnish safe harbors to thousands of vessels in time of storm. It is no unusual thing, during the summer, to see in Vineyard Haven one hundred, two hundred, or even three hundred vessels of various kinds at anchor. When the storm is over and these vessels have weighed anchor, you may sometimes see a hundred or a hundred and fifty of them starting out in a straight line, in the direction of Nantucket, to sail around Cape Cod to various eastern ports. The entire coastwise commerce of America, sailing between any port northeast of Martha's Vineyard and any port to the westward and southward, passes through Vineyard Sound. Trans-atlantic craft sail outside, but every coasting vessel passes directly by Cottage City, between it and the mainland, and within five miles. The number of vessels passing here is estimated to exceed fifty thousand annually.

As already stated, Vineyard Haven Bay furnishes the very best anchorage ground for vessels. This has occasioned the building up of the very beautiful village of Vineyard Haven, which has many quaint and interesting features. The village is nestled cosily around the harbor, and the houses are built upon a declivity in quaint and picturesque style. Here is located a marine hospital and a "sailors' snug harbor." A mile or two eastward from Vineyard Haven is West Chop, with its lighthouse and fog horn. A few Boston men have lately purchased land at this point and built fine cottages, making in the summer a pleasant community of intelligent people.

Three miles south of Edgartown is Katama and the South Beach, connected with Edgartown and Cottage City by a railroad. The south beach is noted for its surf, especially after a southerly storm. On the



THE EPISCOPAL CHAPEL.



BEECH GROVE SPRING.

north and east coasts the surf seldom runs high; but the south coast, with its shallow water, furnishes the very best conditions for high running surf. Katama Bay separates Martha's Vineyard from the island of Chappaquiddeck, which is easily reached by boats from Edgartown, and which has an interesting life of its own.

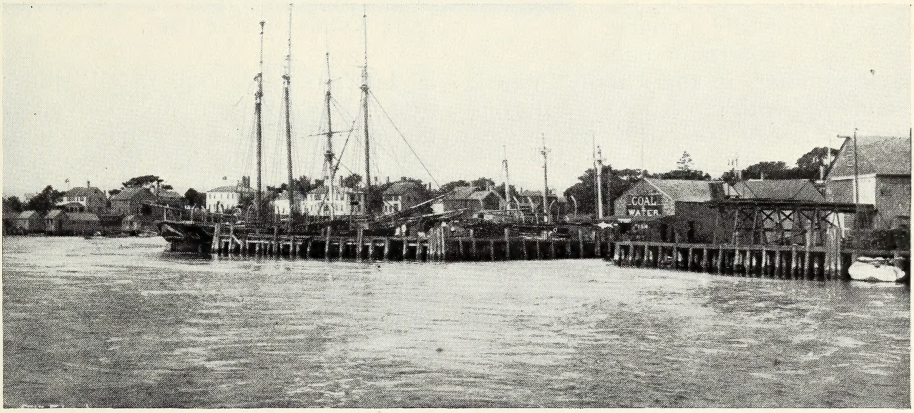
The entire island of Martha's Vineyard, as well as Nantucket, is of peculiar formation. The whole southern coast has a line of salt lakes, and the shore is very shoal. There can therefore be no harbors on the south side of Martha's Vineyard or of Nantucket, and vessels are obliged to keep off a long distance from the land. The tides, too, on the eastern end of Martha's Vineyard have some peculiarities; they flow east and west; they also run with considerable rapidity north and south along the coast past Cottage City. When the wind blows fresh from the west sweeping through Vineyard Sound and the tide is setting strongly toward the west, it produces a rough sea, which is not favorable to pleasurable navigation.

Excursions from Cottage City during the summer months are numerous and delightful. Hundreds of people take the trip from Cottage City to the quaint old town of Nantucket. Short excursions are frequent from Cottage City to Wood's Holl, where is located the station of the United States Fish Commission. A visit to this establishment is of great interest. Weekly excursions are made during the season from Cottage City to Gay Head. This is a delightful trip of twenty-five miles, covering the entire length of Vineyard Sound between Martha's Vineyard and the Elizabeth Islands. Gay Head is famous for its lighthouse and its clay cliffs. The lighthouse is one of the most important on the entire Atlantic coast. It is a light of the first order. There are less than half a dozen lights of this order on the entire Atlantic coast. There are four lighthouses on the island—at Gay Head, at West Chop, at East Chop and at Cape Poge. The famous cliffs, which have made Gay Head known



MARTHA'S VINEYARD CEDARS.

the world over, constitute a long, high bluff, running down to the sea. This bluff is about a hundred feet in height. The cliff is composed of red, yellow, blue, indigo, black and white clay. Pottery is made from this clay, with its variegated colors, which is sold to the summer visitors and carried all over the country as souvenirs of the island. Tisbury and West Tisbury comprise the central part of the island. Here the soil, which at Cottage City and at Edgartown is light and sandy, is heavy and strong, well adapted to good crops. Much of this part of the island is well wooded with pines and



EDGARTOWN.

oaks once large, but now of inferior size. Indeed all the trees upon this and the neighboring islands are smaller than formerly. It is customary to cut off the whole growth from the woodlands once in about thirty years.

Cottage City was set off as a township about seventeen years ago. The place is just what the name indicates. With a small winter population and a very large number of summer residents, most of whom live in small cottages nestled close together, the place really makes a city of cottages. Circuit Avenue is the principal business street. Here are stores and shops of all kinds, markets for meats and vegetables, grocery and dry-goods stores, shops for books, stationery, periodicals, shells, trinkets, island souvenirs and bric-a-brac, and photograph galleries. The place is lighted by gas and electricity. Street railroads carry passengers to various points of interest in the town and also to Vineyard Haven. The Board of Trade is vigorous and efficient. Here is a Grand Army post, a public library, telegraph and express offices, and a post office. Four steamboats daily transport the mail, passengers and freight to and from the island. These boats run to New Bedford, Woods Holl and Nantucket. The town maintains good schools and an efficient fire department.

At Vineyard Highlands is located the Martha's Vineyard Summer Institute. This school was first opened in the summer of 1878, with about seventy-five students and Col. Homer B. Sprague as president. It was incorporated in 1880. The present large building, called, in honor of the distinguished naturalist who established the first summer school in this country upon the neighboring island of Penikese, Agassiz Hall, was built and first occupied in 1882. Colonel Sprague had at that time been succeeded in the presidency of the Institute by Prof. William J. Rolfe, the well-known Shakespearian critic. He

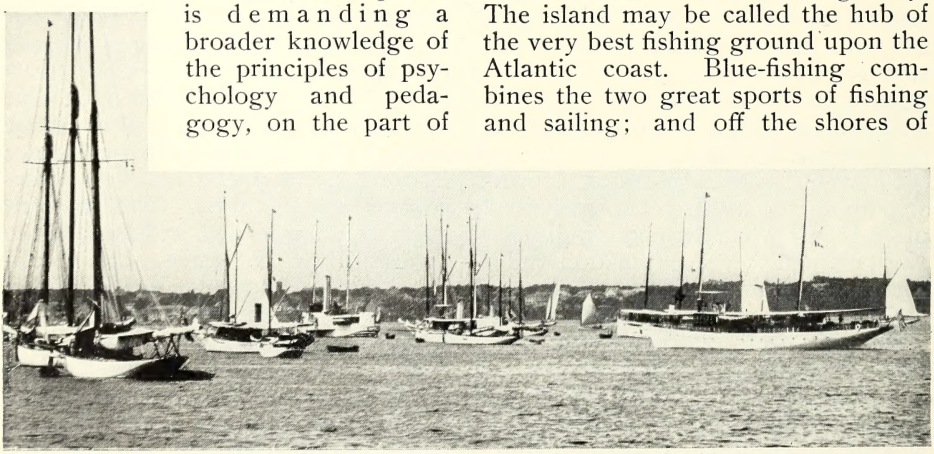
served from 1882 to 1887, when the present executive board was elected. The high standing and public appreciation of the school are shown by the increase in attendance. In 1878, seventy-five pupils were present; in 1887, one hundred and fifty; in 1894, '5 and '6, the number was over seven hundred. There are over forty instructors, who are specialists in their several departments. The Institute provides for its members and for the citizens generally a course of fine entertainments each summer, in the Union Chapel. Connected with the school is a dormitory and a café for the better accommodation of its members.



THE WATERSPOUT OF 1896.

No country in the world has made more rapid progress in the education of the masses than America. No subject to-day receives a wider attention, a more patient hearing or a more earnest interest than the question of education. In no direction has greater advance been made during the last twenty years than in the new methods of instruction among the teachers in American schoolhouses. The American public is demanding a broader knowledge of the principles of psychology and pedagogy, on the part of all teachers in schools of all grades, from kindergarten to university. the elevation of the public school-such as this at Martha's Vineyard for the elevation of the public school teachers of the country.

Martha's Vineyard stands in the forefront among summer resorts along the Atlantic coast, for boating and fishing and bathing. There is hardly a yacht upon the Atlantic coast which does not know the pleasure of a visit to the Vineyard. Every yachtsman, in planning for his summer cruise, takes pains to arrange an occasional run ashore at Cottage City. The island may be called the hub of the very best fishing ground upon the Atlantic coast. Blue-fishing combines the two great sports of fishing and sailing; and off the shores of



YACHTS AT VINEYARD HAVEN.

Martha's Vineyard is the perfection of this fine sport. Are there any better bluefish grounds anywhere upon the coast than within ten miles of Cottage City? Tell your skipper to run his boat into Muskegat Channel. This channel is filled with shoals, "grounds" and "rips," all excellent and available bluefish haunts. Here are miles in length and miles in breadth of the very best bluefishing grounds. If you are bent upon the very finest fishing, run the boat over "Shark Ground" or "Tom Shoal." Tell the skipper to sail along from Wasque Point to Skiff's Island, and you will certainly be successful in your fishing. For fine scup and rock-bass grounds, try the "Squash Meadow Shoal," only two miles out from Cottage City wharf. All along the north side of the island is good fishing ground for tautog and other varieties. For cod, cruise around Gay Head and No-Man's-Land.

Every place upon the seacoast at times experiences severe winds. Certain portions of the Atlantic coast are specially dangerous in storms. The sheltered positions of Edgartown Bay and Vineyard Haven render the section around the eastern extremity of Martha's Vineyard less dangerous than many other portions of the coast. But of course there are times when the wind blows with such fury as to snap cables, drag anchors and create danger, confusion and loss to the shipping. Vineyard Haven is less protected from a northeast storm than when the wind is in other quarters. There have been times when vessels have been piled up in confusion and much damage has been done.

On the 19th of last August, it was my good fortune to witness a remarkable waterspout a few miles to the eastward of Cottage City. Between twelve and one o'clock my attention was arrested by a singular black cloud directly in the east. Near the northern extremity of this cloud, which was very dense and very black, there suddenly appeared a narrow whirlwind shooting downward. It rapidly extended until it reached the water. The appearance of this waterspout was very grand. Near the surface of the water the atmosphere was so agitated as to form a spray extending some distance. Above this mist, through which a vessel could be seen, the circular column extended upward a long distance to the black cloud. At the top this column was tunnel-shaped, being larger at the cloud and diminishing in size downward. For nearly fifteen minutes the position and size and shape of the waterspout scarcely changed; then the middle section gradually diminished in size until the lower part disappeared entirely, leaving a tunnel-shaped appearance extending downward from the cloud about half way to the water and ending in what appeared like a sharp point. Very soon, however, it reformed, until the column was complete from the cloud to the water. This time the upper portion was bent, the weight of the cloud lying to the southward, this upper section bent southerly toward the cloud. This second formation lasted some ten minutes and then gradually disappeared.*

We are living in the time of summer outings, of restful vacations in seaside and mountain resorts. What multitudes from the cities spend more or less time in the summer at Fabyan's and Crawford's, in Jefferson and on Mt. Washington, at the Profile House, North Conway, Whitefield, around Lake Winnepesaukee, throughout the whole region of the White Mountains, and in many other sections of New Hampshire! What crowds spend a few weeks among the Green Mountains of Vermont, in the Adirondacks of New York, in the elevated regions of the Colorado Rockies! There are the swarms at Saratoga and Newport, Old Orchard and Mt. Desert. The

* A full description of this remarkable waterspout may be found in *The Scientific American* of September, 1896

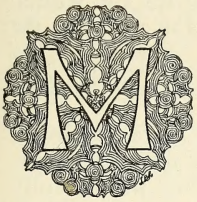
islands of Maine are alive with pleasure seekers, hard-worked men and women hunting for rest. At Cape Cod and all along shore are found strangers, by families, by scores and by hundreds. Among the seaside resorts, Martha's Vineyard holds a high rank. Last summer even the seven hundred members of the Summer Institute included representatives from forty states and provinces. The number of summer visitors at the Vineyard is annually increasing. The mild climate, wholesome air, pure water, beautiful drives, excellent fishing and moderate prices, all serve to attract the many who are seeking rest and recreation.

The question annually arises: Which is preferable for summer rest, the seaside or the mountains? Some enjoy the mountain tops, the variety of scenery, the changing clouds, the sunshine and shadow. They cannot abide the seaside; to them it is flat, monotonous, uniform. Their enthusiasm is excited only by jagged peaks, high cliffs, deep chasms, ravines, mountain streams. Others, however, are charmed by the ever active, never ceasing restlessness of the waves. They see in old ocean the emblem of eternity, of infinity. They are exhilarated by the atmosphere at the sea level. The constant winds, purifying, energizing, invigorating, attract them; the ever changing kaleidoscope of the vessels with their white sails and their steady motion, the clouds over the sea, which have equal charms to them with the clouds around the mountain tops, the reflection of sunlight and shadow from the surface of the ocean,—all these present to their eyes an ever enchanting waterscape. The calm and the storm, the gentle zephyrs and old Boreas give variety to the scene. The lashing waves, the beating surf, and anon the placid calm,—these to multitudes of people make a visit at the seaside attractive, restful and invigorating. To the tired worker seeking rest the seaside especially appeals. The murmuring of the waves lulls him to sleep, the atmosphere gives him tone and body and strength. The variety of light and shade, of wind and wave, the sailing ships, the sportive boats, the stately steamer,—all attract his attention, without tiring his nerves.

Whether one turns to the seaside for rest and health, or for social delight, or for beauty, there are few places upon the Atlantic coast which offer more than this largest island upon the coast—Martha's Vineyard!

DELIVERANCE BLAIR.

By Pauline Wesley.



RS. ELMINA KING, relict of Oliver, was showing a little group of departing women across her threshold into the latticed sunshine of her front veranda. She almost filled the doorway as she stood to watch them,—a stout, trim personage, whose bright-hued gingham gown intensified her habitual self-assertion.

"Yes, as I said before, it's to be the fam'ly monument. All the fam'ly'll have to help pay for it, an' it does seem kind o' galling for me, 'way off here in Crestville, to be paying thirty-one dollars an' sixty cents towards it, when others'll have the glory of selectin' it,—'specially as Oliver's there, an' I myself have got to some day lie beneath it, never having known whether the design was satisfact'ry or not. I say it's real galling."

"I sh'd think your idea'd be elegant, Mis' King," remarked a sweet-voiced caller heartily; "eight-sided with a big square side for ev'ry married daughter."

Mrs. King smiled. "Sometimes," she avowed recklessly, "I'm half a mind to ask the boarders to go away for a fortnight, so that I can have my say in spite of everything."

One of the women, somewhat bolder than the others, stirring on the second step with a whir of new black silk, made a half inaudible suggestion that had long been repressed. "Why don't you go, anyway, Mis' King, an' let Miss Blair run the house?" she said, darting a swift glance towards a lower window-screen. "The trip would do you lots o' good."

Elmina King's eyes kindled with a flash, part merriment, part something else. Her eyes were black and keen-sighted. It was said that her husband's married life had been a perplexing one.

"Mercy!" she cried. "Deliverance Blair run a house? Well, I guess the boarders *would* be leaving—and pretty quick. I suppose you think, seeing she's my sister, she must be kind o' capable. Land alive! she's nothing but a child. Why, Mrs. Perry," and she dropped her scornful tone, measuring her words with grave distinctness, "since Deliverance came to live with me nineteen years ago I've had to choose even her flannels and tell her when 'twas cold enough to put them on."

The women retreated awkwardly, their brief farewells seasoned with covert laughter for Elmina's sake, but embellished too with sundry anxious blushes. In a line with a round petunia bed and directly above a vine which sprawled across the old red-brown basement, they could see a profile partly clouded by the dusty screen, yet still complete and fine enough to serve as model for a cameo. The profile was Deliverance Blair's.

If poor little Mrs. Perry, in the chagrin of hurried flight, could have known that her weak suggestion had really taken root in Elmina's hardened bosom, a delightful sense of heroism would have buoyed her spirits; but as telepathy even nowadays is unreliable, she picked her way along the maple-bordered street humbly, like a vanquished terrier, and joined in her companions' helpless giggles. Women were always sorry in a vague way for Deliverance.

At the same moment Mrs. King turned to the left of the hall instead of the right and walked to the kitchen wing by way of the double parlors, in

order to gain a moment more of time. Her mind worked quickly. Heading for the front of the house, she finally entered the semi-darkness of her dining-room, where the table, the central piece of furniture, invariably stood in full dress, as if the mystery of immortality were after all inferior to that of meat and raiment.

Deliverance was rocking gently, her hands fiercely pressed around the rush-covered arms of an old-fashioned chair. Every word had cut down into her inmost being. Elmina had acquired a way of giving dictatorial commands, and these, even when spoken with the best intentions, seemed to penetrate clean through the heart. A very passionless exterior hid a constant feeling of internal bruises, to which the dependent, unmarried sister could never adjust herself. There are hundreds of women like Deliverance Blair in New England, but most of them maintain a patient and persistent individuality and find a safety valve in the consciousness of being helpful,—something quite impossible to one beholden to a woman like Elmina. Deliverance was thirty-six years old, yet to Mrs. King she was still a girl, a penniless, useless girl, prevented from helping herself because of a dying mother's false ideas about self-support and gentility.

Elmina dived for a wandering fly, and Deliverance started conversation painstakingly. "It looks as if it might be goin' to rain to-morrow," she said questioningly; "there's kind of a cloud settling down over the Williamses' barn."

A folded newspaper was slapped in a death-dealing blow against the sideboard. Elmina had made up her mind. "'Twon't rain," she answered shortly. She tucked the paper into a hanging cabinet, then drew an anxious breath and wheeled around. "Deliverance Blair," she said, "I'm one o' the biggest fools that ever lived. I don't know what's got into me. It's the first time that I've been away from Crestville since Oliver King was buried. I don't expect to find a single boarder here when I get back; but there's only three of 'em anyway this summer, an' the Minotts'd grab 'em for the winter if I let 'em leave; so I'm goin' to do it. I'm a-goin' out West for two weeks,—and I'm a-goin' to let you run the house."

A sudden trembling seized Deliverance Blair. A strange new sensation, not delight nor fear, but wonderfully akin to both, swept across her dull indifference, and left a faint coloring from neck to brow. There was a moment's silence; then Deliverance said mildly:

"I sh'd think 'twould be real pleasant for you to go, Elmina. Of course I'll do what I can to please you. I know all your ways an' just how you like to have things done." She tried to control her voice, but in spite of her precaution it had a nervous quiver on the closing sentence. She seemed to herself to be passing outward from a long apprenticeship into a kind of foreign land in which she was to think and work alone; and she hardly dared lift her eyes to her sister's shrewd face for fear that she would see how this new experience was shaking her composure.

"I don't expect to find a thing in place," said the owner of the house, ignoring characteristically her sister's brief reply. "If you can once get the Juliens' steak rare enough, an' keep Mr. Torbett's patent lamp filled without settin' the house afire, I shall be more than astonished. I don't care so much about the Juliens," she added; "but I'd hate to lose Nelson Torbett. I expect you'll irritate him dreadfully. Single women of your age never know how to manage men."

Deliverance Blair continued to rock, filled with a dozen shifting thoughts. For the last two years she had gradually ceased to feel the sting of Elmina's pointed thrusts at spinsterhood. What she dreaded were allu-

sions to her own incapabilities and plaintive hints about her sister's lack of money. When Elmina sometimes said in the presence of Nelson Torbett that she might perhaps indulge in certain little luxuries "if 't'wasn't for supporting two," Deliverance longed to be miles away, her face in the cool grass of her parents' graves, near her married sisters' fine Blair monument in which she could have no share. Nobody could imagine how poignantly Deliverance suffered on account of the grave, silent bachelor, who ate beside her elbow three times a day and gave her less attention than he gave the pickle-jar. He often surveyed the jar, though never under any circumstances would he eat a pickle.

Mrs. King walked back to the kitchen, and Deliverance followed almost cheerfully, though with bated breath. They went from the pantry to the storeroom, up garret, down cellar, and out to the huge back vestibule, pausing at last before the familiar old drafts and dampers of the oven, while a string of needless warnings and directions ran on with vigorous fluency.

Out in the light the contrast in the women's looks was strikingly emphatic. Deliverance was slender, pale, her eyes and hair a lifeless shade of brown; there was a seeming lack of energy in her sloping shoulders. Now, however, she rested squarely on her two slim feet. The moment was a milestone in Deliverance Blair's life journey.

On the following Saturday Elmina King went West. "I've given you thirteen dollars for expenses," was her parting message while the Crestville omnibus waited. "You'll find it in the blue-band vase; and for pity's sake don't fritter it. Buy everything at Clark's, not Puffer's," echoed through the hall in a final shrill crescendo.

It still lacked several hours of noon when in the sudden lull which followed these last directions and the departure, Deliverance stepped back and closed the gate. The omnibus had raised a thick mid-summer dust that powdered the petunias, but the subtle, earthy perfume which belongs to a rural dawn lingered above Elmina's yard. On the opposite side of the street an open space of well-kept turf afforded a glimpse of the neighboring valley, across whose dull horizon some cone-shaped hills showed like a string of amethysts. Deliverance breathed deeply. Only her tired soul smiled; her mouth preserved its usual firm dejectedness.

"That's a real handsome view," she thought serenely. "If the dining-table could stand sidewise instead of lengthwise, we could all sit in range of the window while we're eating. 'Twould be a deal sight pleasanter." She waited motionless almost a full half hour, till the piercing whistle of the outgoing train came faintly over the fields behind. "I've often thought about it, and I'm half a mind to try it," she said as if in answer. "A week from Friday I could move it back."

Through the remainder of the long forenoon she hurried about among her common tasks almost joyfully, but every limb was quivering like the branches of a wind-tossed tree. She had not anticipated this wicked, dear desire for making changes, a desire which was now a feature of her new prerogative. But in spite of the vacillating struggles of an awakened will, the solitary preparation of that first day's dinner was a real excursion into a sweet, old-fashioned dreamland. Her heart beat swiftly, and she felt a whole half dozen years younger when she finally stood at the dining-room door and heard herself saying:

"If you'll please sit on this side, Mrs. Julien; yes, an' Kittie here. That's your seat, Mr. Torbett, please. I thought 'twould be pleasant for us all to face the window, so I turned the table temporarily."

The words created a quiet sensation, which was none the less profound for being kept in polite abey-

ance. Mrs. King was as set in her ways as the everlasting hills, and all in the room were mindful of the fact, for she had often boasted of it openly. Kittie Julien, young and unsophisticated, showed indeed a mild astonishment. She was a blonde, pretty girl, wearing a pale blue muslin gown. As she sank to her chair, she glanced quickly at her mother, who responded with a frown of parental disapproval. The little colored girl who came every day to "wait on table" stood stiffly in the corner, big-eyed and wondering.

Nelson Torbett, also surprised, began to sip his consommé. Deliverance had changed her own seat, and now was a space removed, at the foot of the table, facing Mrs. Julien. Often as the meal progressed Nelson Torbett turned an interested look aslant, while a delicate pink came and went in the clear-cut face behind Elmina's silver teapot. It was as if a drear, colorless, insipid creature had been molded by some sleight of hand into a thoughtful, daring woman. And the dinner was excellent. Most of the talking was done by the Julien girl, who seemed to have caught the absent Mrs. King's falling mantle of volubility. By the time dessert was served she had gained, despite her mother, an exhilarating sense of freedom.

"Miss Blair," she remarked, bridling her curly head, "I've got a young gentleman friend coming to call on me this afternoon, an' I'd like to ask if you've any objections to our taking our chairs out under the big elm? Mrs. King's always been afraid we'd kill the grass; but you know that's perfectly ridiculous,—we shouldn't hurt it."

Elmina's sister's pulses fluttered guiltily. Through the screen she could see those cone-shaped hills faded now to fine dove-gray against the turquoise sky, and she felt a strange, almost pitying kinship for animated girlhood.

"I don't know as 'twould do any harm," she said at last. "Of course,"—she hesitated, and the room was very quiet,—"it's my sister's house. I'm only running it for a little while, and after a week from next Friday things'll have to be different."

That was all, but a will ceasing its conscientious struggles had slyly and quietly detached itself. Deliverance never dreamed that her mutinous attitude had shown to the few spectators a justified, self-preserving personality. She still gazed out of the window. Then with the sound of sliding chairs she rose and stood for a breathless moment in the path of Nelson Torbett.

"I sh'd think," she said, addressing Mrs. Julien, "that it might be pleasant to place a couple of chairs under the maple too; you'd get a south breeze there an' a real nice whiff of honeysuckle."

Mrs. Julien was a widow, with a refined prettiness not unlike her daughter's. There was a momentary pause in which her color deepened treacherously; then the brown-bearded man standing near Deliverance—the bachelor who seldom talked at all—broke the silence, smiling:

"That's a capital idea, Miss Blair. I am sure I should enjoy it as much as the others would. If you'll take the blame when Mrs. King gets home, I'll bring out a fifth chair evenings an' sit there myself."

So cunningly can a woman's pride deceive her heart, that Deliverance Blair never once suspected that a new and separate cause for exaltation was flavoring her growing cheerfulness, as a dash of bay-leaf will flavor mushroom sauce. She had not been reaching out for Nelson Torbett's friendliness, and she told herself that the difference which had suddenly developed in their formal intercourse was wholly immaterial and quite beneath her notice. That first evening she remained indoors, listening aimlessly while some city people from the new hotel, who had come to call on Mrs. Julien, were gathered in a chatty semi-

circle underneath the stars. Remote and safe behind the dark parlor's shutters, she heard the pretty widow making introductions and detected, mingled with a choice cigar's new fragrance, the faint aroma of a well-known meerschaum. Occasionally the deep, regulated voice which somehow always thrilled the listener made some short remark which pierced the window with a queer directness. The house was quiet and restful. Deliverance planned to raise her bread in the modern way which Mrs. Perry often told about. Elmina insisted on potato yeast.

Sunday was warm and cloudless. For nineteen years Deliverance Blair had gone to meeting with Elmina, and nothing but the novelty of singling out her own alternatives impelled her to stay at home to-day and sit for hours in a rocking-chair upstairs, caressed by tranquil meditations. It was the gladness of a child that made her walk to market the next morning with a light, impulsive tread, after Nelson Torbett, hurrying back for something, had waited in the path to hold the gate aside. He had shown her similar courtesy on numberless occasions, but there was in his manner now an engaging deference, yes, a sociability, far removed from pickle-jar indifference. And the sensitive woman, stepping down the shady street, her chin a bit uplifted, drank the refreshing draught slowly and unconsciously, as a parched plant drinks the rain.

Most women's lives are intersected every year with holidays, or with festival-dotted memories. Deliverance Blair's first holidays had met her unexpectedly, and the rest seemed crowding. She began to make such little purchases as tea and laundry soap at Puffer's. The proprietor of the store was a meek, aged man, against whom Mrs. King had lately held some trivial grudge. He followed Deliverance to the door, forgetting richer customers, and talked about the crops and weather with a childish show of gratitude that roused in his benefactor a smiling stateliness never before apparent. Impressed by her manner, people who hitherto had barely greeted her stopped in the street to talk, and she had the peculiar satisfaction of avenging old-time slights by politely feigning absent-mindedness. As the week advanced, her strange new dignity was so perfected that it put the women neighbors "all at sea." More than a few good dames who called to give advice went home delighted with some radical experiment hitherto unmentioned in their culinary records. There was more and more an air of wonderful efficiency about Deliverance Blair.

Concerning her mind—but who could analyze the causes and effects pertaining to those insignificant details that stand for such a fortnight as hers was! By careful manipulation of the contents of Elmina's blue-band vase she saved enough to buy a set of little oatmeal bowls; one day for forty cents, "half price," a Jew pack-peddler let her have a pair of sawtooth kitchen knives, in the use of which she reveled; after mature deliberation some empty flowerpots encumbering the back vestibule were carried to the cellar, in hope that Elmina would finally see the wisdom of an arrangement which for nineteen summers had been pondered in the younger sister's breast.

And then the finishing touches—the evenings after sunset! Occasionally she stayed inside, listening; but oftener she sat outdoors side by side with Kittie Julien and the others, her weary feet on Elmina's lawn. If she tried to absent herself, Mrs. Julien was pretty sure to seek her out. After the first six days Deliverance ceased to blame herself for yielding to the soothing comfort of the little group's companionship. Something enfolded her as with a sheltering garment. Between two lofty trees the Williamses' barn was an uncertain blur; and it seemed as if, in spite of

the meerschaum, one could almost catch the honeysuckle's undercurrent sweetness.

Aside from the difference noted, Nelson Torbett still maintained his usual mild reserve; but he was all the while engrossed with new thoughts, which somehow burdened him. His interest in Deliverance Blair's declaration of independence had quickened into amusement and then into what he felt to be a kind of philanthropic anxiety. Near the end of the second week, when Deliverance was marketing across the road, he twisted his office chair toward the window of the down-town room in which he edited the Crestville *Fog Horn,* and watched her, his brows converging in a frown of stern solicitude. He had heard the situation's many phases thoroughly discussed by Mrs. Julien, and he was wondering if Deliverance's will had passed some crisis which had left it wholly free from future domination, or if it were merely in a state of brief reaction pending Mrs. King's return. A certain strange impression which had taken root foretold that, should Elmina's sister one day retrograde into her former self, he personally, as well as she, would be a loser. Through a career of forty years Torbett's contented mind had never given a woman serious thought; he therefore told himself that this unusual interest was a meritorious desire to see all womanhood safe on its natural plane of self-reliance. Nevertheless, it kept him uneasy.

Three days before Elmina was expected, Torbett ran across Deliverance on the steps of Puffer's store; and he walked home beside her. There was a faded flower in her hat, which vibrated oddly, as if to call attention to the wearer's lack of means. But her gloved hands rested one within the other; she was descended from a Toryism that had never carried parcels; only Elmina's strong-willed thriftiness, backed by the prestige of a husband's name, had dared to think of keeping boarders. For the first time the editor of the *Fog Horn* saw the pure Greek cast of Deliverance's face. The discovery confused him; and he tried in vain to rearrange his thoughts, while something told Deliverance that the closing seconds of her precious fortnight were slipping past at every step. The branches overhead were all alive with bird trills; the half spent afternoon was perfect. A sob kept rising in her throat. Twice from some isolated woods rang the impassioned note of a rose-breasted grossbeak.

Had Deliverance's outward calm been less assured, Nelson Torbett's anxiety would have forced him to admonish her against her own undoing by some gentle hint or some frank question. In fact, such was his rather formless intention when he joined her. But Deliverance appeared almost unconscious of his presence; she seemed enveloped in a new indifference that somehow made her remote from every contingency—a creature not in need of man's protection; and his sudden divination of this was as unexpected as his recognition of her beauty. He felt a resentment at it, which, aware as he was of the inconsistency, was irritating. When he finally called attention to himself, his manner, though he tried to speak in his usual quiet tones, was like a peevish boy's.

"Why have you so studiously avoided me these past two weeks?" he demanded. "When I've crossed the street to Puffer's, you have walked around the square, and then gone back another way to Clark's. Don't try to deny it," he interposed, meeting her agitated look; "I've seen you do it. And last Sunday,—indeed, at every opportunity,—you have made some excuse and turned me over to the Juliens."

Deliverance Blair walked gravely on. She had no vanity, no flattered egotism with which to jest away his accusation. And then he had spoken truth.

"These past two weeks," she began

composedly, but the suppressed sob in her throat made speech a pain, "I haven't—exactly known just what I was a-doing, or why. I've been so—preoccupied—so happy"——

"I beg your pardon," he retorted, already half repentant. They neared Elmina's gate. Swayed by a remorseful impulse, he kept her waiting for the briefest interval before he pulled it backward. "Neighbors are watching us on every side," he said, provokingly urbane, "so I won't detain you. I simply want to say that I'm reliable. If at any future time your cup of joy isn't—quite so full—and you seem to need a friend," —he changed to an earnestness that blended strangely with his first tone—"I hope you'll not permit some disagreeable prejudice"— Then he saw behind something resembling tears a strained beseeching in her eyes. Despite their baffling screens, he had never seemed so near the windows of a soul; and, cutting short his words, he let her pass, his serenity a good deal shaken.

She was safe within the silence of the great cool kitchen pantry; but her hands were so unsteady that she had to tell the colored child to ladle out the quince preserves and fill the custard cups. There was no longer the remotest chance for self-delusion. She knew the secret of her actions in regard to Nelson Torbett. It was not aversion springing from a wounded pride. The thought struck athwart the pale-hued sunset of her brightest day like something hurtful, and made her feel humiliated in the face of past and present.

"That was why I hated to have Elmina tell him things," she said to herself unsparingly, "an' why I couldn't bear to let myself enjoy being near him, an' why I'd rather he'd have gone along ignoring me forever than to've talked the way he did about—happiness! He meant it kind," she insisted, quick to find excuses; "he gives real lib'rally to the sick funds an' missionary schools, an' he wanted to let me know he's on my side; there's nothing mean about Nelson Torbett. But he thinks it's all a kind of joke; he can't help smiling in his sleeve."

The fitful progress of that evening's table chat caused Kittie Julien to inform her mother privately that in her opinion Mr. Torbett's unresponsive stirring of his iced tea showed him to be the most conceited, *settled* gentleman that she had ever met. And, to the girl's surprise, Mrs. Julien acquiesced.

Night found Deliverance on her knees beside a bedroom lounge, across whose carpet covering silvered by the moon were etched some little tendrils that fluttered when a warm, faint wind brushed the window sills. Even the old black bureau had bulged into graceful radiance. Outside, a cornfield stood transfigured. With both eyes closed, the troubled woman seemed to feel the glory of this white, unearthly light pressing on her like divine reproaches.

"Oh, God," she sobbed, "dear God, I've had a beautiful fortnight, an' I know I'm dreadfully ungrateful. Help me to be strong enough by tomorrow night to appreciate everything that the last few days have brought—everything, dear God, even friendship." She cried herself to sleep at last, her cheek against the lounge, as if a misplaced chapter intended for her poor, prosaic girlhood had suddenly revealed itself.

The next day, forty-seven hours ahead of time, Elmina King came home, fatigued but satisfied, the eight-sided monument a cold reality. She had purposely arranged to "walk in unexpected," obtaining thus a swooping bird's-eye view, not deluded by the gloss of preparation. Like a thunder cloud full of latent flashes she sailed across the holiday horizon of Deliverance's nooning hour, and poised silent in the empty dining-room.

Mrs. Julien listening on an upper

stair heard the sudden shriek of casters which told how hurried was the firm gloved hand that whirled the table lengthwise; then an ominous stillness took possession of the lower story. After a little while Elmina came upstairs to stay until the dinner bell was rung.

"Never till my dying day shall I forget that meal," was Mrs. Julien's standard comment when referring to the afternoon's occurrences. "She was so disgustingly agreeable, so pointedly unconscious of her sister's presence. And then those chilling pauses, when no one breathed a word! Mr. Torbett simply wouldn't; I couldn't think of a thing to say, and Kittie was paralyzed. Only once did that poor, frightened, pale-faced creature lift her eyes, and that was when that awful woman, speaking of their mother's monument, said there was one thing worse than death, and that was providing for a person years an' years, an' getting in return nothing but deception and ingratitude. And you ought to have seen the pucker on Mrs. King's mouth when she tasted of those French entrées and that delicious succotash and set them all aside as if they held a dose of poison!"

It was doubtless well that no one saw the quiet battle afterward enacted, which, while quiet, had as crushing an effect as smokeless powder. Deliverance almost conquered; but the reproachful scorn excited by the little china bowls made her dread to show the sawtooth kitchen knives; she trembled as she laid the smaller of the pair upon the pantry shelf, and hid the larger in her pocket, conscious that the trick was like surrender.

"Elmina," she murmured faintly, flushed with the weariness of futile combat, "the day you went away I thought it all over, an' it seemed to me that if I run the house an' did the work, I had a right to save or spend, so long's I didn't profit personally."

Elmina's eyes were jet-black points of light. "Deliverance Blair," she said with a superb air of exasperated martyrdom, "you walk upstairs. Do you suppose I care how much you've fooled away an' wasted? The spirit of the thing is what appalls me. Think of all I've done for you for nineteen years, an' don't come down again until you come to ask my forgiveness."

All the afternoon the rain begun at dawn pounded on the tin roof above Deliverance's head. She sat erect and motionless. She had been a kind of eagle soaring in gladness beyond its powers, and there was nothing left her but the helpless misery of weak descent. Once she thought of stealing out to earn her living, but the wild scheme fell back on useless wings; she had not capital enough to buy her railway fare.

An early twilight settled through the house. She rose, hesitated, then with a last sharp effort started toward the stairs. The outer door closed against the storm gave the halls a dull gloom. As she stood midway on the lower flight of stairs, a swift form stamped across the front veranda, entered with a bang, and dropped a wet umbrella in the hat-rack. It was Nelson Torbett.

He turned to the stairs, but stopped, uncertain, staring through the dusk in wonder and in silence. Deliverance had also paused; but she took another step, and then another. He waited, smiling, but in a torturing anxiety. A rose not yet entirely wilted drooped in the bosom of Deliverance's light dress, lending to the musty hall a bit of morning freshness. When she reached the lowest stair he saw with a pang the paleness of her face and the rings beneath her eyes.

"Dear heart," he faltered, laying his hand above her own upon the banister, "Deliverance—don't you know you're going to kill yourself—grieving so? I hoped you were more indifferent—more determined. I've been thinking about you all the afternoon." He spoke in hurried tones scarcely above a whisper. "I've got

a plan for both of us, and I want you to yield yourself and believe it's for the best. This isn't the only rooftree in the world; there are half a dozen little vacant houses here in Crestville. I want you to begin right now to live a new existence; I want you to trust to me to make it right."

She lifted her free hand and pressed it on her eyes, hardly daring to draw a breath.

"Deliverance," he said again, "be my deliverance"; and he was self-conscious enough in his excitement to think that perhaps that was fine. "I love you. Don't question yourself; you're too unhappy now to measure your inclinations. I'll guarantee to make you care for me. I'm willing to have you take me as a last resort." He gently drew her nearer, but she only sobbed against his breast, rigid and unyielding.

"I understand; you feel sorry for me," she whispered. "You want to help me."

"No," he asserted, smiling amid the wreckage of his theories. "Why wasn't I sorry for you years ago? Before your sister went away I never thought of you. I loved you yesterday when you were happy. Come, Deliverance, and be my wife; find us a nest and furnish it."

Deliverance slipped her arm around his neck, with the tremulous delight of unconfessed confession. Her holidays were all concentrated in the sudden recollection of a grosbeak's fluting trill. As in a dream world, she heard an occasional crash along the cellar stairs, which told that some flower pots were being borne with disastrous haste back to their old abiding in the vestibule. She was almost certain that above her head both the Juliens had their doors ajar.

"Mr. Torbett," she confided, "I don't see how I can be married. Brides nowadays have lots of things, —beautiful gowns, and tablecloths, and"——

"Oh, don't," he interrupted,—and then he kissed her,—"don't anger me by childish folderol. With all my worldly goods I thee endow! Let's be primitive; let's be different from everybody else. Get your mackintosh, and help me look at houses."

"Well, presently. Wait on the porch a minute," said Deliverance Blair with a sudden smile. "I kind of want to go and tell Elmina."

AT EVENING HOUR.

By Arthur Willis Colton.

LADY, when at evening hour
In thy high gray windowed bower
Thou dost pray;
But a moment in the nest
Of thy musing let me rest,
If I may.

There is little in my life
That is noble,—often strife,
Victory rare;
And the thought would help me lonely:
I would cover it and only
Know 'twas there.



THE CASA GRANDE OF ARIZONA.

By Cosmos Mindeleff.

THE Casa Grande or "great house," on the Gila River, in southern Arizona, has attracted more attention than any other ruin in the country; but of the hundreds of descriptions published not more than half a dozen are the result of personal observation. In fact, it may be said that with one exception,—Bartlett's Personal Narrative, published in 1854,—we have no real account of the most interesting ruin in the Southwest and the sole survivor in this country of a class of highly developed structures which were once abundant in the valley of the Gila River.

One of the most picturesque chapters in American history is that which relates to the efforts in the Southwest of the Spanish conquistadores of the 16th century and the ubiquitous monks who did not wait to follow but often preceded the soldiers. Full of zeal for God and gold, these men endured hardships and made journeys under conditions which seem incredible. The wanderings of Cabeza de Vaca and his four companions, who were wrecked at the mouth of the Mississippi River in 1528 and reached Mexico eight years later, having in the meantime traversed on foot the whole of northern Texas, entailed but little more hardship and certainly required no more courage and perseverance than subsequent expeditions which were undertaken voluntarily and without definite hope of reward.

In 1539 the Franciscan friar Marcos de Niza was sent out on an expedition or reconnoissance of the regions of the North. He was alone, so far as white companions were concerned, but was accompanied by a negro slave who had formed one of Vaca's party and by a number of Indians. Traveling on foot and making but slow progress, for the country was wholly unknown to him, he penetrated into what is now New Mexico as far as the present village of Zuñi, where the negro and a number of his Indian companions who were in advance were killed. But notwithstanding this mishap and the mutinous feelings of his own followers caused by it, the doughty friar pushed on to the place, and from a distant elevation viewed the "city." He was determined to see for himself the things which he was to report upon; but although he risked his life to obtain personal knowledge, for three centuries and a half he was held up as "the greatest liar in Christendom"—and it is only during the past decade that students of the history of

the Southwest have succeeded in obtaining his due for the worthy friar.

After seeing one of the wonderful "Seven Cities of Cibola," of which he was in search, which has now been identified as a ruin near Zuñi, the friar returned hastily to Mexico, "with far more fear than food," as he himself puts it. The entire time consumed in the expedition was but little more than four months. Niza's reports of what he saw and particularly of what he had heard created a great interest among the Spaniards, which through judicious fostering soon grew to such proportions as to become almost a craze. The monk is careful to discriminate in his own narrative between what he saw and what he heard; but he was soon after appointed provincial of the Franciscan order, and it is probable that his subordinates and others who came in contact with them did not draw the line so carefully.

The conditions in Mexico or, as it was then called, New Spain, were peculiar. The country was overrun by adventurers, many of them young men of excellent family, who had been sent out to reform and recuperate after sowing their wild oats in Spain. These young blades were men of ability, and in action second to none, but in time of peace they formed a heavy burden to the viceroy, Mendoza, who was compelled to entertain them on account of their standing and family connections. The conquest of a new country afforded to the viceroy an opportunity he had long sought to be rid of these "caballeros," who came and went when they pleased, who used his houses and stables as freely as if they were their own, and who did very much what they pleased with his and other people's property, but who resented any discourtesy or improper treatment, and who were able moreover through powerful friends and connections at court to make their resentment felt.

Accordingly within six months after the return of Niza an expedition was organized for the conquest of the country he had discovered. This expedition included two hundred and fifty of these "gentlemen on horseback," with some seventy footmen and several hundred Indians, and made a splendid array when it was reviewed by the viceroy on the day before the start was made, late in February, 1540. Complaint was made that the country was being stripped of its defenders and left at the mercy of any Indians who might seize the opportunity for an uprising. But the secretaries of the viceroy made a count and description of the force, and a sworn report was submitted a few days after the departure of the expedition, in which it was stated that in the whole army there were only two or three men who had ever been settled residents of the country, and that these were men who had failed to make a living. In short, it was considered a good riddance, and the orders given to the commander of the expedition, Coronado by name, one of the young gentlemen referred to, but an able man and governor of a province, might have been: "Go, and do not return!"

The expedition had hardly started before doubts arose as to the truth of the statements which had been made by the friar Niza; or rather it should be said that the glowing picture that was in the minds of the young and ardent soldiers began to fade. Curses loud and deep were poured out on the head of the devoted monk, who had joined the expedition and who, in the consciousness of his own good faith, continued to act as its guide notwithstanding the bitter maledictions which greeted him at every step. The route was through an inhabited country at first and then through a wilderness; and a ruin which was discovered on the borders of this wilderness did much to discourage the explorers. This place was known as or called Chichilticalli,

the red house; and while they were in search of a wonderful region containing seven cities and a great population whose houses were encrusted with turquoise and precious stones and full of utensils of gold, here they found only a ruin, which is described by Castañeda, the historian of the expedition, as "one tumbledown house without any roof, although it appeared to have been a strong place at some former time when it was inhabited, and it was very plain that it had been built by a civilized and warlike race of strangers who had come from a distance. This building was made of red earth." He adds that "the house was large and appeared to have been a fortress. It must have been destroyed by the people of the district, who are the most barbarous people that have yet been seen."

This vague mention has been supposed heretofore to be a reference to the Casa Grande; but the consensus of opinion among historical students now appears to be that the expedition did not visit that place. The exact route which it followed has not been definitely determined and probably never will be, for the geographical data of the various narratives is scanty. The Chichilticalli of Castañeda has been variously located at points as far south as the Casas Grandes of Chihuahua and as far north as the vicinity of Camp Grant in Arizona, with perhaps a slight preponderance of evidence or argument in favor of the latter. But the identification of the Casa Grande of Arizona as the site of the ruin mentioned has been practically abandoned.

Much of the zeal for conquest that characterized the Spaniards who took part in the Coronado expedition survived them and continued into the next century; but in the latter period it took the form of conquest of souls rather than of territory. Perhaps by that time the soldiers had satisfied themselves that no great amount of gold or other riches would reward their efforts, and perhaps too the subjugation of all the Pueblo country to the crown of Spain and the administration of its affairs may have absorbed their energy. In 1680 there was a great revolt of the Pueblo Indians, and every Spaniard in the country was killed or driven out. The province was not again subdued until 1693. But numerous small expeditions were made into it in the meantime, and the monks vied with their armed brethren in their efforts to bring the recalcitrant Indians again within the pale.

The Jesuit missionary Kino made numerous trips into southern Arizona during this period, and in one of them heard of the Casa Grande. In 1694 he visited the place, which he found to be in ruin, and said mass within its walls. In 1697 he made another visit to it, this time accompanied by his military secretary and usual companion, Mange by name. The description recorded by the latter in his diary heads an extensive bibliography, the end of which is not yet in sight. The building is described as "a large edifice, the principal room in the centre being four stories high, and those adjoining it on its four sides three stories, with walls two varas thick, of strong *argamasso y baro* (adobe), so smooth on the inside that they resemble planed boards, and so polished that they shine like Puebla pottery." He also mentions the remains of twelve other large buildings in the immediate vicinity, only two of which can now be traced.

The ruin is unique, in that it has a clear historical record of over two centuries, and it is probable that a century and a half before, when the first Europeans entered the country which is now the United States, it was in much the same condition as when the Padre Kino said mass within its ancient walls. More than this, it is the sole survivor in this country, so far as known, of its time and of a type of house structure which is nearly the highest attained by any American

tribe, although there is reason to suppose that this type was once widely distributed throughout the region where this remnant is found. This position gives it a peculiar value and a certain interest that does not pertain to other remains in the Southwest.

Actuated by a desire to preserve the ruin for future generations, Congress in 1889 made a small appropriation for its restoration and preservation, and after some difficulty the work was finally completed in 1891. In this also the ruin is believed to be unique, for in no other instance has an appropriation of public money been made for such a purpose.

The Casa Grande, or that portion marked by standing walls, is but a small portion of a large group, but all the other structures are now marked only by low and more or less rounded mounds. The area covered by well defined remains measures about 1,800 by 1,500 feet, or altogether about sixty-five acres. Within this area there were seven or eight house clusters; but there is evidence that they were not all occupied at one time, but rather consecutively. Most of the mounds which mark the sites of these villages or clusters rise but ten feet or less above the surrounding level, and their profiles vary considerably, some being more rounded and smoothed off than others. The least rounded examples are those in the immediate vicinity of the standing wall, where presumably the ground surface was most recently formed and where walls were standing within the historical period.

The difference in contour of the mounds suggests that they are not all of the same age and that the interval which elapsed between the occupation of the structures whose sites are now indicated by the lowest mounds and the abandonment of the most recent buildings was a long one. The student of Southwestern village remains is soon impressed with a fact which is emphasized by nearly every ruin he examines — that each village site marks but an epoch in the history of the tribe which occupied it, a period during which there was constant, incessant change. New bands or minor divisions of the tribe appeared on the scene, small divisions left the parent village to occupy more favorable sites, and so the ebb and flow continued until at some period in its history the population of a village became so reduced that the small remainder, as a matter of precaution or perhaps of necessity, abandoned it. It was a kind of slow migration, to which the Pueblo tribes were constantly subjected. This phase of Pueblo life, more prominent in the olden days than now, but still existent and hardly modified so late as fifty years ago, is well established by a long line of evidence derived from traditions, mythology, customs, arts and language, as well as from study of the ruins themselves. It has not received the prominence its importance deserves. Its effects can be seen in almost every ruin; not all the villages of a group nor even all the parts of a village were inhabited at the same time, and estimates of population based on the number of ruins within a given area, and even those based on the size of a ruin, must be materially revised. In this peculiar phase of Pueblo life we have the key to a problem which has puzzled many writers, that is, the enormous number of ruins in the Southwest. This has commonly been interpreted to mean an enormous population, and estimates of 100,000, 150,000, or even 250,000 are not unusual. In other words, it is claimed that one-half of the total Indian population at the time of the discovery of America were congregated within an area of a few hundred square miles, while the remainder were scattered over several millions. It is now generally agreed among students of the Southwest that the Pueblo population never exceeded 30,000, if indeed it reached that figure. The great number of ruins found are the product of numerous small bands in

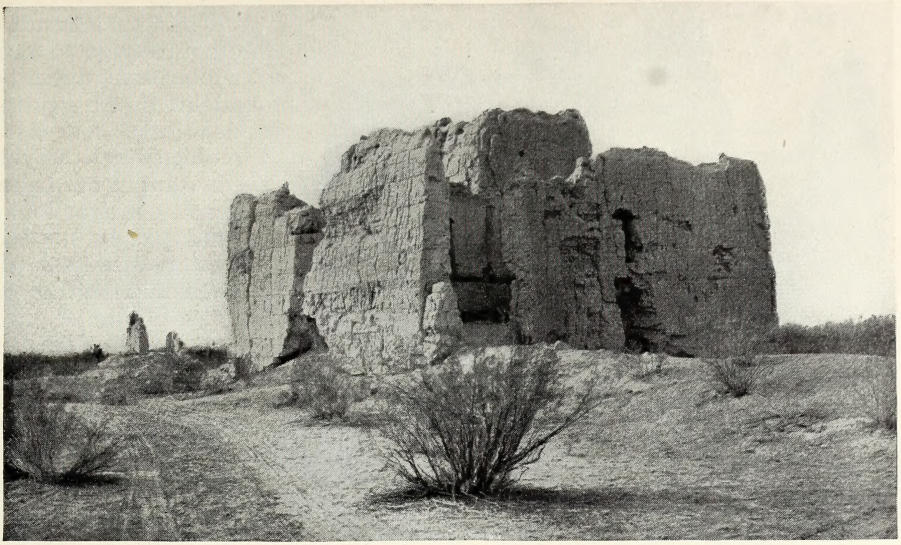
incessant movement, rather than of large groups which remained in one place. The Casa Grande seems to have formed no exception to the general rule; its population changed from time to time, and the extent of the remains is no criterion of the former number of inhabitants.

The most interesting part of the group, not excluding the Casa Grande itself, is a large mound occupying the north central part of it. This is really two connected mounds, each four or five times the size of the ruin, resting on a flat-topped base or terrace about five feet above the general level. The sides of the mounds slope very sharply and are cut and seamed by deep rain-washed gullies. It has been surmised that these structures were mounds, pure and simple, used for sacrifice or worship, and resembling in function the well-known pyramid of Cholula in Mexico; but there is no doubt that they are the remains of house structures, for a careful examination of the ground surface reveals the ends of walls on the sloping sides. They must have been grand buildings in their time; one, measuring not less than 150 by 250 feet, was L-shaped, and the other, which must have been about 150 by 200 feet, was approximately square. Both were at least four stories high and commanded an extensive outlook over the great valley of the Gila River.

There are a number of depressions scattered about the area covered by remains. These are usually of irregular outline, two to three feet deep, and nearly always located in the immediate vicinity of some mound or former group of buildings. With a single exception none of these are so situated that they could be used for the storage of water; their catchment is so small, and the rate of evaporation in this region is so great, that their use as reservoirs is out of the question. It seems probable that they were the places where building material was obtained, after the methods employed in the Southwest to-day as well as in olden times. The sites of villages were often dictated by convenience of building material, and it was very seldom that such material was transported more than a few feet.

The Casa Grande proper occupies but an insignificant area as compared with the group, but it has attracted the greater attention because it comprises all the standing wall now remaining. There is one small fragment of wall east of the main building and another south of it, but there is reason to believe that both were at one time connected with it. It is located in the southwestern corner of the group, and the ground about it for miles in every direction is so flat that from the summit of the walls an immense stretch of country is brought under view. On the east is the broad valley of the Gila River rising in a great plain to a distant range of mountains. About a mile and a half to the north a heavy fringe of cottonwood trees marks the course of the river, beyond which the plain continues, broken here and there by hills and buttes, until the view is closed by the Superstition Mountains far away. On the northwest the valley of the river runs into the horizon, with a few buttes of black and forbidding aspect here and there. On the west lies a range of high mountains closing the valley in that direction, while toward the southwest and south it extends until in places it meets the horizon, while in other places it is closed by ranges of mountains, blue and misty in the distance. In the many thousands of ruins which are scattered over the Southwest, few if any are so well situated as this.

The character of the site occupied indicates that the ruin belongs to a late if not to the final period in the occupancy of this region, a period when, by natural increase of numbers or perhaps by aggregation of a number of related *gentes* or clans, the people no longer relied for defense on the site they occupied, but felt free to



CASA GRANDE.

select a place for their homes with reference only to their wants as a horticultural people. This period or stage in development has been reached by many of the Pueblo tribes, although mostly within the historical period; but some of them, the Mokis for example, are still in a prior stage.

The area covered and enclosed by standing walls measures forty-three feet by fifty-nine feet, but the building is not rectangular nor do its sides face the cardinal points, as is often stated. It consists of three central rooms, each approximately ten by twenty-four feet, arranged side by side with the longer axes north and south, and two other rooms, each about nine feet by thirty-five feet, occupying respectively the north and south ends of the building and arranged transversely across the ends of the central rooms with their longer axes running east and west. The northeastern and southeastern corners of the building have fallen, and large blocks of the material of which they were composed are strewn upon the ground in the vicinity. It is probable that the destruction of these corners prior to that of the rest of the building was due to the disintegration of minor walls connected with them and extending, as shown by ridges on the ground, northward and eastward. It is not likely that the main building originally stood alone as at present; on the contrary there is reason to suppose that it was connected with other structures of equal or greater size south and east of it, now marked only by the fragments of standing wall mentioned. The whole probably formed a cluster, the remains of which can still be made out in the immediate vicinity. This cluster occupied an area of about 400 feet by 240 feet; it was not rectangular, although the eastern and western sides, now marked by long ridges, were roughly parallel. There is no doubt that this is the area measured by the Padre Font in 1776. His description was copied by many later writers, and his measurements were erroneously applied by Humboldt and others to the ruin itself.

The exterior walls rise to a height of from twenty to twenty-five feet above the ground. There were two stories, but the top of the wall is now from one to two feet higher than the roof level of the second story. The middle room was three stories high,



WALL, SHOWING REPAIRS.

and the walls are now twenty-eight to thirty feet above the ground level. The exterior surface of the walls is very rough, but the interiors of the rooms are finished with a remarkable degree of smoothness, so much so as to attract the attention of everyone who visits the ruin. Mange, who wrote in 1697, says that the walls shine like Pueblo pottery; and they still retain this finish wherever the surface has not cracked off. They are not of even thickness. At the ground level the exterior wall is from three and a half to four and a half feet thick, and in one place reaches a maximum of over five feet. The interior walls are from three to four feet thick at their base; but at the top they are reduced to about two feet. This is accomplished by set backs or steps at the various floor levels. The interior wall surfaces are approximately vertical, but are not plane surfaces. The building was constructed by crude methods, aboriginal in character, and there is no uniformity in it. The walls are not of even thickness, the floor joists are seldom on a straight line, and measurements made at the two ends of a room seldom agree.

The Casa Grande is often referred to as an adobe structure; but adobe, under a proper definition, consists of molded brick dried in the sun but not baked. This construction is very largely used in the Southwest; perhaps nine out of ten houses of the Mexican population are so built, and it is often found in the Pueblo villages, but no well authenticated example has been found in the ruins, except in those known to have been inhabited since the Spanish conquest. It is not found in the Casa Grande. The walls are composed of huge blocks of earth, three to five feet long, two feet high, and three to four feet thick. These were manufactured in place on the wall, probably by the aid of a framework or box of poles woven with grass and canes. This open box or trough was placed on the wall and filled with a heavy paste formed of clayey earth obtained in the immediate vicinity and mixed with water to the proper consistency. When sufficiently dry the box was moved on to the next section and the process was repeated. By this most simple method excellent results were obtained. The lines marking the courses and the vertical joints can be clearly made out, for the material was admirably adapted to the method; and although the masonry has been exposed to the elements for over two centuries, probably for more than three, it is still in excellent condition. When dry it is almost as hard as sandstone and almost as durable.

Destruction of such walls does not come from weathering but from sapping at the ground level. The surface erosion is practically nothing,

and in the plans made for the preservation of the ruin it was found that it could be ignored. The climate here is very dry, but occasionally there are heavy rainstorms, during which an enormous quantity of water is precipitated in a short time. After such a wetting the walls soon dry out and become as hard as before, but that portion nearest the ground dries last and is actually although perhaps very slightly less hard than the remainder. This lower part, moreover, is more exposed to the sandstorms which are a pronounced feature of the country; great clouds of sand and small gravel are swept along the ground and hurled with violence against any opposing object. As a result the walls are gradually eaten away at and immediately above the ground surface, often to a depth of two feet or more. Eventually the support or base of the wall becomes inadequate and it falls *en masse;* after which disintegration proceeds at a rapid rate, and in a few decades it becomes a shapeless mound.

In the two centuries which have elapsed since Kino's visit to the ruin, damage by the elements has been very slight, not nearly so great as that accomplished by relic hunters in two decades. The latter seem to have had a craze for wood. The lintels of all the openings and even the stumps of floor joists have all been torn out and carried away. With the exception of one or two such stumps deeply embedded in the wall and not in sight from the ground, not a particle of wood was allowed to remain in the building, although there is good authority for the statement that twenty-five years ago a portion of the roof was still in place. In this system of architecture, roofs and floors are the same. A series of light joists or heavy poles is laid across the shorter axis of the room at the time the walls are built; over these another series of lighter poles is placed covered with reeds and coarse grass and with a final topping off or surfacing of clay trodden down and brought to a level. The primary joists are cut by guess wherever they can be found, and are carried or dragged to the place where the building is being erected. If too short they cannot be used, but if too long they are usually put in anyway, as to cut them again with the crude appliances the builders had would entail much labor. In the Casa Grande these beams often project three feet into the masonry. The positions of the floors and roofs are well marked by long lines of beam



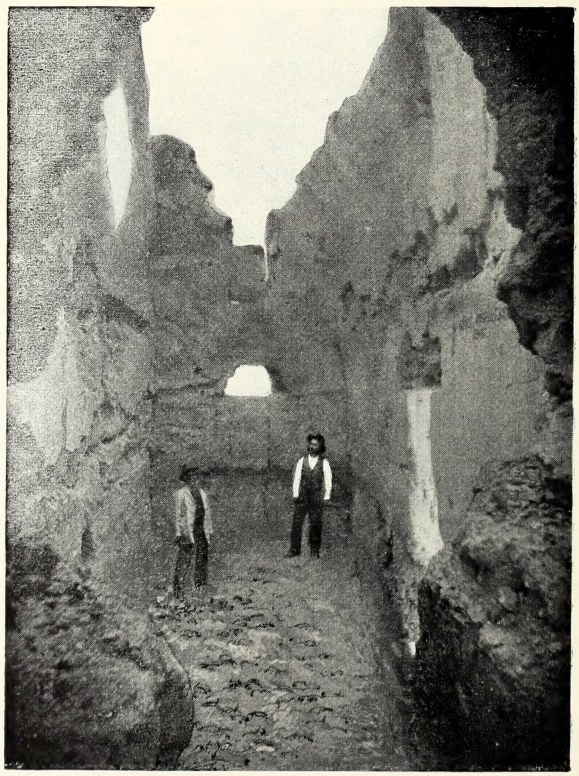
THE SOUTH ROOM.

holes, and the prints of the upper members of the floor series, even of the grass and canes, are still to be seen on the walls.

The building was well provided with doorways and other openings arranged in series one above the other. There were doorways from each room into each adjoining room, except that the rooms of the central tier could be entered only from the east. Although these doorways are now much broken down, their size and shape can still be made out. They were usually two feet wide and four feet high, but no evidence of the use of doors of any kind is to be found, and it is hardly to be doubted that the only means at the disposal of the old inhabitants for closing these openings were those used by all the Pueblo Indians up to the last decade or two—a blanket suspended from a stick or from pegs. Some of the openings have a curious narrowing at the top, causing them to resemble strongly the type of doorway which characterizes some of the old ruins in Mexico; but this peculiarity is not universal and the resemblance is probably accidental.

The tearing out of the lintels of openings by relic-seeking tourists has damaged the ruin even more than the sandstorms to which it has been subjected. The weak point of rammed earth construction is in the openings; the ancient builders, with an apparent appreciation of this weakness, perhaps acquired through disastrous experience, resorted to peculiar means to overcome it. Elaborate lintels of poles and beams were built into the masonry when the wall was erected, and every precaution was taken to strengthen that part. The poles extended into the masonry sometimes for over a foot on each side of the opening, and in some instances were arranged in tiers one above another. As many as three separate lintels arranged in this manner one above the other have been found crowning one opening. When such lintels are removed the masonry above soon breaks down, and this process continues at an ever-increasing rate until the destruction is completed.

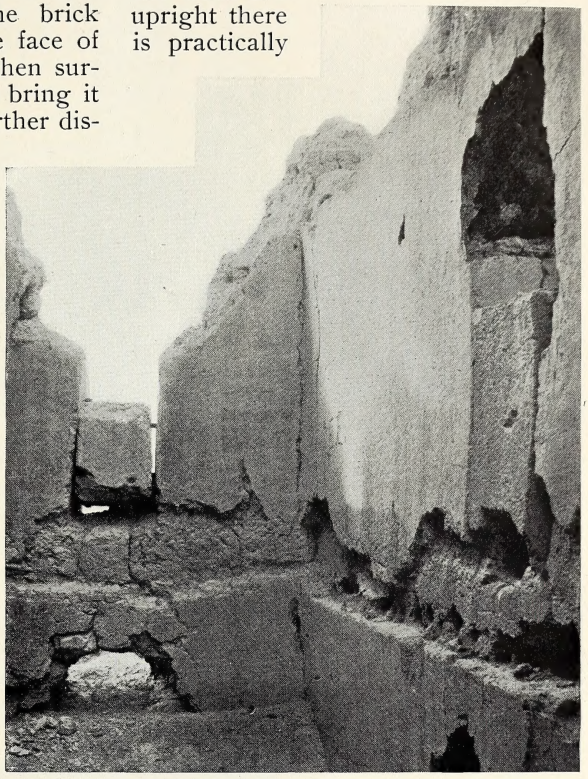
In compliance with the Act of Congress passed for the protection of the ruin, plans were made by the writer for its restoration and preservation. It was found that the principal causes of destruction were the undermining of the walls and the breaking down of the masonry above the openings. To prevent the continuation of these causes was the first and most im-



THE WEST ROOM.

portant care. This was accomplished by underpinning the walls with hard burnt brick, restoring the lintels and filling in above them with the same construction. The brick work was set back from the face of the wall about an inch and then surfaced with cement mortar to bring it out flush. By this means further disintegration of the walls near the ground and about openings was prevented, and the external appearance of the ruin was so little changed that the casual observer would hardly notice that any work had recently been done upon it. It was found necessary to use several tie rods and beams, however, which slightly disfigured the structure, but as the work was designed throughout to maintain the ruin in as nearly as possible its former condition, such disfigurement is not great. The whole amount appropriated and expended on this work was $2,000; but it was not sufficient to do all the work planned. The work was completed some years ago, but no account or notice of it has ever been printed, so far as known, so that it may fairly be inferred that no great change in the appearance of the ruin was made. An examination of the ruin made recently showed that the work was effective so far as it had been done.

It has been suggested that a roof should be placed over the ruin; but it is to be hoped that this project will not be carried out. Such disfigurement of one of the most unique and picturesque features of the country would be inexcusable. Furthermore it would be altogether unnecessary. For over two centuries the ruin has stood exposed to the sunshine of the sunniest of lands, washed by the rains, caressed by the breezes and whipped by the storms, and through it all has stood unmoved and practically unchanged. So long as the walls are upright there is practically no surface erosion, for the material of which they are composed is now almost as hard as sandstone. The region is an arid one and the rainfall is so slight that agriculture without irrigation is almost impossible. The few rainstorms which visit it are violent but of short duration, and during most of the year an unclouded brilliant sky forms the most fitting roof to this old relic of a bygone time. So brilliant is the light that photographic exposures require but three-fourths of the time given similar subjects elsewhere.



A CORNER OF THE WEST ROOM.

The habits and customs and even the necessities and something of the history of a people are indelibly stamped on their architecture and are

often exposed in the remains of their houses long after the people themselves have passed into oblivion. The historian may err in his inferences and conclusions if not in his facts; painters and sculptors may and generally do inject too much of their own personalities into their subjects; and the conceptions we form of a people who have run their course and disappeared in the distant past, leaving only some written or sculptured records, are always uncertain and subject to revision. So it has been with the ancient Egyptians; so it will be with our present conceptions of the ancient Aztec culture. But the record which a people leave in their house structures is an unconscious record, made without thought on their part; therefore it reflects their feelings and aspirations, their needs and necessities, with a faithfulness which no other kind of record can approach. We may be weak in reading what is recorded, or we may err in the reading, but the record is none the less clear and explicit.

So, knowing a little of the manner of life of modern village builders in the Southwest, we can read in the ground plans of the ruins something of the past of the people who once lived in them. We can see in the old record the results of periods of prosperity and plenty, when the village was the centre of life of a region about it; when peace reigned over all and the men were not afraid to leave their women and children at home while they went away to a distance to farm some little fertile valley and gather the stores which enabled them to pass the winter in comfort and in the observance of those rites which had come down to them from their fathers' fathers and were the proper means of testifying their thankfulness to the gods for the favors accorded them or of offering up prayers that



MASONRY OF THE WEST WALL.



THE SOUTH FRAGMENT.

such favors might not be withdrawn. They were a religious people, and their deep reverence for all things pertaining to the worship of their gods is shown in the careful location and construction of the ceremonial chambers where the rites were usually observed. Under such favorable conditions the ground plan of a village shows a steady growth. Room after room was added, as maidens were given in marriage and the old clan or mother family grew larger and demanded more space; for in the Pueblo system descent and inheritance are in the female line, and when a man marries he goes to his wife's home and becomes an adopted member of her family. The children belong to the mother and take her clan name, and if their quarters become inadequate new rooms must be built, not wherever their taste or fancy may dictate, but adjoining and connected with the rooms already inhabited by the family. These great artificial families or clans occupy each its own house cluster, which grow and wane with the number of girls who marry and have children.

On the other hand, we can read in the ruins the story of dark and troublous times, when war and all its horrors hovered over the little band; when the men timidly farmed the little tracts about the home, ready on the first alarm to drop their implements and flying to the village take up arms in its defense; when no man dared to go out of sight of his own home, where on the housetops sentinels were posted, who day and night scanned the horizon or peered into the darkness, that the enemy might not take them unawares. Old rooms were divided rather than new ones built. Long projecting rows of houses offered too good an opportunity for a daring enemy to attack many points at once, and they were not constructed, but instead rooms were added to the upper stories, and the village became more and more compact, less and less comfortable.

So it was with the Casa Grande. The building did not originally comprise five rooms upon the ground, nor was the middle tier higher than the others. It shows to-day that it attained its size by gradual growth. Probably in the beginning there were four rooms upon the ground in this portion of the cluster. Then four rooms above these were added, as a

demand arose for more space, and still later the northern tier of two rooms was built. The joint made with the former exterior wall can still be seen. Finally the middle tier was carried up a story higher than the others and low parapets were constructed around the edge of the roof. This was the period of its greatest glory. The site, hallowed by the remains of older villages, was an ideal one, and from the summits of the buildings which composed the cluster an extensive view was had in all directions. An almost unlimited area of fine arable land surrounded the village and extended to the timber-fringed river, from which a large irrigating ditch brought the fertilizing waters. The village grew, and peace and plenty smiled upon the land.

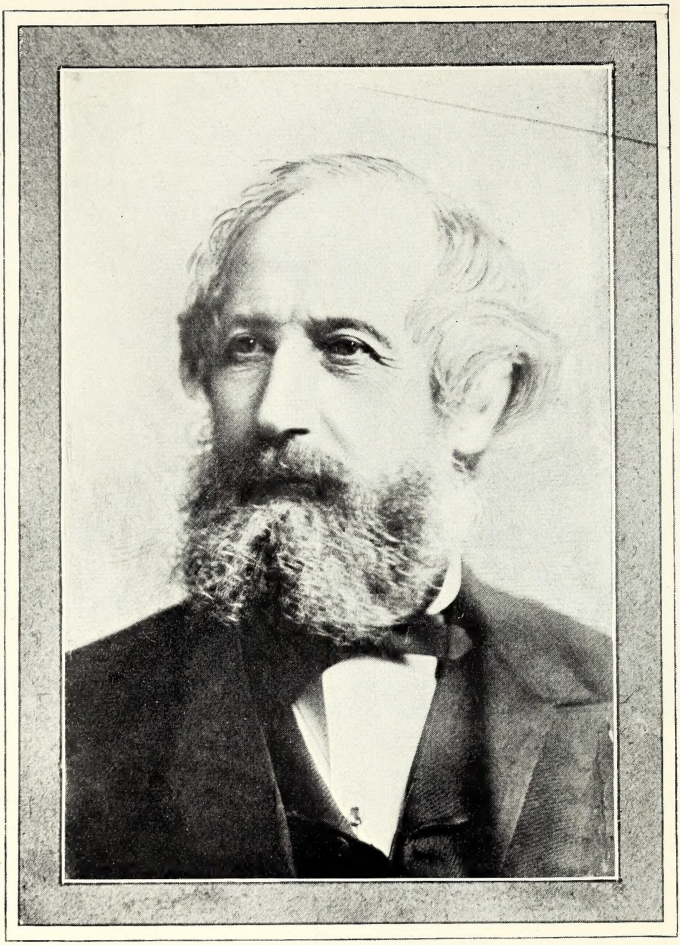
But eventually a change came,—not suddenly, but gradually. What the change was we can only surmise; it may have been the advent of the bloodthirsty Apache stock, or it may be that these wild nomads had already settled in part of the country and that their savage warriors became more numerous and arrogant and extended their range. The population of the village no longer grew, but contracted. Perhaps the men were killed in sorties against the enemy, perhaps, wearied and harassed by incessant alarms, they merely withdrew their wives and little ones to other places more secure. But room after room and building after building was abandoned and allowed to sink into decay. It is probable that what we now know as the Casa Grande was not built, at least not all of it, when the period of decadence commenced, but was gradually added to and enlarged during intermissions when it seemed that the good old times were coming back again. But it too suffered in the same way as the remainder of the village. The land about it was so desirable that it was farmed long after the village was abandoned; but the once great building gradually became less and less important, less and less what it used to be. Room after room was given up to the ravages of the elements, and the doorways connecting them with still used chambers were sealed up with huge blocks of masonry, which are still in place. Soon it came about that only a few rooms were occupied, and they were reached only by long ladders from the ground. Peep-holes were left in the blocks which sealed openings sometimes so arranged with reference to each other that through them a far-reaching but contracted view of the country about could be obtained from the innermost and most secure room in the building. The upper terraces, once merry with the prattle of children who used them as playgrounds and were protected from harm by the low parapets which bounded them, were abandoned and sank to decay; while the low cooing songs of the maidens as they worked over the mealing troughs preparing the corn for the day's food were heard no more. We can imagine the last users of the old building, who doubtless came there to farm the lands about, safely ensconced in an inner room and able to defy all assaults by their savage foes who thought to surprise them, until, weary of a fruitless siege, the assailants left them at liberty to return to their home village, many miles away. In the end, however, the conditions of life became too severe for even these hardy survivors, and the place was abandoned finally and forever.



NO-MAN'S-LAND.

Arthur Cleveland Hall.

FAR as the eye can reach across the sea,
There is no sign of life,—nor bird, nor sail.
Thy murmuring music does not cease, nor fail
To sound on desert shores its symphony.
Why cannot I be happy like to thee
And sing across my being's heaving deeps
From lonely lands, wherein no welcome sleeps,
Songs which unknown may charm my cares from me?
Thou mirrorest all fair things on thy breast,
Yea, ugliest things, in thee reflected, shine
With beauteous witchery almost divine,
And yet thou art the type of all unrest.
Drink deep, my soul, beauty and truth, like wine,
That life so mirrored may seem wholly blest.



CYRUS W. FIELD.

GIRDLING THE GLOBE WITH SUBMARINE CABLES.*

By George Ethelbert Walsh.

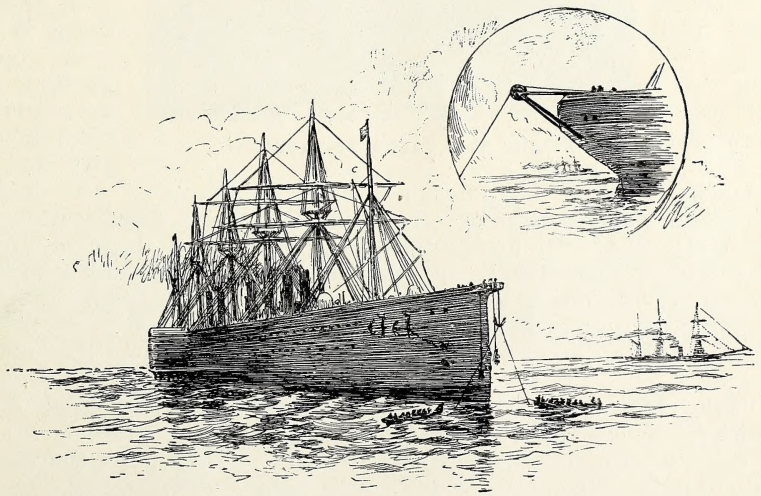
AN elaborate chart recently issued by the United States Hydrographic Office presents in detail the submarine cables of the world, with the principal connecting land lines, coaling, docking and repairing stations, enabling the student to take in at a glance the intricate network of life lines that pulsate between vast continents with the thoughts of a civilized world. The globe seems smaller and the uttermost parts of it less separated by time and distance as one studies this chart, compiled as much in the interest of war as of peace. The sun can scarcely set upon a land that is not bound to the rest of the world by any one of these electric cables. When we turn the pages of history and read that the first submarine cable of the world laid across any part of the open sea was

* Many of the illustrations for the present article were kindly furnished by the Commercial Cable Company.

operated in 1850, we are induced to reflect with a thrill of admiration upon the achievements of science in the latter half of the present century. In less than fifty years, about 1,222 separate and distinct ocean cables have been laid, with an aggregate length of 175,000 miles, sufficient to girdle the earth seven times, and representing a total expense of nearly two hundred millions of dollars. Twelve distinct cables cross the North Atlantic Ocean, binding Europe to America more effectually than a thousand regular lines of ocean steamers, and making separation from the nations of the Old World either by accident or otherwise almost an impossibility.

Although the first Atlantic cable owes its existence to the inventive genius and indomitable energy of Americans, the United States to-day figures little in the construction and ownership of submarine cables. Like its ancient ship-building industry, the cable interests have been permitted to languish and die of inaction; but to-day there are signs that we may have a revival of the latter as surely as of the former. As our new navy slowly increases and approaches the perfection of modern naval architecture, the need for cable ownership is realized, and the work that begins in agitation may end in great achievements for the future. In Europe there are at least fifty concerns that make submarine cables, but in the United States, strictly speaking, no ocean cables are manufactured. The cables laid under rivers, lakes and bays along the coast are made in this country, but they can hardly be included in the class of submarine cables.

There is some dispute between experts as to the originator of submarine cables, but the preponderance of opinion is in favor of Prof. S. F. B. Morse, who experimented with the first cable between Castle Garden and Governor's Island, in New York harbor, in 1842. In 1840 Prof. Charles Wheatstone laid before the House of Commons a scheme for connecting Dover and Calais by a telegraph cable laid under the waters of the channel. The English consequently give him credit for originating submarine cables. But an examination of his report shows that his conception of the undertaking was very crude and that his ideas were far from being matured enough to prove of any practical value. As for demonstrating the success of his scheme by actual experiment, it must

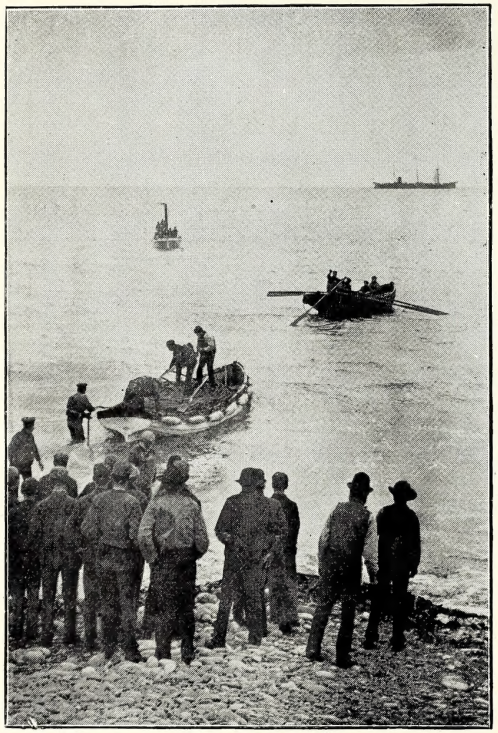


THE "GREAT EASTERN" PICKING UP CABLE OF 1865.

be said that he had hardly reached that point when his plans were roughly sketched and presented to the House of Commons. But Professor Morse proceeded to satisfy himself of the comparative value of his scheme before attempting to secure the aid of the Government, and a year later he summed up his experiments in a letter to the Secretary of the Treasury, J. C. Spencer, including in it these remarks: "The practical inference from this law is that a telegraphic communication on the electro-magnetic plan may with certainty be established across the Atlantic. Startling as this may seem now, I am confident the time will come when this project will be realized."

This was the germ of the idea that fifteen years later startled the world by establishing telegraphic communication between Europe and America. During the interim elaborate and painstaking experiments were made; for such a gigantic enterprise could be based only upon carefully-tested facts, and capital necessary for the success of the project had to be wooed cautiously and persistently.

Meanwhile, credit must be given to the English for their labor in carrying out the suggestion of laying a cable across the English channel; for ten years after Professor Wheatstone's scheme was presented to the House of Commons the first open sea cable was laid. Dover and Calais were connected for a few hours by telegraph. Then for some reason communication was interrupted, and a new cable had to be laid the following year. The first sea cable was made of copper wire covered with gutta percha and inclosed in a thick lead pipe. The second cable was made stronger and was better insulated, being protected on the outside by a strong wire rope. This proved such a success that many short submarine cables quickly followed; and from the experience obtained in laying these the projectors of the first Atlantic cable were enabled to proceed with more assurance of success.



LAYING THE CABLE OFF IRELAND.

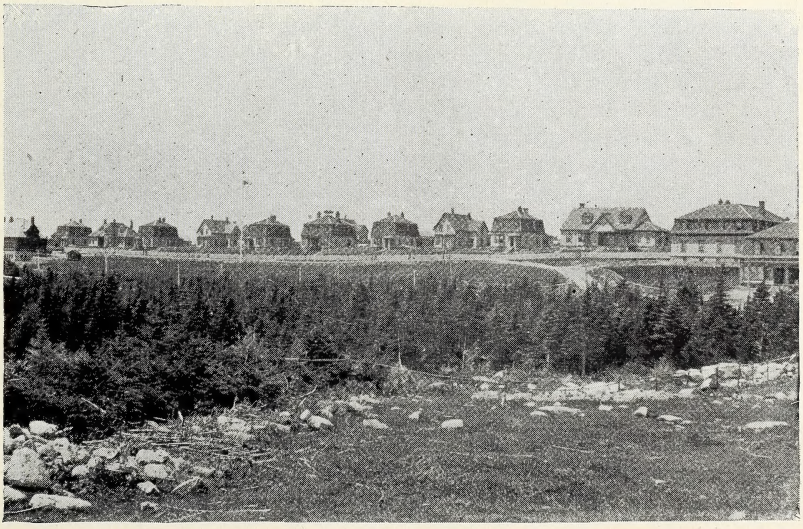
In 1854, Mr. Cyrus W. Field took up the question of intercontinental communication, and the Newfoundland Company was organized, with Mr. Peter Cooper as its president and Mr. Field as its active manager. The object of this company was to construct a line of telegraph across Newfoundland so as to get the news at Cape Race from the European steamers and transmit it thence overland to the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and thence by fast steamers to Cape Breton. At this point the American telegraph system started, and news from Europe could thus be greatly



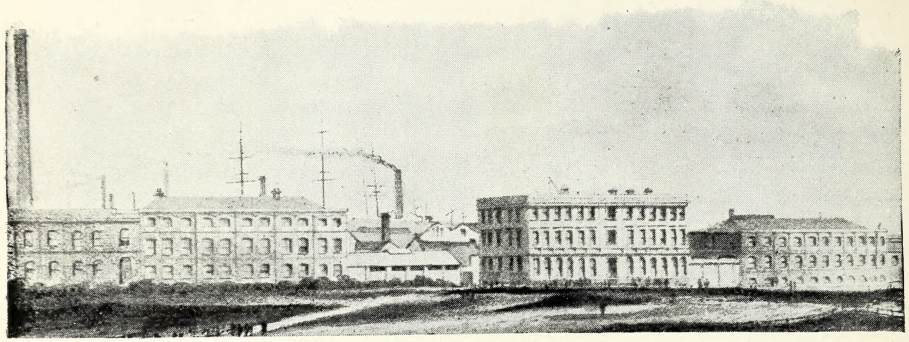
CABLE HUT AT CANSO, NOVA SCOTIA.

hastened. Among other prominent men connected with the old Newfoundland Company were Moses Taylor, Marshall O. Roberts, Chandler W. White and David Dudley Field. This scheme was proposed and carried through not as a commercial speculation, but more as an enterprise of general advantage to the country. No thoughts were entertained at that time of laying a cable across the Gulf of St. Lawrence; but before the company were through with their labors they had not only strung an eighty-mile cable across the Gulf, but their promoters had become interested in the daring scheme of continuing the cable from the shores of Newfoundland to the coast of Ireland.

The suggestion of Professor Morse contained in his letter to Secretary



CABLE STATION AT CANSO, NOVA SCOTIA.

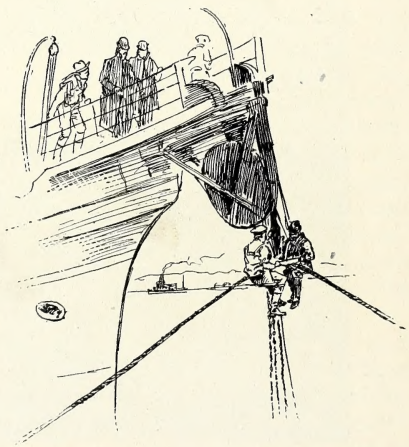


THE SIEMENS CABLE WORKS AT WOOLWICH.

Spencer found an able advocate in the person of Mr. Cyrus W. Field, and the members of the Newfoundland Company were broad-minded and public-spirited enough to grasp the problem intelligently. Their experience in laying the cable across the Gulf of St. Lawrence was of inestimable value in their future labors. Mr. Field proceeded to London to organize a new company for the purpose of laying the first Atlantic Ocean cable; and in 1857 his labors were so far successful that operations were commenced in that year.

On August 7, 1857, the United States frigate *Niagara* sailed from Valentia, Ireland, in the direction of Heart's Content, Newfoundland, trailing the long cable behind her, and laying it in position as she proceeded. But when about four hundred miles out the first of the series of accidents which characterized this gigantic enterprise happened, and matters were delayed for a whole year. The cable parted in mid-ocean, and the steamer had to return. The next venture, made in 1858, was undertaken by two steamers, H. M. S. *Agamemnon* starting with one portion of the cable, and the *Niagara* with the other half. The two vessels were to meet in mid-ocean and splice the cable.

In 1857 a financial panic swept over the country, and among others who were forced into insolvency was Mr. Field, the chief agent in the great scheme; and a renewal of the enterprise might have been delayed a quarter of a century had it not been for the unshaken faith of old Peter Cooper. While other men were looking after their individual fortunes and neglecting all public works in their anxiety over their own business, Mr. Cooper, with his usual broad-minded philanthropy, was urging his friend to renew his first attempt to lay the ocean cable and even supplying the money required to organize the company. The burden fell almost entirely upon Mr. Cooper, for many of the other supporters of the enterprise refused to participate further, and Mr. Field was broken in fortune and spirits. But the two men, with

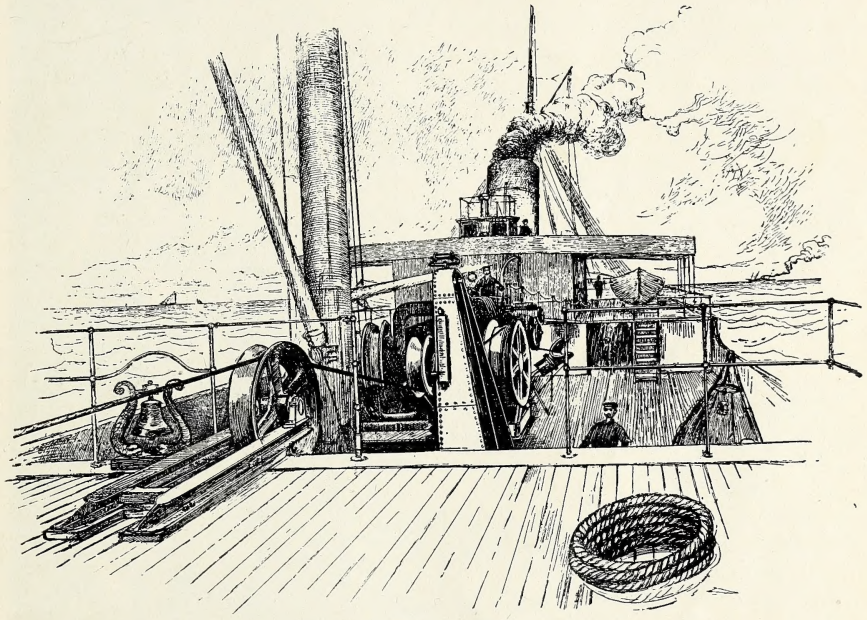


SECURING THE CABLE BY CHAINS.

indomitable courage, worked together, and from the first failure they emerged in time to a success that made their names justly famous throughout the civilized world.

In the second attempt the cable broke; but the third time the steamers left port the cable was strung across the ocean, and America and Europe were united by telegraphic communication on August 5, so that congratulatory messages could be exchanged between President Buchanan and the Queen of England. Messages were sent back and forth between the two nations, and a season of jubilee reigned. But in less than a month the joy was turned into grief. The cable refused to work, and the best electrical experts could not ascertain the cause. The project then lay abandoned until 1864, when another company was organized to renew the attempt, with Mr. Field as the active agent once more.

The *Great Eastern* was chartered to lay the cable, and on July 23, 1865, work was begun. To prevent a repetition of the two former accidents, this cable was made heavier and stronger, weighing about 300 pounds to the mile; but the science of manufacture of submarine cables had not yet reached the point of perfection. The cable did just what every one tried to guard against: it parted in the middle, and the broken end disappeared beneath the waters of the ocean. The full length of the huge cable was 2,273 nautical miles, and the *Great Eastern* was 1,400 knots from the starting point when the break occurred. The loss of this long stretch of cable was a severe blow to the company, and the steamer for more than a week cruised around the spot trying to find the end. She finally returned to Europe, carrying sorrow and despair to millions of expectant people.



THE PICKING-UP APPARATUS.

But a new cable was ordered, and on July 27, 1866, the *Great Eastern* finished laying it across the ocean without a recurrence of the previous mishaps. After laying the first successful cable, the *Great Eastern* returned to mid-ocean, where by means of grapnels she succeeded in finding the broken



THE "GREAT EASTERN."



PREPARING THE CABLE FOR SPLICING.

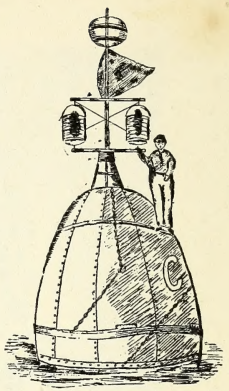
end of the former cable at a depth of two thousand fathoms, and, splicing this, she finished laying a duplicate across the ocean. Since that time mishaps to the cables have been more or less frequent, but we have enjoyed uninterrupted telegraphic communication with Europe ever since, either by one or the other cable.

This is briefly the story of the most interesting chapter in the history of cable laying. It was the pioneer long-distance cable of the world, and success was achieved only through repeated trials and disappointments. Many problems and discouragements have been brought up since then for engineers and scientists to solve, but they were nothing compared to the grave doubts, disappointments and uncertainties which the early cable layers had to encounter. Cable laying has become a special branch of science, and engineers educated in this line devote all of their energy to the work. After the great Atlantic cable proved a success, a fleet of thirty to forty steamers were constructed and equipped for laying submarine cables, and all the appliances necessary for the successful prosecution of the work were placed on board of them. A fleet of these steamers to-day are capable of laying more lines of cable in one week than the early pioneers in the industry could in one year. They have all the facilities for splicing in mid-ocean, and for grappling with broken ends that have sunk to the deepest part of the ocean. A cable-making plant and cable-laying ship require an investment of four to five millions of dollars, and this vast capital represents only one of many firms engaged in the business.

Since the first cable was successfully laid improved processes of making and laying the submarine telegraph wires have been gradually introduced, both cheapening the cost of material and labor, and insuring great strength and durability. The cost to-day varies from $1,200 to $1,500 per mile; and, taking the former as

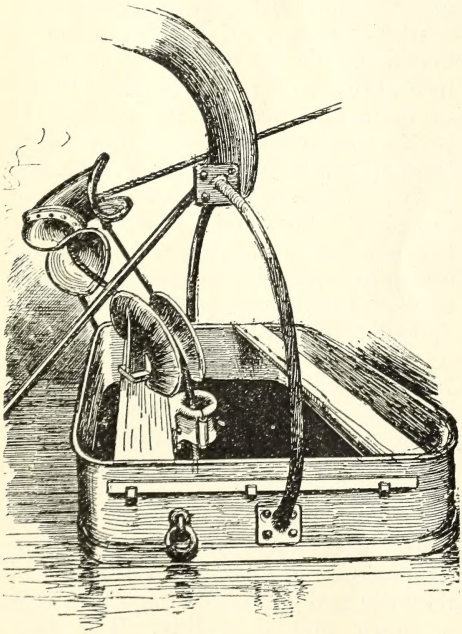
the average, the total mileage of cables of the world would represent about $192,000,000 of invested capital, exclusive of the stations and connecting apparatus at each end.

Scarcely a year passes but some new cable project of considerable importance is undertaken, and the activity in laying new lines is sufficient to support an immense industry that branches out in many directions. Apparently it is a highly profitable business in Europe, and the fifty or more large concerns that do the business have expensive plants which employ thousands of men. The method of making the cables in the various establishments is essentially the same. The centre of the cable is made of copper, with an insulator of gutta percha covering it, and the whole wrapped by prepared jute and galvanized iron wire. The wrappings of jute protect the insulator from coming into contact with the bottom of the sea, and the wires give the necessary tensile strength. Many experiments have been made to cheapen these coverings, especially the galvanized iron wire, and several substitutes are now placed on the market for use on short lines. Most of the galvanized iron wire for cable-making is manufactured in Germany at two and three cents per pound; and England, the greatest cable-making country of the world, buys the wire from the Continent and imports her jute and gutta percha direct from the East Indies, where close trade relations give her the advantage over all other countries.



THE CABLE MARK BUOY.

The United States is not a cable-using or cable-making country, and very little effort has been made here to compete with the English manufacturers. In recent years, however, manufacturers of wire rope in this country have entered actively into competition with Germany in supplying the demand for galvanized iron wire for cable purposes. Greater quantities of subaqueous cable, crossing rivers, lakes, bays and other small bodies of water, are made in this country than in any other, and the manufacture of it is confined almost entirely to the home establishments. The chief consumers of this small cable are the United States Government and the Western Union Telegraph Company, but other electric light and telegraph companies use more or less of it every season. The United States Government always contracts for certain kinds of cables, and many of these are imported from abroad free of duty, although American manufacturers bid closely for the work. On large orders it is impossible to supply the demand at once in this country, as none of the companies here are equipped with work-

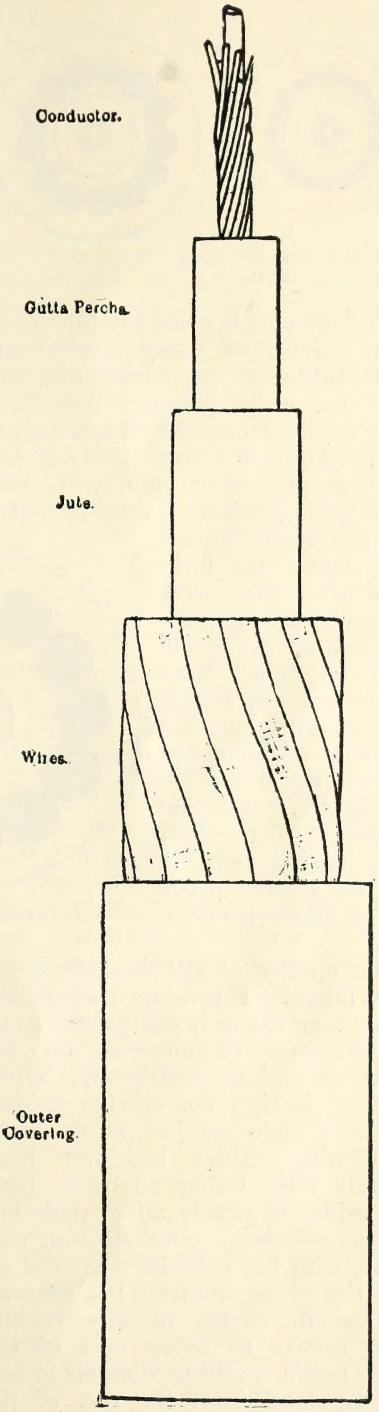


THE CABLE COMING FROM THE TANK OF THE STEAMER DURING OPERATIONS.

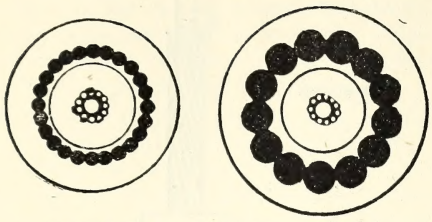
ing force or capital sufficient to make a large submarine cable, but one or two firms can turn out a mile of ordinary subaqueous cable in a week. If the proposed cable to Hawaii should be laid by the United States Government most of it would have to be made abroad. The total length of the cable would be a little over two thousand miles, and at the average cost of $1,200 per linear mile the expense involved would aggregate nearly three million dollars, including the cost of cable, laying it, franchises, concessions, and final equipment of the plant. The greater part of this sum would go to foreign manufacturers of cables.

The United States Government insists upon gutta percha as the best insulating material, but where the cable is exposed to considerable friction the protecting sheath is made particularly strong. For instance in the electric light cable used for lighting the buoys off Sandy Hook, and at other exposed points along the coast, the three conductors of copper wire are individually insulated with gutta percha, then wrapped with a covering of jute, an armor of heavy galvanized wire, a second sheath of jute, and an outside armor of galvanized wire. This cable is supposed to last for a long period, and there is little danger of its being torn or injured by the heavy storms that rage along the coast at this point.

The Western Union Telegraph Company, the largest consumer of cables in this country, requires for all of its lines under water a cable of seven copper wires insulated with rubber sheathing, laid in a bed of jute, and protected on the outside by an armor of eighteen galvanized wires. This cable is almost as heavy as some of the submarine cables, and closely resembles the shore ends of all the transatlantic cables. It weighs 21,500 pounds to the mile, and costs between 75 and 80 cents per foot. The rubber insulator is cheaper than the gutta percha, and when the latter

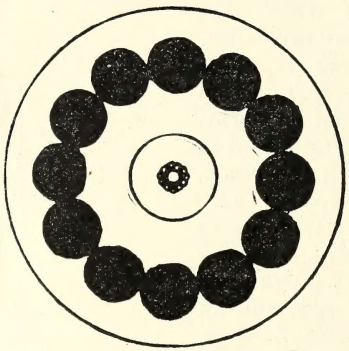


SUBMARINE TELEGRAPH CABLE, WITH VARIOUS LAYERS STRIPPED.



SECTIONS OF DEEP SEA CABLES.
For greatest depth. For lesser depth.

is used the cost is generally increased. There have been many experiments to substitute a cheaper insulating material for gutta percha; but while many have been made that will answer the purpose for a time, nothing has yet been discovered that will quite equal gutta percha. Cables insulated with gutta percha have been taken up forty years after they were first laid, and the insulator found to be in good condition. Rubber is the best substitute for gutta percha, and it is cheaper, but it does not have the tenacious strength and durability of the best gutta percha, and in the end it may prove a more expensive insulator.



INTERMEDIATE CABLE.

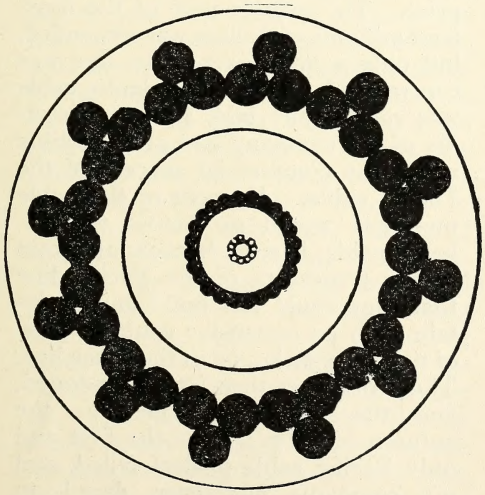
The apathy of the United States Government in owning and laying great ocean cables is due partly to our concentration of interests on the North American continent. Without any foreign colonies to protect and hold under subjection, the need of owning cables has not been severely felt. Other countries have laid cables to nearly all of their important colonies. Great Britain naturally, with her colonies scattered all over the globe, controls the greatest number of cables of any nation. They ramify to every part of the globe, and it would be difficult to isolate England from the rest of the world. In her international system she operates 14 long ocean cables, 9 of which belong exclusively to her; in her Indian system she owns 93, and has a part ownership in 5 more; her home system includes 102 separate lines; and in Canada, Australia and other colonies she operates 45 more. All of these submarine cables aggregate an enormous mileage, connecting every part of the civilized and uncivilized world with the British Isles.

Norway owns 225 official cables, but as they are short in comparison with those of Great Britain they do not begin to represent the same mileage or investment of capital. France operates 52 separate ocean cables, many of them the most important in existence, while Germany operates 45 and Italy 38. Other powers possess exclusive or part ownership of submarine cables that are of more or less importance, as follows: Denmark 50, Greece 47, Italy 38, Austria, 31, Japan 31, Brazil 22, Holland 20, Spain 9, Russia 8, Turkey 10, Sweden 10, Argentine Republic 3, and Belgium 2.

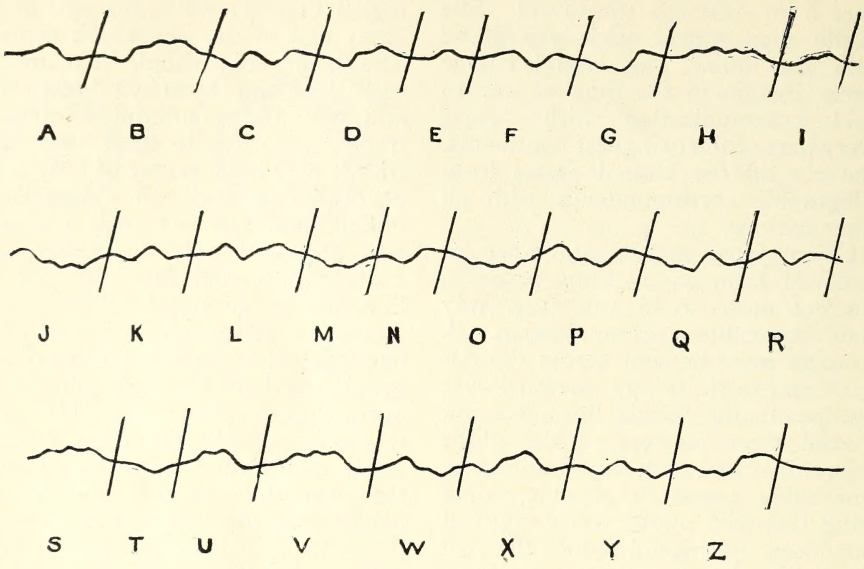
The cost of cabling messages from the United States to places in China, Japan or any of the countries on the western coast of the Pacific Ocean is enormous. This is due to the fact that while many cables cross the Atlantic to Europe, not one has yet been laid across the Pacific. It is manifestly the duty of the United States to cable the Pacific in the interest of her own citizens; but our policy has always been to refrain from projects which can properly be left to private enterprise. Cable laying has consequently been backward in this country, and the Pacific Ocean when the time comes may be cabled by private corporations and not by the American Government. Great Britain, however, is more than willing to go half way by running her cable

lines from Australia to Hawaii. She would then nearly circle the globe with her lines. This would enable Great Britain in the time of war to hold communication with nearly every part of the two great continents, and cut off the United States from telegraphic correspondence with all other nations.

China, Japan and Australia are far removed from us in many respects, but not more so in any other way than by cable communication. A message must be sent across the Atlantic and work its way eastward over European and Asiatic lines, passing around three-quarters of the globe before it can reach its destination. One cable across the Pacific would bring this part of the world right at our doors, and would reduce the cost of electrical communication more than one-half. A message from San Francisco to Auckland, New Zealand, costs $2.86 per word, and from New York to the same place $2.74 per word. Messages from the Pacific coast to Yokohama, Japan, cost $2.33 per word, and to Hong-Kong, China, $2.08 per word. These charges may not be excessive considering the great distances they have to travel and the different lines they have to be transferred to, but they are much higher than should be the case in this latter end of the nineteenth century. The Pacific coast should be connected with China and Japan by a direct cable; and with the wonderful advance in trade relations with these two countries it may be a matter of only a few years before such an enterprise is undertaken. In fact such a scheme was proposed over a quarter of a century ago, and the route for the line partly surveyed. The Russo-American Telegraph project of 1864–67 proposed to construct a line of telegraph overland through Siberia and northwestern America. This question was agitated about the time the many misfortunes were discouraging the promoters of the first Atlantic cable; and the series of reverses on the Atlantic cable construction probably caused the abandonment of the cable across Bering Sea. The originator of this scheme was Mr. Perry M. Collins of California, who was United States consular agent at Kikolaievsk, in eastern Siberia, in 1856. He obtained concessions from the Russian Government, and also from the British territories in America, to construct a telegraph line across the country to connect with a cable to be laid across Bering Strait. In 1864 Mr. Collins laid his propositions before the Western Union Company, and the directors accepted immediately the transfer of his rights and interests in the proposed line. An organization was formed by the Western Union people to carry out the project, and work was commenced almost immediately. Stock was issued to the extent of fourteen millions of dollars to complete the line that was to connect Russia with the United States by direct telegraphic communication. A surveying party, under the command of Col. Charles S. Bulkley, formerly of the United States military telegraph corps, started to the Pacific coast in January, 1865, to explore the proposed route. About the same time Segius Abasa undertook to explore the route



SHORE END CABLE.



CABLE ALPHABET.

in eastern Siberia. The company fitted out a fleet of vessels to make the necessary soundings across the Bering Sea, and the two governments showed their sympathy with the project by lending the aid of war vessels. The Russian government sent the corvette *Vsadnik*, and the United States detailed Capt. C. M. Scammon of the Revenue Marine Service. By July the fleet of vessels was in the Bering Straits and the various surveying parties were on their way across Siberia and Alaska.

The route chosen on the American side was up the valley of the Fraser River in British Columbia and down the Yukon to the Nulato bend. From this point it struck across the country to Port Clarence, where the American end of the cable was to land. On the Russian side the telegraph line was to start from Nikolaievsk, skirt the shores of the Okhotsk Sea, cross the peninsula of Kamschatka at its narrowest point, and then to the Chukchi Peninsula, where the cable across the straits would begin.

The country through which both exploring expeditions passed was practically unknown in those days, and the parties were prepared to meet almost anything. Their journeyings increased our geographical and scientific knowledge of the country very materially; for to these surveying parties we owe the first accurate description of the unknown regions of northwest America and eastern Siberia. It was unfortunate that nothing more came out of the enterprise. The greater part of the fourteen millions of dollars was expended, but only a small part of the line was constructed. Then the Atlantic cable was successfully laid, and the directors of the company had grave doubts about the commercial success of the Pacific cable. As most of the cable messages would go across the Atlantic cable, it soon became apparent to the projectors of the Pacific line that they could not build and maintain such an expensive route in view of the competition from the other line. The work was therefore abandoned, and the parties returned in the autumn of 1867. Thus the first and only Pacific cable project failed, and no company has ever dared to revive it.

In a commercial way the great ocean cables of the world are paying concerns, but most of them are owned or directly controlled by governments, and their purpose in holding an interest in them is twofold. Constructed apparently in the interest of business and commerce, they are incidentally looked upon as a great power for good or evil in times of war. In President Buchanan's reply to the Queen, when congratulations were telegraphed across the Atlantic, these significant words were used. "In this view will not all nations of Christendom spontaneously unite in the declaration that it shall be forever neutral, and that its communications shall be held sacred in passing to their places of destination, even in the midst of hostilities?" Very few nations to-day would give an affirmative reply to this question, and in the event of a war between any two, one of the first acts of hostility would be to seize the important lines of telegraph and cable. Great Britain realizes more than any other nation the value of her cables, and nearly every coaling, docking and repairing station that she has scattered over the world is connected by cable with the home office. It is because of her supremacy upon the ocean, and her need of holding the key to the situation in the time of war, that she is such an industrious cable-laying nation. Her power in this respect is so great that she could isolate many nations by seizing the cables at one end. In no respect is this brought so forcibly home as in examining the submarine lines that connect the United States to Europe. All of the cables strike westward across the Atlantic and touch land first at some point north of us—at Newfoundland or Halifax. At the latter place England has one of her strongest naval stations, and directly south, nearly opposite Charleston, are the enormous floating docks and coaling and repairing stations of Bermuda, connected by a submarine cable with Halifax. With such naval strength and peculiar advantage of naval stations, the United States could be cut off from all cable communication with Europe by a few orders from England when war was once declared. This might not handicap us to any great extent; but it would be a humiliating spectacle to be isolated from the rest of the civilized world on such brief notice. With a Pacific Ocean cable, however, this could not occur. Great Britain is anxious to land a cable line on the Hawaiian Islands, and from thence she would extend it in time to the northwest British provinces, completing the work of girdling the globe with her own lines. She would then be in a position to reach any part of the world without trespassing upon the territory of the United States.

A Pacific Ocean cable is only a question of time. A cable from our Pacific coast to Japan and China must logically follow the new awakening of commerce with these Oriental countries. Secretaries Blaine, Bayard and Tracy and President Harrison all advocated the construction of a submarine cable to Hawaii as the beginning of the line that must eventually extend across the Pacific, and with this purpose in view a reciprocity treaty was made with the Hawaiian Government which prevents it from granting any lease or concession to another power to lay a cable. British capitalists have already signified their readiness to connect these lonely Pacific islands to the rest of the civilized world by cable if the United States would remove its prohibition. How long the islands will consent to remain isolated from the rest of the world because of the interference of the American Government, it would be difficult to say. Either our government must act of itself, or through a quasi-private organization forward the enterprise, or English capitalists in time will step in and construct a cable line that we can least of all afford to permit.



WHAT'S a flower? A bit of brightness
Sprung, unconscious, from the sod;
Yet it lifts us in its lightness
From our earthiness to God.
What is love? O heart, a-tremble
With a destiny too high,—
Dare thy weakness to dissemble;
Lavish all thou art—and die.

THE PURITAN MAID.

By Minna Irving.

SHE sat in the door with her wheel and her reel,
When a stranger from over the sea,
With a song on his lip and a rose on his breast,
Drew rein by the mulberry tree.
He begged for a drink from the Indian spring
That bubbled and purled in its shade,
And with bold admiration he gazed in the eyes
Of Priscilla, the Puritan maid.

His cloak was of velvet, his ring was of gold;
His manner was courtly and gay;
And he turned in the saddle to throw her a kiss
And the rose, as he cantered away.
Forgetting the wool to be carded and spun,
Long, long from her spindle she stayed,
To dream in the dew with the rose in her hand,—
Priscilla, the Puritan maid.

When the summers had faded the pink of her cheek
And the winters had whitened her hair,
They clothed her in linen she wove in her youth
And folded her fingers in prayer;
And they found in her Bible the dust of a rose
In a time-yellowed handkerchief laid;
And knew why unwedded she went to her rest,—
Priscilla, the Puritan maid!

SEQUELS.

By Kate Erskine.

"IT is a relief not to be asked, 'How many lumps? With, or without cream?' "

"And to know that you can be as long in drinking it as you like, talk as little or as much as you like, and in all ways quite please yourself." The woman laughed as she handed him the cup.

"Thanks. But that is the value of friendship."

"What? To know how many lumps to put in?"

"No,—to please yourself; taking it for granted, of course, that in so doing you are pleasing your friend."

"Ah!"

They were seated in the library of a house on Beacon Street in Boston. In an hour or more the sun would set and the river be all aglow; the factories and houses on the Cambridge side would catch the rays and, as the evening light slowly descended, take strange shapes; castles would appear and odd shadows move along the water's edge. This was what they were waiting to see. This was what they had waited to see many times before. But in the meantime the river flowed lazily on, and the only boats to be seen were those of the Harvard crew as they rowed swiftly by, in training for the New London races.

"If I were the King in 'Through the Looking-Glass,' " said the man, after a thoughtful pause, "and you the Messenger, I should say, 'You alarm me! I feel faint,—give me a ham sandwich!' Perhaps you would not mind telling me what that 'Ah!' meant? Very well," he continued, when she did not speak, "if you won't answer my question I shall change my assumed character of the King to that of Tweedledum and say, 'I know what you're thinking about, but it isn't so nohow.' "

"Contrariwise," she answered quickly, then laughing added, "Do you know, I would rather see Lewis Carroll than almost any writer I know of. But as the walrus told us:

> 'The time has come
> To talk of many things,
> Of shoes and ships and sealing-wax,
> Of cabbages and kings.'

We haven't spoken yet about the Authors' Reading last night. How were you impressed,—or rather, how do you think you impressed?"

"If you can judge by applause, my story seemed to impress the audience quite well. Personally I was a dead failure. I could see it in the faces. I knew that I was shorter than some people fancied me to be and taller than others had fancied; that I was heavier by fifty pounds than many conceived the ideal literary man to be, and that the front rows were not discovering those traces of intellect in my face that should be there. I never read before the public in my life but that I felt the same way and was overwhelmed with the pathos of the situation."

"And yet your story pleased," the woman interrupted. "My name did not come, you know, until the last part of the program, so I had an opportunity of watching the people while you read, and they really cared more for your story than for any of the others. The women forgot their clothes, and the men themselves, and they laughed and cried by turns. You know you are now called one of the leaders among the idealists; and yet one felt that you must have written it

from your heart?" she added interrogatively.

"Ah!"

She looked at him quickly.

"But I will be more generous than you," he continued. "I will go on, at least by asking a question. You know me, perhaps as well as anyone does. Could I write it fully and freely from my heart?"

The woman, leaning forward suddenly, pointed to a shell passing near the house. "Did you notice who was rowing?" she asked. "It was Harold Williams. He is a sophomore now in college; but he was not much more than a baby when you were doing what he is now, and I was sitting in this window watching you." Then turning towards him she continued: "Let me put question to question. How should I know? You are a successful author, one who having struck a successful vein is wise enough to keep to it. I overheard a man say last night that it was the prettiest bit of idealistic writing he had ever listened to; and he added that of course it was all purely imaginary. But believing as I do that experience is the strongest factor in writing, how can I think that it was all imaginary, and that your true heart was not speaking? No one could write the beautiful story you read last night unless—he had felt the joy and wept the tears himself."

The man looked puzzled, then smiled slightly. "Always bearing in mind the fact that you speak from the most extreme realist's point of view, I can bear your criticism. Look," he said, pointing from the window as she had done a moment before, "some thirty odd years ago we used to play by the river's edge together, where that street is now. Do you remember? We would run away from our nurses and revel in the mud and water like young mud-turtles on a picnic."

"And when I threw mud on your clothes," she interrupted, "it was always you who said, 'Please forgive me.'"

"Yes? I suppose my ideality, my stock in trade, had even then begun to spring up in my infant mind, and I could easily imagine myself in your place and say what I thought you ought to. But what difference does it make?" he added quickly. "Why do you think and talk so much about it lately? You write from your point of view, and I from mine. You can't separate the two schools,—there is no dividing line; if you try to draw one it is so crooked that sometimes it is on this side and sometimes on that. As Tweedledee said—to go back to Carroll,—'If it was so, it might be; and if it were so, it would be; but as it isn't, it ain't. That's logic.' Don't you think he was right?"

"Perhaps so," she said a little wearily. The man arose, and began pacing slowly up and down, taking in the whole length of the deep house. In front the carriages were rolling quickly by, while the people hurried along on their homeward way. An organ was grinding out the last popular air. He watched the scene absently for a moment and then, turning, looked beyond into the other room where the woman still sat leaning back in her chair with her eyes fixed on the gently flowing river.

"Do you know," he said a little later, standing by her side, "that I believe you are tired."

"Yes," she admitted, "very, very tired. When I was a girl and felt so, I had only to take a brisk walk across the Common, and I was all right; but now that I am a woman, when I am tired, I am tired, and that is all there is about it. Like the children, I must then be amused."

"I believe you have been writing too much lately," he continued, still looking down at her.

"No, it is not that," she answered. "I think it is only that I am a little tired of myself, and—"

"Of others?" he finished.

"Perhaps so," she assented frankly.

"The others can go?" he said, half rising.

"No, they had better stay," she said

smiling, "until the sun sets. Tell me what you thought of my story last evening."

"You know I have always told you," he answered, "that your children were the most adorable youngsters that ever lived, real flesh and blood, with just enough deviltry to make them simply fascinating. The story you read last night was no exception; I could almost see and hear that chubby fellow with his curls flying as he ran along after the spotted dog. It was capital. Come, confess that you have had that same boy in your arms and felt his warm kisses on your cheeks, and that the spotted dog was the identical one you have been meeting mornings on Charles Street."

"Yes, and no," she answered. "The baby I have often had in my arms; but the dog is not exactly identical with the one you speak of. I transferred the spot on his tail to his left ear."

"Truly your realism is weakening," he laughed. "Wasn't that a slight concession?" But she only shook her head gravely. "Never mind," he said gently, "I won't tease you. I know that you are tired, and very soon I will go."

They sat for some moments in silence, watching the fleecy clouds as they rolled along, beginning already to catch the tints from the west.

"It is not that I am simply tired of myself," the woman said at last, speaking in a low voice. "I am tired of many things. Why not admit it? Why not ask you, my friend, to bear with me now that I am dull, and let me be a little cross, just as I used to be when we were boy and girl together?" She glanced at him, and then went on speaking more lightly. "I received a letter this morning from one of the magazines, asking for a story, and I have been thinking all day what I should write, weaving this plot and that, and——"

"Finally throwing them all out?"

"Yes. I have nothing left."

"You might branch out a little," he said meditatively. "You've sent me all the stories you have written, I think, during these last five years that I have been away, and they have all been in about the same strain. Why not try something now quite different?"

"As for instance?"

"Something more in the romantic line—say a love story."

She looked across the river a moment in thought; then, rising, walked slowly around the room, selecting a book here and another there. Returning, she laid them down beside him. "You have loved," she said quietly. "You can read it between every line. They are masterpieces of fiction. Would you ask me to add another line to a subject that is already written on to excess?"

"And yet everyone thinks that he approaches it from a fresh standpoint," he answered evasively. "I have a theory that sometime you will write such a story. Why shouldn't you love like other women?" he questioned, turning toward her.

She flushed a little, then said impulsively, "You admit it, then?" The man looked surprised, repeating her question interrogatively. "I mean," she continued coldly, "that you feel that to write such a story successfully it is necessary to have had personal experience in such matters?"

"To have at least an ideal, I should say," he answered. "Everything, of course, depends on the author and his style. But what I was going to say was this: that for you to write such a story well, you will have to love so truly and deeply that the story will almost write itself. In other words, when you do love, you will be compelled to write it. But speaking of my own stories," he continued, glancing carelessly at the books, "let them pass for what they are worth to me and the public. I have the satisfaction of knowing that they have increased my bank account considerably, and that I can hardly pass a street corner or

take a ride in the train without having them thrust into my face for sale. That is being famous! But," he continued bitterly, "you and I have written too much and too long not to know that often the note sounded in a story can only be made to vibrate and receive its answer from a public of one." He walked rapidly up and down the room for a few moments; then, returning, stood by her side looking down upon her. "If you were to ask me this afternoon for the best wish I could give you," he said, "it would be this: that your story would soon be written true and strong from your very heart, and that its note, no matter for whom it sounds, should be quickly answered. Could I have any good thing withheld from you of all other women?"

She sat turning the leaves of one of his books listlessly, so that he scarcely knew whether she had heard.

"No," she said at last, "it can never be written now." Going to her desk, she unlocked a drawer, from which she took out a manuscript; it was yellow and crumpled, and in some places the leaves were torn. "See," she said lightly, "I find that I have a story, after all. I have only just thought of it; and yet it has lain in that drawer for years. There is no reason why it should not be published now; and I am sure to get a good price for it. I have never done better work."

She drew her chair nearer to the window, and then sitting down with the manuscript still in her hand, motioned him to the chair opposite.

"And so you sail on the 'City of Paris' to-morrow," she continued in the same tone; "and this is the last talk we shall have together, for how many years—five, ten? Perhaps ten this time, you are getting so denationalized. Well, I suppose that, as you say, one must go over there to find real wealth of material; and there is no doubt that your literary work has vastly improved during the last five years."

She paused a moment and, looking down, arranged and rearranged the pages in her lap with a caressing touch. She seemed even to read a few lines, for with a little catch in her breath which might have been a half sob she repeated, as if to herself, what she had already said: "Yes, it is the best work I have ever done." Then, looking earnestly at him, she continued: "Tell me, isn't it folly to think that you are the same man and I the same woman we were when we parted such good friends, five years ago? It would not be possible to remain the same?" she questioned wistfully; then, without waiting for an answer, she went on rapidly, pointing to the books: "You see I have them all. Each one, as it came out, I read so eagerly that all other matters would be thrust aside until I had finished it. Who else could read your books with so much pride? What other woman, as she turned the pages, would see the figure of a curly-haired boy dancing before her eyes; of a young man standing in front of a girl, while she pinned a rose on his coat after he had won the boat race; and then, turning her eyes from the book, could see the author himself sitting in the chair opposite—as I do now? You see," she said gently, "that I have been able to give a touch of realism to your writing, that, perhaps, not many others have. And then there is another thing," she went on. "Look around this room: it is just the same as when you went away. Look out on the river: it still flows as gently and as smoothly as it always has, and as my life has for me since you have been gone. Perhaps that is the reason that, sitting here so quietly and reading your books, your life has seemed so varied to me that—"

"A life, you know," he said, interrupting her, "can be so varied and changing that, for an outsider, it is hard to follow; but a friend can detect a hidden purpose which never changes."

"Yes," she said quietly, "I have detected it. It is all there," she contin-

ued, gently laying her hand on the books. "You remember I told you what I overheard a man say about your purely imaginary writing. He had not discovered your purpose, as I have, and did not know that you have loved. Here in this book is where you struck the first note; and here, in the last, is where it sounds so beautiful and clear that one's heart thrills towards the woman you have drawn. And yet isn't it strange that the book reviewers have not touched on the fact that it is always the same one you describe? Your woman is so lovely and strong and true that to meet and know her one would willingly leave his home for many years," she added a little bitterly.

The man watched her wonderingly as she spoke.

"And yet," she continued sadly, "you have been back two months and not told me, your friend, that you have loved — and been loved." She spoke in a half questioning way, and as she did so arose, letting the manuscript fall to the floor, while she walked slowly to the window and looked out. "Never mind," she said gently, with the same little sob in her voice, then added quickly, "I really believe I am a little dull to-night."

The sun was just sinking below the horizon, and the river was bathed in the golden light. Its rays came in at the window, lightly touching the hair of the woman and falling in a narrow line across the already darkening room. It was very quiet. Anyone listening intently might hear what sounded like the turning of a page. But that was all. The sun disappeared, the darkness deepened; but still the woman stood thoughtfully looking out, and the man read rapidly by the fading light. It was not the blowing of the Cambridge whistles which finally aroused her, nor the falling of several pages on the floor, but the sound of his voice.

"I did not know that you could write like this."

She turned suddenly and, seeing what he held in his hands, moved forward as if to take the manuscript from him.

"Why not?" he said huskily, interpreting her thoughts. "Why shouldn't I read this story of all others?"

There were still a few pages left, and he went and stood by the west window beside her, to catch the last rays of light. She watched him intently, clasping and unclasping her hands nervously.

"Yes," he said at last, laying it down, "you are right. It is the best thing you have done. You have loved so truly and deeply that the story has caught the light from your heart, and shines on the man whose splendid character you have drawn." He hesitated, and then continued earnestly, "Tell me before I go, that these yellow and torn pages do not mean that the note you have struck has gone unanswered all these years, like mine? Tell me that your heart is not aching, too. For I could not bear it, you know," he added quite simply, "any more than when as a little child you bumped your head and I would try to kiss the pain away. If I could only always bear the pain for you I should be so glad."

He waited, but she did not answer, only grew a little paler, still nervously twisting her hands.

"Never mind," he added gently, "we can be strong, you and I. We have written of the heartaches of others, and now we will prove that we too can be brave and bear our own. But—" he hesitated, fingering the pages of the manuscript,—"do you know what I was thinking all the time I was reading your story? I was thinking how much it meant to be such a man as you have pictured; to be so noble and good that——" He broke off suddenly, then added impetuously, speaking bitterly, "But the story I have waited for so many years was not for me, and you have not seen nor cared that mine were for you."

The color had gradually come back

into the woman's cheeks as she listened, while a smile played over her face.

"Dear," she said softly, leaning forward and looking into his eyes, "isn't it about time that you should try realism? Now, my story,—how could it have been plainer?"

DREAM FIELDS.

By Myrtle Reed.

OVER the day and past the night,
Half in shadow and half in light,
So cool and green to our tired sight,
The dream fields bud and blow,—
Sweet with the breath of a thousand springs,
Swept by a thousand shadowy wings,
Aflame with a thousand beautiful things
That only dreamers know.

The sun on the river throbs and gleams;
Through leafy silence its glory streams;
'Tis only a step to the field of dreams
Away from grief and gloom.
The heart of a dream is always true,
The dreamland sky is always blue,
And hand in hand I walk with you
O'er meadows brave with bloom.

The violets of that lost year
Are just as blue and sweet and near
As on that day you kissed them, dear,
And then these lips of mine.
I watch the love light in your eyes,
And so forget, in paradise,
The gulf of years to-day that lies
Between my heart and thine.

Ah, dear lost love! the dream fields glow
With spring, and I — I love you so;
And you go on and do not know.
But I may dream, and then
My hungry lips can speak and say,
"Forgive me"; but I weep today,
And only wait and dumbly pray
That I may dream again.

THE NATURAL HISTORY OF THE LAKES OF NEW ENGLAND.

By Charles Livy Whittle.

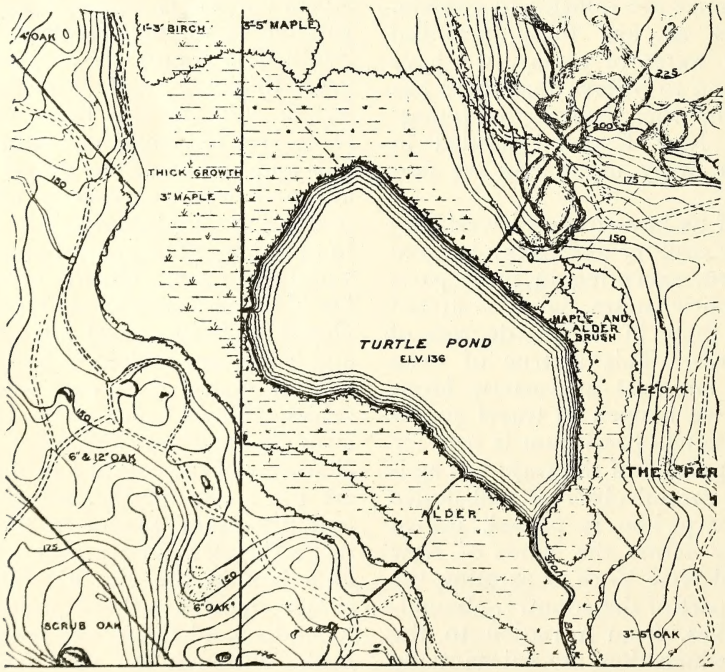
NEW England and the greater part of the northern United States are thickly sprinkled with lakes and ponds, in some localities much more abundantly than in others, and of all sizes and shapes. In the middle West they abound in Wisconsin and Minnesota. In New England they reach their greatest development, both as regards number and size, in the state of Maine, while New Hampshire and Massachusetts are not far behind. Following no known law of occurrence, we find them indiscriminately placed on broad plains and in narrow valleys, or perched upon some high elevation, accumulated in slight depressions that at first glance are difficult to explain. Numerous as are these beautiful bodies of water of to-day, we have good reason to believe that there has been a time when the irregular topography of New England nestled in its bosom many more than we find here now.

Most of us have traveled westward across the country and have observed everywhere, excepting in some parts of the prairie states, lakes scattered here and there in various degrees of plentifulness. This is true of most states as far west as eastern Montana. If we happen to travel southward the same observation is true for a certain portion of the way; but suddenly the careful observer will notice that a sharp line is passed, drawn irregularly across the states of New Jersey and New York, separating the northern part of the country, abounding in lakes, from a region to the south in which they are substantially absent. In passing this line, which is strongly marked, we find that there are many changes in the features of the country accompanying the disappearance of the lakes. One can hardly fail to note the great difference in the character of the rivers and streams in southern New Jersey, Pennsylvania and Virginia from that of those in New England. North of our line, waterfalls abound; the streams are clear, generally rapid, and their number is legion. South of this line the number of streams is much less than in New England, they are commonly sluggish and discolored by sediment, and waterfalls are almost absent—if we make an exception of the more mountainous regions of North Carolina and Virginia. In the North our soil is brown, sandy and of variable depth and fertility. In the South it is commonly red, clayey, of great thickness, and more uniformly fertile. On the one hand, we see a profusion of boulders, sand plains, hills and hummocks of gravel, abundant and fresh exposures of ledges presenting undecomposed surfaces to our view, all of great frequency and variety of form. On the other hand, boulders are scarce, sand plains are absent, hills of gravel are unknown, and ledges are seldom to be found.

How many of us ever asked ourselves, How happens it that this strongly marked difference in the character of the country exists? Why are the rivers muddy and discolored and the lakes absent in the South, while the streams are pure and lakes abundant in the North? There are simple answers to these questions; but to understand them, one must go far back—although not very far, as the geologist measures time,—and look at the conditions which have existed in

this country in periods of the world's history—which, I say, from a geological standpoint, are comparatively recent. Nothing is unchangeable in the universe. Our highest mountains, the Cordilleras, towering many thousands of feet above the sea, by the very fact of their altitude furnish the conditions for their own destruction. What could we name which has a greater appearance of eternal duration than a mountain of granite? And yet the minerals present in this rock invite the onslaught of the elements which accomplish its downfall. Feldspar, for instance, one of its component minerals, is prone, under the action of water and the acids derived from decaying vegetation, to change its character to clay. The clay is quickly and swiftly carried away, at first by trickling streams, and lastly by mighty rivers, to the lakes or oceans, where it is deposited, owing to the quietness of the water, forming our clay beds.

There once existed in the state of Pennsylvania mountains looming several miles above the sea; yet to-day we find the country but slightly above sea level. In the same manner, but by divers processes, the leveling of all our mountain ranges and the destruction of our continents are certain results of these causes acting through incalculable periods of time. The reader will ask what is the nature of these processes, and how are continents destroyed. The processes are in greatest part water and frost action, combined with the ever-present force of gravity. In our temperate latitude, in particular, water which has penetrated into fissures and cracks in the rocks expands and cleaves them asunder upon freezing. Gravity catches hold of these fragments, and they are carried rapidly down declivities. The streams, whose power is enormous on steep slopes, especially when they swell to torrents, transport the finer material to the rivers and eventually to the ocean. Of great potency as



POND PARTIALLY FILLED FROM SURROUNDING LAND.



A CHARACTERISTIC NEW ENGLAND LAKE.

an agent of destruction is the tendency of most minerals to change or decay under the influence of atmospheric conditions; this process, frost action and gravity are collectively the important agents in the work of the tearing down of continents. However slowly these may act, however slight their individual influence may seem from our standpoint, if we allow the element of long time nothing is too stupendous for them to accomplish. That these processes are active ones and constantly in operation is proven by the fact among many others that the Mississippi River by actual measurement transports annually two hundred million tons of sediment mechanically suspended by virtue of the water's motion, to which must be added an enormous but as yet unmeasured quantity of mineral matter held chemically dissolved. As a result of careful computation on fairly reliable data, it has been shown that the rivers of Great Britain yearly carry away eight million tons of material thus dissolved. This alone would suffice to lower the entire land surface of the islands one foot in thirteen thousand years; but it only represents the loss by chemical means sustained by Great Britain; the loss of material mechanically transported is not considered in arriving at this result. As soon as the waters of the Mississippi are quieted in the Gulf, its mechanically held sediment is dropped; that held in solution is in part consumed by organisms or added to the store of mineral matter present in all sea water. Considerable portions of the great states of Mississippi and Louisiana are but parts of a large delta deposited by this river in the former northward extension of the Gulf of Mexico.

There was a time when the surface of New England was unmarked by lakes. Eastern Massachusetts had been reduced from a previous much higher altitude to a gently rolling country, possessing occasional elevations rising perceptibly above the general level. This period is variously estimated by geologists at from six thousand to thirty thousand years ago, probably not over the latter. The character of the country at that time was not unlike that of parts of the



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A BOG — A LAKE NEARLY FILLED.

South to-day. For ages the processes of chemical decomposition had been going on, and the solid rocks were decayed to a depth of hundreds of feet in particular areas where streams had not removed the material as fast as it came into a condition capable of becoming a prey to floods and torrents —the condition of the more protected parts of the South at the present time.

At about this stage in the history of our continent the conditions which determined the precipitation of snow in what is now British North America were so changed that the amount of snow falling in winter was not dissipated by the next summer's heat. By the presence in summer of a residual mass of snow and ice, the approach of cold weather the succeeeding winter was hastened; and this process continued with a constant cumulative effect until the winter's precipitation of snow was not appreciably lessened by the next summer's warmth, and a glacial period was begun. The old snow acted as a nucleus for the increased precipitation the following winter. As time went on, the snow became deeper and deeper, and was finally consolidated into ice toward the bottom by the pressure of its own weight. Before the ice became many thousands of feet thick the pressure of the mass caused it to flow horizontally in the direction of its thinnest part, or toward the south. This is not mere speculation; all of us know that the Swiss glaciers move at a varying but slow rate down the Alpine valleys, and that the continent of Greenland is swept over by an immense ice sheet at the present time.*

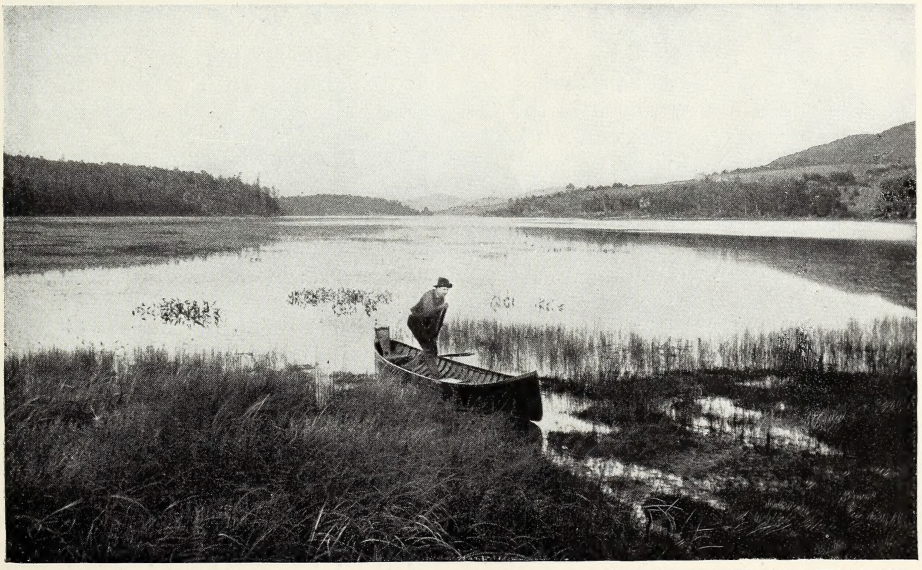
The accumulation continued at the

*The study of the glacial conditions in high altitudes has been productive of much valuable scientific information. It is now pretty well determined that, considered in its entirety and in its far-reaching effects, the close of the last glacial period has not yet taken place, and that, as far as climate is affected by the ice age, our climate to-day is still undergoing a slow modification toward a higher mean annual temperature. This is a necessary conclusion based upon recent studies of Greenland's continental ice cap. Properly interpreted, the evidence furnished by this far-away region is that the glacier represents a surviving portion of the ice sheet which accumulated not only in Greenland, but further south in British America; and it was this southern region which furnished the ice that once invaded this country. Greenland's glacier is now suffering a steady and pronounced decrease in extension, and is slowly retreating toward the pole. With the complete or partial disappearance of the north polar ice cap there must be a change in our climate, since this is so largely affected by the temperature north of us. Nor is this belief otherwise unreasonable or improbable, for fossil remains show that in very recent geological times northern high latitudes enjoyed a climate mild and salubrious compared with the present.

north, and gradually the ice sheet or glacier attained the dimensions of a continent and slowly moved southward, covering the upper part of the United States from Montana eastward and extending south, with a broad curved front, as far as northern Kentucky. All of our highest mountains were covered, the grooves and scratches on the solid rocks attesting the power of the ice, which acted like a giant rasp, with its embedded rocks and stones, as it moved over the surface of the country. To have mantled over Mount Washington would have required a thickness of over one mile. The power of this moving continent of ice was prodigious. From the north came the enemy that rudely interrupted the harmonious conditions which existed here prior to its arrival.

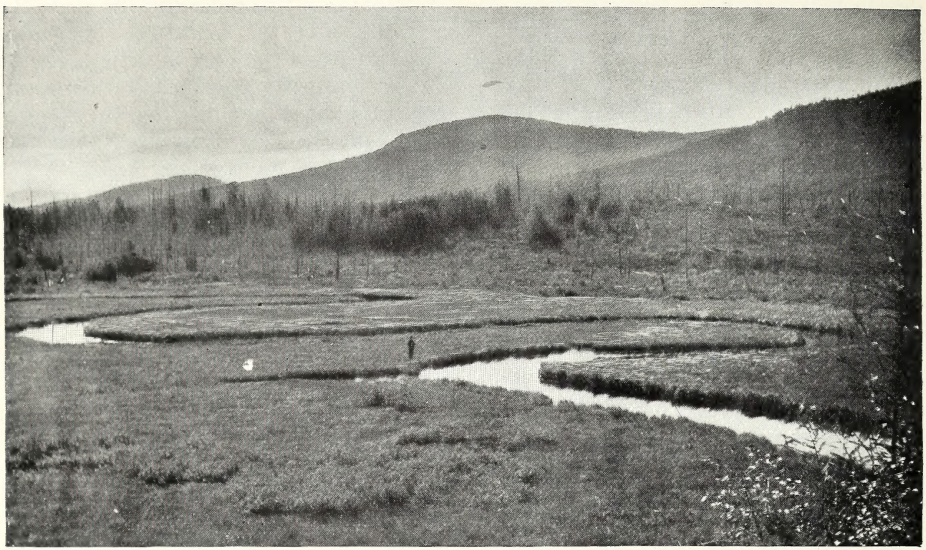
It is unnecessary to dwell upon the various rival theories which have been advanced to account for the formation of glaciers; but they were probably due to the united action of several causes, such as a change in the direction of the prevailing winds and ocean currents, a new geographical relation of land and water, and the happy coincidence of these conditions with the periodic greater distance separating the sun from the earth. The scientist in searching the geological formations from the Archaean age to the Pleistocene period has found evidence of other glacial periods far back in the earth's history, and it is contended by some that they are of periodic occurrence.

I have already said that no lakes existed in New England at that time. The streams, by long custom, had established a perfect and uninterrupted drainage system. No obstructions occurred along their courses to dam up the water producing lakes and ponds; and waterfalls had ceased to exist. But with the advent of the glacier all this was changed. As the ice advanced over the country, it forced the great thickness of decayed rock into ridges along its front—moraines. Part of the morainic material was finally overridden. The ice advanced and retreated, and gravel, sand and rocks were transported here and there and deposited in extreme irregularity, both as regards locality and amount, all over the glaciated area. With the



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MARSH DEPOSITED BY A STREAM AT ITS ENTRANCE TO A LAKE.



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A FILLED LAKE WITH WINDING STREAM.

glacier, huge rivers carrying material worn away and loosened by the ice added to the confusion by depositing great quantities of sand and gravel whenever the ever varying conditions were favorable for their accumulation, as sand plains or irregular knobs.

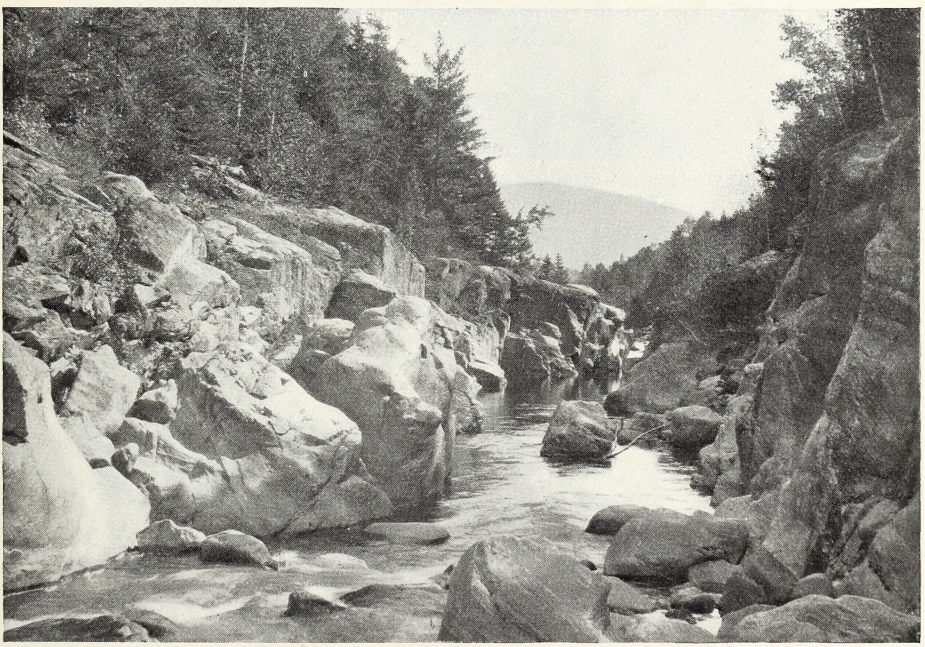
Once more the conditions which produced glaciation changed, and the ice gradually retreated to the north and abandoned New England. But what havoc it had wrought in the old stream courses of the country! In place of established river systems, the water, seeking always the lowest places, was detained behind irregular barriers of drift which had been indiscriminately dumped along the river courses, giving rise to countless lakes and ponds. Here, high on some mountain slope, occurs a beautiful little lake, celebrated for the purity and transparency of its waters, placed here by the fortunate disposal of a mass of gravel and clay which was accidentally deposited across the head waters of some tiny mountain brook. There, along some old valley, once again the course of a river, may be seen a chain of narrow lakes often separated from one another by only a still narrower barrier of land, forming something like an orderly arrangement. But anything like a systematic disposition of the lakes is exceptional. They burst upon the view of the traveler in the most unexpected places, presenting an ever increasing diversity of form, size and surroundings. Some are shallow and are bordered with a fringe of fir balsams and spruces; others are long and deep and occupy the floor of some narrow valley; not a few are mere bogs, which are old lakes that have been encroached upon by a thick mantle of sphagnum moss, often nourishing a growth of tamaracks and firs near the shore. Sphagnum moss plays an important part in Nature's economics. Through its love for water, it gradually works its way out over the surface of our shallow lakes, dying at the bottom and ever renewing at the top. Wind-blown soil and dust are caught in its thick embrace, small marsh plants soon obtain a foothold, and before long there is a heavy network growing upon all the surface of the lake, capable of carrying the weight of several people, but often

moving along in front of them with a tremulous, wave-like motion, more alarming than dangerous.

The old channels becoming filled, the water was forced in most instances to seek new courses, and the streams are to-day busily engaged endeavoring to straighten out the tangle for which their arch enemy, the Arctic glacier, was alone responsible. In many instances success has attended their efforts; but as a rule the streams now reach the ocean only by flowing over steep declivities, in narrow gorges cut by their resistless energy or through numerous bodies of water placed along their new courses.

The old, pre-glacial red and yellow clay, which resulted from the chemical alteration of the rocks, and which under present conditions serves to discolor the majority of the streams south of the glacial line, was all swept away during the ice period, and consequently our streams to-day are free from this displeasing feature. The time since the close of the ice age has been relatively so short that clays of this nature have not had time to form in sufficient quantities to affect the color of our streams.

Among the many labors of the rivers is that of filling these lakes which occur so plentifully. Let any one carefully observe the condition of many of our small ponds. It will usually be found that a small discolored stream enters them at their upper end, but that the water that escapes at their lower end is free from all visible matter, animal or vegetable. In the quiet waters of the pond all the sediment held in the streams, sustained by virtue of the water's motion, has been dropped. One will also see that the upper part of the pond is muddy, and that a small marsh exists there, extending up stream some little distance. Further search will show that there are all stages between the completely filled pond or meadow and the open lake. Lake Cayuga, one of the celebrated finger lakes of central New



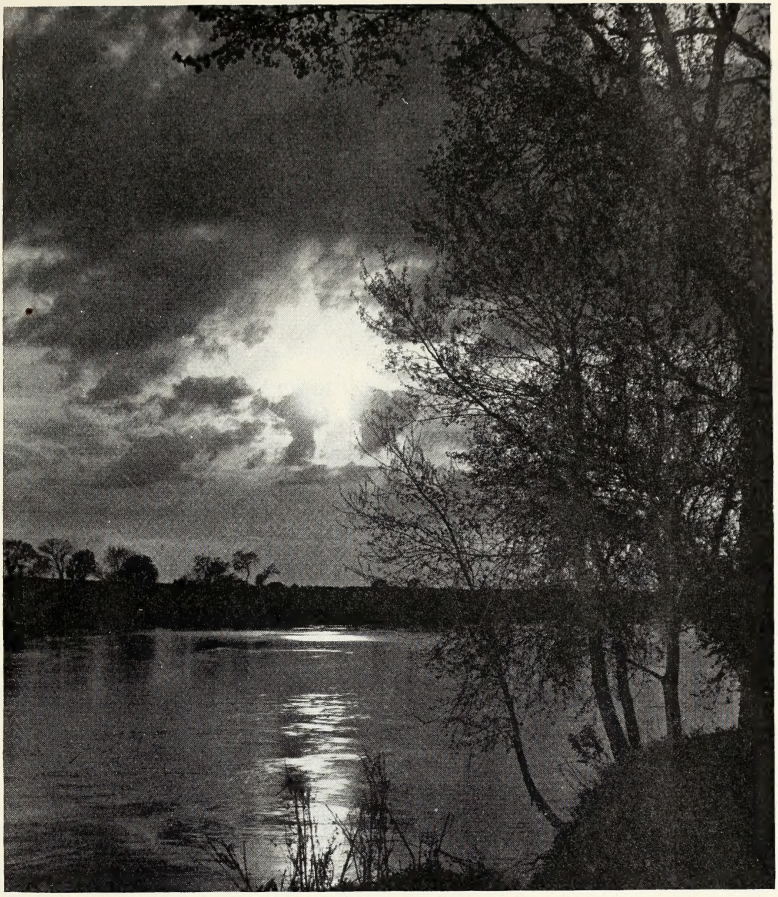
A GORGE CUT BY A RIVER.

York, has been filled so fast by this process that steamers cannot make their docks within a mile of their old point of landing sixty years ago. It would be a matter of little difficulty to determine from the data there accessible the time when this lake will cease to exist. The filling of lakes takes place not only at their upper ends, where the permanent stream enters, but during the springtime and periods of excessive rains torrential waters, although of transient duration, deposit large quantities of sand and clay at various points along the shore.

The village of Interlachen, in Switzerland, is situated on a delta dividing Lake Thun from Lake Brienz. This delta is over a mile across, and was deposited by two streams draining the Jungfrau group of mountains through the Grindelwald and Lautschinen valleys. The delta completely separates the two lakes, which were formerly a single sheet of water, and is only one case among the thousands of such deposits known to the geologist. We recognize in our meadows examples of old lakes which, owing to great shallowness, small size or a more rapid deposition of sediment, have been more quickly filled than their neighbors. Such old lake beds can be easily detected by their flat surface and the lazy stream, discolored by vegetable matter, which pursues its meandering course across them. By the cutting down of the dam which holds back the water, still more of them are wholly or partially drained.

During the last stages of the glacier's existence, while its front was oscillating backward and forward, there were many lakes formed, whose origin was also glacial, but whose duration was short, and which disappeared as suddenly as they sprang into being. While the ice front existed as a wall across our valleys, in which occurred north-flowing rivers, it acted as a dam, often producing lakes of great extent and depth, which endured only as long as the ice barrier was maintained. Such lakes were the dumping ground of enormous quantities of sand and gravel, and their existence is now indicated by sand plains in our valleys and old shore lines carved along the mountain sides, high above the general level of the country. The glacial geologist has proved the former existence of such lakes in great abundance, and it is not too much to say that these transitory bodies of water once occurred in some profusion, being limited, however, to those valleys bordered by elevations of considerable height and continuity.

Such has been the history of many of our lakes, and such will be the ignoble end of all those that exist in New England at the present time. None of us will be here to record their passing; but generations of people yet to be born will not fail to note that many bodies of water to-day celebrated for their beauty or associations have no place on the maps of that period.



FANCIES OF THE NIGHT.

By Herbert Randall.

AND why should my musings the day pursue
That over the mountains fled?
The will-o'-the-wisps in their pale robes come,
Like ghosts of the living dead,
And gladden the gloom with their spirit forms;
And high on her throne of light,
With her shoulders bare and her moon-bright hair,
Sits the Queen of the summer night,
Making love with the heart of the foolish stream,
That knows not love's fickle side;—
For a shifting wind, and the lady fair
Were veiled as the Storm-King's bride.

We the Song-birds of Massachusetts, and their Playfellows, make this our humble petition *

We know more about you than you think we do. We know how good you are. We have hopped about the roofs and looked in at the windows of the houses you have built for poor and sick and hungry people and little lame and deaf and blind children. We have built our nests in the trees and sung many a song as we flew about the gardens and parks you have made so beautiful for your own children, especially your poor children, to play in.

Every year we fly a great way over the country, keeping all the time where the sun is bright and warm; and we know that whenever you do anything, other people all over the great land between the seas and the great lakes find it out, and pretty soon will try to do the same thing. We know; we know. We are Americans just as you are. Some of us, like some of you, came from across the great sea, but most of the birds like us have lived here a long while; and birds like us welcomed your fathers when they came here many years ago. Our fathers and mothers have always done their best to please your fathers and mothers.

Now we have a sad story to tell you. Thoughtless or bad people are trying to destroy us. They kill us because our feathers are beautiful. Even pretty and sweet girls, who we should think would be our best friends, kill our brothers and children so that they may wear their plumage on their hats. Sometimes people kill us from mere wantonness. Cruel boys destroy our nests and steal our eggs and our young ones. People with guns and snares lie in wait to kill us, as if the place for a bird were not in the sky, alive, but in a shop window or under a glass case. If this goes on much longer, all your song-birds will be gone. Already, we are told, in some other countries that used to be full of birds, they are almost gone. Even the nightingales are being all killed in Italy.

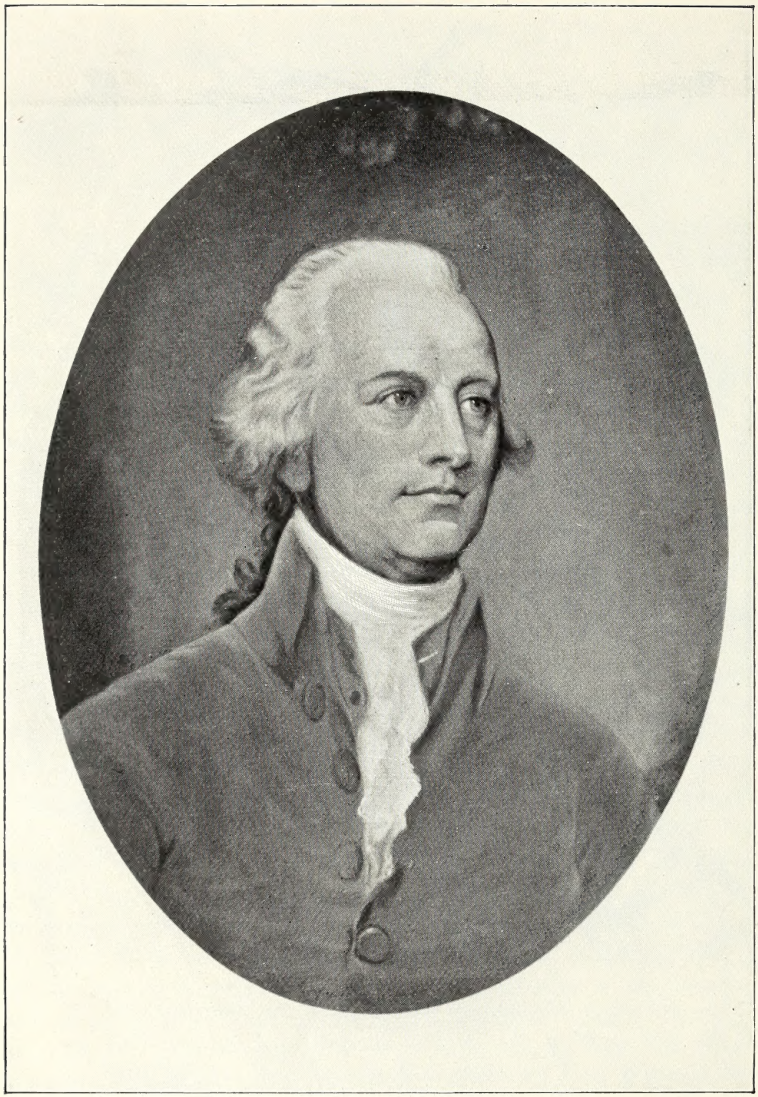
Now we humbly pray that you will stop all this, and will save us from this sad fate. You have already made a law that no one shall kill a harmless song-bird or destroy our nests or our eggs. Will you please to make another that no one shall wear our feathers, so that no one will kill us to get them? We want them all ourselves. Your pretty girls are pretty enough without them. We are told that it is as easy for you to do it as for Blackbird to whistle.

If you will, we know how to pay you a hundred times over. We will teach your children to keep themselves clean and neat. We will show them how to live together in peace and love and to agree as we do in our nests. We will build pretty houses which you will like to see. We will play about your gardens and

* This petition, reduced in size from the original manuscript now lying in the Massachusetts State House, was written by Hon. George F. Hoar and illuminated by Miss Ellen Hale.



flower-beds,— ourselves like flowers on wings,— without any cost to you. We will destroy the wicked insects and worms that spoil your cherries and currants and plums and apples and roses. We will give you our best songs and make the spring more beautiful and the summer sweeter to you. Every June morning when you go out into the field, Oriole and Blackbird and Bobolink will fly after you and make the day more delightful to you; and when you go home tired at sundown, Vesper Sparrow will tell you how grateful we are. When you sit on your porch after dark, Fife Bird and Hermit Thrush and Wood Thrush will sing to you; and even Whip-poor-will will cheer up a little. We know where we are safe. In a little while all the birds will come to live in Massachusetts again, and everybody who loves music will like to make a summer home with you.



JOHN LANGDON.
From a painting by Colonel John Trumbull, 1794.

JOHN LANGDON.

By Charles R. Corning.

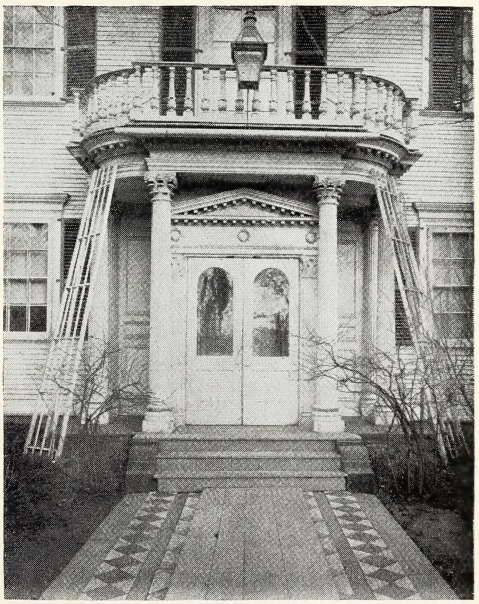
THE Langdon family had long been prominent in the administration of affairs in the old town of Portsmouth, New Hampshire, and its members had often been called to various offices of honor and responsibility. In examining the records of the town during the 18th century and the early years of the 19th, scarcely a year can be found when some one of this distinguished name was not selected to assist in the management

of local and sometimes of Provincial affairs. Such training was destined to promote the family into the front rank of public servants, and thoroughly to equip its male members for the momentous epoch of revolution. The most distinguished descendant to bear the name was John Langdon, who was born at the old homestead on the outskirts of Portsmouth, in December, 1739. His boyhood was unmarked by prophecy or wonders. He did what other boys did, trudged to the Latin school kept by the celebrated Major Hale, who was one of the characters of his day, recited his lessons, and left no gleaming legend for scholarship. Langdon was not a genius and his sound sense always kept him safely within bounds.

The counting room of Daniel Rindge, a prominent merchant of Portsmouth, put the finishing touches to the young man's education, and at the end of his apprenticeship he had made up his mind to reap the rewards incident to the life of the sailor. This was natural, for in those days the allurements of India and Europe were strong and tempting. Langdon was soon afloat, and he seems to have followed his sea-faring life up to the time when the stout yeomen of New Hampshire remonstrated with and finally defied Governor John Wentworth and his subservient Council. Probably Langdon had long foreseen the coming of the storm; but whether he had or not, he quit the sea and again became a resident of his native town. Such men as he were wanted by the public, and soon after his advent among them the citizens found work enough for so patriotic and resolute a man. He made no excuses and shirked no responsibility; he knew that the day for temporizing had gone and that the time for action had come. He bravely burned his bridges behind him and calmly watched the ruins float from his sight. His was the typical patriotism that men loved to see.

Langdon's first appearance as a legislator was, I think, when he was sworn in as a member of the Provincial House of Representatives, at Portsmouth, in May, 1775. He took to his new duties with a prescience decidedly remarkable. The message of Governor Wentworth counseled moderation and forbearance; but the House was in no mood for such advice—so Langdon was one of the committee to wait on that official for the purpose of asking for an adjournment of the assembly to a time more conducive to calm discussion. The Governor finally assented, and adjourned the House for a month. The differences between the colonists and England were daily growing wider, but the men of Portsmouth and vicinity felt few misgivings as to the future.

The memory of the midnight exploit of the year before, when Langdon and John Sullivan led an angry crowd and captured Fort William and Mary, was still rankling in Wentworth's breast, when another excur-



ENTRANCE TO THE LANGDON MANSION.



THE LANGDON MANSION, PORTSMOUTH, N. H.

sion of the same men resulted in completely dismantling the fortification at Jerry's Point. The temper of the populace was high, and while no violence was offered the Governor, for he was a native of Portsmouth and personally popular, public impetuosity could not always be made to keep quiet, as the chief magistrate soon found out. One day it was reported that a well-known and well-hated loyalist was at the Wentworth mansion, and in an hour a crowd gathered and, wheeling a cannon before the hospitable portals, loudly clamored for the surrender of Fenton. One course alone was left, and that was prompt acquiescence; Colonel Fenton gave himself up to the excited patriots, who sent him to Exeter with a strong guard. Under circumstances so perilous the Governor again adjourned the recalcitrant House until July; but before the day of assembling came, the last royal Governor had fled to the protection of H. M. Frigate *Scarborough*. The people at last were kings, responsible only to themselves.

They were not carried away by wild and impracticable theories, nor were they swayed by intemperate appeals to deeds of violence. The transition caused no disruption in affairs; all went on in conformity to the sternest maxims of law and order. Liberty-loving men like Langdon, Weare, Thornton and Sullivan comprehended to the utmost what it all meant, and the people trusted and followed them. In the same year that the last royal House sat in Portsmouth, a convention of delegates assembled at Exeter, not as a rival but rather as an advisory body sent directly from the people. The Exeter Congress took hold of matters in a very determined way, raising troops, furnishing supplies, establishing post offices, appointing a committee of safety, and devising ways and means for the public support. It was by this Congress that Langdon and Sullivan were chosen as delegates to represent the Province in the Continental Congress to be held at Philadelphia in May. Their powers were undefined and elastic, and it was provided that each of them in the absence of the other should have full and ample powers to consent and agree to all measures which said

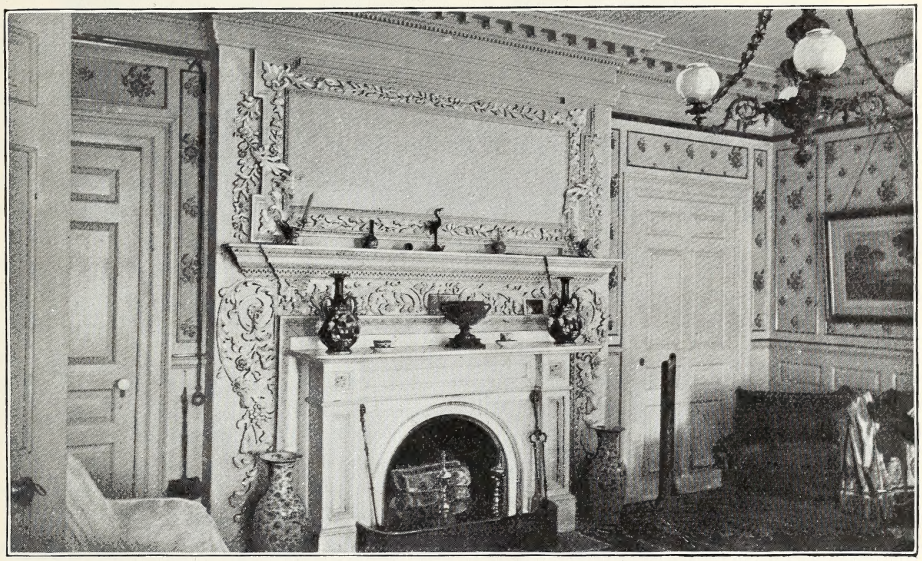
Congress should deem necessary to obtain redress of American grievances. The sum of two hundred and fifty pounds lawful money was raised to defray the expenses of this mission.

The delegates made their way slowly to Philadelphia,—the journey at that time consumed from ten days to two weeks of toilsome traveling,—and attended the sittings of the first Continental Congress. In this Congress were Washington, Henry, Lee, Sam Adams, Rutledge, Chase, and others of eminence. A joint letter dated May 22, 1775, and addressed to

"We earnestly entreat you for the Honor of the Province, if such a requisition is made to give every possible assistance to preserve our people from the invasions of a barbarous & Savage Enemy. We are sorry, Gentlemen, that Honor will not permit us to give you the least information respecting our proceedings; we can only say that all the Colonies are firmly united & are preparing for the worst.

"P. S. We earnestly entreat you to prevent our General Court from making an application to great Britian for Redress of Grievances, as that would Draw the Resentment of all America upon our Province, it being agreed that no one shall make terms without the advise & consent of the whole.

"Jno Sullivan
"John Langdon."

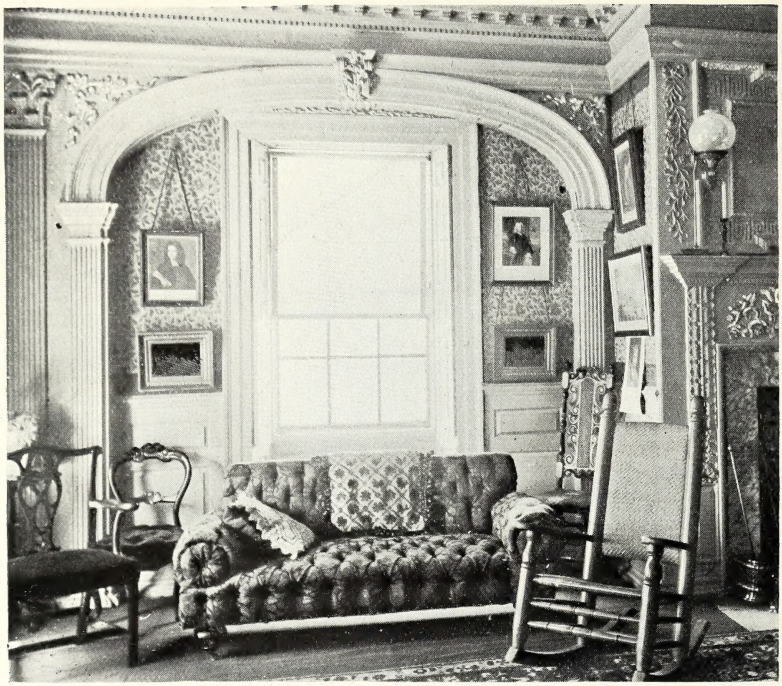


PARLOR IN THE LANGDON MANSION.

the New Hampshire Committee of Safety throws light on the important subject of Indian invasion by way of Canada. The letter states that the evidence laid before Congress proved that the English were persuading the Indians to take up arms against the colonists and that public safety required the destruction of the forts at Ticonderoga and Crown Point and the erection of a new fort at the lowest part of Lake George; and in these views the writers hoped that New Hampshire would promptly acquiesce.

Late in June Sullivan took his departure from Philadelphia and set out for New Hampshire. The war news had stirred his martial spirit and he felt that his place was in the field. Langdon writes to Thornton, July 3, 1775, giving the latest intelligence, and ending by pouring out the innermost feelings of his heart, an outburst of nature very rare in a man so calm and conservative.

"The low mean revenge and wanton cruelty of the Ministerial sons of tyranny, in burning the pleasant Town of Charles-



ALCOVE IN THE DRAWING-ROOM OF THE LANGDON MANSION.

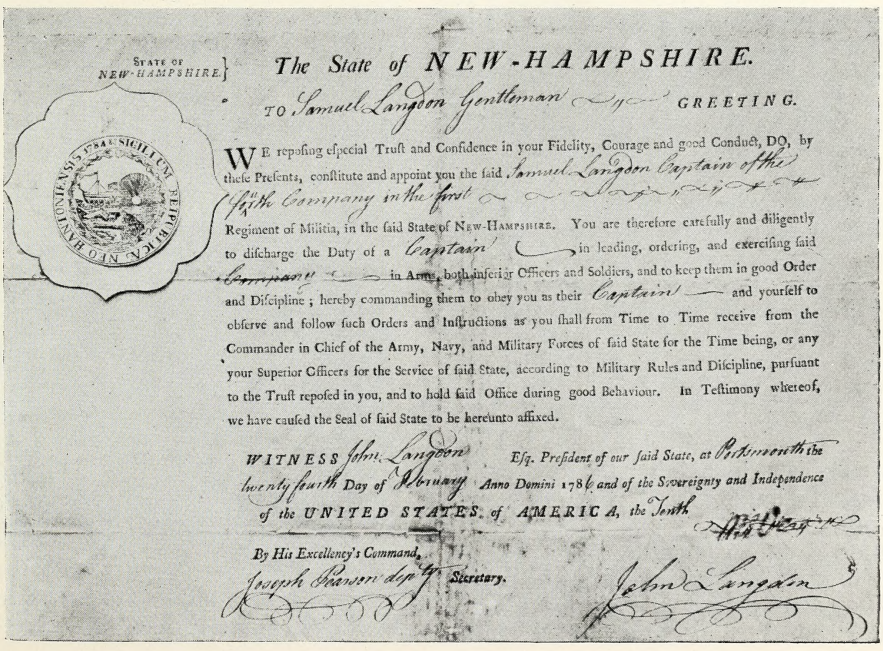
town, Beggars all Description; this does not look like the fight of those who have so long been Friends, and would hope to be Friends again, but rather of a most cruel Enemy, tho' we shall not wonder when we Reflect that it is the infernald hand of Tyranny which always has and Ever will Delluge that part of the World (which it lays hold of) in Blood. . . . I am sorry to be alone, in so great and important Business as that of representing a whole Colony, which no man is equal to, but how to avoid it, I know not; Whether it will be worth while (at this uncertainty) to send me any assistance, our Hon^{bl} Convention will be Judges. I shall endeavor as far as my poor abilities will admit of to render every service in my power to my Country."

These lines admirably sum up the course and purpose of Langdon's long and useful public career. He was a firm patriot, loyal to his country to the latest moment of his honored life. His loneliness as the only delegate from his Province was soon relieved by the appointment of Josiah Bartlett; and a year later William Whipple was added to the delegation. Langdon was prominent in the proceedings of the Congress, and stood high in the estimation of his associates. He served on important committees, and was one of those who was sent to Canada on a secret mission, ostensibly to ascertain the state of the troops and fortifications and the general progress of the war.

Among Langdon's Congressional duties none was more important than that of providing an adequate and constant supply of powder for the troops. He was the working member of the committee. Early in 1776 we find him at home busily engrossed in superintending the manufacture of powder and of small arms, encouraging his fellow citizens by his example of unceasing activity and conspicuous disinterestedness. The war had now come upon the colonies in earnest, and New Hampshire from its geographical position was between two dangers. The best of the troops were in Washington's army near

Boston, yet the exigency of the situation demanded prompt and generous reinforcements for the army in Canada. The northern townships were in constant alarm lest the Indians burst upon them, and their fears were by no means idle or groundless. More than once the danger was imminent, and the Committee of Safety did its utmost to furnish men to protect the threatened frontier and thus compose the fears of the inhabitants. The Continental Congress was greatly perplexed with these border troubles, and considerable time was spent in determining the best course to be pursued. While Langdon was in Portsmouth engaged in supplying the munitions of war, Congress called on New Hampshire for a quota of seven hundred and fifty men to reinforce the troops in Canada, and the Provincial House (at once) voted to raise the required number, giving a bounty of six pounds to each soldier.

About this time Captain Langdon, as he was called, was appointed colonel of light infantry, with authority to nominate his commissioned officers, a mark of confidence somewhat rare in military procedure. It does not appear that Langdon had attended the Congress in Philadelphia for nearly a year; consequently Matthew Thornton was appointed, and thus Langdon missed the proud distinction of signing the Declaration of Independence. Congress, mindful of Langdon's abilities, made him its agent for the building in Portsmouth of a frigate called the *Raleigh*, and into this new business he threw all his resolution and energy. His commission as colonel of the light infantry did not interfere with the construction of the frigate, and during the rest of the year he remained at home undistressed by the alarms of war. In December, 1776, he was elected to the House of Representatives, and chosen speaker, presiding over the brief and uneventful session with that impartiality and dignity which always characterized him. The procuring of lead, powder, flints and other indispensable articles for the army caused Langdon no little trouble, but a fair measure of success



STATE OF NEW-HAMPSHIRE

The State of NEW-HAMPSHIRE.

TO *Samuel Langdon Gentleman* GREETING.

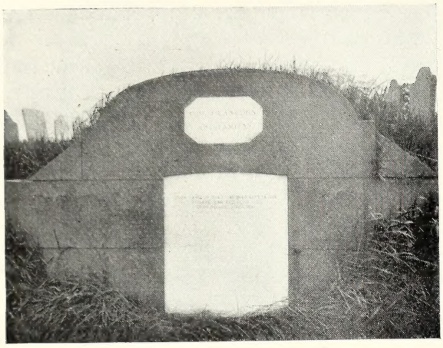
WE repoſing eſpecial Truſt and Confidence in your Fidelity, Courage and good Conduct, DO, by theſe Preſents, conſtitute and appoint you the ſaid *Samuel Langdon Captain of the* [illegible] *Company in the firſt* Regiment of Militia, in the ſaid State of NEW-HAMPSHIRE. You are therefore carefully and diligently to diſcharge the Duty of a *Captain* in leading, ordering, and exerciſing ſaid *Company* in Arms, both inferior Officers and Soldiers, and to keep them in good Order and Diſcipline; hereby commanding them to obey you as their *Captain* and yourſelf to obſerve and follow ſuch Orders and Inſtructions as you ſhall from Time to Time receive from the Commander in Chief of the Army, Navy, and Military Forces of ſaid State for the Time being, or any your Superior Officers for the Service of ſaid State, according to Military Rules and Diſcipline, purſuant to the Truſt repoſed in you, and to hold ſaid Office during good Behaviour. In Teſtimony whereof, we have cauſed the Seal of ſaid State to be hereunto affixed.

WITNESS *John Langdon* Eſq. Preſident of our ſaid State, at *Portsmouth* the *twenty fourth* Day of *February* Anno Domini 178[illegible] and of the Sovereignty and Independence of the UNITED STATES of AMERICA, the *Tenth*

By His Excellency's Command,

Joseph Pearson dep[illegible] Secretary.

John Langdon

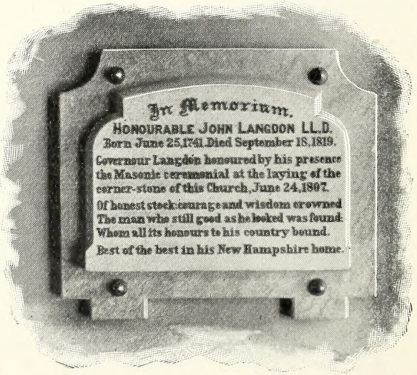


THE LANGDON TOMB, PORTSMOUTH, N. H.

attended his efforts. Cupidity was not wanting among the Portsmouth merchants, and in some instances they refused to part with their goods except at an unreasonable profit. This kind of dealing was too much for a man of John Langdon's ideas and temperament, and he suggested to the Committee of Safety the propriety of seizing such articles as were needed by the army. Rum was an essential concomitant to war in those days, and the merchants, knowing the fact, raised the price accordingly. Their shrewdness, however, availed them nothing, for the sheriff went his rounds taking from each dealer a certain percentage of his hogsheads. To illustrate the belief in the efficacy of rum in the war then waging, a quotation from a letter to Langdon is pertinent: "The troops will be very remiss so will the batteaux men and teamsters if in the heat of summer they are to drink water."

At the June session of 1777 Langdon was again speaker, little dreaming of the momentous question that was destined to come before the House and in the decision of which he was to act so splendid a part. The times were exciting, for the war was now at its height; but the session dragged along and was soon adjourned,—only to be quickly summoned to reassemble again by the command of the Committee of Safety. Burgoyne had begun his march, and the sound of his guns could almost be heard by the excited people. The wildest rumors passed from town to town and for a moment the stoutest men became disheartened. The House took instant action. The state troops were put into two brigades, the second being commanded by John Stark, who was to be wholly amenable to the General Court for his actions. Stark had retired from the Continental Army, but his patriotism burned fiercely and he longed once more to draw his sword against the enemy.

At this juncture Langdon made his name precious to the memory of Americans. The House was in committee of the whole and the question of raising money to send Stark and his men to Bennington was under discussion. Public credit was low and daily getting lower; the exchequer of the infant state was really empty, and further taxation was useless. Langdon was no orator; he was scarcely a fair talker; but on this occasion the hidden spring of speech was touched to its depths. The members were silent, despondent, discouraged. "I have a thousand dollars in hard money," exclaimed Langdon, "I will pledge my plate for three thousand more. I have seventy hogsheads of Tobago rum, which will be sold for the most they will bring. They are at the service of the state. If we succeed in defending our fire-



TABLET IN ST. JOHN'S CHURCH, PORTSMOUTH.

sides and our homes, I may be remunerated; if we do not, then the property will be of no value to me. Our friend Stark, who so nobly maintained the honor of our state at Bunker Hill, may safely be entrusted with the honor of the enterprise, and we will check the progress of Burgoyne."

These stirring sentiments were the grand precursor of that brilliant victory a few weeks later which broke the spirit of England, averted all danger of invasion from Canada, and bound anew the loosening ties of the dejected patriots. But Langdon did not stop here; he followed up his generosity by calling for volunteers to go with Stark; and in a short time a company was enrolled, Langdon himself being among the first to enlist. This battalion took part in the battles of Bennington and Stillwater and was present at the surrender of General Burgoyne. Colonel Langdon left Gates's headquarters on October 17, bearing copies of the terms of capitulation. The success of the Americans was complete; and Langdon stood higher if possible than ever before. He still continued to be chosen speaker of the House, even in his absence, and he held that office until 1782, although during those years he was more occupied with executive than with legislative matters. Later, he bore arms under General Sullivan in Rhode Island, which ended his military career. Having been appointed by Congress as naval agent for New England, he gave his whole attention to building frigates, enlisting seamen and providing the sinews of war.

Of Langdon it may truly be said that he held nearly every office within the gift of the people. He frequently held several offices at the same time, yet no one ever accused him of greediness or selfishness. To the end of the war he continued to serve as agent for the confederation, holding in the meanwhile various official positions the number and duties of which at this day strike one as amusing. He was president of the New Hampshire Convention called for the purpose of appreciating and strengthening paper money, and had the satisfaction of presiding over two sessions of this extraordinary body. In 1783, in view of the questions arising between New Hampshire and Congress, Langdon's services were called for, and he once more received appointment as a delegate to Philadelphia. In 1778 a State Constitutional Convention convened, of which he was a member. He was also a member of the long-lived convention which met in 1781 and after seven sessions finally adjourned in 1783.

No man had a clearer comprehension of what was necessary to make a united and strong country than Langdon, and to the bringing about of this result he bent his strength and gave his time and money. At last peace was declared and the long and impoverishing war was ended; but the future was yet dark. The revolution was by no means accomplished when Cornwallis laid down his arms, for the most difficult and doubtful part still confronted the people. The emission of worthless paper money, the impairment of credit, and above all the deep-seated jealousies subsisting between the states, made the adjustment of differences the most perplexing and delicate task ever set before statesmen. Delay was carrying the victorious Americans speedily toward irreparable disaster, yet no voice was raised to stay the danger and to suggest the remedy. In New Hampshire public concerns were reeling from weakness, yet personal feelings were generously subordinated to the common welfare. As yet no heart-burnings had set the patriots against each other; all were anxious to put the machinery of government in order; but a paralysis seemed to have settled upon the leading men of the country which for the moment threatened the direst calamities.

At length the spirits of the ex-

hausted confederation were raised by the assembling of the famous convention from which issued the present Constitution. As may be supposed, the public choice fell upon Langdon at this juncture, and he took his seat in this memorable body as a delegate from his native state. He was not a stranger among the members, for there he renewed many of his old Congressional acquaintances and met with a cordial welcome. The deliberations were kept secret and not given to the world until long after every member had been gathered to his fathers. Langdon, however, took a leading part, and his suggestions were frequently deferred to because of his large experience in public affairs. His colleagues were lawyers and soldiers, with here and there a few scholars; but scarcely one among them equaled the New Hampshire delegate in practical knowledge of everyday affairs. On the question of the slave trade Langdon expressed himself with vehemence, declaring it "a violation of good conscience." But compromise dominated the convention. New Hampshire voted with others to prolong the slave trade for twenty years, and in return the extreme slave states agreed to the clause relating to the Navigation Acts. Langdon spoke and voted in favor of giving to Congress the power to subdue rebellions without the intercession of the state legislatures. Shays's Rebellion was a living image before his eyes, and he wanted to make impossible any repetition of such violence. The evils of paper money were apparent to all men, and in condemnation of its issuance by Congress the convention approached unanimity. "Rather than grant the power (of making paper money) to Congress," exclaimed Langdon, "I would reject the whole plan." Such an expression illustrates the conservative temper of the day. Less than a century later the question of paper legal tender rose to harass and excite the republic and to perplex its highest tribunal, which held the question a long time in consultation owing to judicial differences.

On the seventeenth of September the Federal Convention ceased its labors, and the instrument was submitted to popular judgment. Langdon and his Massachusetts colleagues probably had a long and tedious journey homeward and it was not with the lightest or most confident heart that he saw the familiar landmarks of Portsmouth in the distance. There was still a struggle ahead, for not all the articles of the Constitution were by any means fitted to the liking of his constituents. An appeal to patriotism and moderation by calm discussion was the only way to make a compromise acceptable; and to this labor Langdon gave his days and nights. It was the work of a giant, but fortunately in New Hampshire a great majority of the leading men were in favor of ratification and exercised their influence to that end; yet the farmers were out in force, each man an oracle to himself, and this class being numerous and strong, put the result in doubt. The convention met in Exeter, then adjourned to Concord, where on the anniversary of Bunker Hill the session was opened, lasting four days, when by a vote of fifty-seven to forty-six the Constitution was ratified, and as New Hampshire was the ninth state, the Constitution thus became a reality and the union was established. In this convention Langdon was the leader of the constitutional party, aided by Josiah Bartlett and Samuel Livermore, and the instrument was finally successful in spite of most strenuous opposition.

During the next decade Langdon was constantly in public life, and to few men were greater honors accorded. Langdon was not a scholar, a soldier, nor an orator; he was only a strong-willed, modest man, highly endowed with common sense, systematic habits and calm, unruffled

disposition; he was honest, straightforward and courteous, and men always knew where to find him. For these characteristics he was honored, trusted and beloved.

He was president of New Hampshire in 1788, and in the same year the legislature, anticipating the organization of the general government, elected him as senator in Congress, with Paine Wingate as his colleague. The new government was to meet in New York and proceed to serious business on March 4, but when that day arrived only eight senators and thirteen representatives were in the city. The proceedings had to be postponed, and the day appointed for the inauguration of the president passed by almost unnoticed. The government could not go into operation, and to aggravate the strange situation scarcely a member a day put in appearance. All this was highly diverting to the Anti-Federalists—and New York was the breeding ground of that noxious school of politicians. Yet when one studies the physical conditions prevailing at that inclement season of the year and takes into consideration the newness and novelty of the electoral machinery, the unfortunate delay does not appear so remarkable. March was nearly spent when the necessary number of senators answered to their names, and, a quorum of the House being present, both bodies met on the thirtieth of the month and proceeded to organize. Langdon was chosen president *pro tem* of the Senate, and on the sixth of April he sent a message over to the House to notify it to attend to the declaration of the vote for president and vice-president. The historic scene had been put off so many times that a spirit of levity could with difficulty be suppressed; but the solemn moment had at last come, and amid a deep silence Langdon opened the ballots and read them off to the tellers appointed by each house. Washington received sixty-nine, the whole number, and John Adams received thirty-four, the remaining votes being cast for ten different persons.

Soon after this event the senators drew lots to determine the class to which each should belong; and to Langdon fell the third class of six years. On the twenty-first of April the vice-president-elect was escorted into the Senate chamber, where Colonel Langdon briefly addressed him and conducted him to his chair. The courtesies of the inauguration were now over, and party spirit and local prejudice began to be felt at every turn. They were great sticklers for form and ceremony in those days, and one of the first of the Senate debates arose on the subject of how messages should be presented to the Senate and to the House. Our simple forefathers voted that the following was the correct procedure:

"When a bill shall be sent up by the House of Representatives to the Senate, it shall be carried by two members, who at the bar of the Senate shall make their obeisance to the president and then advancing to the chair make a second obeisance and deliver it into the hands of the president. After having delivered the bill they shall make their obeisance to the president, and repeat it as they retire from the bar. The Senate shall rise on the entrance of the members within the bar, and continue standing until they retire."

On the question of ceremony both parties seemed agreed. Styles or titles became a prolific source of speech-making, nearly every senator expressing his opinion on the momentous subject. How to address Citizen Washington and John Adams, Esquire, called forth some extraordinary arguments. Adams himself spoke freely on the question, taking strong ground in favor of the dignity of a title, and this very speech was quoted against him in his campaign for president. Senator Maclay, who drew a two years' lease of official life, and who wrote caustically of the great

men of the day, spoke forcibly in opposition. Among the titles under consideration were: His Excellency, His Mightiness, His Grace, His Serene Highness and others still more flattering. Langdon took Madison's view, confining his remarks to a brief speech in which he ridiculed the whole business, declaring that the selection of a title was the least of the present difficulties. The whole subject having been debated in every light was suffered to drop, and it soon passed out of sight and was forgotten.

In the meantime Washington had been sworn into office, and the great federal machine began slowly to move. The tariff was another firebrand of discussion and recrimination, which burned more intensely as it was made a local issue between the sections. Langdon stood for a protective tariff, and his views, being those of a man of wide experience in mercantile affairs, were eagerly listened to by his colleagues. For it must be remarked that he possessed a remarkable faculty of making money, and even during the war, when want and distress went stalking through the land, his coffers were filling for his ventures yielded good returns. Compared with the rich merchants of New York and Philadelphia he was a man of moderate means, but measured by the New Hampshire standard he was a Crœsus. Throughout the debates on the tariff and on taxation Langdon was a frequent participant, and while his speeches were short they were carefully considered and carried weight. On the judiciary bill and on the tonnage bill great obstinacy was manifested, the contentious spirit extending to the House of Representatives, where the debates were long and heated. On the subject of commerce Langdon was at home, and through his conciliatory efforts the threatened split on the question of discrimination between our ships and those of other nations was skilfully averted.

In the midst of sharp debates and sectional prejudices a few social functions took place, which may or may not have been calculated to soften the senatorial tempers. The President and Mrs. Washington gave a series of dinners during the session, to which the distinguished statesmen of the day were bidden. At one of these Langdon and his wife were guests. The entertainment is vividly portrayed by Senator Maclay, whose appreciation of the father of his country was far from effusive in its expression. After mentioning the guests the account continues:

"The President and Mrs. Washington sat opposite each other, in the middle of the table, the two secretaries one at each end. It was a great dinner and the best of the kind ever I was at. The room, however, was disagreeably warm. First was soup; fish, roasted and boiled meats—gammon, fowls, etc. This was the dinner. The middle of the table was garnished in the usual tasty way, with small images, flowers (artificial), etc. The dessert was first apple pies, puddings, etc.; then ice creams, jellies, etc.; then water melons, musk melons, apples, peaches, nuts. It was the most solemn dinner ever I sat at. Not a health drank—scarce a word said, until the cloth was taken away. Then the President taking a glass of wine, with great formality, drank to the health of every individual, by name, round the table. Everybody imitated him—changed glasses; and such a buzz of health, Sir, and health, Madam, and thank you Sir, and thank you Madam, never had I heard before. Indeed I had like to have been thrown out in the hurry; but I got a little wine in my glass and passed the ceremony. The bottles passed about, but there was a dead silence almost. Mrs. Washington at last withdrew with the ladies. I expected the men would now begin, but the same stillness remained. The President told of a New England clergyman, who had lost a hat and wig in passing a river called the Brunks. He smiled, and everybody else laughed. The President kept a fork in his hand, when the cloth was taken away, I thought for the purpose of picking nuts. He eat no nuts, but played with the fork, striking on the edge of the table with it."

Thus did the amenities of society soften the asperities of the law-makers. The first session so prolific of experiment and oratory at last drew to an end, and the senators and rep-

resentatives hurried home to face their anxious constituents and to gage the popular will. During this period Washington made his well-remembered journey to New England, visiting among other places the old town of Portsmouth. He was met at the state line by a cavalcade of prominent citizens, many of whom he knew by name. The chief magistrate received a royal welcome from the people, and his reception was most hospitable by all, but by none more than by Langdon. Washington in his diary mentions that Colonel Langdon's house was the best in Portsmouth; and within its spacious rooms the senator offered good cheer to his distinguished guest.

The sentiments of patience and moderation, which characterized the beginning of the government because of the uncertainty of everything, soon began to disintegrate, and before the expiration of Langdon's first term sufficient opposition was aroused in New Hampshire to prevent his prompt reëlection; although the House chose him, the Senate was obstinate, remaining so until the next session, when it concurred, and he entered upon his second term. During this period party policies or rather factional jealousies began to show themselves on every side. Washington and Hamilton were respectively suspected and hated, while Jefferson was both loved and despised by the men of the time. Langdon inclined toward Jefferson, and at last openly allied himself to the forces hostile to Washington. There is reason to believe that it was not so much Jefferson who captured Langdon, although there was an intimacy between them, but that the moving force was Madison, for whom Langdon had an unstinted admiration. We now find Langdon an out and out Republican, committed without reservation to the doctrines of the Jefferson school. The Jay treaty soon gave full opportunity to the Republicans to rejoice and sing hosannas, because of the treaty's seeming unpopularity. In the Senate Langdon strenuously opposed its ratification, although his colleague took the opposite ground; but the Senate by a decisive majority approved the treaty. Langdon probably lived long enough to change his views on this treaty, for it worked well for the commerce of the country, particularly that of New England. A gross intemperance of speech was directed at the president and his supporters, grosser by far than has ever since been applied to our chief magistrates, even in periods of intensest public passions. In nearly every town of consequence windows were smashed and all kinds of petty violence indulged in. Statesmen were hung in effigy, and the mobs sang ribald songs as they marched past the houses of prominent Federalists. Great excitement prevailed throughout the land. In Portsmouth, Langdon was the hero of the hour. Speeches were made and a vote of thanks was given him for voting against the treaty. But all the state was not of the same mind. In Claremont menaces were uttered and a figure resembling that of the senior senator was seen dangling from a high pole. The legislature, too, at its session in November, moved by the suggestion of Governor Gilman, unanimously voted undiminished confidence "in the virtue and ability of the minister who negotiated the treaty, the senate who advised its ratification, and the president, the distinguished friend and father of his country, who complied with this advice."

Thus began the bitter war between the Republicans and the Federalists which with names changed continues to the present day and promises to endure to an epoch bordering on the millennium. In the public excitement Langdon had passed from the happy condition of being the one man trusted and popular in the public mind to that of the partisan whose hand was against all

who did not think and act as he did. He had taken a leading part in the political warfare, and he must abide the inevitable hostility of his former friends. He had now attained the meridian of life, and was thus described by a distinguished contemporary:

"He was a man of decent talents, but neither great nor brilliant. In early and middle life he was liberal of his money, but not profuse or lavish. His manners were easy, polite and insinuating, and his habits peculiarly social. He courted popularity with the zeal of a lover and the constancy of a martyr. Though he loved pomp and parade, his love of money was stronger and made him frugal and economical. He was not a good scholar and read but little."

From this time until his retirement from public office Langdon was an intense party man. His political preferment was no longer based on the unanimous will of his fellow citizens, but was essentially the result of vigorous party management and strife. During his second senatorial term his affiliations with Jefferson and the Republicans became closer and more conspicuous, thereby placing him in opposition to John Adams and the measures of his administration. The wheel of political chances will not go on forever bestowing favors; and Langdon was made to appreciate that fact when in spite of all his influence the four votes of New Hampshire went to Aaron Burr instead of to Thomas Jefferson, whose candidacy he so warmly espoused. In 1801, his term having expired, he intended to quit public life forever; but party exigencies decreed otherwise and called him to other stations of honor and trust. At the outset of Jefferson's term as president he offered the Secretaryship of the Navy to Langdon; indeed he almost pressed the place upon him,—but without success. The relations between the two men continued intimate, and a few months later we find the president writing to Langdon in this strain:

"Although we have not yet got a majority into the fold of Republicanism in your state, yet one long pull more will effect it. We can hardly doubt that one twelvemonth more will give an executive and legislature in that state whose opinions may harmonize with their sister states,—unless it be true, as is sometimes said, that New Hampshire is but a satellite of Massachusetts." After referring to the perverse refusal of the latter state to adopt out and out Republican tenets, Jefferson adds: "But I am in hopes they will in time discover that the shortest road to rule is to join the majority."

Langdon was the undisputed leader of the Republicans in his state and as such he had to bear the heavy burdens and keep himself equipped for the fight. His ideas of civil service as applied to office-holders were Draconic; he is on record as declaring that he hoped to live to see a change in men from George Washington to doorkeepers. This language does not sound natural to such a man, but it illustrates the rancor of the period and the innermost thoughts of the fathers of the republic.

The fact that Langdon had been a senator and an associate of the leading statesmen of the country did not prevent him from beginning his legislative life anew by again representing Portsmouth in the state legislature. From 1801–1805 he was a member, and during the last two years served as speaker. Governor Plumer says of him, that "in no office or station that he ever held did he appear so much to his own advantage as in that of presiding officer. He was attentive, prompt, impartial, and his conduct was generally approved." As leader of his party he had to head the ticket, consequently he became the Republican candidate for governor as early as 1802, receiving nearly half the entire vote. He was again candidate in 1803, 1804 and 1805 when he was successful. The gains of his

party had become immense, so that in some of his subsequent elections he received nearly four-fifths of the popular vote. Unswerving support of Jefferson's administration was the fundamental doctrine and practice of the dominant party. We find the legislature passing a vote of confidence in "the virtuous and magnanimous administration" and condemning in strong terms "that spirit of malignant abuse" with which it had been assailed. The situation was just reversed from that of the previous decade.

Under Langdon's chief magistracy some very beneficent laws were passed. Among the best was that for the division of towns into school districts. The popularity of Langdon may be ascribed to various political causes and he was repeatedly reëlected governor, with the exception of one year, until 1811, when he peremptorily declined to be a candidate. The elections toward the last were intensely exciting, and strife ran high. The country was on the eve of another war; the administration needed all its friends, and even then the outcome was uncertain. The Republicans of New Hampshire fought as they never fought before and rescued the state from the Federalists, who had held it for one year. On the momentous subject of the Embargo, Langdon, having been misrepresented, published a letter affirming his adherence to the measure, which he said originated in the purest patriotism and wisdom. It was incumbent on the governor to address the legislature on the great questions then agitating the country, and Langdon was not found wanting. His messages were vigorous and to the point, full of patriotic feeling and suggestions of duty. At one time bloodshed seemed imminent, for the people were sensitive and suspicious as to their rights, each party arrogating to itself the prerogative of a plan of action if such and such a thing came to pass. But firmness in high places had its wholesome effect, and all signs of civil strife gradually disappeared.

This was Langdon's last term, and his last public office; for the infirmities of age warned him to withdraw from political life. He had reached his three-score and ten, had attained almost without seeking the highest offices in the state and nation, and he knew that the end of life could not be long delayed. But he was not yet through with honors for in 1812 the Republican caucus held in Washington nominated him as candidate for vice-president, and a committee was appointed to notify him of the nomination. To the letter of the committee he made the following reply:

Portsmouth, May 28th, 1812.

"*Gentlemen:*—By the mail of last evening I had the honor of receiving your letter of the 22d inst., which informs me that at a meeting of the Republican members of Congress I was recommended for the office of Vice-President of the United States. This mark of attention and confidence shown by the honorable Gentlemen demands my most grateful acknowledgments. I wrote to the Honorable Mr. Ringold the day before yesterday giving some fuller reasons why I could not consent to be brought forward as a candidate for Vice-President of the United States, to which I beg leave to add that I am now seventy-one years of age, my faculties blunted, and I have lived for the last forty years of my life in the whirlpool of politics and am longing for the sweets of retirement. I am therefore under the painful necessity of declining the honorable offer of my friends of being brought forward as a candidate for the office of Vice-President of the United States. My advanced age forbids my undertaking long journeys and renders me incapable of performing the duties of the important station of Vice-President with any advantage to our beloved Country or any honor to myself. To launch again upon the ocean of politics at my time of life appears to me highly improper. I am therefore assured that my honorable friends will forgive me for declining to accept their kind offer. I have the honor to be, Gentlemen, your obliged humble ser.

"John Langdon."

With this letter the public might have seen the closing act of Langdon's career, had it not been for that

unholy spirit of calumny then pervading every nook and corner of our country. After the war began, some miscreant made the charge that Langdon's real reason for declining the high office of vice-president was because of his disapproval of Madison's course. That this was a campaign lie was at once apparent; but the blood of the old man boiled, and out came this denial, addressed to Mr. Harper, a representative in Congress:

"Portsmouth, June 15th, 1812.

"*Dear Sir:*—I am overwhelmed when I reflect that my advanced time of life only prevented me from complying with the wishes of my friends. I have the most sincere desire to join my friends at this all important moment, to carry into effect every decided measure to support the honor and independence of our country. I have longed to take my old friends by the hand & to have an opportunity of paying my personal respects to those honorable gentlemen from the several states who have been pleased to favor me with their notice; but I am prevented. I should have thought it an honor & it would have been my highest pleasure to serve my country in any station while my great and good friend Mr. Madison continued in the presidency, as I consider him one of our greatest statesmen, an ornament to our Country and above all the noblest work of God, *an honest man.* I think it happy for our Country that we have at this important crisis such a decided character at the head of our affairs. As our patience is worn out & we have drunk the dregs of the cup of humiliation, if we now act with spirit & decision there is nothing to fear. I pray you, Sir, to present my most profound respects to all my friends as they may fall in your way. I pray you, Sir, to accept the homage of my great respect and esteem.

"John Langdon."

President Madison had no more steadfast supporter than this venerable man, who warmly approved of the policy of his friend's administration, especially the war legislation. After Langdon's death Madison in a letter to a New Hampshire man speaks thus of him: "I was myself intimately acquainted with your uncle (Langdon) and cheerfully concur in all the praise Mr. Jefferson bestows on him. He was a true patriot and a good man, with a noble way of thinking and a frankness and warmth of heart that made his friends love him much, as it did me in a high degree, and disarmed his enemies of some of the asperity indulged toward others."

The closing years of Langdon's life were quietly passed at his beautiful home in Portsmouth. He took an interest in current events, both national and local; but his long and arduous service in politics had weakened him and left him defenseless against the attacks of advancing age. Governor Plumer, his devoted friend and successor, often paid visits to the aged statesman; and from his pen we catch a glimpse of the last scenes in that busy and historic career. Under date of July 23, 1816, the diary says:

"Visited L. He is so literally broken down in body and mind that it gave me pain to behold the wreck of human nature and witness so much debility, decrepitude and helplessness in a man who had been so distinguished for the elegance of his person and the offices he had held in public life. He was civil, kind and affectionate and tho' weak in mind yet not foolish. He retained his former opinions and cautious habits of speaking respecting men and measures. But on some subjects and on recent events he appeared lost and embarrassed and distrusted his own judgment."

The end was near, and on the eighteenth of September, 1819, he passed away, in the seventy-ninth year of his age. On the day appointed for his funeral, military honors were paid to his memory by the United States troops, minute guns were fired during the passing of the procession, while the forts, the navy yard and the shipping in the harbor displayed their colors at half-mast, and every mark of respect was rendered to the memory of the distinguished patriot who had done so much for the welfare of his country and for the good of his fellow-citizens.

CHRIST IN THE SLUMS.

By Hannah Parker Kimball.

IF Thou stood'st in our midst to tell us, "Still
Possess your souls in patience," can it be
That we should listen, even, Lord to Thee?
Nay, we should take Thee by the sleeve and, will
Or nill, should draw Thee hither. Here men ply
Such toil as shapes them, while fierce Mammon feeds
Upon their lives, and white-faced squalor breeds
Sure-fanged disease till men curse God and die.
Wilt Thou say, "Patience," facing such a sight?—
Amid the tenements I see the Lord
Flame to a pity piercing like a sword,
Till misery is riddled through with light.
Yea, Lord, these men are victims horrors slay,
Smitten with death because such death pangs "pay."

EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE Old South Historical Society entered last year upon a new line of effort and of enjoyment. It took up the idea of the historical pilgrimage in an earnest and definite way. The historical pilgrimage as an important means of education was first brought to the minds of our people in an impressive way three years ago, when the University Extension Society of Philadelphia arranged an excursion to the historic places in New England for a large body of the teachers of the country. This pilgrimage was an emphatic success. It was not only a stimulating and delightful thing to the pilgrims; it did much to rouse the New England people among whom they came to a truer sense of the educational value of their historical and literary associations. The pilgrimage, although much the most ambitious thing which had been attempted by the Philadelphia Society, was not its first essay in this direction. It had organized a year before excursions to Brandywine, Germantown and Valley Forge, places easily accessible from Philadelphia, associated with the history of the Revolution; and it had tried to make Philadelphia people appreciate more fully the value of Independence Hall and Carpenters' Hall and old Christ Church and the other sacred places within their borders. Similar efforts had not been unknown in New England. One summer day a great body of the young people of Worcester pilgrimaged to Plymouth, with no less a person than Senator Hoar for their guide and lecturer. A zealous Providence schoolmaster has been in the habit for several years of taking his classes on walks through the older parts of that historic city, visiting the points associated with Roger Williams and Stephen Hopkins and the other fathers of the Colonial and Revolutionary periods, reënforcing the object-lessons by informing talks and by references to the library.

The same sort of thing has been done by schoolmasters in Hartford and in Cambridge. The year before the Philadelphia visitors came to Boston, a hundred boys and girls from the North End of Boston, under the management of the North End Union, spent a day at Lexington, being welcomed there by a committee of boys and girls from the Lexington schools and taken to all the spots made memorable by the battle, and to the rich historical collections in the Lexington town hall — with luminous explanations everywhere by that prince of Lexington guides, Rev. Edward G. Porter. And many more such things could be told of. The visit to Boston two years ago of the thousands of young people of the Christian Endeavor Societies was a veritable historical pilgrimage on the part of very many. The eagerness with which these young people from the West and the South poured into the Old South Meeting House and Faneuil Hall, copied inscriptions in the Old Granary Burying-Ground and at Copp's Hill, and made up excursion parties for Bunker Hill and Cambridge and Concord and Salem and Plymouth will not soon be forgotten in Boston.

The young people of the Old South Historical Society, who perfected their organization only half a dozen years ago, early felt the force of this pilgrimage idea. The Society had hardly come into being before it began to arrange occasional afternoon excursions for its members to places of historical interest in and about Boston. But these were slight and sporadic enterprises. Last summer, however, the Society determined to take up the historical pilgrimage seriously and scientifically, as a regular means of education for itself and for the young people of Boston. Each year it would make a special excursion to some historic place lying somewhat out of the beaten path and especially worthy of study. It would plan for it well in advance; it would prepare a careful program; it would learn and commend the best books upon the place and its associations, and ask the young people wishing to join in the pilgrimage to read up on the subject so as to make the day mean the most for them. We do not know of any other plan for historical pilgrimages so carefully considered or systematic; and as it is developed year by year, it is certain to be a great means of education and of happiness to the young people of Boston, and certain to be taken up in other cities.

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The inaugural pilgrimage, last summer, was to old Rutland, Massachusetts, "the cradle of Ohio." The choice of the place was a happy one. Three years before, the year of the exposition at Chicago, the subject of the Old South lectures had been "The Opening of the Great West." Among the topics treated in the course had been "The Northwest Territory and the Ordinance of 1787," "Washington's Work in Opening the West," "Marietta and the Western Reserve," and "How the Great West was Settled." Among the leaflets issued in connection and carefully read by the young people were Manasseh Cutler's "Description of Ohio in 1787," Washington's Journal of his tour to the Ohio, and Garfield's address on the Northwest Territory and the Western Reserve; and one of the two subjects set for the prize essays of the year, a subject stimulating much close study and good writing, was "The Part Taken by Massachusetts Men in Connection with the Ordinance of 1787." The result of all this had been a notable awakening of interest among the Old South young people in the relations of New England to the West and especially in the great migrating movement which, beginning at old Rutland, Massachusetts, in 1787, under the leadership of Rufus Putnam, has gone on during the century to such an extent that it is true to-day

that there is more of New England west of the Hudson River than east of it. That interest, quickened by the effort to save the Putnam house at Rutland and make it a historical memorial—an effort for which Mrs. Hemenway, the founder of the Old South work, contributed the first $100,— had steadily grown in the three years; and it was an eager company which left Boston on the bright July morning for the old Worcester County town. At this station and that the company was swelled; and when the little village on the hill was reached, and the views of Monadnock and Wachusett and the rest had all been taken in from the high places, and the old Putnam house, the fountain of the great Ohio stream,—"about which of Europe's palaces," exclaims Senator Hoar, "do holier memories cling!"— had been explored from top to bottom, and the happy crowd gathered in the maple grove before the house for its luncheon and the energetic and vivacious speeches which made up its celebration, so many more were there from Worcester and from Brookfield and from Princeton and from the village itself, that it was a goodly company indeed. All blessed that fruitful Rutland day, and all hailed the splendid inauguration of the Old South pilgrimages.

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As in the late June days this number of the *New England Magazine* goes to press, the second of these annual Old South pilgrimages is about to take place. It is to be to the homes and haunts of Whittier beside the Merrimack. It will be a most successful pilgrimage; so much is assured by the warm interest which its program has aroused. A far larger company will go to Haverhill and Amesbury than went to Rutland. The Old South Historical Society aims to make itself simply a nucleus and organizing centre for these pilgrimages, and extends an invitation to join in them to all the young people of Boston and vicinity. The teachers of the schools, many of whom will also join, recognizing how important an educational agency these pilgrimages can be made, have earnestly coöperated, often so presenting to their pupils the associations of Whittier and his works with the Essex country as to prepare them to get the most pleasure and the most good out of the day.

Whittier was preëminently the poet of New England. New England history, New England tragedies and legends, the New England people and New England places furnish the themes for scores of his poems. Most of all do these cluster about his home, the Essex country and the Merrimack. Every student and lover of Whittier should know the Whittier country. In the *New England Magazine* for November, 1892, there was published an illustrated article by Mr. Kennedy, "In Whittier's Land," pointing out the close association of great numbers of the poet's works with the soil whence they sprang; and this, as well as the biographies by Pickard and Underwood, which dwell fondly upon this association, has been commended to the attention of the young pilgrims. The Editor's Table of the same November, 1892, number of the Magazine was devoted to the larger and more varied relations of Whittier's works to New England history and places and life.

The Old South pilgrims go from Boston to Haverhill in the morning, and out to Whittier's birthplace, three miles away. There, at the scene of "Snow Bound,"— the scene, too, shall we not say, of "The Barefoot Boy," "My Playmate," "In School-days," and so much besides,— the party will remain three hours, wandering over the old house, so well and reverently preserved, the fields where the boy dreamed his first dreams, and Job's Hill which he loved to climb to look out upon the world. In the grove the luncheon will be served and the little celebration will

be held. And then the electric cars — a change indeed from the rumbling wagons of the barefoot boy — will be taken, almost at the very door, through the beautiful Essex country, to Amesbury, the chosen home for so many years of Whittier the man. The poet's house, where the study is kept faithfully as of old, and the garden where the funeral was held under the open sky on that September day, the grave, and the simple Friends' meeting-house will be visited; and Powow Hill, beside the town, will be climbed for the view which was so dear to the poet and which he describes so beautifully in the opening lines of "Miriam." It is a famous view, taking in almost the whole Whittier country, the long curves of the Merrimack from toward Andover Hill, where the author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" sleeps, to Newburyport, the birthplace of William Lloyd Garrison, Salisbury Beach, where "The Tent on the Beach" was pitched, and the blue ocean beyond. A steamer will then be taken up the Merrimack ten miles to Haverhill, past so many points which the poet loved, past the scenes of "The Countess," "Mabel Martin" and other poems; and when the sun goes down the pilgrims will be back in Boston, with a wealth of Whittier memories which should last a life-time.

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This Whittier pilgrimage takes its place as an organic feature of the Old South year. The Old South Historical Society has directed its studies during the past winter to "The Anti-Slavery Struggle," and its closing meeting was devoted to the subject of "The Anti-Slavery Movement in American Literature," the services of Whittier, Lowell, Emerson, Mrs. Stowe and others in behalf of the great cause being considered. It was felt therefore that no pilgrimage could be so fitting, following this, as that to the lands of Whittier, the great Anti-Slavery poet. It will be an inspiring preparation as well for the Old South lectures for the summer, which are also to be upon "The Anti-Slavery Struggle," one of them devoted especially to Whittier.

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The work done by the Old South Historical Society during the year in its studies of the Anti-Slavery struggle has marked an epoch in the life of this splendid organization of young people, which now seems to have it in its power to make itself so important a centre for the promotion of historical interests and of good citizenship in Boston school circles. In the carrying out of this year's capital program, a program of its own making, the young society has first become really self-conscious, self-reliant, enthusiastic and ambitious. It is only half a dozen years ago that the society, which ought to have its counterpart in every American city, was organized,— its members the young men and women, graduates of the Boston high schools, who during these successive years have competed for the Old South prizes. It is now sixteen years since Mrs. Hemenway first offered these prizes for the best essays on subjects in American history; and when the number of Old South essayists had risen to a hundred and more,— by a process of natural selection and gravitation the flower of the students of history in their various schools,— it was felt that they should be banded for the conservation and development of their fine interest and for coöperation in culture and in service. So the Old South Historical Society was born; and its ranks are each year replenished by the new group of enthusiastic young essayists. Many of the earlier essayists have now passed on through college and are scattered over the country as professors and teachers and preachers; but half the number at least are still within hearing of the Old South bell, and they come

together in ever larger numbers to the ever better and more fruitful monthly meetings. Two or three carefully prepared papers are read at each meeting by the young people themselves, there are discussions and reports of what is going on in similar lines in different parts of the country, and there are often brief addresses by invited guests, older friends and scholars. Few phases of the fight with slavery escaped attention in this winter's series of meetings; and men like Edward Everett Hale, who took so active part in the Kansas struggle, Mr. Sanborn, the friend and biographer of John Brown, Professor Siebert, who knows everything that is to be known about the Underground Railroad, and Professor Hart, who has been so close a student of the whole Anti-Slavery period of our history, came to contribute to the value of the meetings. William Lloyd Garrison and Francis Garrison came to tell of their father's long and heroic struggle; and one evening Francis Garrison invited all the young people out to his house, which had been his father's house and is filled with memorials of the great conflict. Miss Foster, the daughter of the old abolitionists, told the society of her father's and mother's experiences. The veteran Harriet Tubman, born in slavery, most famous of Underground Railroad conductors, came to one of the meetings; and the young people will never forget her rude, pathetic story of the tragical times of only a generation ago.

Few young people's societies, perhaps, could have such stimulating outside help as this, so kindly given the Old South Historical Society in Boston. But the best part of the work of every such society is the work which it does for itself. This work a hundred societies of young people might do. Few programs could prove more suggestive or useful for a winter's course of study than that on "The Anti-Slavery Struggle" so well worked out by the committee of the Old South Historical Society, a little group of Harvard students, with its admirably arranged topics and its excellent bibliography.

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"The Anti-Slavery Struggle," we have said, is also to be the general subject of the Old South lectures for young people the present summer. Eight representative Anti-Slavery heroes have been chosen for treatment, workers who worked for the great cause by distinct and varying ways and means, the special subjects of the eight lectures being as follows: William Lloyd Garrison, or Anti-slavery in the Newspaper; Wendell Phillips, or Anti-slavery on the Platform; Theodore Parker, or Anti-slavery in the Pulpit; John G. Whittier, or Anti-Slavery in the Poem; Harriet Beecher Stowe, or Anti-slavery in the Story; Charles Sumner, or Anti-slavery in the Senate; John Brown, or Anti-slavery on the Scaffold; Abraham Lincoln, or Anti-slavery Triumphant.

The subjects set for the Old South essays, for which the usual prizes are offered, are related to the same general subject: I. "The History of Slavery in the Northern States and of Anti-slavery Sentiment in the South Before the Civil War." II. "The Anti-slavery Movement in American Literature."

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The Directors of the Old South work in Boston have published a little pamphlet with detailed lists of all the lectures which have been given to the young people at the Old South Meeting-house from 1883 down to the present, with lists of the leaflets issued in connection. It is to be wished that teachers planning courses of historical study and persons interested in arranging lectures for the people might send for these lists for the sake of the suggestions which they offer; what has proved useful in Bos-

ton would prove useful elsewhere. A glance at the mere general titles of these courses of lectures is of interest: Early Massachusetts History; Representative Men in Boston History; The War for the Union; The War for Independence; The Birth of the Nation; The Story of the Centuries; America and France; The American Indians; The New Birth of the World; The Discovery of America; The Opening of the West; The Founders of New England; The Puritans in Old England; The American Historians.

Glancing through a list like this, of subjects ranging over centuries, and thinking then of a subject like the Anti-slavery Struggle, it is hard for those of us who were born in the heat of that struggle, and to whom the Civil War is a vivid memory, to realize that a generation has grown up to which this subject is remote and unrelated, like the others. Hundreds of young men and women will gather in the Old South Meeting-house this summer to whom Garrison and Phillips are like Hancock and Adams, and the siege of Vicksburg like the siege of Quebec. Col. Higginson likes to tell of the girl who asked him if he fought at the battle of Bunker Hill. Bunker Hill to thousands is now in no dimmer distance than Bull Run. In literature, we are startled again and again at finding that Emerson, to us the lecturer, and Longfellow, to us the gracious figure of the Cambridge street, are to this bright young mind and that even as Milton and Wordsworth. It is beneficent and fortunate, therefore, that a subject like the Anti-slavery Struggle should be taken up in the Old South Meeting-house and made real to the rising generation by men who, standing with one foot in this generation, stand with the other in the last, and to whom the great history is not a thing of tradition or of books, but a thing of memory and life. It is like hearing Madison or Manasseh Cutler talk of the Revolution and the Constitutional Convention. It is like hearing John Cotton tell of the sailing from Southampton and the news of Naseby.

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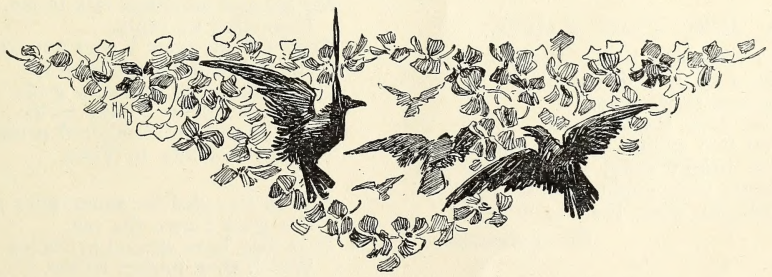
We wish that such a course of lectures on the Anti-slavery Struggle could be given in the coming winter in a hundred of our New England cities and towns. The Boston lecturers would not be necessary — the local scholars and teachers could often be summoned to the service; but the Old South program might serve well for all. Such a course of lectures, such a course of thought and study, in any New England town would serve to lift the people up into that atmosphere of heroism and devotion in which all great and generous things are possible. Almost all of the Anti-slavery heroes commemorated by this Old South program were rooted in New England, and in New England spoke their burning, revolutionary words. They were not indeed solitary heroes. They touched elbows with resolute and consecrated men and women who formed a banned, resistless, aureoled line all across the North,—Gerritt Smith and Samuel May in New York, Giddings and Wade in the Western Reserve, Lovejoy on the Mississippi. But New England was the cradle of the movement and always its centre, and here was the great group of heroes. Boston in those tumultuous, trying times was Jerusalem to the anxious abolitionists the country through. It was not only the "birthplace of our country's liberties," wrote the revering uncle in Howells' "Chance Acquaintance," to Kitty Elison when she pilgrimaged to Boston from Eriecreek, "but the still holier scene of their resurrection." Faneuil Hall was sacred to him not only as still echoing the words of Samuel Adams in the cause of independence, but yet more as having heard the first speech of Wendell Phillips in behalf of the slave. The poets were here; and it was not only Whittier who was pouring out his

songs against slavery; Lowell was firing forth his "Biglow Papers," and Emerson and Longfellow were sounding their various notes of freedom. Beside the representative heroes of our Old South list stood Higginson and Howe and Quincy and Sanborn and Stearns and Wilson and Andrew and a great company.

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The Anti-slavery Struggle, so momentous in our national history, makes a peculiarly proud chapter in the history of New England. Boston has been the centre of America's two great movements for larger liberty. If she set on her Common a monument on which were grouped about Samuel Adams the figures of James Otis and John Adams and Hancock and Warren and Mayhew and Revere, it would be a memorial of what was most dynamic and formative in the movement for American independence. If she set there a monument on which about the central figure of Garrison were grouped Phillips and Parker and Whittier and Lowell and Emerson and Sumner and Andrew, it would be a monument to those Americans who did the most to make emancipation sure.

New England, the Puritan city,—have they not still within them the virtue and the prophecy for leadership in yet other deeds for freedom—leadership in the third movement, and the fourth? We believe it. Let us know well that slavery is no mere thing of negroes and plantations, but a protean hydra, scotched but never killed, with which we have to war till doomsday. If conquered in one form, then be we sure that it is gathering its strength to attack us in another; and give we less care to celebration of our victories than to determining well the yet vulnerable points in our society and in our souls. What new oppression, what new greed, threatens to-day the people's rights? What doctrine and ambition are you cherishing that makes the selfish mind? Our duty as Americans is not discharged so long as any crushing inequality of privilege remains and men are born and live without a chance, or until our society and institutions are so ordered as to give facility to every man and woman to grow up unto the fullness of the measure of the liberty of the sons of God. History is good for nothing except for use; and this is the message for us of the history of the Anti-slavery Struggle.



OMNIBUS

SENATOR HOAR writes us with reference to the Petition of the Song Birds, printed in this number of the Magazine:

"Please state that the Wilson Thrush, Veery and Yoke Bird are three names for the same fellow. The shrewd little chap had probably known something of the ways of other states and other legislatures than those of Massachusetts, and thought he would repeat. He was detected when they came to inquire for the portraits of the signers of the petition; and if you look carefully at the handwriting you will see that all three names were signed by one hand. You may like to add a word or two about the Fife Bird. That is the name which prevails in the Connecticut Valley, in Northern New Hampshire and Vermont, for the White-throated Sparrow or Peabody Bird. This bird is not very common in Eastern Massachusetts, although he is heard singing as he goes through on his migrations. One was heard in my grove a few years ago. The bird sings in the evening, and sometimes you can hear a good many of them answering each other in the woods or on the mountain side. The note is a rich, sweet sound, consisting of three deliberate full notes, followed by three rapid ones, thrice repeated. It is sometimes translated, 'Have-you-seen Peab'ody, Peab'ody, Peab'-ody?'"

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A HINT FROM NATURE.

SOMEHOW we noticed—she and I—
The brilliant color which the sky
Put on whene'er we met:
And so we drew the augury,
That if we two should walk as one,
We'd have bright days; and the fair sun
Of our sweet love would only set,
In soft twilight, when life was done.

Harry Romaine.

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TO MARGUERITE.

So great my debt to thee, I know my life
Is all too short to pay the least I owe,
And though I live it all in that sweet strife,
Still shall I be insolvent when I go.
Bid, then, thy Bailiff Cupid come to me
And bind and lead me wheresoe'er thou art,
And let me live in sweet captivity
Within the debtor's prison of thy heart.

Ellis Parker Butler.

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MY PROPERTIES.

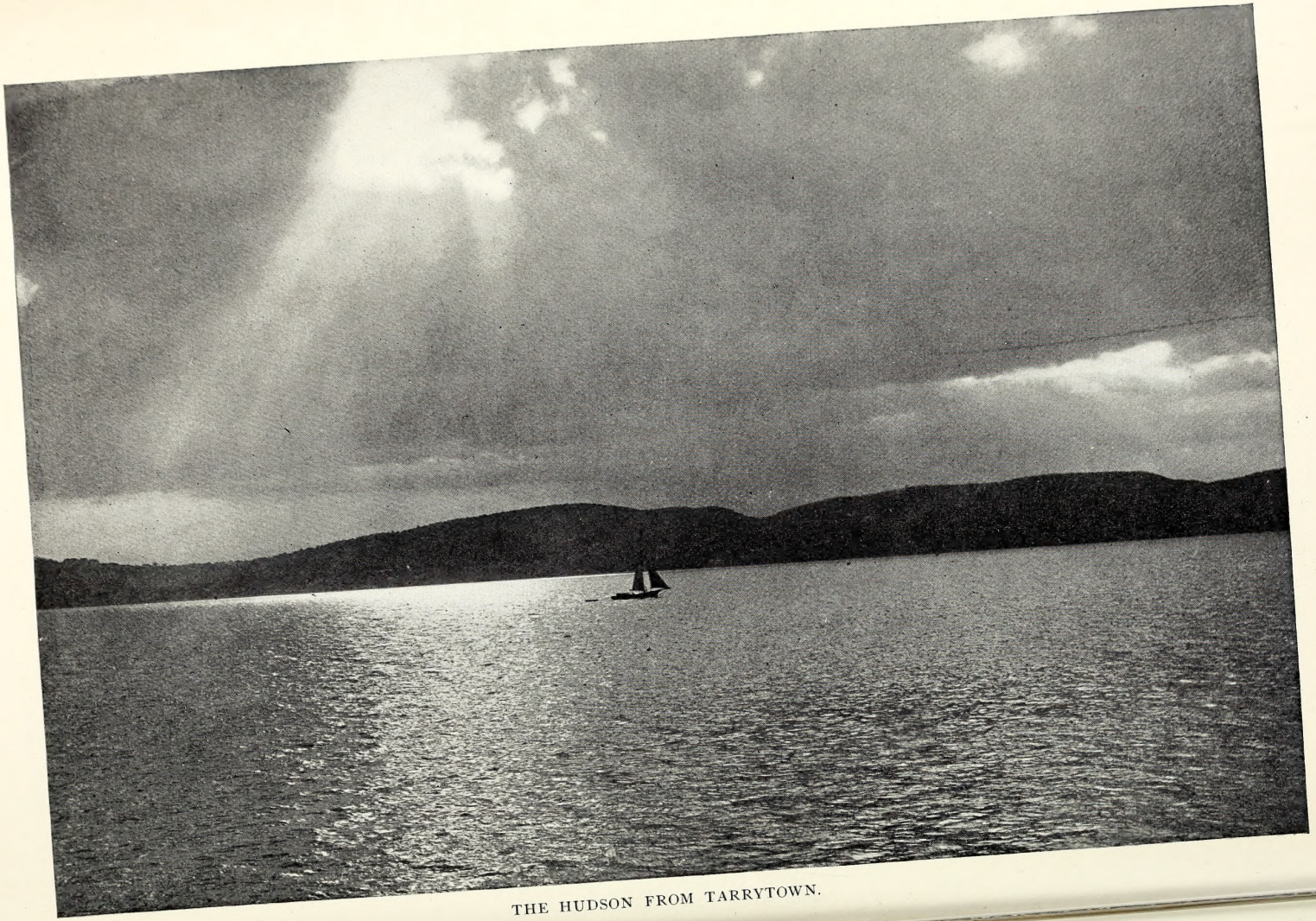
I OWN no park, I keep no horse,
I can't afford a stable,
I have no cellar stored with wine,
I set a frugal table;
But still some property is mine,
Enough to suit my notion:
I own a mountain toward the west,
And toward the east an ocean.
Just this one mountain and one sea
Are property enough for me.

A man of moderate circumstance,
A frugal man, like me,
With one good mountain has enough,
Enough with one good sea.
My mountain stretches high enough,
Up where the clouds are curled;
My ocean puts its arms around
The bottom of the world.
I do not fear my sea will dry;
My hill will last as long as I.

I cannot glibly talk with men,
No gift of tongues have I:
My sea and mountain talk to me,
Expecting no reply.
They tell me tales I may not tell,
But tales of cosmic worth,
Of conclaves of the early gods
Who ruled the infant earth;
Tales of an unremembered prime
Told by Eternity to Time.

And so I'm glad the mountain's mine,
I'm glad I own the sea,
That they have special privacies
Which they impart to me.
It took eternity to learn
The tales they know so well,
And I am glad these tales will take
Eternity to tell.
I do not fear my sea will dry;
My hill will last as long as I.

Sam Walter Foss.



THE HUDSON FROM TARRYTOWN.

THE

NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE.

NEW SERIES. AUGUST, 1897. VOL. XVI. No. 6.

WASHINGTON IRVING'S SERVICES TO AMERICAN HISTORY.

By Richard Burton.

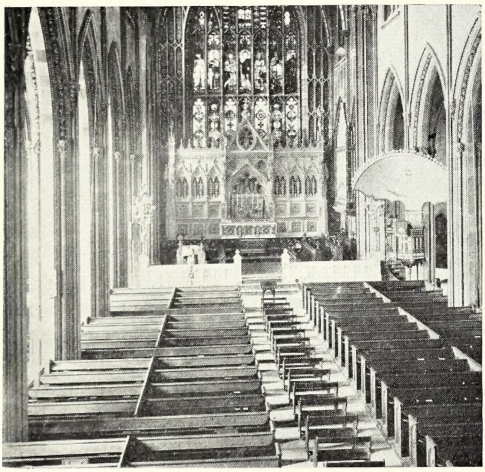


HEN a writer has won the title of the Father of American Literature— a name conventionally given to Washington Irving — it becomes plain that he is very important as a figure in our native development in letters. His contribution was indeed great. With the century only just begun and our republic less than twenty years in working order, he did work as essayist and story teller challenging contrast with the best in the same kind in England and became not only a great American author but a personage admired, lauded and loved in European lands as a literary and social force of his day. This seems all the more noteworthy when we realize the adverse conditions under which a man of letters had to struggle at that time. Here was a New York lad of middle-class Scotch-English parentage, reared to a business life and harassed for years by mercantile failure, lacking a classical or college education, and living in a city of whose deficiency in the amenities of art, literature and society we get a clear picture in Mr. Warner's monograph on Irving. There was little there to nurse genius like Irving's. Politics and law were the only apparent career for the ambitious youth. It is estimated that in 1822 there were not more than ten men of letters of repute in this land. Nevertheless, being of a gay social nature and having as the gift of the gods the literary instinct and bias strongly marked and perseveringly developed, he was able to win a well-founded fame and even at that early day draw the attention of the mother country to the United States as a part of the English speaking race henceforth to be reckoned with in literature.

Irving had fewer rivals then than he would have had to-day,— granted; otherwise the conditions were all against him. Yet we have to skip to Emerson if we would get a name at all worthy to be set along with his as a writer. It is worth mentioning, in view of our special theme, Irving's part in American history, that at the period when he began to write — in 1807, say, the date of the *Salmagundi* papers — the impulse of the native author to follow English traditions in letters was well nigh irresistible, infinitely stronger than it is at the present time. Yet Irving, while in works like *Bracebridge Hall* he is essentially an English essayist, in his best, most characteristic work used native material and showed himself a very

American, and so made American literature.

We must realize the scanty encouragement of his environment and the noble way he used near-at-hand, familiar and hence despised material, in order to come to an understanding of the man, the writer, the historian. For it is as historian that we would



TRINITY CHURCH, NEW YORK.
In which Irving was baptized.

deal with him here; which leads me to say that Washington Irving stands somewhat apart from our other native historians. We think of him primarily as a literary man, an essayist, story maker and humorist. The literary quality was strong, of course, in men like Prescott, Motley and Parkman, but nevertheless they were first and foremost writers of history. Irving, despite the fact that he wrote several books of importance in that field, may almost be said to have written history by the way, to have been side-tracked into it; or if that is putting it too strong, there is no danger in the statement that our writer will be longest remembered by his non-historical works—by genial sketches like *Rip Van Winkle* and *The Legend of Sleepy Hollow* and by a masterpiece of mock-heroic humor like *The History of New York*, whose alleged author was that mysterious little Dutchman, Diedrich Knickerbocker, a name so rich in connotation, so firmly embedded in the popular mind. And yet Washington Irving, for the very reason that he was what he was, a man of letters *par excellence*, whose notable qualities are sentiment and humor, was able to leave some valuable suggestions to all historians in his methods and to introduce into that kind of writing certain characteristics that give it salt and savor. It is not alone books like his *Life of Washington* and his *Life of Columbus* that constitute his contribution to American history; nor is the whole story told when we add the books on exotic themes like the *Alhambra, Conquest of Granada* and *Legends of The Conquest of Spain,* where he set an example, in a day when the native historian was a *rara avis*, of the adequate treatment of large inspirational themes from whatever source. No, those *Sketch Book* stories and the Knickerbocker history—that sportive thing, a confessed *jeu d'esprit*—must be counted in as contributory and, to my mind, important. Let me show what I mean by going a little into the details of what I deem to be Irving's crowning virtues in historical composition.

But first a preliminary remark, to the effect that Washington Irving must be judged, as indeed all men must be, in the setting of his time. Viewed in relation to current production in history or to what had already been done, he is seen to have possessed the instinct and habit of the true historian, the modern workman. I mean that he went to the sources and spared neither time nor labor in getting together his materials. Witness the years spent in the libraries and other repositories of Spain, when he was working on his *Columbus* and other main books. The result is that, in spite of the enormous amount of research since expended upon the Italian whose name is associated with our country's discovery, the Irving

biography is confessedly a standard one to-day, and this quite aside from its great literary merits. The method of Irving, at the beginning of this century, is essentially that of the present — something quite different for example, from the method of Jared Sparks, whose biographies were later in time. This consideration — Irving's natural critical insight, as well as his thorough-going habits in preparation for historical writing — is no slight one, and must be counted to his credit. His apparent indolence in the intermittent periods of idleness between his works should mislead no one into thinking him a careless workman.

But it is chiefly to the more literary features of the work that I wish to call attention, as marking Irving among our historians. What are they? In the first place, his was a mind naturally retrospective, loving to brood upon the past of his own and other countries and sensitive to the romance therein to be discovered. All he wrote is explained in this way. He brooded on the Hudson, and Rip Van Winkle and Ichabod Crane are the result; on Old New York, and the comic Dutchman is evolved for all time; on old English customs and types, and Bracebridge Hall springs into being; on the vanished dramas, glories and heroics of Spain, and the Spanish books follow in train. In a word, he had imagination in reconstructing by-gone scenes and events, a faculty without which the historian is likely to be a Dr. Dryasdust, necessary, useful, but unlovely.



IRVING IN 1828.
From a drawing by Wilkie.

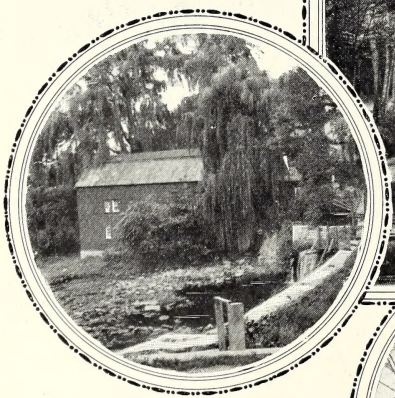
But right here we get into deep water with Irving, for certain criticisms are inevitable. How can a work like the Knickerbocker history be praised as history? The full-length of the Dutchman therein drawn is not portraiture, but caricature; the style is not serious but serio-comic. And the worst of it is that figure, broad of beam, slow of speech, surrounded with a fog of tobacco and much given to sleep and heavy eating, has been indelibly impressed upon us by the author's genius, so that to this day the word Dutchman, in spite of our better knowledge, is surcharged with these humoristic associations. This may be, and is, a triumph of art and a distinct addition to humor; but is it not injurious to history proper and incidentally hard on the Dutchman? Prof. Brander Matthews for one regrets that Irving should have "echoed the British scoffs at the Dutch," though admitting that there was "no malice in his satire." Yet in closing his sketch of this author he boldly declares that his greatest work is the Knickerbocker legend. This sounds like a paradox, but it can be explained; and, I think, without going so far as Professor Matthews, we may concede that the Knickerbocker history is, in a broad sense, a contribution, if not to history, to the sympathetic appreciation of America's historic past — and if that be not history, it is hard to name it. A book that vitalizes, even in the way of fun, our earlier records and doings, that draws

attention to and makes interesting the types and scenes of pioneer days, indirectly does good. It creates an atmosphere favorable to further investigation. It makes a tradition of descent and keeps alive a sense of ancestry. Think how proudly a modern New York family points to Knickerbocker forbears; and pride and interest in ancestry is one of the safeguards of self conscious historic continuity. Approaching the subject with the bias of a poor, simple-minded literary man, *pace* the historical critics, Irving's chief work of humor seems to me to have been most fruitful for histories yet to come, to have fertilized the soil, making it genial and rich.

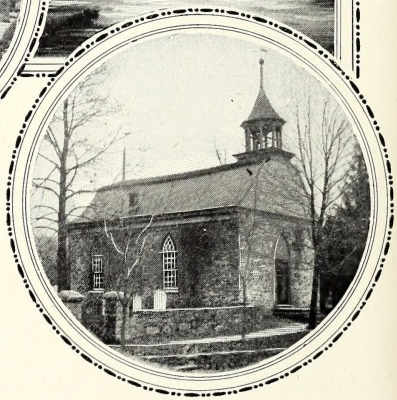
And then, again, he did a great service in his use of native legend. What, you say,— can any claim of history-making be awarded to stories of a village vagabond like Rip or a goblin-haunted Yankee like Ichabod? Surely such-like tales have no more historical foundation than the Connecticut Blue Laws or the snakes in Ireland. Ah, but softly! The Hudson River is one of the noble and beautiful American streams; but when you think of it, do you suppose it is no more to you than it was prior to the day when Irving gave it atmosphere? It is quite another thing. Before, it was a majestic water lane, more than rivalling the Rhine in natural beauty. Now it is that same river seen through the mellow light of romance and legendry. It partakes of the glamour which that famed German river has for us by reason of its nixies, its castles and its vineyards with a story in every grape. Irving set the seal of the poetic imagination upon the Hudson; and that is a great thing to do for us. He gave it a background, perspective, human interest. When I think of it, I see old Heinrich Hudson blundering up stream and expecting to find the passage to China; Hudson, that seaman of renown, who "laid in abundance of gin and sauerkraut" and allowed every man "to sleep quietly at his post unless the wind blew"; Hudson, whom it is impossible not to have an affection for after you have met him with Rip on the mountain. He is, thanks to Irving, a good deal more than a

THE BROOK IN SLEEPY HOLLOW.





THE OLD MILL IN SLEEPY HOLLOW.



THE OLD DUTCH CHURCH.

mere two-legged peg to hang a date on. And so we too, after Hudson, course up the river of his name, and are aware of it as sun or shower makes shifting lures of light upon the Palisades and Highlands and the summer storms reverberate among the crags of the Kattskills, as the river of a day when wild beasts roamed the woods and moccasined hunters camped beside the waters.

It is much to be wished that the movement which was talked of last year to purchase Sunnyside, Irving's historic home on the banks of the Hudson, and preserve it as a literary landmark, might be vigorously pushed to success. Nor is it the river's panorama alone that we see with the eye of imagination, optic revelation more magical than all your kinetoscopes and vitascopes. We behold New York City in the days when the Bowery—name that now conjures up unsavory thoughts of second-hand clothing and the unwashed of divers nations—was a green lane dotted with pleasant suburban residences, each with its bower. We walk the grass-grown ways of Albany, where the cows sway home at evenfall and dutifully stop before the front door for milking, not, as the higher educated modern cow might do, before the town pump, for purposes of dilution. We get charming interiors of prosperous, hospitable Dutch country homes, which Irving drew with a fidelity to detail as if in emulation of the manner of the old Dutch masters themselves: homesteads nestled in a valley among high hills or perched upon some sightly eminence commanding a wide aerial sweep of blue water and bluer mountain—the homely, hearty life that teemed there and is passed away forever, yet not before our author caught its spirit and embalmed it for us in his books. We read with quickened pulses of Captain Kidd and his buried treasure, of the storm ship's dire warning to river navigators; we ride with Tom Walker and the Devil, and are made familiar with many another legend born of that unsophisticated age. And let us not forget that the author in saturating himself with all this folk-lore and these legends did yeoman service to history, since they are part of it, being the facts about the imagination of a people, quite as important as a register of their inner lives as elections are of their outer actions. Nor must we overlook, in thinking of the study he gave native themes, that he wrote a book called *A Tour of the Prairies*, based on his own travels, and at the time by far the best account of western wild life in existence, but less typically expressive of the man, because others have done so much since in



IRVING AT SUNNYSIDE, 1848.
From a sketch from life by F. O. C. Darley.

exploiting that region; to mention one work, Parkman's *The Oregon Trail*, came not long after. But this represents Irving's minor activity, because his writings about old New York life came not of knowledge gathered on a tourist's trip, but from the affectionate intimacy of a lifetime. He knew New York through and through, loved it, and so was at his happiest in telling of it.

Nay, Irving not only in his works but in his own person and environment, adds a richness to our history; for does not his own Sunnyside at Tarrytown, the house and home he loved so dearly and came back to so gladly from foreign wanderings, there to pass a tranquil and honored old age, does not that place lend a poetic interest to the stream it overlooks and helps to make illustrious? Yes, by his work and his life Washington Irving did his share in a subtle but very real and deep sense in making America historic, in giving its past days light, flavor, reality, loveliness. This is the reason why one has a right to claim that Irving performed a service for our history in his work which is not technically and formally included in his histories and biographies.

But looking now to his work as a whole and inclusive of the more serious and sustained labor he put upon the *Columbus* and other like books, I remark that their manner, their style or literary quality, has an attraction not always found in even great historians, but whereso-ever found a good thing. Here is the advantage of having a man of letters do such work. The result is he is readable, has interest, charm; and there is no harm in the history writer giving pleasure — especially if he have thoroughness and be conscientious. It may even be doubted if there can be much fruitful stimulation from history without this pleasurable interest. Certainly it should be furnished to young people beginning the study. And largely for that reason Irving is a capital writer for those who want to get a start, to acquire an appetite for this sort of food, which as set before you by some historians will stick in your throat, or if swallowed give you an indigestion. It is a puzzle where Irving got his literary touch from. His folk were not of that sort, his education was desultory; yet he has it on every page — an easy elegance, a flush of color, a music of ordered sentences. The style strikes us to-day as a bit old-fashioned, perhaps as rather rhetorical; but then so will our style strike a critic half a century or more hence in the same way as likely as not. Professor Beers of Yale quotes this passage and remarks that we read it with "a certain impatience":

"As the vine, which has long twined its graceful foliage about the oak and been lifted by it into sunshine, will, when the hardy plant is rifted by the thunderbolt, cling round it with its caressing tendrils and bind up its shattered boughs, so is it beautifully ordered by Providence that woman, who is the mere dependent and ornament of man in his happier hours, should be his stay and solace when smitten with sudden calamity, winding herself into the rugged recesses of his nature, tenderly supporting the drooping head, and binding up the broken heart."

Well, this smacks of the Latin in construction, is somewhat ponderous, be it confessed, and deliciously antiquated in its conception of the fair sex. Irving, a gentleman of the old school, a bachelor with a soft spot under his waistcoat for pretty and good and gracious ladies, knew nothing about the New Woman — and we must not blame him for that; it was his misfortune, not his fault. And again, this selection is not typical of him; it shows old-fashioned qualities in excess of his habit. It were fairer to take a passage like the following, which is normal in its quiet felicity:

"About six miles from the renowned city of the Manhattoes, in that sound or arm of the sea which passes between the mainland and Nassau, or Long Island, there is a narrow strait,



GLIMPSES OF SUNNYSIDE.

where the current is violently compressed between shouldering promontories and horribly perplexed by rocks and shoals. Being, at the best of times, a very violent, impetuous current, it takes these impediments in mighty dudgeon, boiling in whirlpools, brawling and fretting in ripples, raging and roaring in rapids and breakers, and, in short, indulging in all kinds of wrong-headed paroxysms. At such times, woe to any unlucky vessel that ventures within its clutches. This termagant humor, however, pre-

vails only at certain times of tide. At low water, for instance, it is as pacific a stream as you would wish to see; but as the tide rises, it begins to fret; at half-tide, it roars with might and main, like a bull bellowing for more drink; but when the tide is full, it relapses into quiet and, for a time, sleeps as soundly as an alderman after dinner. In fact, it may be compared to a quarrelsome toper, who is a peaceable fellow enough when he has no liquor at all or when he has a skinfull, but who when half seas over plays the very devil. This mighty, blustering, bullying, hard-drinking little strait was a place of great danger and perplexity to the Dutch navigators of ancient days,— hectoring their tub-built barks in a most unruly style, whirling them about in a manner to make any but a Dutchman giddy, and not unfrequently stranding them upon rocks and reefs, as it did the famous squadron of Oloffe the Dreamer when seeking a place to found the city of



CHRIST CHURCH, TARRYTOWN.

Manhattoes. Whereupon, out of sheer spleen, they denominated it Helle-gat, and solemnly gave it over to the devil. This appellation has since been aptly rendered into English by the name of Hell-Gate and into nonsense by the name of Hurlgate, according to certain foreign intruders, who neither understood Dutch or English,— may St. Nicholas confound them!"

His manner of writing as a whole, in its unobtrusive breeding and beauty, is admirable, and may well be put before us as a model of the kind of effect it aims for. It is especially valuable at the present time for its lack of strain, its avoidance of violence or bizarre effects, when our later writers incline to hunt for startling words and queer constructions; anything to excite and seem "original." Irving's style impresses one as a whole, rather than in particulars,— and that is the higher art.

For another thing,— Irving makes his work vivid by his realization of scene and character, which is, I should suppose, a literary characteristic. We have already seen how he did this in handling native material, old New York life, the Hudson River, and so forth. All his work illustrates the quality. And with it goes what may be called true idealism in the treatment of events and men; by which I do not mean falsifying facts, but a broad comprehension of the main idea in an historical act or personage. Take Columbus: The danger of conceiving him is that he become to us a mere figure-head, a fleshless embodiment of the abstract notion of discovery. Every great man in the past runs this risk. It is the same with George Washington: he is a hackneyed pattern-plate to the school boy, or was until latter day historians like McMaster began to insist on turning our attention away from the cherry tree and toward a flesh-and-blood Virginia gentleman, great, but having like passions with ourselves. Compare the



Washington Irving

estimates of Washington by Bancroft and McMaster, if you would see the difference, and then realize that it is only the latter portrait (the one making the Father of His Country alive) which you can warm up to and love. Now if you will read Irving's final chapter in his *Columbus*, where he sums up the Italian's character, you will find it impossible not to be fired by the sketch; it is vital; the explorer is revealed as a splendid figure, food for poetry, romance, idealization, yet not faultless, not a pale, mysterious piece of perfection. In a word, Irving's method is that of sympathy, of love, of the historic imagination. That is why Mark Twain has in his Joan of Arc, with whatever anachronisms and lapses from the pattern, done something for the historical study of the Maid — because he is stimulated in imagination by her, sees her, loves her, realizes her greatness, and makes us feel it. Whoever does this performs a high function for history; and beyond all peradventure Washington Irving had this virtue in his *Columbus* and elsewhere.

In newspaper life we speak of the reporter's city article about a murder or a fire or a Christian Endeavor meeting — no matter what the subject — as a "story." That is the technical word to describe his work. It is significant. It implies the feeling that his report must first of all have graphic power, be picturesque, dramatic; that is, story-like, showing life in small, being an epitome of the human play, in some phase of it. The newspaper men know that the public wants news in this shape — piquant, warm, sensational; and so the best reporter is he who can tell the best story, without departing from the facts. Sometimes and on some papers, I regret to say, the journalist, in the strain after this taking dramatic interest, tells a story in a double sense, and so journalism is brought into disrepute.

Now Irving, among historians, has the story-telling gift, in a good sense. Mr. Warner has pointed out that Washington Irving introduced the short story into English: and this talent for narration in brief he carries over into his long and serious historical compositions. This comes from his interest in personalities and his sense of the picturesque and dramatic — that talent which I hope I do not belittle in calling journalistic, for in its purity it is legitimate and valuable. I am willing to grant that sometimes this tendency led Irving into danger. For example, in his *Conquest of Granada*, a book where his literary power is at its best, he puts descriptions of bona-fide events into the mouth of a fictitious cavalier chronicler, mingling fact and fancy in such a way as to give the reader a sense of unsure footing. This certainly cannot be defended as a method. Yet it is very sure that this history gets its color and movement and picture quality in large measure from the author's ability to tell a story, for history is full of stories to tell, if the historian but sees them and can put them before us.

Still another quality which goes to make Irving pleasant as well as profitable reading, and which we may call characteristic of the literary man rather than of the historian, is his humor. This is not confined to the Knickerbocker history and lightsome sketches like *The Legend of Sleepy Hollow*, but plays like heat lightning about the graver books with a gentle lambency which makes them distinctlier remembered and longer enjoyed. Take the same *Conquest of Granada*, and hear the closing paragraph:

"Thus terminated the war of Granada, after ten years of incessant fighting, equaling (says Fray Antonio Agapida) the far-famed siege of Troy in duration and ending like that in the capture of the city. Thus ended also the dominion of the Moors in Spain, having endured 778 years, from the memorable defeat of Roderick, the last of the Goths, on the banks of the Guadalete. The authentic Agapida is uncommonly particular in fixing the epoch of this event. This great triumph of our holy Catholic faith, according to his computation, took place in the beginning of January, in the year of our Lord 1492, being 3,655 years from the population of Spain by the Patriarch Tubal, 3,797 from the general deluge, 5,453 from the creation of the world, according to Hebrew calculation, and in the month of Rabic, in the 897th year of the Hegira, or flight of Mahomet,—whom may God confound! saith the pious Agapida!"



THE IRVING MEMORIAL IN BRYANT PARK, NEW YORK.

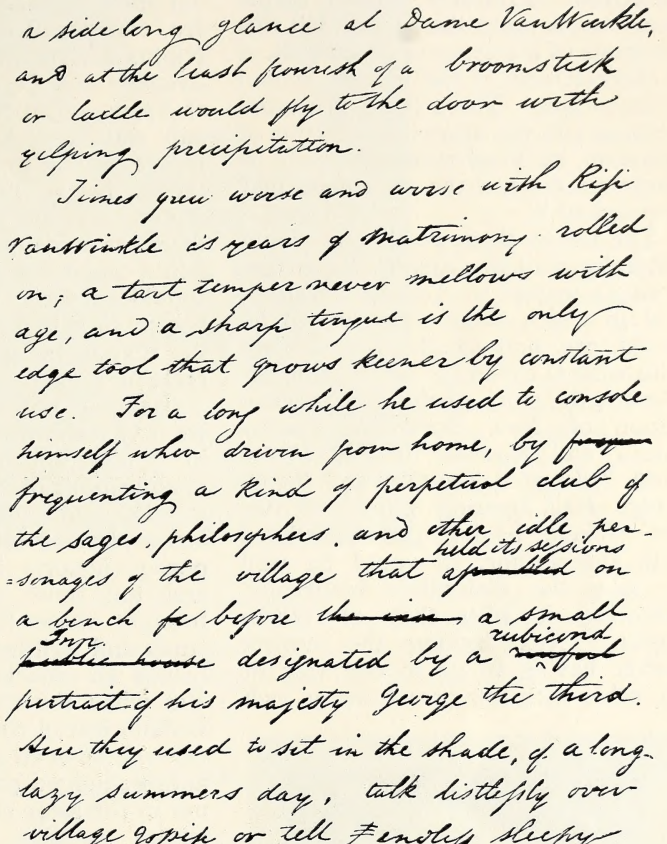
With this facetious marshalling of dubious dates does Irving, in a mood of cheer perhaps begotten of the fact that his work was finished, take leave of the reader; and the mood is not unique by any means. The Muse of History is represented as a grave maiden; it would be incongruous to fancy her sitting with backward-gazing eye, cracking jokes on by-gone worthies. Nevertheless, a judicious admixture of humor in history books now and then does have the effect of an oasis in the desert and draws us in the way of affection towards the author indulging in it. It is this, along with other excellencies, which makes Carlyle and Froude among the most stimulating, if not the most reliable, of historians.

One other quality fairly to be called literary I must mention,—the sense of proportion. Irving knows how to select and to arrange his material, and this selective instinct gives to the result artistic proportion. This is one of the cardinal virtues in all good literature, in poem, story, drama, biography, history. It is commonly said that it is as important to know what to leave out as what to put in. To tell all we know in literature is as foolish as it is in life. That is just the difference between art and raw facts as presented to the artist; from a mass of material he must choose, sift, arrange and "compose" his picture, in the painter's term. It might seem

that in history, which deals primarily with facts, with things that happened, there is not this same need of selection and suppression. But there is, because events are of very unequal importance; and to spread out everything, without light and shade or any indication of relative values, is uninspired, not to say asinine.

In a most discerning paper on the presentation of truth in history, Prof. Woodrow Wilson remarks that "the facts do not of themselves constitute the truth. The truth is abstract, not concrete. It is the just idea, the right revelation of what things mean. It is evoked only by such arrangements and orderings of facts as suggest interpretations."

Here is a test of the good historian; and I think we may claim for Irving that, being, as I said in the beginning, a literary man preëminently, an artist above all else, he so disposes his subject matter as to make an harmonious picture, duly proportioned and right in its perspective. Things that belong in foot-notes he puts in foot-notes, and he does not load you down with unnecessary details. I may add (confidentially) that some books which you find heavy, slow reading and get discouraged over are not heavy because they are learned (learning is right and necessary to them), but just because they are stupid in this particular, the writer unimaginatively pouring out upon you an undigested mass of items and particulars which, unless bound into a symmetrical bundle and lightened by the throwing away of useless



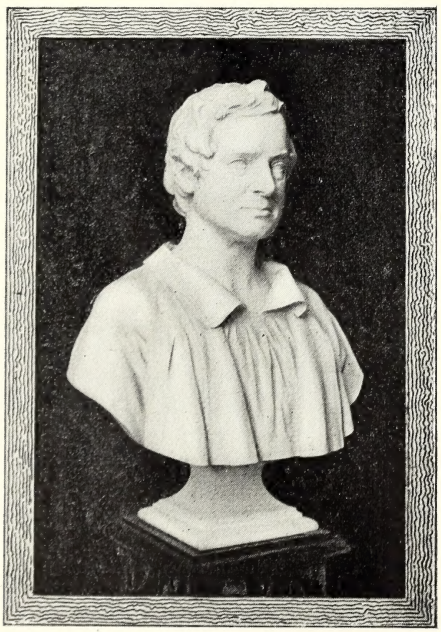
a side long glance at Dame Van Winkle, and at the least frouish of a broomstick or ladle would fly to the door with yelping precipitation.

Times grew worse and worse with Rip Van Winkle as years of matrimony rolled on; a tart temper never mellows with age, and a sharp tongue is the only edge tool that grows keener by constant use. For a long while he used to console himself when driven from home, by frequenting a kind of perpetual club of the sages, philosophers, and other idle personages of the village that held its sessions on a bench before a small inn designated by a rubicund portrait of his majesty George the third. Here they used to sit in the shade, of a long lazy summers day, talk listlessly over village gossip or tell endless sleepy stories about nothing. But it would have been worth any statesmans money to have heard the profound discussions that sometimes took place, when by chance an old newspaper fell into their hands

FAC-SIMILE OF A MS. PAGE OF "RIP VAN WINKLE."

impedimenta, would break the back of an Atlas. Professor Wilson, in the same essay, more than hints that this paralysis of the sense of proportion is a characteristic of the modern school of historians. There is no gift more necessary to the historian than this of selection, of proportion. Nobody is likely to dispute the statement that Irving had it.

The books then which one would naturally read in order to appreciate Irving's service to American history, and in which these traits are to be found, are, first of all, those dealing with what is called the Knickerbocker history, the story of the Dutch occupation of New York and sundry essays and legends in *The Sketch Book*, *Tales of a Traveller* and *Bracebridge Hall*, treating phases of this life. Then, having got inoculated with the author, it would be well to take the Columbus biography, following it with that of Washington. Next, leaving the subject matter having to do in one way or the other with our own country, rich pleasure and stimulation will be got out of the Spanish group: *The Alhambra*, which will be found an Arabian Nights entertainment, the *Conquest of Granada* and *Legends of the Conquest of Spain*. And of several biographies still unindicated, nobody will ever regret reading the delightfully sympathetic, happy life of Goldsmith, a writer between whom and Irving there are some marks of resemblance. But if one never gets any further, one should absorb the Knickerbocker books, thus getting a clear notion of the unique thing their maker did in creating them.



BUST OF IRVING BY PALMER.
In the rooms of the New York Historical Society.

Glancing now at the points made, we may claim for Washington Irving in sundry not unimportant matters qualifications of value to the writer in general, and to historians in particular: a pleasing form, the story-telling power, historic imagination, humor and the sense of proportion. He brought these literary gifts to the study and writing of history and furnished an object-lesson in their use. Yet when the claim has been made without fear of contradiction, we must concede at once and frankly that our author, judged purely as historian, is not in the same class as others whose names suggest pre-eminently the writing of formal histories. His service to American history, as I have tried to indicate, was distinct and large; yet, to return to the key-note of the theme, Irving was not primarily the writer of history, but the man of letters: he chose historical subjects not so much because he felt the desire to portray man's historic unfolding as because he felt that here was picturesque material and material affording opportunity for serious, sustained work where hitherto, in sketch and mock-history, he had been at play rather than at work. But by the judgment of posterity, those light things he did have risen to the surface and continue to float; they represent that by which he will longest be known and loved. Hence his place in our literature is as secure as that of any

writer; and especial honors are his because he was a pioneer. Hence, too, his contribution to history was indirect, secondary to his contribution to belles lettres. The very fact that his leading qualities are sentiment and humor (as his best critics decide) would make this inevitable; for sentiment and humor, though valuable, are not the first requisites of the history writer. But these considerations need not belittle Irving's right to be studied and lauded in a review of the American historians. If not one of the great, he is one of the most winning and suggestive figures in the group; an artist, where art is often lacking; a genial lover of his kind, where cold impersonality is a danger; a weaver of romance and the magic of the imagination over the early days and doings of his own people, who have been not seldom depicted in the rawness and harsh realities of their actual conditions. Would that all historians had in their works illustrated, like him, the use and value of the literary touch and the creative mind.



IRVING'S BURIAL PLACE.
Sleepy Hollow Cemetery.





AT SUNNYSIDE.

By Minna Irving.

In Sleepy Hollow's quiet vale,
And o'er the Tappan Zee,
I hear the peal of memory's bells
In silver melody.
The haze of early autumn hangs
Like smoke above the tide;
But there's a glory in the woods
At Sunnyside.

The oak-tree murmurs in its beard
Of lichens rough and gray,
Mysterious tales of olden times
Its whispers seem to say.
The busy squirrel drops in haste
The nut he seeks to hide,—
A presence haunts the dusky woods
At Sunnyside.

The air is dim with floating dreams,
For Irving is not dead,
And still his spirit walks unseen
The ways he used to tread.
It was the outer shell alone,
The grosser part, that died;
His gentle soul is dwelling yet
At Sunnyside!

OLD QUAKER DAYS IN RHODE ISLAND.

By Elizabeth Buffum Chace.

LYING north and west of the new city of Woonsocket, Rhode Island and about a mile distant therefrom is a quiet rural village, which eighty and ninety years ago was a spot where centered a strong intellectual, religious and moral life that affected the whole town of Smithfield. This village is now called Union Village, but at the time of which I write, the years between 1810 and 1825, it bore the Indian name Woonsocket, from the hill at the foot of which it lay, while the place now claiming that title was simply The Falls, the Blackstone River making there a precipitous descent.

The village now bears the marks of age, in the old-fashioned structure of its buildings, its ample dooryards and its venerable trees. It retains a general air of stateliness and simple elegance, which assures us that it has been the abode of a rural aristocracy inheriting the tastes and customs of Colonial neatness and prosperity.

During these years this village included in its social relations the inhabitants of nearly three miles of land between Slatersville on the north and The Falls on the southwest, a community which probably numbered not over a thousand souls, all bearing Colonial names. Some of them were descendants of Quakers exiled from Massachusetts in the days of Puritanic persecutions; and most of them were connected by membership or sympathy with the Society of Friends. A house of worship belonging to this society was the only public building in the village, except a steepled schoolhouse called the Academy. The road from Providence to Worcester ran through the place; and two rival taverns furnished rest and refreshment to travelers passing in stage-coaches or in private carriages. Public gatherings for political purposes or those of entertainment were held in the halls of these taverns, in one of which was a public library. The postoffice was kept in a private house. The Smithfield Union Bank was in a small red building in the centre of the village.

The business was mainly farming, the farms running back from the street to the hills on one side and the river on the other. The houses were usually painted either white or yellow, but here and there a red house varied the monotony; and in most cases there were green blinds to the windows. Where the blinds were lacking, curtains made of woven rushes were used. The woodwork and the walls inside were painted, and there was a good deal of wainscoting in the houses of the wealthier families. Others were constructed much after the same pattern, but were smaller and more cheaply finished. They were all rectangular in form and low-studded. There were no Queen Anne imitations. The front door of a rich farmer's house was entered through a portico, which had seats on each side, and was floored by broad, flat stones, such as also made a walk extending through the dooryard. This yard was surrounded by a picket fence. The house had a hall running from front to back, with an outside door at either end. The roof was what is called a barn roof, and was surmounted by two chimneys. The only means of heating the rooms was by wood fires in open fireplaces. The kitchen was a lower structure, also of two stories, built onto the house as an addition, square, and crowned with another chimney, which carried the smoke from a huge fireplace, in which,

with its brick ovens, were cooked the most elaborate dinners and breakfasts imaginable.

I do not remember any inside shutters. I think every front door had a knocker; evolution had not brought the bell. There were no bay windows nor piazzas. The furniture was all heavy. In the best houses much of it was solid mahogany, heavy chairs with and without arms, flagged seats and no upholstery, but with loose, home-made cushions. Some chairs had rockers, but none had castors, and all had straight backs. The sofa had not been developed then in Smithfield. The centre-table had not arrived, but the little stand was common, and occasionally there stood at one side of the room a small round table, the top of which turned up on a hinge. In one corner of the sitting-room was to be found a tall, eight-day clock, and beside it, in the best house, hung a thermometer and barometer in one frame.

The fireplace was embellished with large brass andirons, and it was with pride that the skilful house-mothers selected for their sitting-rooms the smooth back-logs and the proper-sized straight fore-sticks; and so tended their fires and used their hearth brushes that the evening fireside was always attractive and inviting. Brass candlesticks held the only lighting instrument of those earlier years. The bedsteads were high from the floor, and in the best rooms had tall posts, from which curtains were suspended. Feather beds were in common use, and patch-work quilts and home-made blankets. Beautiful hand-woven linen was made into sheets and pillow-cases.

Carpets were unknown in my early childhood. I think it was about the year 1812 that the wealthiest man in the region married for his third wife a high-bred Nantucket lady, who in a short time had a handsome carpet laid on her parlor floor; and it was the only one I remember to have seen up to 1824. Ordinarily parlor and sitting-room floors were painted in the mode called "marbled."

There were only two generations behind the families occupying these farms and dwellings to the Colonial time. Among the colonists had been a man and woman who must have left a strong impression on the life and character of their community. Joseph and Margaret Buffum came from Massachusetts to Rhode Island about the year 1755. They were Quakers. He owned all the land where now is the village of Slatersville, and pursued there the occupation of farming, adding from time to time other industries. He had a grist mill, a saw mill, a forge and a store. They had fourteen children, eight sons and six daughters, who all lived to marry and establish households of their own. A writer on the genealogy of this family says: "The manner of life at his farm was primitive and patriarchal. His farm servants and the employés in his mills, forge and store formed a part of his household; and in addition, his wife had eight or ten apprentices, bound boys and girls, who were expected to work in and about the house. The clothes for this large family were, as a rule, spun, woven and made up on the place; and the household stores, except a few groceries, were all produced on the farm. In such an establishment the management of the household played a very important part; and to his wife's administrative ability Joseph Buffum attributed much of his success in life."

Tradition says that this woman whipped every one of her sons after he was twenty-one years old. It is certain that when one boy became the father of an illegitimate child in circumstances where marriage with the mother would have done no one any good, Margaret Buffum took the little one herself, gave it the Buffum surname and its father's Christian name, and brought it up in her own home. A granddaughter of hers, who remembered her well, told me that her grandmother was the nurse, the doctor, the

lawyer and the counsellor of all the people dwelling for miles around. No man among them, she said, would have bought or sold a farm or entered into any new business without consulting "Aunt Margaret," as she was called.

Only one son of this family, my grandfather, William Buffum, settled in the neighborhood, and thus became a member of the community which I knew. He built and occupied a house in which he and his wife, Lydia Arnold, raised a large family of children. This house has been preserved so well that it now bears the same respectable and aristocratic appearance, with its long, low frame, its low ceilings, its wainscotting, its great open garret, as when I, as a child, spent half my growing years with the dear grandparents whose home it was and from whose hospitable doors had gone forth the sons and daughters who constituted a distinguished portion of the inhabitants between Slatersville and The Falls.

My grandfather was a member of the Rhode Island Society for the Gradual Abolition of Slavery. When his children were young his house was a refuge for fugitive slaves from New York, slavery having been abolished in Rhode Island in 1784.

During my childhood the girl who did the housework in this house was a daughter of my grandfather's sister, who lived in New Hampshire. Two more of her family lived as "hired girls" with two of my uncles. They were not called servants, and were members of the families, eating at table with them. They did an immense amount of work, and did it well. At my grandfather's the girl's day began at four o'clock in the morning, and she often had to heat the brick oven to bake for breakfast. Cheese-making, the churning of butter and candle-making were a part of the duties of the hired girl; while the spinning-wheel stood in the kitchen to be put in motion in any spare moments. As she was an unusually good girl, she was paid a dollar and a half a week.

White flour was used at my grandfather's only to make pie-crust, cake and such delicacies. It was bought only in quantities of seven pounds at a time. Rye flour and Indian meal were used to make the bread which was ordinarily eaten. When the oldest boy was six or seven years of age they used to put a sack of corn across the back of a horse, seat the child firmly in the middle, and send him to the miller, where the horse would stop of his own accord, and the little fellow would cry out: "Somebody come an' take us off!" The miller would take off the child and corn, grind the corn, place the meal in the sack, put it back on to the horse, seat the boy again in the middle, and send him home.

The loaves of rye and Indian bread were baked on oak leaves. The women spread these leaves on a large wooden shovel, took the dough with their hands from the big wooden trough in which with their hands they had mixed it, molded it into mounds on the leaves, put the shovel into the oven, and dexterously slipped it out again, after depositing dough and leaves upon the oven floor. Indian meal puddings and pies were also baked in the brick oven. It took all night to bake an Indian meal pudding properly. In the autumn the children gathered the oak leaves for baking purposes and strung them on sticks. They called it "going leafing."

When the first grist of meal from the new harvest was brought home in the fall, a great quantity of hasty pudding was made, the hired men dressed in their Sunday clothes, and my grandfather's family came out and ate supper with the men in the kitchen.

William Buffum had water brought into his house through log pipes, and was the first person in that vicinity who had running water in his kitchen. A building in his back yard had a basement, where cotton yarn was dyed

before being woven into ginghams, and the upper story was a tenement for a workman's family. Here a room was reserved to hold a loom, and an extra woman was often employed as a weaver. My grandmother herself, when quite an old woman, used to spin flax on a low linen wheel. One of my father's sisters, when a young girl, raised silkworms, wound the silk from the cocoons, doubled and twisted it, had it dyed, wove it herself, and made it into a gown, in which she was married. I have a piece of the silk still, but it was woven long before my day.

In my childhood, we wore in summer imported calico and muslin frocks, and in winter dresses of a home-made material composed of cotton warp and woolen weft or filling. Usually the warp was blue and the filling red. The prettiest had a white warp. Our frocks—my sisters' and mine—when I was from eight to twelve years old, were made low in the neck and tied in the back, as were our petticoats. No buttons were used, but sometimes pins. I think we had no boughten tape at that time. For strings we braided "thrums," which were the ends of the warp left by the weavers; and this braiding was the children's work.

A little episode of my childhood comes in here, which I will relate. My mother had such a houseful of little girls that my Grandmother Buffum used to keep me with her about half the time; and when there what I needed of clothing she provided. I think it was in the year 1815 that a worsted material called bombazet was first imported into this country; and a cousin of mine had a bombazet frock for her best. I was then nine years old, and I longed for a bombazet frock. I don't think I begged for it, but I suppose I let my desire be known. My grandmother was economical, and she compromised by getting me a heavy Scotch gingham with a large check of blue and white. I seem to see it now. I did not like it, though it was supposed to be nicer than the customary home-made linsey-woolsey.

The first time I wore this frock to meeting it had been arranged that I should go home with my cousin who had the bombazet, and spend the afternoon. So with my Quaker bonnet and my outside "coat," which reached below my frock, I went, in a dissatisfied state of mind, to meeting. I was a religious child, and a reader of the Bible; I had been well instructed in the duty of worship and of serious reflection in meeting. But my poor little heart was sore, and I tried to turn my worship to account. I had read "Ask, and ye shall receive; seek, and ye shall find," "If ye have faith ye shall remove mountains," "The fervent, effectual prayer of the righteous man availeth much." In the faith so implanted, I spent the hour of the silent meeting in fervent prayer that my gingham dress might be changed to bombazet. I am not sure that I felt entire confidence, but I had strong hope and a good degree of faith. My coat entirely covered the frock, so I could not see the process of change. I went home with my cousin. I took off my coat in excitement and agitation; and there was my gingham dress just the same. I said nothing—children kept their heart-aches more to themselves then than they do now; and it was many years before I ever told the story or ever suffered a deeper disappointment.

Speaking of my bonnet reminds me that I began to be taken to meeting as well as to school when I was two years old; and my bonnet was of course a little silk Quaker bonnet. When I was three years old I could read very well. At our first school we were taught reading and sewing. At meeting we were taught to sit still, which is no mean accomplishment.

After passing through the school for little ones, we children—the children in my set in the old village—began receiving our instruction in the Academy. The public school system had

not been established in Rhode Island, but our parents were a reading and thinking people. Several of these parents were the grandchildren of Joseph and Margaret Buffum, and they had been well instructed for their day and generation. They spoke the English language correctly; and I can think of no other reason for the class distinction, which did certainly exist in this community, except that it was determined by the different manner in which the language was spoken. There were families scattered right along this country road, owning farms, behaving as irreproachably as their neighbors, and dealing as honestly, who had no social relations with these same neighbors. They probably used two negatives where there was need of only one, and put plural personal pronouns with singular verbs.

They may also have belonged to the other political party, our people being all Federalists, the women as well as the men. There were at that time public questions not settled by the Revolutionary war and the organization of the new government; and when the weekly news came in *The Manufacturers' and Farmers' Journal,* my grandmother was as much interested in everything political as were her husband and the neighboring men. At nine years of age I used to read to my grandparents the whole Congressional proceedings and other political matter.

So our fathers and mothers had a lively interest in the education of their children, and a good school was maintained fifty-two weeks in the year, with no vacations. Our text-books were of a very primitive kind. In geography we had no atlases to use, and I believe the imperfect manner in which I learned localities is the reason why I have never been able to think of places in the right direction.

We did an immense amount of memorizing. In grammar we were obliged to recite every word of Murray's large volume over and over for a long time before we were set to make any practical application of it in the analysis or parsing of a sentence. We must repeat *Of, to, for, by, with, in, into, within, without, over, under, through, above, below, before, behind, beneath, on* or *upon, among, after, about, against* for months before we were permitted to tell what should be done with the smallest preposition of them all.

When, at twelve years of age, I had recited Murray's grammar through perhaps a dozen times without a word of explanation or application, the master, as I was passing by him to my seat, handed me an open book and, pointing to a passage, said I might study that for a parsing lesson. Alas, it was no open book to me. The sentences which he indicated read: "Dissimulation in youth is the forerunner of perfidy in old age. Its first appearance is a token of growing depravity and future shame." I knew every rule in the grammar, but I did not know how to apply one of them to the first word. I carried the book out at recess, and a more advanced pupil gave me a clue. I put my memory into harness, and soon learned to use the rules of which till then I had had no comprehension.

The master carried in his hand all the time a ruler with a leather strap nailed over the end. If he caught an eye wandering from the book or saw signs of restlessness or heard a whisper, he gave the offender a smart blow, especially if it was his own little motherless boy, to whom he was particularly cruel.

We learned our religion in the old Quaker meeting-house, where the seats were hard benches and the great beams and rafters had no paint. I think there was no plastering except overhead. The dear old meeting-house was to me an object of great reverence. Our ministers were two women. I remember one spring day when one of them invited a company of the young girls to go with her to

clean the meeting-house. We had a jolly time, scrubbing the benches and the floor, and she, our preacher, whitewashed the ceiling, and made the affair as pleasant as a picnic.

We were taught to consider ourselves especially privileged in having been born in the Society of Friends. After we had attended meeting on "First-day" morning the afternoon was usually spent in paying or receiving visits. It was not necessary to announce our coming. Whoever stayed at home expected company. No one objected to sewing or knitting on First-day. Unnecessary housework was avoided. It was against our principles to regard one day as holier than another; but this day was regarded as one in which we should put on our best apparel, and of which we should make a day of recreation after a morning meeting.

In these customs of life there grew up in this rural village and its outskirts a group of thoughtful, intelligent, well-behaved boys and girls. Their morality was after a high standard. They were like their parents, readers and thinkers. At our social gatherings—for we had such by ourselves—we used to discuss affairs of state. We had our rival candidates for office, although we were mostly of one party. The generation of young people who had preceded us used in their evening parties to play the old-fashioned games, in which kissing between the sexes had a prominent part. We never played them; we were too dignified for that. The Quaker element among us excluded music; so, instead of singing, we recited poetry. As it was not uncommon for us to commit to memory long poems, we never lacked material for this purpose. Instead of dancing we played blind-man's buff, puss in the corner and fox and geese. We took long walks, jumped the rope and rode on horseback. Most of us wore the Quaker costume, addressed all persons by their Christian names,* and called the days of the week and the months by their numbers instead of by what we consider their heathenish names.

At our evening parties, to which we sometimes walked two miles, we had for refreshments fruit or nuts, or both, and often cake and light wine, total abstinence not having at that time been thought of. When I was fourteen years old I found that when I drank wine it made me dizzy, and I renounced it, without ever thinking or hearing that there was any moral harm in it. Cider was the family dinner drink, and I renounced that for the same reason.

The boys and girls walked together going to these parties and returning from them; and the gatherings ended at nine o'clock. We had our little partialities and preferences and our youthful love affairs; but curiously enough not one of them in that group of boys and girls terminated in matrimony. Perhaps there were too many cousins among us.

We had great freedom in our set of young people, but our parents were strict about our association with strangers. A young doctor came to live in our village. He went socially chiefly among the set of girls older than we were. One day I was standing on a terrace between our door-yard and that of our next neighbor chatting with the neighbor's daughter, and the doctor came along and stood just below me. He reached up, took hold of my hands and pulled until I was compelled to jump down. My father happened to be at a window and saw the performance. When I went in he rebuked me severely for allowing such a liberty, although I was not really to blame for it. Two young men who were brothers came to our village and opened an evening writing-school. My sister and I attended it. As far as appeared, the men were well-behaved young persons. One evening one of them called at our house and

*The formal way of addressing a comparative stranger or an old person among many Quakers is to use both Christian and surname, but not even this ceremony in address was used among us at the beginning of the century.

spent an hour or so in the family room. After he went away our father requested us to give no encouragement to such visits.

About the year 1825 a new schoolmaster came to teach in our Academy. He was George D. Prentice, then just graduated from Brown University, a young man who was afterwards distinguished as a lawyer and statesman, and who was for many years the brilliant editor of the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, in which he battled royally for the Federal Union, when it was beginning to be disturbed by the spirit of rebellion which culminated in the Civil War. Up to the time of his coming to us we had read such books as were in our own libraries and the village library. There was only one novel in my father's house, Hannah More's "Coelebs in Search of a Wife." In the village library were Miss Burney's novels and a few others, which we were not forbidden to read. We read the "Spectator," the "Rambler" and others of Dr. Johnson's writings, and the British poets, Milton, Young, Pope, Cowper, Montgomery and Moore; and we read, especially, religious and Quaker books, such as Barclay's "Apology," "Piety Promoted," the "Life of George Fox," "Pilgrim's Progress" and works on female education. Our new schoolmaster soon discovered our literary inclination, and besides introducing some modern improvements into our school he helped us in the cultivation of our taste for reading. He taught school every other Saturday, and on the alternate Saturdays he would start in the morning and walk to Providence, fourteen miles, go to the college library, get a number of books, tie them up in a bandanna handkerchief, bring them home, and distribute them among us, to be read and changed about for the next fortnight, then to be returned and another batch brought out for our delectation. Thus we read the Waverley Novels as they were issued from the press, while the author was "the Great Unknown." We had also Scott's and Byron's poems and Cooper's novels.

As Mr. Prentice was our teacher our parents trusted to his judgment more than might have been expected. However, one day my father took up Byron's "Manfred," and, seeing something in it objectionable, inquired where it came from; and on learning that Mr. Prentice brought it to my sisters and me, he walked out of the house with it in his hand, and with consternation we saw him enter the house where the master boarded. He returned soon without the book, but as we heard no report of the interview, our fears of a general interdict were allayed, and we went on enriching our minds with the new literature.

As it was with the books so it was with the young man himself; being our teacher, he was admitted into our social circle without restraint or question. Since he was not our cousin, and was a little older than the boys who were cousins to most of us, he became quite a favorite. Alas, when he had been with us a year he declared himself in love with our loveliest girl in language so violent and determined that he was refused by her parents with contumely and disdain, and he left in a state of burning indignation, leaving behind him in the girl an aching heart but a very submissive spirit. He came back once and had a glimpse of her in the Friends' meeting, and wrote some lines about her containing a reference to this sight of her:

"I saw thee in the House of Prayer."

Our religious society forbade the marriage of members with persons not in our fold. The poor girl was sent away to boarding-school and forbidden to answer the letters he would write to her, but which we had reason to think were generally intercepted, so that she seldom received them. It was a sad ending to what had been to us a year of much pleasure, as well as lasting benefit.

As I compare the manners and people of that time with those of to-day,

in the same station in life, I think that my grandparents, my uncles and aunts and neighbors were most of them persons of strong mental and moral individuality, and yet narrow-minded in some directions. In this age of Associated Charities it seems strange that they had no more sympathy with poverty and destitution, no idea of lifting up those lowlier than themselves. Sometimes there was real neglect of cases which now we should feel bound to consider.

There was a deaf and dumb woman whose home was at the town poor-house, several miles from our village. She used to come to the village occasionally and, in her way, proclaim her woes in the street. She wore always a very short skirt and a short gown, which we should call now a sack, and she was bare-footed. She had short hair, and she wore no bonnet. She stood on the street, and by throwing her arms about she told the crowd, which listened to her inarticulate cries, how either the overseer or the keeper had beaten and abused her. We children pitied her, but nobody appeared to do anything for her. Her name was Patience. We always called her "Deef Pashe." She seemed to be utterly an outcast.

One day a vagrant came along and begged somebody for food, and one of our tavern keepers, hunting up an old Rhode Island law, went with a horse-whip and drove him out of the village. I remember, however, that my father came in and spoke of the affair with great indignation as an unjustifiable outrage. Still, the general feeling was that poor people must look out for themselves; that their poverty was their own fault.

In families the husband and father was the person not only to be held in the highest respect, but to be regarded with awe and a kind of fear by all the women. My mother, who came from Newport, and in whose family there had been more freedom, noticed when she first came into my father's family that even the married daughters when visiting their parents, if they were chatting with their mother and each other, always subsided into silence when their father came into the room,—he, my grandfather, being regarded as a sort of godlike personage before whom no everyday, feminine talk was to be indulged. Yet there was a story handed down which proved that his own daughters did sometimes beard this lion in his den.

On one occasion my grandfather and grandmother went from home on a visit, leaving their daughters, Hannah and Lucy, two lively maidens in their teens, as housekeepers. The girls decided to have a party. They had the windpipes of some chickens which they had dried for such a purpose, and they molded some candles, putting the windpipes filled with gunpowder along the sides of the wicks. They invited their friends and had a nice supper, the table being well lighted with candles. While the supper was going on there was an explosion. Everybody was startled, but nobody was hurt, and the fun was very much enjoyed. When the father and mother came home nothing was said, and everything was cleared away. Somehow the story got told outside, and the overseers of the Friends' monthly meeting heard of it, and came to the house to visit the parents of these wild young maidens. The parents were very dignified and highly responsible members of the Meeting, and it was a great mortification to them to be reproved for any disorderly conduct in their house. So when the overseers were gone, the father summoned the girls to the sitting-room and demanded what this all meant. When the affair was confessed and explained, he, walking up and down the room, reproved them very severely for such disgraceful conduct. Lucy, who, I think, was the bolder of the two, said: "Well, father, I'm *very* sorry." "Sorry for *what?*" cried the indignant father, as he stopped before her. "Sorry that thee has found it out," she replied.

During one of the later years of my life in the old village a few of the girls of our circle organized a society which we called "The Female Mutual Improvement Society." We agreed to meet one evening every week and read some useful book and contribute original compositions of our own. I do not remember that we had any written constitution or any officers except a clerk. I do not think any record was preserved; but while the society lasted we were faithful to our pledges, and we enjoyed the meetings very much. We had no boys in it. We did not know that we were starting a movement which would spread over the country in a great Federation of Women's Clubs,—but we were.

This was many years before the agitation for the immediate emancipation of the slaves began, or the prejudice against color was weakened; but my older sister wrote a paper which she dated in the twentieth century in which she pictured the negroes as in possession of the government and at the head of society; and she stated in it that great consternation existed at the capital because the daughter of the President of the United States had married a white man! I think some of our members did not like the paper very well; but the author lived to do valiant service long afterwards in the Anti-Slavery movement and the protection of fugitive slaves.

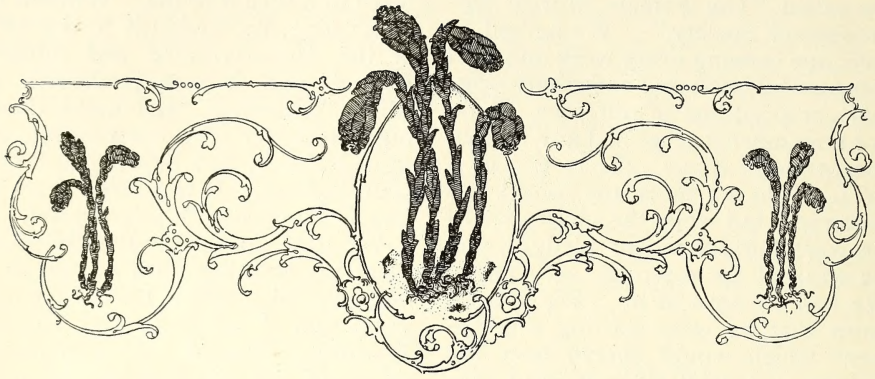
I was then about fifteen years old, and I wrote an earnest appeal to young girls to seek the improvement of their minds in order to prepare for usefulness in life. I made a visit in Providence soon afterwards, at my uncle's, and carried my "composition" with me. I read it to some boy cousins, and one of them took it and refused to return it to me. Without my knowledge, he carried it to the office of the *Manufacturers' and Farmers' Journal*, and it was published, the editor, William E. Richmond, thanking the writer (the composition was signed *Anna*), and requesting further contributions. It was many years before I complied with this request.

We kept up our Mutual Improvement undertaking until we began to be scattered. When I was seventeen years old I went to the Friends' Boarding School in Providence, others of our circle doing the same. While I was there my family, to my very great grief, moved to Fall River, Mass. Since then I have only returned to the dear old home as a visitor, but to this day the place is to me the

"Spot of earth supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest."

And now, in the ninetieth year of my age, as I have written these annals of my early life, when some item a little indistinct in my mind has made me wish to inquire of some one for fuller information, I have recollected that not one of that group of boys and girls whom I have described is left upon the earth, save myself alone.

"When I remember all
The friends so linked together
I've seen around me fall
Like leaves in wintry weather,
I feel like one who treads alone
Some banquet hall deserted,
Whose lights are fled, whose garlands dead,
And all but he departed."



INDIAN PIPES.

By Abbie Farwell Brown.

THE pipes of peace! Erect and white
In this dark, piney place where light
May enter seldom,—thus they grow
Up from the mold and mosses low,
Like ghostly shadows of the night.

This was the spot,—I know it well.
Here died the chief, so legends tell;
From out the shade a traitor dart
Sped to its mark in that brave heart;
I found an arrow where he fell.

And deep below the moss and mold
They say his bones lie stark and cold;
Yet never dared men seek him here,—
It is so still, so dark, so drear,
The pines so lone, his grave so old.

O pipes of peace, why do ye spring
From this red soil, from that dread Thing?
Could peace for his fierce ashes wait?
A life of war, a death of hate,—
What did that fateful arrow bring?

In Happy Hunting Grounds is he
At one with every enemy?
There doth he puff the peace-pipe slow?—
Lo! Seem those ghostly bowls to glow;
Methinks pale smoke-wreaths curl to me.

TWO LIVES.

By Elizabeth Young.

I.

I ONCE knew a man to whom a girl gave her whole heart. She gave it to him because he wished it, and it made her glad to give him what he wished.

At first the man held the soft heart tenderly in his hand that he might feel it beat; for each beat thrilled through his whole body, and the thrill gave him pleasure. Soon the hand that held the heart was needed for work. The heart must be put where it would never interfere with what the man found to do in the world, and yet where it would not be far from the hand that loved the thrill. So the man put the heart, soft and beating, into his pocket. He valued it very much; he would not have it far from him; but the hand was needed for work.

Now, the heart was in a safe place, where it had no reason to fear it would be lost. But there were other things in the pocket. There were keys and coins and pencils and cards, and the heart was soft and tender, for it was a very young heart. The man did not forget it. Sometimes he took it out of his pocket that it might beat against his hand. And when he grew so busy that he never sought anything in his pocket but the keys and coins and pencils and cards, he was glad to know that the heart was there, and to feel it rub against his hand, always warm and beating.

But because the heart was young and soft and tender the keys and coins and pencils and cards felt hard against it, very unlike the warm, kind hand it remembered well. For days it would dream it was still in the hand; and then the keys would press upon it, and the coins would lie cold against it. By and by it said the warm, kind hand was the dream, and the only real thing was the pocket with the keys and coins and pencils and cards.

Now, the woman to whom the heart had once belonged had grown to be a wise woman; for when hearts are bruised and chilled, heads become wise and thoughtful. And because the woman was wise she went one day to her husband's bed while he slept. Beside him, very close to him, was the pocket where the heart was beating. And the woman put her hand softly in and drew out the heart from among the keys and coins and pencils and cards. Though her head had grown wise, she had made one mistake; she had thought the heart would be cold, and perhaps would not beat. To her surprise, it was still warm and soft and beat as it always had. It was not quite like the heart the girl had put into the man's hand, for that was perfect in shape, while this was dented and creased; but still it was warm and soft, and it beat. Then the woman smoothed the heart with her hand, and pressed it into a resemblance to its former shape. And she said: "I will leave it in the air for a time, and it will grow fresh and perfect again."

But a strange thing happened. The heart still beat, and its form became again perfect; but it was no more tender and warm: it grew calloused and cold in the air. Then the woman laid away the heart in a place that was safe and that had no keys or coins or pencils or cards. For a time she looked at it often, as it was a joy to her to know it was safe and was beating and was not bruised or chilled. After a little she ceased to look at it, and as time went on she quite forgot it. And the man to whom the woman

once gave the heart, and who had held it in his hand and rejoiced to feel its thrill, and who had cherished it safe in his pocket with his keys and coins and pencils and cards,—this man never knew that the heart was gone.

And the man and woman walked side by side for many years; and they were very useful, and they knew more satisfaction than most.

II.

I once knew a woman who, like many other people, kept a skeleton in her house. It was not good to look at, and she hid it away in a closet beneath the roof, fast under lock and key. But because this woman had a great care for her house in all its parts she saw the skeleton many times in a year; and each time she shuddered and said: "It is not good to look at." There were others whom she knew who had skeletons also, who never unlocked the chests in which they were hid. But the woman was not as they; she could not let the dust gather in the closet and upon the skeleton's bones. Often she sought the closet beneath the roof, and turned the key in the lock, and swept well the floor of the closet. Then she lifted the skeleton and dusted its rattling bones,—and she shuddered. But because it was not good to look at she knew she must always dust it with great care.

A time came when the woman had no strength; and many months passed in which she could not climb the stairs to the closet beneath the roof. By and by, as she grew strong again, she remembered the skeleton, and knew that the dust must lie thick upon it; and because it was in her house she could not suffer that to be. So she climbed the stairs painfully one day; she opened the door with a shudder, and she stretched her hand timidly toward the skeleton that she might wipe off the dust from its rattling bones. But it was no longer as it had been. When she touched the bones she did not shiver; when she looked at the skeleton her heart did not grow sick. She gazed at it as she might at any part of her house. It was not good to look at, but it was a part of her house. She grasped it with both hands; and she knew for the first time that it was but bones, which are not of the things which last.

Then the woman said: "It is not good to look at, but it is mine." And she did not again turn the key upon the skeleton. She took it boldly in her hands, and stepped lightly down the stairs up which she had toiled. To feel the skeleton in her grasp without a shudder made her heart strong. And it was not put again into the closet beneath the roof. The woman said: "What is mine must have its place." The skeleton in the closet became the skeleton at the feast.

And a strange thing happened. The skeleton had not been long in the light of day when it began to crumble. At last it could no longer sit at the table. And one morning, when the woman cleaned her house, she swept up a handful of dust from the floor and threw it away. She did not know this was the skeleton, and sometimes she wondered where it had gone.

THE GREEN GRASSHOPPER.

By Arthur Willis Colton.



NYONE would have called Bobby Bell a comfortable boy, — that is, anyone who did not mind bugs; and I am sure I do not see why anyone should mind bugs, except the kind that taste badly in raspberries, and some other kinds. It was among the things that are entertaining to see Bobby Bell bobbing around among the buttercups looking for grasshoppers. Grasshoppers are interesting when you consider that they have heads like doorknobs or green cheeses, and legs with crooks to them. "Bobbing" means to go like Bobby Bell,— that is, to go up and down, to talk to one's self, and not to hear anyone shout, unless it is someone whom not to hear is to get into difficulties.

Across the Salem Road from Mr. Atherton Bell's house there were many level meadows of a pleasant greenness, as far as Cumming's alder swamp; and these meadows were called the Bow Meadows. If you take the alder swamp and the Bow Meadows together, they were like this: the swamp was mysterious and unvisited, except by those who went to fish in the Muck Hole on the edge for turtles and eels. Frogs with solemn voices lived in the swamp. Herons flew over it slowly, and herons also are uncanny affairs. We believed that the people of the swamp knew things it was not good to know, like witchcraft and the insides of the earth. In the meadows, on the other hand, there were any number of cheerful and busy creatures, some along the level of the buttercups, but most of them about the roots of the grasses. The people in the swamp were wet, cold, sluggish, and not a great many of them. The people of the meadows were dry, warm, continually doing something, and in number not to be calculated by any rule in Wentworth's Arithmetic.

So you see how different were the two, and how it comes about that the meadows were nearly the best places in the world to be in, both because of the society there, and because of the swamp near at hand and interesting to think about. So, too, you see why it was that Bobby Bell could be found almost any summer day "bobbing" for grasshoppers in the Bow Meadows,— "bobbing" meaning, I say, to go up and down like Bobby Bell, to talk to one's self and not to hear anyone shout; and "grasshoppers" being interesting because of their heads resembling doorknobs or green cheeses, because of the crooks in their legs, and because of their extraordinary habit of jumping.

There were in Hagar at this time four ladies who lived at a little distance from the Salem Road and Mr. Atherton Bell's house, on a road which goes over a hill and off to a district called Scrabble Up and Down, where huckleberries and sweet fern mostly grow. They were known as the Tuttle Four Women, being old Mrs. Tuttle and the three Miss Tuttles, of whom Miss Rachel was the eldest.

It is easy to understand why Miss Rachel and the children of the village of Hagar did not get along well together, when you consider how astonishingly clean she was, how she walked so as never to fall over anything, nor took any interest in squat tag, nor resembled the children of the village of Hagar in any respect. And so you can understand how it was that, when she came down the hill that Saturday afternoon and saw Bobby

Bell through the bars in the Bow Meadows, she did not understand his actions, and disapproved of them, whatever they were.

The facts were these: In the first place a green grasshopper who was reckless or had not been brought up rightly, had gone down Bobby's back next the skin, which was where he had no business to be; and naturally Bobby stood on his head to induce him to come out. That seems plain enough, for, if you are a grasshopper and down a boy's back, and the boy stands on his head, you almost always come out to see what he is about; because it makes you curious, if not ill, to be down a boy's back and have him stand on his head. Anyone can see that. And this is the reason I had to explain about Miss Rachel, in order to show you why she did not understand it, nor understand what followed after.

In the next place, Bobby knew that when you go where you have no business to you are sometimes spanked, but usually you are talked to unpleasantly, and tied up to something by the leg, and said to be in disgrace. Usually you are tied to the sewing machine, and "disgrace" means the corner of the sewing-room between the machine and the sofa. It never occurred to him but that this was the right and natural order of things. Very likely it is. It seemed so to Bobby.

Now it is difficult to spank a grasshopper properly. And so there was nothing to do but to tie him up and talk to him unpleasantly. That seems quite simple and plain. But the trouble was that it was a long time since Miss Rachel had stood on her head, or been spanked, or tied up to anything. This was unfortunate, of course. And when she saw Bobby stand violently on his head and then tie a string to a grasshopper, she thought it was extraordinary business, and probably bad, and she came up to the bars in haste.

"Bobby!" she said, "you naughty boy, are you pulling off that grasshopper's leg?"

Bobby thought this absurd. "Grasshoppers," he said calmly, "isn't any good 'ith their legs off."

This was plain enough too, because grasshoppers are intended to jump, and cannot jump without their legs; consequently it would be quite absurd to pull them off. Miss Rachel thought one could not know this without trying it, and especially know it in such a calm, matter-of-fact way as Bobby seemed to do, without trying it a vast number of times; therefore she became very much excited. "You wicked, wicked boy!" she cried. "I shall tell your father!" Then she went off.

Bobby wondered a while what his father would say when Miss Rachel told him that grasshoppers were no good with their legs off. When Bobby told him that kind of thing, he generally chuckled to himself and called Bobby "a queer little chicken." If his father called Miss Rachel "a queer little chicken," Bobby felt that it would seem strange. But he had to look after the discipline of the grasshopper, and it is no use trying to think of two things at once. He tied the grasshopper to a mullein stalk and talked to him unpleasantly, and the grasshopper behaved very badly all the time; so that Bobby was disgusted and went away to leave him for a time,— went down to the western end of the meadows, which is a drowsy place. And there it came about that he fell asleep, because his legs were tired, because the bees hummed continually, and because the sun was warm and the grass deep around him.

Miss Rachel went into the village and saw Mr. Atherton Bell on the steps of the postoffice. He was much astonished at being attacked in such a disorderly manner by such an orderly person as Miss Rachel; but he admitted, when it was put to him, that pulling off the legs of grasshoppers was interfering with the rights of grasshoppers. Then Miss Rachel went on her way, thinking that a good

seed had been sown and the morality of the community distinctly advanced.

The parents of other boys stood on the postoffice steps in great number, for it was near mail-time; and here you might have seen what varieties of human nature there are. For some were taken with the conviction that the attraction of the Bow Meadows to their children was all connected with the legs of grasshoppers; some suspected it only, and were uneasy; some refused to imagine such a thing, and were indignant. But they nearly all started for the Bow Meadows with a vague idea of doing something, Mr. Atherton Bell and Father Durfey leading. I do not think it was a well-planned expedition, or that anyone knew what was intended to be done. They halted at the bars, but no Bobby Bell was in sight, nor did the Bow Meadows seem to have anything to say about the matter. The grasshoppers in sight had all the legs that rightly belonged to them. Mr. Atherton Bell got up on the wall and shouted for Bobby. Father Durfey climbed over the bars.

It happened that there was no one in the Bow Meadows at this time, except Bobby, Moses Durfey, Chub Leroy, and one other. Bobby was asleep, on account of the bumblebees humming in the sunlight; and the other three were far up the further side, on account of an expedition through the alder swamp, supposing it to be Africa. There was a desperate battle somewhere; but the expedition turned out badly in the end, and in this place is neither here nor there. They heard Mr. Atherton Bell shouting, but they did not care about it. It is more to the point that Father Durfey, walking around in the grass, did not see the grasshopper, who was tied to the mullein stalk and as mad as he could be. For when tied up in disgrace, one is always exceedingly mad at this point; but repentance comes afterwards. The grasshopper never got that far, for Father Durfey stepped on him with a boot as big as — big enough for Father Durfey to be comfortable in,— so that the grasshopper was quite dead. It was to him as if a precipice were to fall on you, when you were thinking of something else. Then they all went away. There is such a multitude of green and pleasant things, which die suddenly and no one notices them. It is a great pity, but it is not exactly anyone's fault.

Bobby Bell woke up with a start, and was filled with remorse, remembering his grasshopper. The sun had slipped behind the shoulder of Windless Mountain. There was a faint light across the Bow Meadows, that made them sweet to look on, but just a little ghostly. Also it was dark in the roots of the grasses, and difficult to find a green grasshopper who was dead; at least it would have been if he had not been tied to a mullein stalk. Bobby found him at last sunk deep in the turf, with his poor legs limp and crookless, and his head, which had been like a green cheese or a door knob, no longer looking even like the head of a grasshopper.

Then Bobby Bell sat down and wept. Miss Rachel, who had turned the corner and was half way up to the house of the Tuttle Four Women, heard him, and turned back to the bars. She wondered if Mr. Atherton Bell had not been too harsh. The Bow Meadows looked dim and mournful in the twilight. Miss Rachel was feeling a trifle sad about herself, too, as she sometimes did; and the round-cheeked cherub weeping in the wide shadowy meadows seemed to her something like her own life, in the great world not very well understood.

"He was geen!" wailed Bobby, looking up at her, but not allowing his grief to be interrupted. "He was my geen bug!"

Miss Rachel melted still farther, without knowing why.

"What was green?"

She pulled down a bar and crawled through. She hoped Mr. Atherton

Bell was not looking from a window, for it was difficult to avoid making one's self amusing to Mr. Atherton Bell. But Bobby was certainly in some kind of trouble.

"He's dead!" wailed Bobby again. "He's stepped on!"

Miss Rachel bent over him stiffly. It was hard for one so austerely ladylike as Miss Rachel to seem gracious and compassionate, but she did pretty well.

"Oh, it's a grasshopper!" Then more severely: "Why did you tie him up?"

Bobby's sobs subsided into hiccoughs.

"It's a disgrace. I put him in disgrace, and I forgotted him. He went down my back."

"Did you step on him?"

"N-o-o-o!" The hiccoughs rose into sobs again. "He was the geenest gasshopper!"

This was not strictly true: there were others just as green; but it was a generous tribute to the dead and, I think, a credit to Bobby Bell that he felt that way.

Now there was much in all this that Miss Rachel did not understand; but she understood enough to feel sharp twinges of conscience for the wrong that she had done Bobby Bell, and whatever else may be said of Miss Rachel, up to her light she was square. In fact, I should say that she had an acute-angled conscience. It was more than square; it was one of those consciences that you are always spearing yourself on. She felt very humble, and went with Bobby Bell to dig a grave for the green grasshopper under the lee of the wall. She dug it herself with her parasol, thinking how she must go up with Bobby Bell, what she must say to Mr. Atherton Bell, and how painful it would be, because Mr. Atherton Bell was so easily amused.

Bobby patted the grave with his chubby palm and cooed contentedly. Then they went up the hill in the twilight hand in hand.

A THANKSGIVING.

By Theodosia Pickering.

I THOUGHT the knife had struck so deep
That evermore
The inmost heart of me would keep
The wound still sore.

I never dreamed some future day
To walk again
Upon the olden primrose way
Full freed from pain.

Of all the blessings in my store,
Of all my part,
Dear God, the most I thank Thee for
A fickle heart.

Full little of the love that wrought me ill
I know or care,
And yet—and yet sometime I think that still
A scar is there.



THE CONNECTICUT VALLEY FROM MR. MOODY'S HOME IN NORTHFIELD.

OLD DAYS AND NEW IN NORTHFIELD.

By Ann Maria Mitchell.

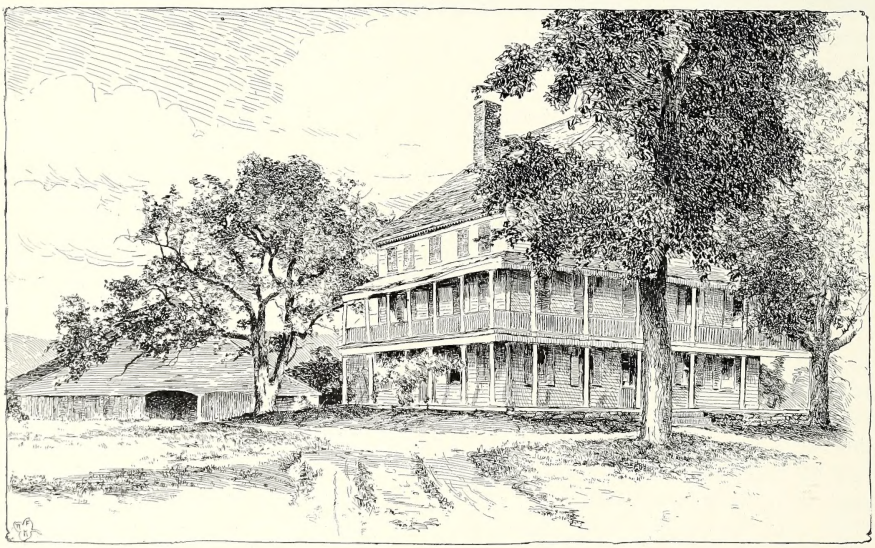
FOR many generations before the foot of the white man trod the soil of that part of the Connecticut valley where Northfield now stands, its broad meadows and adjacent uplands had been the happy home and hunting grounds of large tribes of Indians. Nearly every bluff along the river was the site of a cluster of wigwams. On the lowlands the squaws had their fields of corn and pumpkins, on which their lords feasted when the spoils of the chase were insufficient for their needs. The meadows and interval lands were burned over every fall, which kept the country open for communication between the different tribes and for hunting. While the annual burning destroyed the timber of the intervals, the heavily wooded swamps and ravines, flooded by the autumnal rains, furnished a covert for all kinds of game. At the foot of the numerous waterfalls in the brooks that flowed down the mountain sides, there was found every spring an abundance of shad and salmon. In fact, the tribe that lived here was called the Squakheags, which meant, in the Indian language, a spearing place for salmon.

Along the bank of the river wandered the narrow trail which later was marked by the blood-stained feet of many a captive journeying towards the Canadian forests. Back from the river on either side, and parallel with it, stretches a line of hills. One of these hills, known later as Brush Mountain, was held by the Indians in superstitious veneration. They held it to be the abode of the Great Spirit. From the fissures in the rocks where the rattlesnakes denned during the winter, his breath came forth in the spring and melted the snow, but if one ventured near enough to inhale its poison, he would die. To-day the visitor to Brush Mountain is shown a den, at the mouth of which there is always a current of air, cold in summer and in winter warm enough to melt the snow for some distance around it. Near by is the natural ice-house, an underground room where

ice can be found on the hottest day in midsummer.

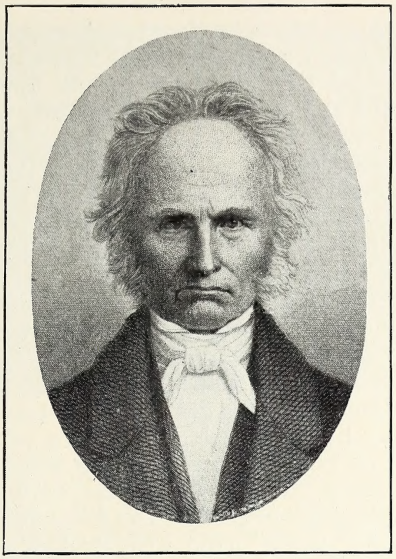
In 1663 the Mohawk Indians invaded New England from their home on the river that bears their name. The invaders laid waste the fields, destroyed the forts and broke up the villages of the tribes along the Connecticut. In this general devastation, the Squakheags suffered severely, and they never again had a settled home on the lands they had held so long. Six years later, four English settlers from Northampton struck the Indian trail up the river and, following its course, came upon the broad fields of the Squakheags. At this time, the best lands farther south had been given out, and the people of Northampton and Hadley were "straitened for room." So they looked with longing eyes on the fertile meadows where, as an old writer says, "the grass was very rank; if let alone it grew up to a man's face." The Indians were ready and willing to sell, so a petition was made to the General Court of Massachusetts by thirty-three settlers, all but three from Northampton, for permission to purchase lands in the place called by the Indians Squakheag. After some delay permission was granted, provided that not less than twenty families settle on the place in not less than eighteen months' time and that "the persons that engage to erect this village take due care to provide and maintain the preaching of the word and ordinances of God among them."

In 1673 the settlers came. House-lots of equal size were assigned, and a share of the meadow-land was given each, proportionate to his amount invested in the common stock. The settlers, however, for the most part, built not on their home-lots, but within a common stockade. For two years the white settlers and their Indian neighbors lived on friendly terms. The English exchanged knives, kettles and sometimes, alas, English rum for valuable skins and furs. They cultivated the land on shares, the whites doing the plowing and the Indians finding the seed and returning half the crop.



THE OLD ACADEMY.

When King Philip tried to rouse the Indians throughout New England to unite and drive out the English, the Squakheags were included in the general uprising. One morning, as the

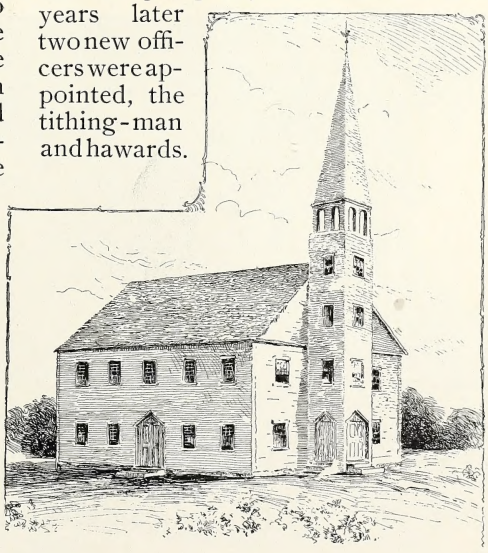


THOMAS MASON.

settlers were peacefully working in their fields, the savage foe sprang upon them. Many were killed in trying to escape, while the others rushed for the stockade. The savages burned the houses without the fort, killed the cattle, and destroyed the fields of grain. The sixteen families within the fort were in a perilous condition. To remain there was starvation, to venture out was to meet with a more terrible fate from the hands of the savages. A company under Captain Beers was sent from Deerfield to aid the exposed settlement; but the Indians fell upon them just below the town, and the leader with most of the men were killed. Major Treat from Hartford, with one hundred men, was then sent, and he succeeded in rescuing the party within the fort. The survivors returned to their former homes; and thus ended the first attempt at a settlement in Northfield.

For seven years the town lay waste, and then the proprietors and their heirs took steps toward rebuilding it. The number of families who returned was not over twenty. The dangers of life on the exposed frontier were great. The nearest settlement at Deerfield was sixteen miles away, and consisted of only a few houses. The nearest settlement to which they could look for help in time of danger was thirty miles away. The houses were built on either side of the main street instead of within a stockade as at the first settlement, and two forts were built. In 1688, a party of eleven Indians was hired by the French in Canada to journey down the Connecticut valley, killing and scalping friendly Indians and whites. Six persons were murdered at Northfield by this band, which so alarmed the settlers that one-half left the town. The settlement was then too feeble to be safe, and was soon abandoned.

The third and permanent settlement at Northfield was made in 1713. A home-lot and a share of the meadow-land were set apart for the minister; lots were reserved for a smith, a pound, grist and saw-mills; and several lots were set apart for the use of "the ministry and school." These last were called "sequestered land." The town officers were appointed, and the little hamlet soon had an air of prosperity and thrift. A few years later two new officers were appointed, the tithing-man and hawards.



THE OLD MEETING HOUSE.

The duties of the tithing-man were to "inspect the conduct of liquor-sellers, Sabbath breakers, night walkers, tipplers, and keep order in the meeting-house during the Sabbath services." The duty of the hawards was "to drive out and impound all cattle, horses and hogs found at loose in the meadows and common fields."

The first settled minister was Rev. Abram Doolittle. He received a home, one hundred pounds settlement money, sixty-five pounds annually the first six years, and after that time seventy-five pounds annually. Mr. Doolittle ministered to the diseases of the body as well as those of the soul, as he was a regularly educated physician and surgeon, and he enjoyed a large practice. A meeting-house was built, forty-five feet long, thirty feet wide and eighteen feet between the joints, having a rough board pulpit and slab forms for seats. It stood probably a little southeast of where the Unitarian church now stands.

The natural resources of the town were developed. Bricks were made from the clay which abounds in the lower part of the town. A grist-mill was erected in Mill Brook. The old pine knots in the trees that had been killed by the Indians' fires were collected and either burned in kilns for the abundant tar found in them or used as "candle-wood" to light the darkness of the winter evenings. The settlers raised wheat, corn, rye and flax, and every family spun and wove all the cloth and yarn required for their own use. Olive Moffatt is famed in the annals of a little later period as the most famous weaver ever seen in Northfield. She was of Scotch descent, and no bride's outfit was complete that did not boast some of her linen damask, woven in a pattern no one else knew how to weave. No one's linsey-woolsey was so fine and even as hers. She also knew how to color lambs' wool with madder to produce just the right shade of red, an art requiring great skill. A malt-house was built in 1721, and each family laid in a yearly supply of about ten bushels of malt. From this, with the addition of hops, was brewed the beer which formed the common drink. Later, as the apple orchards came into bearing, cider took its place.

The colonists were not long permitted to enjoy their happy homes in



THE MAIN STREET.



THE OLD FIELD HOUSE.

peace, for in 1723 the French governor of Canada instigated the Indians to plunder and destroy the English settlements in New England, although at this time England and France were not at war. Northfield was the most northern town on the western frontier and was directly exposed to the ravages of the savage tribes. A small garrison was stationed there, but it was insufficient to furnish the protection needed, and men were forced to go in bands of forty or more to harvest their crops and were obliged to carry their guns to church on the Sabbath. Fort Dummer was built a few miles up the river, and here was placed the "Great Gun" which could be heard for miles around and was fired as a signal of distress.

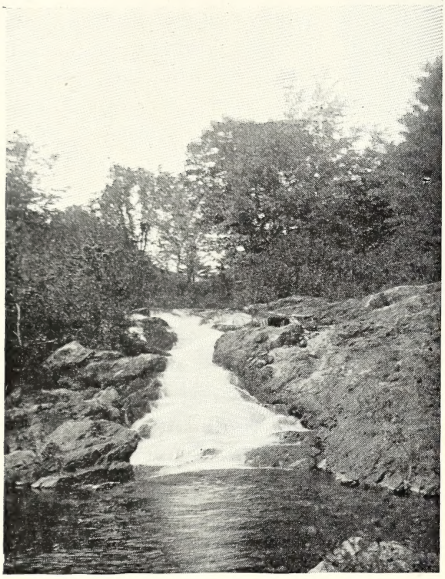
No pen can portray the dangers that constantly beset these early settlers or what they endured. The Indians were as sly as foxes and crafty as only Indians can be. Creeping in single file like a gigantic serpent along their narrow trail, hiding behind stumps, crouching under cover of fences, or creeping on their knees through the tall grasses, unseen and unheard, they steal upon a party at work in the meadows or driving the cows from the pasture. With a wild yell, they dash upon them, kill and capture all they can lay hands on, and are out of sight by the time a party can start to the rescue.

After the death of the governor of Canada, the Indians, who were losing numbers and getting poorer, refused to carry on the war, and the settlement enjoyed a brief respite. During this peace the town was "presented" by the County Court for not having a school according to the law. Accordingly a school-house was built, where it is probable Mr. Seth Field was the first school-master. He received ten shillings a week, and school was in session about twenty weeks during the year.

At this time the southern boundary of New Hampshire was changed, the King placing the boundary forty miles south of the line claimed by Massachusetts. This cut off about four miles of Northfield's territory on the north and placed it in New Hampshire.

Dissatisfaction arose with the minister, Mr. Doolittle. Some thought his practice of medicine interfered with the proper performance of his pastoral duties, while others thought him unsound in doctrine, and it looked at one time as if he must leave. Finally the difficulty was settled, and he remained with his people until his death, having enjoyed a pastorate of thirty years. Mr. Doolittle's "Narra-





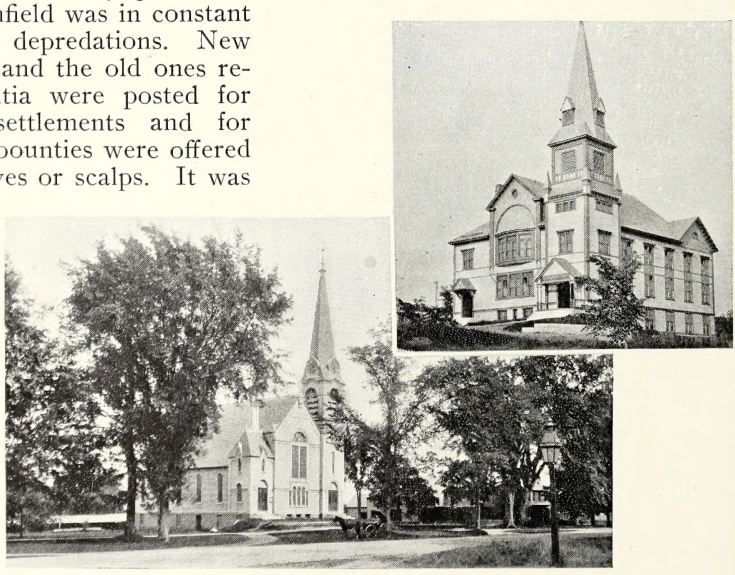
WANAMAKER FALLS.

tive," published at Boston in 1750, contains a faithful account of the Indian atrocities during his life at Northfield. Only three copies of this work are known to be in existence.

After eighteen years of peace, war broke out between France and England in 1744, and until 1763 the settlement of Northfield was in constant terror of Indian depredations. New forts were built and the old ones repaired; the militia were posted for guarding the settlements and for scouting; while bounties were offered for Indian captives or scalps. It was during this war that the Indians killed and scalped Nathaniel Dickinson, whose monument now stands at the northern end of Northfield street. Aaron Belden's death is also marked by an inscription cut in the large rock in front of the new Congregational church. While these marks serve to keep alive the memory of the brave men who helped to write our country's history with their blood, there is probably not an acre of Northfield's soil which was not the scene of some sad conflict with the red men and which has not been anointed with the blood of some hero.

While Northfield at this time suffered from being unable to raise the necessary crops and was in constant danger of attack, yet the town enjoyed a certain prominence in social and military life. Its four well built forts made convenient headquarters for garrisons and scouting parties. Its fertile meadows furnished abundant pasturage. It was the most northern point to which supplies could be sent in safety without a special guard. In addition, Mr. Doolittle's skill as a doctor and surgeon made it a place of refuge for sick and disabled soldiers.

After peace was finally declared, the people of Northfield at once voted to build a more suitable place of worship. When complete the church



CONGREGATIONAL AND UNITARIAN CHURCHES.

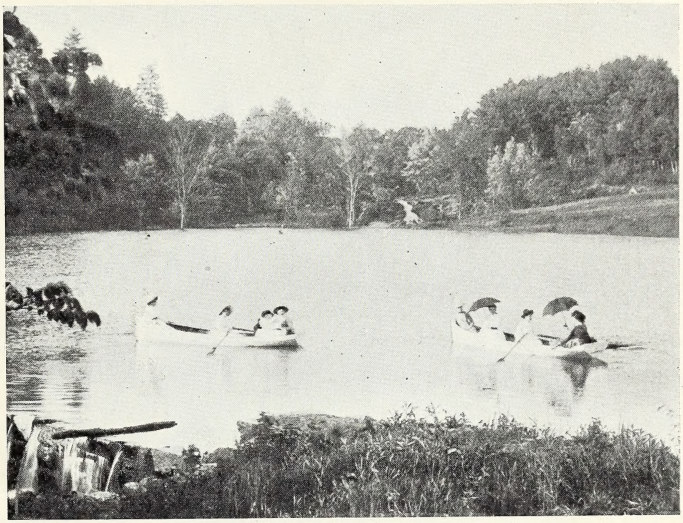
was, for those days, a fine structure. The building was fifty-five by forty-four feet, with galleries on three sides, while on the fourth side was the pulpit, over which was suspended the large sounding-board. At the "raising," we read that the committee provided two barrels of New England rum and four gallons of West India rum. The seats were numbered according to rank, those nearest the pulpit being the most desirable. To the immediate right of the pulpit was the "old ladies' pew," and about one hundred young people of both sexes had seats in the gallery.

Northfield sent her full share of men to take part in the War of the Revolution, and the guns of Lexington were hardly silenced before Captain Eldad Wright and his minute men were on their way to Cambridge. This time the war came no nearer than Bennington; during the battle there the guns could be distinctly heard by those working in the fields at Northfield.

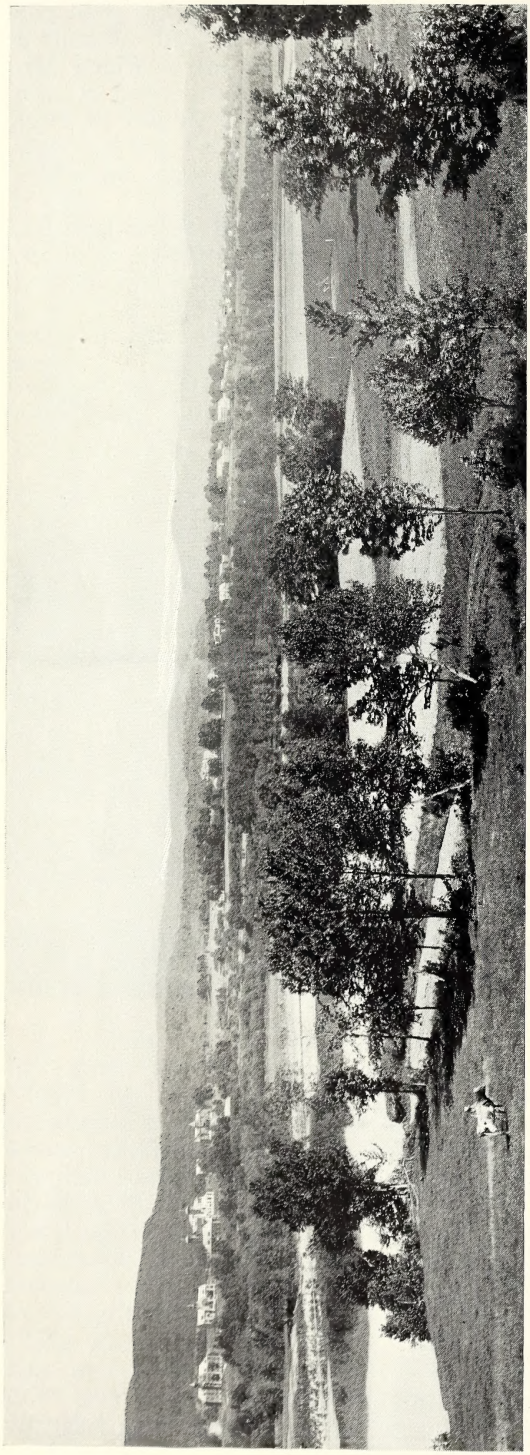
When the war broke out, another dissension arose in the Northfield parish. The pastor, Rev. Mr. Hubbard, had always offered a petition for God's blessing on "his Majesty the King of Great Britain." After the battle of Lexington the people objected to this sentiment, and on the following Sabbath Deacon Smith arose and forbade the pastor to offer prayer, stating that he would only be allowed to read the psalms and preach his sermon. The worthy parson was naturally indignant at this dictation in regard to his ministerial rights, and as the committee would not yield the church was again divided. Finally a paper was drawn up in which Mr. Hubbard promised "to conduct as a quiet and peaceable subject of these United States." This paper was duly signed, and harmony once more prevailed.

In the early part of this century, several men, who, like the minister, the doctor and the two lawyers, had enjoyed a college education, found their way to Northfield, and the town began to pride itself on its culture and interest in education.

There is still standing a large, three-story building, which was built in 1798 by Captain Elisha Hunt and known for many years as Hunt's Hotel. This property was purchased by a company of Northfield citizens in 1829 and incorporated under the pretentious name of the "Northfield Academy of Useful Knowledge." For many years this was a flourishing school, and hither flocked the lads and maidens from the neighboring towns to receive instruction in such works as Abercrombie's "Intellectual and Moral Philosophy" and Watts' "On the Mind." The master was usually



WANAMAKER LAKE.

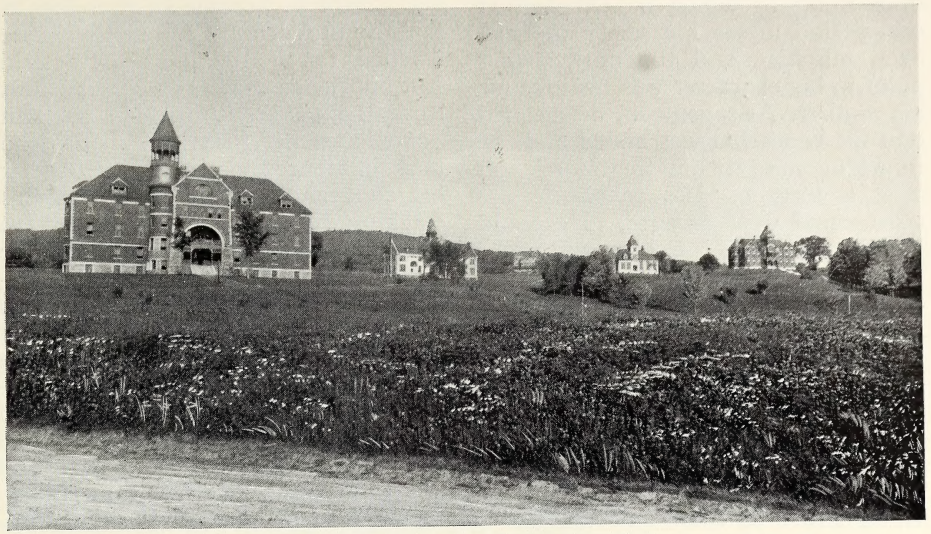


NORTHFIELD AND THE CONNECTICUT.

a graduate of Harvard College, and from the halls of the Academy many boys went to swell the ranks of the various New England colleges, while ambitious girls completed their education under Mary Lyon at "Mt. Holyoke Female Seminary." Tuition was three and four dollars a term, and board could be obtained for about $1.50 a week.

The tide of Unitarianism which swept over New England in the early part of this century made itself felt at Northfield. The pastor at this time was Rev. Thomas Mason. He came out openly as an advocate of Unitarian views. Those who could not accept these doctrines decided to withdraw, and in 1825 thirty members of the old parish organized "The Trinitarian Society of Northfield." In 1829 the new parish built a church, which was used until a few years ago, when a larger building was erected to accommodate the increasing numbers in Mr. Moody's schools at Northfield and Gill. The land for the church and the communion service were given by Mrs. Mary Dutton, and a granddaughter of hers, Mrs. Alexander, gave the land for the new church erected in 1888, and also added to the communion service.

Rev. Thomas Mason, who was known as "Priest" Mason, and whose religious views brought about the division in the Northfield church, was quite a character, according to Northfield tradition. He was a man of considerable intellectual power, and his tongue was as a sharp sword. His parish settled him for life, but some of his flock wearied of his



SEMINARY BUILDINGS.

ministrations and desired a younger pastor. He was offered $1,000 to retire, and he accepted. Some one questioned him afterwards about the transaction and he replied: "Yes, I sold all my hogs for $1,000." The name of "Northfield hogs" long clung to the people of the village.

Land was abundant and cheap in Northfield, and the early settlers were liberal in laying out their town. The beautiful main street, shaded on either side by a double row of elms and maples, is two miles long and ten rods wide. Many of these trees are one hundred years old and have attained great size. The houses were substantial, two-story buildings, square, with large chimneys, in the old colonial style. They were placed well back from the highway and surrounded by ample lawns and gardens. Time has wrought but little injury to their sturdy frames, and they stand today a pleasing monument to the substantial work of our ancestors.

Many homes have descended from father to son for several generations. The house inhabited by William Alexander has been occupied by members of that family for 114 years. Now, as the younger generations are prone to seek their fortunes in other lands, the old homes are gradually falling into the hands of strangers, who do not scruple to tear down and remodel to suit their modern ideas of comfort; but in the eyes of the lover of "Old Northfield" their "improvements" do not add to the attractiveness of the town.

In a farmhouse on one of the Northfield hillsides, in 1837, Dwight L. Moody was born, the son of poor parents, who struggled to obtain a scanty living from the few acres of land belonging to their farm. When Dwight was four years old, his father died, leaving his widow, a woman of rare strength of character, with nine small children looking to her for support. The farm was found to be encumbered with debt, and the family were so poor that the children were sometimes obliged to stay in bed until schooltime to keep warm, because there was no wood with which to build a fire. During his boyhood Dwight attended the district school near his home. He firmly believed the sentiment of the old rhyme beginning "Multiplication is vexation," for the paths of wisdom and knowledge had few attractions for him. The

only thing in which he excelled at this period in his life seems to have been mischief, and the only strong point in his character was his love for his mother. At seventeen, he decided that his education was ended and the time had come for him to go forth and seek a fortune. His scholastic acquirements were meagre. He could read in a stumbling fashion and probably could master a simple problem requiring a knowledge of the first four rules of arithmetic. Rules of grammar influenced him very little, and his speech abounded in the idioms of the rural districts. In appearance he was awkward and uncouth; but he possessed muscles strengthened by constant exercise and had the courage of a lion.

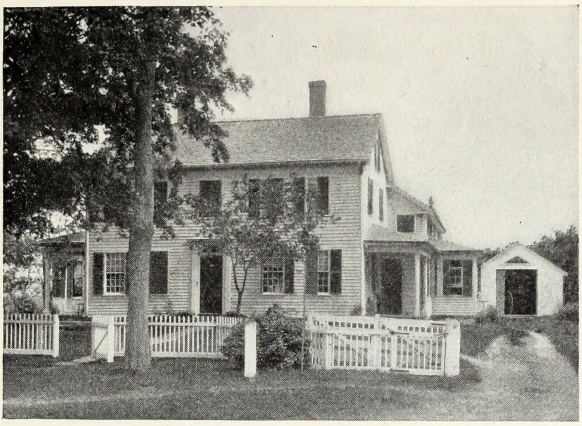


MR. MOODY'S MOTHER.

Young Moody made his way to Boston and, after a struggle, secured a place in his uncle's boot and shoe store. His uncle, knowing his nephew's wilful nature, stipulated that he should attend regularly the Mount Vernon Church and Sunday School and in his daily life be governed by his uncle's judgment rather than his own. The boy chafed under these restrictions, but he was in no condition financially to rebel. In the store his manners and methods of business were something of a shock to Boston customers, but in a short time he could sell more goods than anyone else in the store. Instead of spending his spare moments in chatting with the other clerks, he would wander up and down the street in search of purchasers for his goods.

During his boyhood he had attended the Unitarian church at Northfield, of which his mother was a member. Now he became an attendant at the Mount Vernon Church, and there listened to the eloquent Dr. Kirk. But impressed as he was by the words from the pulpit, it was his Sabbath School teacher, Mr. Kimball, who most influenced his future life. After his conversion under Mr. Kimball's teaching, he applied for admission to the church; but for six months he tried in vain, because he could not satisfy his examiners as to his knowledge of the doctrines. He at once began to speak in the meetings of the church; but his ungrammatical language and unflattering comments on certain fashionable sins of members of the congregation so pained the more fastidious worshipers that he was asked to keep silence and leave speaking and praying to those who could do it better. He paid no attention to this request; yet he frequently felt that he was not suited to his Boston surroundings, and he longed for the freedom of the great West.

In 1856 he found his way to Chicago, and soon was selling boots and shoes at a rate that astonished even the progressive citizens of that rapidly growing city. He plunged at once with all his soul into mission work. He hired four pews in Plymouth Church and every Sunday filled them with young men. Sunday mornings before church he went with members of a Methodist Mission Band to distribute tracts and invite people to attend church. Not content with this, he hunted up a mission Sunday School and applied for a position to teach. The superintendent told him he had plenty of teachers, but Moody might teach any pupils he could bring in.



MR. MOODY'S BIRTHPLACE.

The next Sunday Moody appeared followed by eighteen dirty, barefooted children. Soon he established a Mission Sunday School of his own, and his spare moments through the week were spent in hunting up recruits, whom he bribed with maple sugar to attend. The school soon reached an average attendance of 650. After two years spent in this manner, he gave up business and devoted himself entirely to religious work. His time was divided between his Mission School and the Young Men's Christian Association, which had just been organized in Chicago. This association owes its existence in its present form largely to Mr. Moody. Under his supervision it became an organization to benefit all classes instead of belonging merely to the wealthy, as before. His power to secure money for any work he undertakes soon became evident, as thousands of dollars poured into the treasury of the association through his efforts.

When the war broke out, Mr. Moody gave his time to the work of the Christian Commission, and it was in connection with this work that he first came into public notice. After the war, from the converts in his Sunday School, which had now increased in attendance to about one thousand, he organized his Chicago church. He also began to address conventions in different parts of the West. The amount of work he could do in a day was marvelous. One New Year's day he undertook to make two hundred calls on the members of his parish. On reaching the home of one of his parishioners, he would leap from the carriage, dash up the steps and rush into the house, paying his respects as follows:—

"You know me; I'm Moody. This is Deacon De Golyer; this is Deacon Thane; this is Brother Hitchcock. Are you all well? Do you all come



MR. MOODY'S HOME



AN OPEN AIR MEETING.

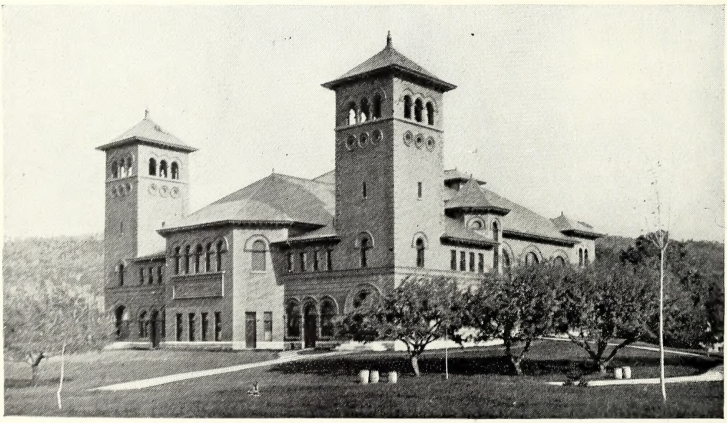
to church and Sunday School? Have you all the coal you need for the winter? Let us pray." The whole exercise took about a minute and a half.

When the Chicago fire destroyed Mr. Moody's home and church, he decided to visit England and there carry on his work of evangelization, in company with Mr. Sankey, the soloist. They landed in England strangers and almost unknown. British conservatism was slow to accept the Gospel from the lips of an unordained preacher, while Mr. Sankey and his melodeon, with which he accompanied his singing, were a great innovation, especially with the Scotch, who described the instrument as "a kist fu' o' whistles."

Mr. Moody did not allow himself to be discouraged. Gradually his audiences began to increase, and the simple Bible narrative related in Yankee idiom and placed in nineteenth century surroundings went straight to the hearts of his hearers. The largest buildings on the island would not accommodate the crowds who came to hear. Even the clergy of the Established Church began to regard the new preacher with favor. When at the end of two years spent in the British Isles the evangelists sailed for America, all England mourned their departure.

On his return to America Mr. Moody went with his family to the home of his boyhood days. He decided to make a permanent home in his native town, where he might be near his aged mother at such intervals of leisure as could be spared in his busy life, so he purchased his present home near the old Moody homestead. He then settled down to enjoy a period of rest before he began to form new plans for work.

As he journeyed over the hills of his native town, he saw in their isolated homes on the mountain sides many farmers' daughters, bright, intelligent girls, with ambitions extend-



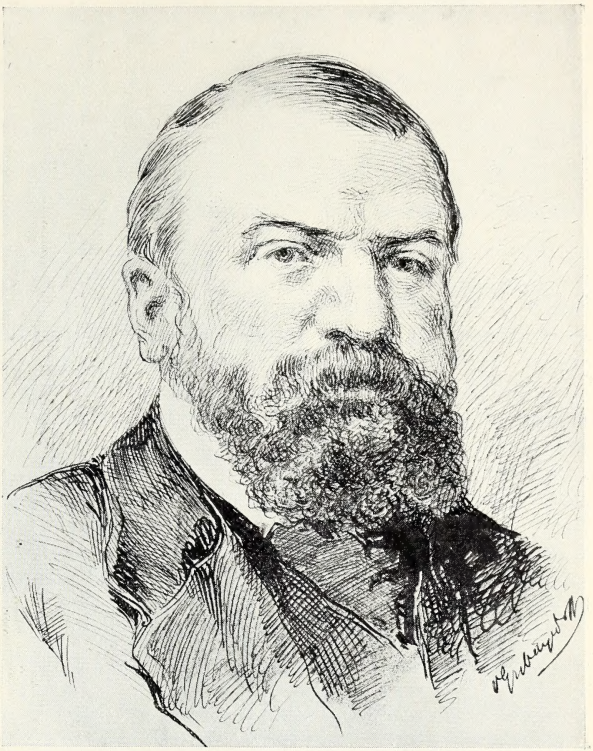
THE AUDITORIUM.

ing beyond the routine of farmhouse drudgery. He conceived the plan of a school where such girls, possessed of moderate means, might receive a careful training in the Bible and ordinary English branches, at a moderate expense. He had in mind a school along the same lines as Mt. Holyoke Seminary and Wellesley College, then in its infancy.

The first tract of land towards the two hundred and seventy acres now owned by Northfield Seminary was bought by Mr. Moody in 1878. Mr. H. N. F. Marshall of Boston, afterwards intimately associated with the Northfield schools, was at that time a guest of Mr. Moody. Learning that sixteen acres of land opposite Mr. Moody's house were for sale, the men decided it would be advisable to purchase it. Just as they reached this decision, the owner of the land was seen coming up the street. They invited him in, inquired his price for the land, paid the money, and had the papers made out before the astonished owner had time to recover from his surprise.

The next year work was begun on a fine brick schoolhouse. Mr. Moody also made over the upper story of a long wing adjoining his house, dividing it into ten rooms, for the accommodation of students. Instead of the eight pupils they hoped might come, the school opened, November 3, 1879, with twenty-five. Until the recitation hall was finished in December, the pupils studied and recited at Mr. Moody's home.

The same year, Mr. Moody selected and purchased a suitable site for his school. Near his mother's home was a bare, sandy hillside, too barren to be of much practical value, even for pasturage. The view from its slopes, however, is one of the most beautiful to be seen in the Connecticut valley. Looking up the river, in the distance



DWIGHT L. MOODY.
(By courtesy of "The Congregationalist.")

are the green hills of Vermont and New Hampshire. From between them issues the placid Connecticut, winding its way through many miles of fertile meadows, which during the summer are like a rare mosaic with the varying shades in the fields of waving grain. It was the same view on which Mr. Moody had gazed when a boy, and the air of the hillside was the same which gave him strength for the arduous labors of his busy life.

In 1880, the first dormitory, known as East Hall, was opened, and was at once filled with girls. As the years went on and the number of stu-

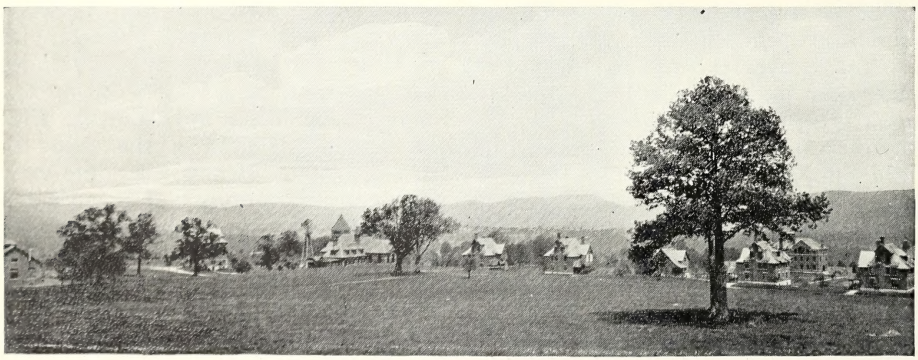


THE HOTEL NORTHFIELD.

dents multiplied, other buildings were added. Bonar Hall was the second dormitory; but it was burned a few years later. Marquand Hall was opened in 1885. By this time the school had outgrown the original schoolhouse, and a new recitation hall was built between the two large boarding halls; this was known as Stone Hall. Other buildings followed, until at present the school possesses seven dormitories, the Talcott Library, the Skinner Gymnasium, Recitation Hall and the new Auditorium built by Mr. Moody in 1894 to accommodate the increasing crowds at the summer conferences. The buildings all possess a high degree of artistic beauty. Mr. Moody holds that an ugly building in this age is a crime.

The two hundred and seventy acres belonging to the Seminary show good results from the time and money expended on them. The hillside, once so desolate, is covered with soft, velvety turf. Well-built roads wind through the grounds between the different buildings. Shade trees and groups of shrubbery have been set out, which are adding to the beauty of the place every year. The land also yields returns of practical value under the wise supervision of Mr. Moody's brother, Mr. George Moody. Belonging to the school farm are six horses and fifty head of cattle. From ten to fourteen men are kept constantly employed. The products from the farm are milk, hay, apples, some pork and beef, rye, oats and corn, all of which except a few of the apples are used by the farm or school.

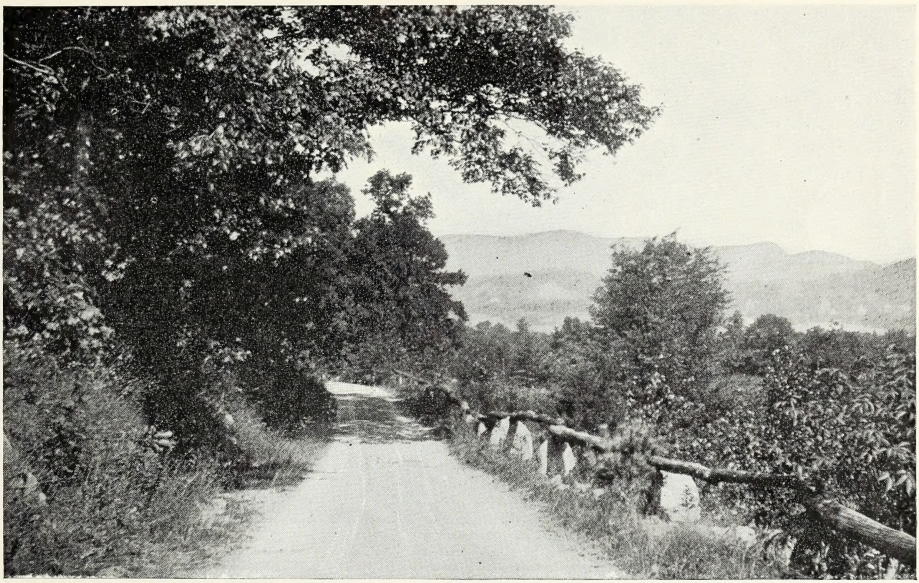
From the founding of the school, Mr. Moody has kept in view three distinct ends. One was to give educational advantages to girls who had been deprived of them. In their education the Bible was to have preced-



MOUNT HERMON.

ence over every other text-book. This has been carried out in the school curriculum, in which more time is given to the Bible than to any other study, two recitations a week being required from all pupils in the four, five or six years' course. Secondly, he wished to train women for practical Christian work. He also planned to use the school buildings during the summer for gatherings of men and women for the study of the Bible.

The price of board and tuition at the Seminary from the outset has been $100 a year. All the work of the houses is done by the students. Still the low price asked for tuition only covers one-half the running expenses of the school. The other half is met by the income of a small endowment, by the royalty from the sale of Gospel Hymns, and by contributions from friends of the school. The royalty from the hymn books is a fluctuating source of supply and one likely to decrease rather than increase. So, if Mr. Moody should be obliged to withdraw from the management of the school, either the price of tuition must at once be doubled or some one must come forward with an endowment yielding an income large enough to cover the deficit. To double the price of tuition means at once to change the character and constituency of the school. The school has so far been able to maintain an unusually high standard, both in scholarship and character. In the first place, the low price of tuition has brought in a number of applications double the capacity of the school's accommodations, so that a process of selection could be employed. In the second place, the majority of the pupils, having felt the lack of advantages in earlier life and often coming to Northfield only by great sacrifice and self-denial, bring to their work an earnestness of purpose rarely found in any school or college. It is to be hoped that some one will be found willing to "invest his money in girls" and place the school on such a financial footing that its advantages will never be placed beyond the reach of those who most need them. The boys' school



THE WINCHESTER ROAD.

at Mt. Hermon should be similarly secured.

The distinguishing features of the Northfield school are the low price of tuition, the amount of time given to Bible study, the system of domestic work, and the courses recently opened in household science. This last department is divided into four courses, household economy, laundry work, sewing and cooking. The department has for its use three rooms, a lecture room, a model kitchen and a model bedroom. It is one of the most popular branches of the curriculum. The domestic work takes from one to one and one-half hours daily for each pupil. The work of the different halls is done under the direction of a housekeeper and, except the scrubbing of the long corridors, is all performed by the girls.

The school now numbers about four hundred pupils. Students are admitted from its college preparatory course to Wellesley, Smith or Vassar, though it is not likely that a large proportion of Northfield students will ever be able to attend higher institutions of learning. The principal, Miss Evelyn S. Hall, and many of the teachers are graduates of Wellesley, so that a larger proportion of Northfield students have gone to Wellesley than to any other college. The reputation of Northfield Seminary is such that it often happens that parents who are able and willing to pay three and four times the price of tuition try to get their daughters admitted, for the influence that will be brought to bear upon their lives.

The plan of a school where boys could have training in elementary English branches and the Bible dates back to Mr. Moody's mission work in Chicago. This plan was never abandoned. In 1880 a tract of land across the river, four miles from the Seminary, in the town of Gill, was offered for sale, and this seemed a suitable site for such a school. The land comprised two farms of one hundred and fifteen acres each, with two farmhouses and barns. They had formerly been among the finest farms in the state. They were situated on the height of land known as Grass Hill. Through the generosity of Mr. Hiram Camp, Mr. Moody was able to secure these farms. Subsequent purchases have put the boys' school in possession of seven hundred and fifty acres. Mr. Moody placed the price of board and tuition at $100, the same as at the girls' school, and he planned to have the work of the houses and farm performed by the boys. The school had many problems to solve and few precedents to follow, so the first few years were a period of slow growth and many experiments. For two years the school never numbered more than twenty-four boys, whose ages ranged from eight to eighteen. The boys were housed in the two farmhouses, and a small building was erected to serve as a schoolhouse.



A NORTHFIELD CAMPING PARTY.

At first the boys were grouped in families of about twelve each, each group being in charge of a lady teacher and a housekeeper. With so few hands, and those for the most part young and inexperienced, it was unavoidable that, at first, manual labor should predominate over intellectual.

It was soon decided that better results would be obtained by admitting only older boys, and the minimum age of admission was made sixteen. In 1882 five brick cottages were built, four of which were used as dormitories and the middle one designed to serve as a kitchen, from which the meals were carried to the other buildings. The school was incorporated as the Mt. Hermon School for Boys. Since then there have been added a three-story recitation hall, a large dining-hall and kitchen, Crossley Hall, affording rooms for nearly two hundred students, and Silliman Science Hall. Mt. Hermon aims to give a good education to boys who have been deprived of early advantages or who cannot afford to attend the more expensive schools. Many boys are compelled at an early age to earn their living, who later in life feel the need of a better education. They dislike to enter schools where they must be in classes with much younger boys; but by grouping such boys together the feeling of sensitiveness is avoided. The school now numbers about four hundred. As in the case of the Seminary, the school aims to select only desirable students. Only boys of sound bodies, earnest purpose and high aims are desired, and preference is given to those expecting to engage in some form of Christian work.

A prominent feature of Mt. Hermon is the industrial system, which of itself tends to exclude undesirable students. Nearly all the work of the farm and houses is done by the boys, the time required from each varying from one and one-half to two and one-half hours. In their spare time the boys are allowed to do "overwork," for which they are paid three, five, eight or ten cents an hour, according to its value. All the meals are taken in the large dining-hall, and there are squads of boys detailed to attend to the tables and dishes and also to assist the man cook. In the laundry the boys care for the house and table linen and most of the students' laundry. In the creamery they care for the milk and make the butter. A head farmer has charge of the farm, and under him is a squad of the older and more experienced boys, who have charge of the various departments, as the care of the horses, the cattle or the hens. Each of these boys has under him a number of younger boys sufficient to assist him in his duties. There is always at the school a large proportion of boys who have already worked at some trade. As far as possible, these are encouraged to follow their trades as their part in the work. Thus the school gains the advantage of their skilled labor, and these boys often aid by directing the work of the others. The older boys also aid in the discipline of the school by acting as officers in the boarding-halls to oversee the indoor work and restrain disorder. Many of the students remain at Mt. Hermon throughout the year, either because they have no homes or to earn money. This is another feature of Mt. Hermon life which distinguishes it from other schools. During the vacation pupils pay three dollars a week for board, but this is paid not in money but in work. The boys can also earn additional money by doing overwork. In this way the work of the farm is carried on without any break.

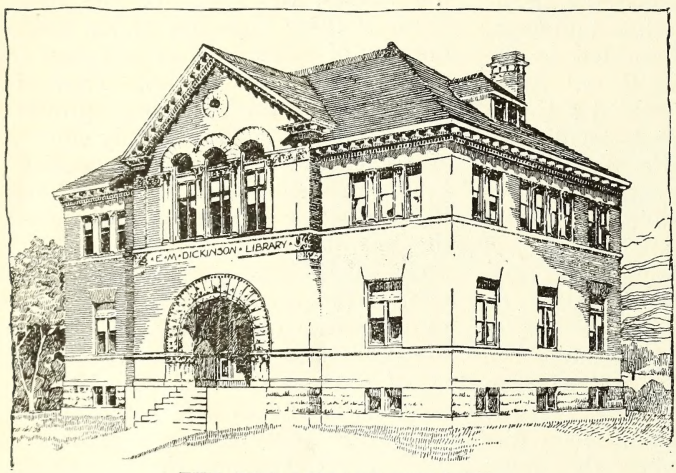
Mr. Moody's educational plans all centre around the study of the Bible, and the results of this are seen in the large number of Northfield and Mt. Hermon students who are engaged either in home or foreign mission work. When Mr. Moody began his work of educating young men and women, many scouted the idea that the unlettered evangelist could teach

the world anything about education. As the stately buildings rose one by one on either side of the river, and were immediately filled to overflowing, their sneers soon changed to astonishment; and now, as every year sees the bands of noble men and women go forth from the halls of Mt. Hermon and Northfield, we hear only words of praise for this noble work.

Mr. Moody was constantly met in his work by demands for trained Christian workers, to serve as pastors' assistants, to organize and maintain Sunday Schools, to visit the poor and sick and to carry on other forms of church work. To meet this need, in 1888, he opened the Bible Institute in Chicago, near the church which he founded and which still bears his name. The mornings are devoted to study of the Bible, methods of parish work and music. In the afternoon the members engage in house to house visitation and in the evenings carry on evangelistic work. From time to time the students report on their work among the poor and receive criticisms and suggestions for future work. The Institute is very successful and has a large attendance throughout the year of both men and women.

Although Mr. Moody cannot sing a note and can hardly distinguish one tune from another, he fully realizes the power of music in religious work. In all his schools music is made an important feature in the course of study, and in his evangelistic work music always has a prominent place.

Mr. Moody has established another Bible Institute in Northfield. The large hotel, "The Northfield," which accommodates the crowds who come to the summer meetings, stood empty during the winter. To put these empty rooms to some good use, the Northfield Training School was opened in 1890. The work of this school is in three departments of study, the Bible, dressmaking and cooking. The school is as yet hardly beyond the experimental stage, yet the results have been such as to warrant its continuance. It is self-supporting, the $100 charged for the course of six months being sufficient to meet the expenses. Many students from the Training School have been successful in conducting Christian work in the outlying farming districts, holding schoolhouse meetings and building up abandoned churches.



THE NEW LIBRARY BUILDING.

Commencement is hardly over at Northfield before the conference season begins. There are now three distinct Bible conferences held at Northfield each summer. The largest and oldest conference is the one that comes last in the season, the General Conference, beginning about the first of August and continuing fifteen days. At this time the Seminary buildings, the large hotel and the private boarding-houses are filled to overflowing and many persons are sheltered in tents on the campus. The most distinguished clergymen,

evangelists and Bible teachers in this country and in England are invited to come to Northfield and speak to the people.

In July are held the conferences for young women and young men, under the charge of the Young Men's and Young Women's Christian Associations. The attendance consists largely of students from the different colleges, and one important result has been that the Bible has been given a place at least as prominent as that of other studies in nearly all the leading American colleges.

Northfield is thus coming to be known as a summer resort, but not one of the usual type. Instead of parties for card-playing and dancing, one sees groups of men with open Bibles discussing some knotty text, or parties of women talking over the sermon of the morning. A smoker on the campus is such a novelty as to attract an embarrassing amount of attention, and drunkenness is unknown.

The new Auditorium was built in 1894 and seats nearly three thousand people. Anxious to bring the Northfield meetings within the reach of as many people as possible, Mr. Moody planned "Camp Northfield." In a grove of white birches, on a hillside back of the Seminary, tents were erected, and invitations were issued to the Young Men's Christian Associations for the members to come there and camp out. Young men who are employed in stores and offices, and to whom expense is an important item in planning their summer outing, come here for their two weeks' vacation. There is also a sprinkling of college students. A tent accommodating four can be obtained for two dollars a week, and board in the co-operative dining-hall costs about three dollars a week.

The eastern part of the town has within the past fifteen years become a different place. It is now known as East Northfield, and has its separate postoffice and stores. New streets have been laid out and new houses built both for boarding-houses and summer homes. The "old families" of Northfield, descendants of the original settlers, are still rubbing their eyes in amazement at the changes in the sleepy little village. Some are sufficiently awake to express their disapproval of the crowds who disturb their summer quiet and to lament the passing away of the "good old days" when the pride of New England conservatism reigned supreme in their midst. Others, while loyal to the memories of the historic past and loving to talk of old Northfield, are no less proud of the new Northfield and of the manifold influences for good for which the name of their beautiful town has come to stand.

THE PRESENT MOOD OF ENGLAND.

By William Clarke.

ONE of the most justly honored citizens of Massachusetts, in conversation with me recently in London, said that the two great facts which struck him, after a long absence from London, were the decline of English literature and the tremendous backwash of reaction. He had been in London last some twenty years ago, and had met at that time most of the prominent literary men of England. Browning, Carlyle, Arnold, Huxley, Tennyson, Darwin, Froude, Jowett, were then all alive, and he had had the pleasure of meeting many of them. To-day he finds that they have all passed over to the majority, and that none have been found to take their places. Singularly enough, at the club two nights after, the conversation in a little group of which I was a member turned on the same fact. The early years of the century, so rich in intellectual greatness, were recalled, and we thought of Scott, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Byron, Shelley, Keats, Landor, Southey and others of the great lights of letters, now extinguished. Surely there is some close connection between the two facts of reaction and of loss of original power in the realm of letters. There has never been a great reforming era in England which has not also been a great period of intellectual production. The Elizabethan age had its unsurpassed literary glory. The Commonwealth was illumined for all time by the genius of Milton. The struggles for a larger life at the close of the last and the beginning of the present century, the burning passion for the rights of man (the *phrase* is perhaps unscientific, but the *thing* is a fact) was synchronous with the greatest literary outburst since the Elizabethan age. The reforming era of 1832 saw the dawn of the new poetry of Tennyson and Browning and the earlier and better work of Carlyle. But now there is a deadness which can be felt, like the Egyptian darkness of old. There are some passable minor poets, some clever essayists, a whole legion of novelists whose friends are "booming" them into a fame which will prove evanescent; but creative power has ceased. And at the same time there is a dull stagnation, a predominance of vulgar aims, a small and unlovely cynicism which goes well with the devotion of the country to money-making and sport—the only two forms of activity which are really carried on with zest.

Two very celebrated public men, whose names are known all over the world, recently said to me, each quite independent of the other, that in their judgment the reaction in England would be lasting: that is to say, they thought it would be in full swing for another twenty years. Prediction is, perhaps, useless. The future is on the knees of the gods, as the old Greeks said. It is enough that the reaction is in full force to-day. It may be of interest to the readers of the *New England Magazine* if I show the connection between the two phenomena to which I have alluded, and if I trace the peculiar results which have followed and are likely to follow in the world of politics and social affairs consequential on this present condition of things.

Two important events have recently happened, in which England has been concerned, and in which the issue has revealed the depth and reality of what one of the present British cabinet min-

isters called that "splendid isolation" in which the British empire stands in relation to the rest of the world to-day. By this fine phrase is really meant that England has no friends. One of these events was the rejection by the American Senate of the treaty of arbitration, which Mr. Cleveland and Lord Salisbury had arranged; the other is the utter failure and breakdown of British diplomacy in regard to Eastern Europe. At first sight these events may not seem to be connected; but if we look closer we shall see a very striking connection, which in its turn is associated with the moral and spiritual condition of the England of to-day.

Let me put the question: Had it been Mr. Gladstone, at the head of a strong administration, who had been called on to deal with the relations of Great Britain and the United States, and with the questions of Armenia and Crete, would the issue in either case have been the same? I am no idolater of Mr. Gladstone, but I know his singular power and worth, and I venture to say that had this supposition been the actual fact, we should not have seen the rejection of the treaty at Washington on the one hand, nor the humiliations and war in the East on the other. It is the character of the present English government, reflecting, as I fear it only too accurately does, the present temper and tone of the English people, which has stood in the way of justice and rectitude in these two matters of so vital interest to mankind. The editor of this magazine has administered his scolding to the Senate, and with the American side I have nothing to do. It would be impertinent for me to say anything on that side of the question. But of the English side I am entitled to speak, and I shall do so without hesitation and with that perfect candor which ought to prevail if we are to come to business and leave mere idle platitudes to triflers.

I will put the case in a few words: Lord Salisbury has no love for democracy, no love for the United States as representing democracy. When he sat in the House of Commons many years ago, as Lord Robert Cecil, he made a bitter speech about America, saying that, in his judgment, the two nations were inevitable rivals, rivals in trade, in systems of government, in everything, and that no real affection could ever be felt for one nation by the other. Those sentiments he holds still. He consented to arbitration because he is a weak man, not because he is a good one. He was forcibly described by Bismarck as "a lath painted to look like iron"; and every act in his career as prime minister shows how true was the insight of the old German chancellor. Lord Salisbury bullies small states and truckles to big ones. He has always done this; he will always do it. Nothing shows more clearly the folly and bad judgment of the average Tory than his detestation of Mr. Gladstone and his admiration of Lord Salisbury. The former is really in the true sense of the word a conservative; the latter has never shown, so far as I can see, the least sign of genuine statesmanship during his career. Failure is writ large over all he has done, and this failure is the result of his character. He may be called a kind of moral atheist, having no belief in any spring of goodness, no counsel but a smart cynicism. He talks at times with much brilliancy, but in action he is as weak as water. I have no doubt he sincerely desires peace, but from the less noble rather than from the more noble motives. Every European statesman to-day desires peace, for obvious reasons. We must not look for these in high moral motives, but in purely political motives, and these Lord Salisbury shares with his fellow statesmen of the time. His real interest in life is science, and he is never so happy as when he is in his splendid laboratory in his fine old Elizabethan mansion with one or two of his very small circle of congenial friends. The temper of science is at present sceptical and hesitating, and

this is exactly Lord Salisbury's character. He would take up a matter like the arbitration treaty with no real conviction, no real enthusiasm, but as a kind of *pis aller*, as a counsel of despair. This is not the way in which Mr. Gladstone went to work with the Alabama treaty. He put his soul into it, more especially as he felt that he had personally done the United States wrong when he was a member of the Palmerston cabinet and made that ununfortunate speech about Jefferson Davis. The one man has courage and faith; the other has none, though he puts on the outward forms of religion in the prevailing high Anglican sense.

Lord Salisbury has also a biting tongue. His old leader and rival, whom in his heart he detested — Disraeli — spoke of him as a master of gibes, flouts and sneers, and the taunt was true. Mr. White, long doorkeeper in the House of Commons, who has written the best book about that chamber ever produced, is perpetually referring to the bad impression produced on him by Lord Salisbury when he sat in that house. Lord Salisbury has changed in some respects since that day, but he is the same biting cynic still, and he will continue to be so until the end of his life. Mr. John Morley spoke once of Lord Salisbury's "blazing indiscretions," and the epigram holds good. He insulted all the educated natives of India by referring to their one representative in the House of Commons as a "black man," the gentleman in question being no darker than Lord Salisbury himself, and a master of several languages, of history and of law. The incident speaks volumes for the tone and temper of the man. One blazing indiscretion Lord Salisbury committed in connection with the relations of his government with the United States. Two or three days after the presidential election last year, the annual banquet given by the Lord Mayor of London took place, and according to custom the speech of the evening was the premier's. At the outset Lord Salisbury turned to Mr. Bayard and congratulated him on the Republican victory in the United States as a victory "for civilization." Now, whatever opinions Lord Salisbury may have entertained on the issues of that contest, he ought to have kept them locked in his bosom, as he was reminded in the London press next morning. He must have known that the very senators who would have the casting vote in the Senate on his own treaty were of the party thus proclaimed to be hostile to civilization; but he could not maintain a discreet silence, though he has been silent as the grave on questions of foreign politics on which it was his plain duty to enlighten the British public. This is the kind of man whom the British electorate put into power in 1895 by an unprecedented majority; and it is surely a profound misfortune for the relations which all right-minded men think ought to exist between the United States and the British empire that such a man should, at such a time, have had the control of English foreign affairs in his hands.

We will turn to the Turkish question, and here also we shall see the same thing. In 1878, for the sake of securing the reversion of the Tory leadership, Lord Salisbury flung himself into the disgraceful policy of Beaconsfield, which has brought such ill fame on the English name. He took up with zeal the cause of the "integrity" of the Turkish empire, and he has clung to it ever since. He injured so far as he could the interests of Russia, which is the only power which can deal with the Turk and rescue Southeast Europe from his clutches. Lord Salisbury is hated and despised in Russia (see Mr. Durban's article in the May *Contemporary Review*), — and no wonder. When Russia would have saved the Armenians from Turkish rule, Beaconsfield and Salisbury thrust them back into that hell, and made a base profit for England in the wretched transaction by taking Cyprus on condition that Turkey carried

out reforms which they must have known would never be carried out. This is the *fons et origo* of the failure of English policy in 1896-97. England and Russia might have settled this whole question, despite the sinister action of the German emperor. But Russia could not and would not act with Lord Salisbury, because he could not be trusted, and because he proclaimed as the corner-stone of his policy the "integrity" of Turkey. I am not defending the craft of Russian statesmanship; but it is well known that Russia is opposed to Turkish "integrity," and that she looks, with good reason, for the greater part of that rotten empire to fall into her hands, as it must in the nature of things do. The German emperor is a venomous personage, but he would never have dared to oppose such a combination as Russia and England, with whom France would inevitably have gone. My point is that, had Mr. Gladstone been in office, this combination might have been effected, but that Lord Salisbury made it impossible. While it would be of course very wrong to say that Lord Salisbury was an inhuman man, yet it is true that he believes in the Machiavellian policy of "reasons of state" as superior to any considerations of humanity. English interests happened to stand in the way of freedom in Eastern Europe, happened to demand the continuance of Turkish rule,—or at least such was Lord Salisbury's opinion. The result is, as it always is, though statesmen do not see it, that those who put material interests first stand to lose nearly everything, and that England is to-day dragged at the tails of the three imperial powers of Europe. Perhaps, as Emerson hints in his fine essay on War, we shall one day find that "humanity" pays.

But at present, not only does not Lord Salisbury believe that this is the case, but I fear it is true that the majority of the nation is with him. Some of my enthusiastic friends, who seem to me to dislike to admit facts which make against their own views, think that the nation is eager to rid itself of Lord Salisbury and his cabinet. Such is not my own opinion. I see none of the signs of any such moral uprising of the people as one is told of. Reaction lies "heavy as frost and deep almost as life." If Lord Salisbury went, who is there to take his place? The Liberal party is in a condition deplorable to witness. There is no lead, no inspiration. At one time it looked as if there would be a powerful challenge such as Gladstone flung down when the Beaconsfield ministry was at the height of its power. But the nerveless leaders when confronted by the majority in the House of Commons have been dumb. There is not a breath stirring. Now it is a shallow judgment which merely stops at blaming public men. These are the agents of the people, and if they are in this condition of apathy it is because England is in a similar apathy; and such is the case. Thirst for empire, thirst for gold, thirst for amusements have eaten deep into the heart of the English character, and in my opinion have largely transformed the national life. Until England is delivered from the moral hypnotism under which she is enslaved at the present time, she can do nothing for progress, nothing for humanity. She will remain in her state of "splendid isolation." Nobody will want to have anything to do with her. Her treaties of arbitration will break down, her foreign policy will be inhuman, her heart will beat more and more feebly under its piles of gold. The men in power to-day in England are the millionaires. The blighting curse of African gold has morally desolated England. Money rules everything, and the present ministry of Lord Salisbury represents money as it represents nothing else. The disgraceful raid on the Transvaal republic, and the still more disgraceful "inquiry" which has been stopped short at the very point where it was about to become of some value because the revelations would have

proved that the government was a party to the raid, indicate the character of the ruling ideas of England better than anything else. England is wallowing in moral infamy because the Anglo-Jewish millionaires who really govern England to-day, and whose creatures the nominal rulers are, mean to get hold of the gold mines of the richest mineral region of the world. And the worst of it is that there is no moral protest outside a tiny circle of people who are looked on as fanatics. The domination of material interests is the cause, the one cause, of the reaction which reigns supreme in England to-day.

Is not this too obviously the chief cause of the decline of literature and of the spiritual side of life also? Consider what our life to-day really is. We have no time to think. All is constant rush and worry; and it is for the most part rush and worry about nothing at all. We work with breathless speed, and at the end find that we have done nothing. It is only a man with independent income who is able to devote himself to any serious work of a literary character now. The rest are compelled to think of the eternal bread-and-butter problem, and to put in as much light and ephemeral work as possible in order to make as much money as possible in the brief space which is all that is allotted to them. If one steps out of the serried ranks for one instant, one loses his place and can scarcely hope to regain it. Under these conditions good work is impossible; the wonder is that the work is as good as it is. I could mention able men of my acquaintance who have been for years trying to find time and opportunity to write something worth doing, but they are unable, owing to the perpetual daily demands. I will make bold to say that, whatever else may be or may not be favorable to literature, it is certain that leisure is essential. The too palpable writing for money goes along with the absence of leisure. Publishers make offers to writers, which the latter do not like to decline, for they mean plenty of money; and so we have the endless series of essays, stories, plays, written as mere *pieces d'occasion*, known by the author to be worthless, and yet put into print to corrupt the literary taste of a whole generation of readers. The newspapers make everything of a written character more and more ephemeral every day. I have been for a great many years now connected with the press, and I have witnessed the steady decline of what used to be regarded as an agent of culture. The treatment of every subject becomes more and more "snippy," more and more sensational. Nobody can write what he believes, any more than a workman can work at what he prefers. The newspaper belongs to a great capitalist, and the writer is supposed to supply, in the proprietor's interest, a low average demand. No serious discussion of any great question is possible outside of one or two special organs.

The uniformity of our modern life is also deadly to literature. All the intellectual and literary production of Europe was produced under conditions of endless variety. There was not only a great number of separate countries, but each country had its own districts in which the greatest diversity prevailed. To-day we are still reading the same items in the newspapers, chattering about the same books of the season, hearing the same dreary platitudes from those who profess to be our guides in politics and social affairs, going to the city at the same hour every morning and returning at the same hour each night; we dress in the same way, eat and drink the same articles of food, live in the same commonplace and uncomfortable houses, and spend half the night in racking our brains with the same problems of how to get a living to-morrow. We have no adventures, no surprises, but ever the same round of dull work, concerning which we cannot help suspecting that it is probably both useless and dishonest. How can any worthy literature be produced

under such conditions? To produce great works of art we must lead great lives, — and that we do not attempt to-day.

Now it is precisely the English-speaking countries which are most afflicted by this *ennui*. In Europe generally, while there is much suffering and hardship caused by militarism, there is not, outside the large cities, so deadly a monotony as one finds in England. Life goes easier; capacity for quiet enjoyment, almost dead in England, is still fairly general. In the newer English countries there is still room for adventure, and so some interest in life. But in the old country which used to be known as "Merry England," life is as hard and dull for the great mass as it is possible to conceive it. We can read, to quote Lowell's line, "a dead soul's epitaph in every face" on the crowded streets of London. Blank apathy, the nourishing of a dull life within the brain, this is the obvious prevailing phenomenon. I have lived for some years in a London suburb, and I do not believe that a more empty, dreary life was ever lived in human history than we find in these places. The reason is plain. Every soul is immersed in material concerns, in business. The getting of money dominates every man, and, one may add, the spending of it dominates every woman; and thus, as Wordsworth has it, "getting and spending we lay waste our powers." This is, in a word, the character of the kind of civilization which the English race is spreading all over the globe. If you want to know what it issues in, come and live in a London suburb for a couple of years, and you will, if there is anything in you, long to be a pagan suckled in a creed outworn.

If my diagnosis is correct, we must modify our judgments as to the glory of the world when it is dominated by triumphant Anglo-Saxondom. For my part, I am much more inclined to agree with Heine, that the reign of the Anglo-Saxon means universal vulgarity. It means, on present lines, the prevalence of a dull money-making philistinism all over the globe, varied by the almost brutal energy of sport for which the race is notorious. For my part, I confess I do not like the prospect. I ask myself what it really is in which I am interested, and then I ask whether the predominance of the English is likely to secure this. Are the Anglo-Jewish millionaires who raided the Transvaal likely to advance the real interests of humanity? I think not. A second-rate Italian city, as Renan has well said, enshrines more of precious value to mankind than all our modern civilization. The Italian city thought first of quality; we think first of quantity. There is the whole trouble. Our civilization is one based on mere materialism, our minds are saturated with materialism, our daily life is steeped in it, and our chief leaders in politics, letters, even religion, do little or nothing to rebuke this overmastering temper of the Anglo-Saxon. Until we can find our soul once more, I for one cannot discover any satisfaction at the thought that the world is to be peopled and ruled by the kind of persons I see about me every day in the streets of London.

It seems to me, therefore, that the domination of material interests coupled with a narrow Anglo-Saxonism, in place of the noble cosmopolitan sympathies which have always been felt by the world's greatest thinkers, must be held responsible for the present deadness and reaction in England. The two factors go together, because it so happens that it is Anglo-Saxondom which has the material wealth of the world to so great a degree. Consequently we have the combination of commercialism and ultra-patriotism, which is the cause of the reaction, the cause of the state in which England finds herself to-day. When this mood is past, if it is to pass, we shall have a new literature and a new politics with new men to control the government,—but not before.

As things are at present, the oppressed peoples in the East will look

in vain to England for help. Her government is busy scheming for her own advantages. Those in America and England alike who ask for a treaty of peace and arbitration and a pursuance of cordial relations in the interest of humanity will look in vain to the English government for effective aid in this great cause. The work to such an end will be perfunctory, not profoundly sincere. Those who look to any great illuminating work in the realm of imagination will be disappointed so long as the present temper of money worship prevails. Those who look for a renewal of the humanitarian triumphs of the past will look in vain so far as England is concerned. At present money rules. Mammon, "the least erected spirit that fell from heaven," is the one unquestioned god of the country. There is a remnant that has not bowed the knee to him, but the majority are on his side. If it be true that we cannot serve God and Mammon, then it is clear that the English people will not, while their present mood obtains, do any good work for the progress of mankind. It is probable that much the same thing might be written of America; the words of the editor of the *New England Magazine*, uttered on so many occasions, would seem to indicate it. But, as I have said, it is not my business to lecture the American people: it is enough that I have indicated the tone of England just now as being reason for the international failure of England. I can but repeat that this failure will continue so long as the money-worshiping mood prevails. On the larger subject of whether the assumed predominance of the Anglo-Saxons will be a good thing for the world, I must leave the question as it stands. Assuredly, in my judgment, unless the race can modify its tendency to the worship of material gain as the chief end of life, Anglo-Saxondom will never lift mankind. Our one duty now, whether we live in the Old England or the New, is to preach, in season and out of season, the truth that man does not and never will live by bread alone.

OFF SHORE.

By Frank Walcott Hutt.

THE coasts of Massachusetts are asleep;
The shoreward towns go by upon our lea
Silent and black; we are too far at sea
To hear the surges with their thunderous leap,
That all night long their droning vigils keep.
We course too widely at the tide's decree
To know the ceaseless, anxious ministry
Of those that guard the by-ways of the deep.

How many eyes, grown faint and dim, discern
Our trembling lights go shuddering by off shore,
Yet, satisfied to glance and look no more,
Back to their own dark midnight chambers turn,
Lest some dear hope, long erewhile frail and vain,
Come back with all its old remembered tears and pain.

SUMMER BIRDS OF NEW ENGLAND.

By William Everett Cram.

ONE of the most characteristic sounds of early summer is the voice of the young crow. During the first few weeks after the eggs are hatched, the old birds have somehow managed to maintain silence in the nest; for it is at that time that the farmer boy is stalking the woods, intent on being revenged for the uprooting of the young corn, and the slightest outcry that might betray the position of the nest would mean death and destruction from below. But later, when the boy's anger has had time to cool and the increase of the farm work keeps him busy, the danger decreases and the crows apparently relax some of the severity of their discipline; the voices of their offspring suddenly break out on the stillness of the pine woods in a piteous, hollow, rattling kind of wail not wholly unlike some of the notes of the cuckoo.

The young crow, however, is soon dissatisfied with this manner of expressing himself, and tries to caw. The first attempt is not such an utter failure as might be expected, it being quite apparent from the first what he is trying to do, and one is justified in the hope that with a little practice he will be able to caw quite respectably. But as the days wear on he exhibits not the slightest improvement in his articulation, and throughout the entire summer his voice is like the voice of the pudding in *Alice in Wonderland*, "thick and suety, as if his vocal chords were soft and fat," without the slightest prospect of ever hardening.

If the adult crow is the shrewdest of birds, the young crow is certainly the stupidest, most unpractical and slowest to learn. He insists on staring over the edge of the nest and cawing incessantly, as if to attract the attention of the entire universe, and the greater the danger the louder he squalls. If one is shot, the others fly to some more conspicuous place and continue to caw at regular intervals, as if afraid that through some mischance they might possibly escape notice. For weeks after they can fly they behave in the same idiotic manner, utterly unlike the keenness displayed by young hawks or owls in the same circumstances. Perhaps I am doing the young crow an injustice in speaking in these terms, but it is certainly the impression an outsider gets from observing him, though I understand that those who have taken him from the nest and brought him up as one of the family, as it were, hold a different opinion of his intelligence. Wisdom, however, when it does come to the young crow in a state of nature, comes with a rush, and later in the summer, although easily distinguished from his parents by his hoarse voice and shorter tail, he is as difficult to approach as the sleekest old veteran in the family.

The New England climate has always been notorious for its deceitful way of promising one thing and sending another, giving us zero weather when spring was supposed to be fairly under way, and working in left-over bits of summer during the Christmas holidays. But there is one change of seasons not mentioned in the calendar that can be absolutely depended upon, and that never goes back on its promise—the change from early to late summer, that takes place during haying time—a change that locally is more strictly observed by the birds than any other, although notes taken at this season in one

place might not agree in the least with others made hardly a mile away.

Swallows are typical summer birds, and each species is most in evidence in its own particular season. The white-breasted or tree swallows are the first, and just as the snow disappears come drifting by in widespread multitudes, following the watercourses, swarming and twittering together wherever they find winged insects of any kind most abundant. Finally they disappear, leaving only such scattered pairs and small colonies as have established themselves in the bird houses erected for their benefit or in the hollows of decayed trees in the meadows, and for the rest of the season are comparatively inconspicuous.

The barn swallows arrive at first singly, slowly increasing in numbers as the weather grows warmer, and resort to those dusty, cobwebby old barns where they are still allowed to build. Here they fasten their cup-shaped nests of clay to the rafters. While the constructing of these nests is in progress, the birds may be observed on the banks of ponds and streams, pattering about in the wet clay with their delicate feet, and balancing themselves with half-open wings. The clay is scooped up with their beaks, and, after being moulded into pellets of the size of a pea, is carried to the partly-formed nest and fastened in position, pieces of dead grass and coarse hair being worked into the nest in the process, in order to strengthen it; it is then lined with fine roots and pieces of hay to the depth of half an inch, and lastly with the softest feathers to be obtained. The selection of these last is evidently considered a matter of the greatest importance, not only as regards softness, but in the matter of color, white, or brown and white being invariably chosen, probably to make the brown and white eggs as inconspicuous as possible, though it is hard to imagine what enemies would be likely to enter the barn in order to rob the nests of their treasures. Perhaps it is a custom brought down from the time when the ancestors of our barn swallows nested in caves and found the struggle for existence much more severe.

The eggs vary considerably in appearance, some being small and pointed at one end and thickly covered with small dark spots, others being longer, less pointed, and marked with larger spots of rich brown. After they have hatched, the old birds are kept steadily at work in order to obtain a sufficient supply of food, and there is a continual stream of birds passing in and out of every open door and window in the building. As soon as one beakful is disposed of, they must dart away again, out into the sunlight and across the fields. If they catch sight of any one at work in the fields or strolling about in the pastures, they immediately turn their flight in that direction, knowing from experience that there they will find "good hunting," because of the insects that are sure to be driven from the grass by his approach, and the mosquitoes and flies that come to torment him. The butterflies and larger moths they leave severely alone, their favorite prey being the little white moths that flutter feebly up into the air for a few yards and then, closing their wings, drop like diminutive snipe back into the protecting grass. When watching them, one at first gets the impression that the swallows miss a large proportion of those they snap at, for the moths have a trick of dodging them by dropping at the critical moment; to the casual observer this seems to happen nine times out of ten, but a careful examination of the grass beneath will show that it is usually only the wings that are allowed to fall, the delicate point evidently being, in the swallow's opinion, to skilfully snip off the plump body and not have the more indigestible wings and head to bother with. Sometimes the entire moth is seen to disap-

pear in the bird's mouth, though I am inclined to think that the wings are removed in some way or other before the young bird is allowed to have it.

Although large colonies of cliff swallows, or eave swallows, as they are more commonly called, build their nests within a few miles of my New Hampshire home, comparatively few are to be seen in this immediate vicinity in the nesting season. Most barns have a single pair nesting in some favorite nook under the eaves, but these few birds are lost sight of among the multitudes of barn swallows that are flying everywhere throughout the early part of the summer.

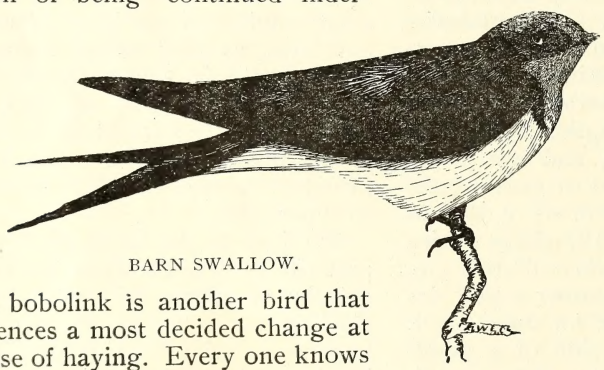
The cliff swallow builds a much more beautiful nest than the other, using a better quality of clay in its construction, without any mixture of dead grass or straw. It is globular in shape, with a round opening at one side, which is sometimes extended like the neck of a bottle. The walls are very thin and fragile, hardly half an inch in thickness, and the lining is merely a slight bed of grass roots. This is the description of a typical nest; but, of course, the shape varies according to its position and other circumstances. Last summer a pair decided to build under an open shed, choosing the under side of a plank hardly eight feet from the ground, which gave me an excellent opportunity for studying them. They began by fastening a circle of clay pellets in place, and so marking out the plan of the proposed nest, but somehow never got any further; either the clay refused to stick, or some other cause prevented its completion, for the birds presently abandoned it, and proceeded to remodel a barn swallow's nest a few feet away. After removing the old lining of feathers, they began to build up the walls of the nest at the sides, following the lines of the old nest to a nicety. The walls were arched over, and joined to the roof of the shed, which sloped above the nest, and the opening was left much smaller than in nests built out of doors, only the thinnest layer of clay being laid along the rim of the old nest at the very front. So much less clay being required than in building an entire nest, the whole was completed in a few days, and the pair succeeded in rearing a most satisfactory brood of sons and daughters.

As soon as the young barn swallows are able to leave the nest, they alight in rows on every available perch the barn affords, sometimes several families together. In a few days they are able to adjourn to the outside world, their places being immediately filled by their juniors, who in turn follow them out into the sunshine, making room for those behind them, until nearly every nest is empty. Once outside, they gather on the roof in such numbers as to fairly blacken it, and then, as their wings strengthen, sweep away in successive flocks, to scatter over the salt marshes, miles away, where they spend the remainder of the summer, leaving only a few late broods, who now have the entire barn to themselves.

But just as the barn swallows depart the eave swallows arrive in even greater numbers, to settle on the rustling corn, two or three clinging to every tassel. Most of them having just learned to fly, are so tame as almost to allow themselves to be taken in the hand. From time to time they rise together with a great rustling and twittering, and drift about aimlessly for a while, to alight again in the trees or perhaps in the dusty roadway. The purple martins also increase in numbers at this time, spending most of their time either perched in the tops of the tall elms or skimming above the water.

Still later in the season the sand martins are likely to make their appearance where there is sufficient water, and they behave much as the white-bellied swallows do in the spring, but flying in larger and more closely ranked flocks.

Although resembling each other to a certain extent, most of the swallows have distinguishing points by which they may be known. The white-bellied swallow is the only one that is perfectly white beneath. The barn swallow is reddish beneath, and has the tail deeply forked; and the cliff swallow has a chestnut patch on its back. The sand martin and purple martin are easily known by their difference in size, the first being the smallest of the entire group. The latter is a big, hearty, strong-winged fellow, with a loud, mellow note, the terror of all the hawks. Swallows, as a class, may be easily recognized by their extremely long wings and diminutive feet, and by their sweeping, graceful flight, which gives the impression of being continued indefinitely.



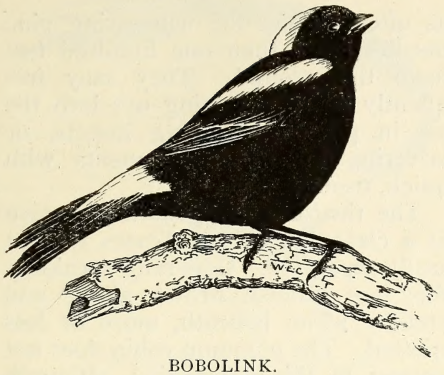
BARN SWALLOW.

The bobolink is another bird that experiences a most decided change at the close of haying. Every one knows the jolly black and white fellow of early summer, who appears to have a continual jag from the time of his arrival, and is forever singing bacchanalian songs, which, judging from his style of delivery, would hardly bear translation in this Puritanic part of the country. But when the young birds begin to fly, he suddenly sobers down, and thereafter only chinks dismally, as if his head still troubled him. He also begins to moult, the black and creamy feathers falling away in patches to make room for the new coat of yellowish brown. When the process is fairly under way, bobolink is about the most absurd-looking object on the face of nature.

As this is so near their northern limit, they seldom gather in very extensive flocks before their departure for the south; but occasionally thousands of them will make their appearance along the sedgy banks of some stream, perhaps having drifted this way from the northwest, for in the west they are said to nest at a much higher latitude than here in New England.

The greater part of the warblers are more abundant during their migrations than at midsummer; but a few species may be classed as summer birds, and of these the only one that is ever noticed by the majority of people is the summer yellow bird, believed by many people to be the female of the black-winged yellow bird or goldfinch. This bird may be safely taken as a representative of the warbler family, both in appearance and habits. Its color is a peculiarly fine greenish gold, and as it darts about among the leaves its general outline seems strangely indistinct, even through opera glasses, more perhaps than that of any other bird. It is more likely to be seen in willows and fruit trees than in the woods, which may account for its being so comparatively well known. It has won a certain degree of fame for itself by its clever way of disposing of the unwelcome egg of the cowbird, by covering it up and so adding a second story to its nest, with the cowbird's egg neglected in the basement.

Where evergreen woods predominate, the black-throated green warbler is usually the most common species. It is also one of the most easily distinguished. The entire throat is velvety black, this extending along the sides of the breast in a chain-like



BOBOLINK.

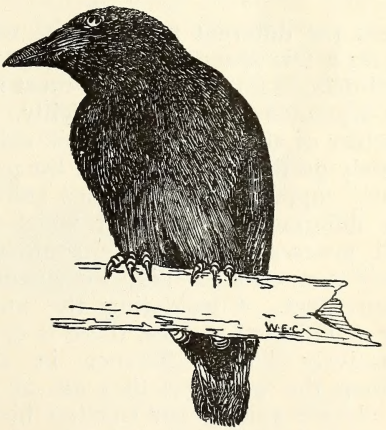
pattern of spots. The sides of the head are bright yellow, the back olive and the wings and tail blue gray. The contrasting colors of the head and throat are the first to catch the eye of the observer. This is apparently the only warbler that can really be said to have a song, its notes being clear and piercingly sweet, though individuals vary greatly in power. Last summer a pair of these birds forsook the evergreen woods for several weeks, and while the male, one of the finest singers I have ever heard, sang hour after hour in the cherry tree by the house, his mate scratched contentedly in the dust beneath the currant bushes. Ever since the country was first settled there has been an unmistakable tendency among the smaller birds to forsake the woods for the garden and orchard, and those species that have exhibited the greatest change in this direction have steadily increased in numbers; many kinds rarely met with fifty years ago are now among our most abundant visitors. Perhaps the pair of warblers that became so familiar last summer were the pioneers of a movement for the adoption of the orchard as a nesting site for their species. I cannot help feeling, however, that they lose a great deal of their attractiveness when they abandon the depths of the forest. A warbler flying about the orchard hardly affects one as it does when seen against the massive top of some great pine.

Another common warbler of the woodlands is the black and white creeper, and its name describes it. It is irregularly striped from head to tail with black and white, less distinctly in the female. The nest is usually on the ground, protected by the fallen trunk of a tree, and the eggs, like those of the majority of warblers, are creamy white, delicately spotted with brown. When discovered, the female acts the part of the wounded bird, and does it very cleverly, too.

The Maryland yellow-throat is fond of swampy tangles, near water, its yellow throat and breast being conspicuous among the leaves throughout the summer. The male has a wide band of black across the forehead and around the eyes, varying according to age; the back, wings and tail are olive. The nest is usually in a cluster of briars, sometimes on the ground.

The Nashville warbler has grown very abundant of late years, an inconspicuous bird, olive above and yellow beneath, with a partly concealed patch of orange on its crown, nesting on the ground in the woods.

The redstart is a warbler that is to be found wherever there are trees or

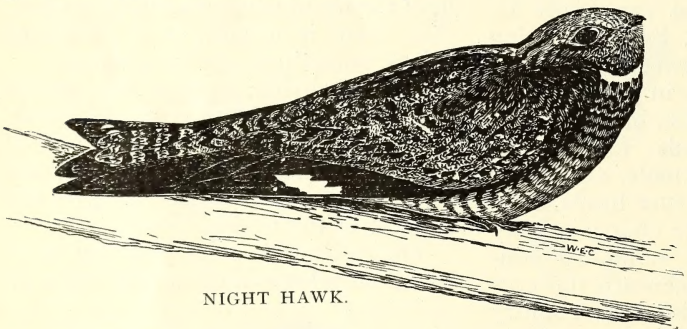


YOUNG CROW.

bushes. The male is black and orange, and the female yellow and brown; both are to be recognized by the broad band of black across the tip of

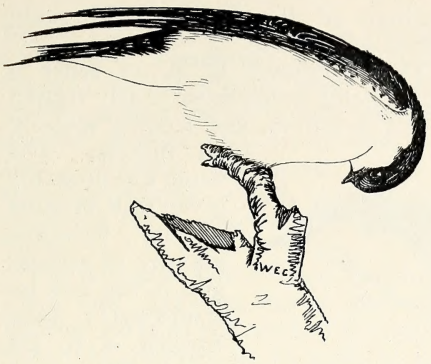
the tail, the feathers of which are frequently spread to their fullest extent, displaying the sharply defined colors to advantage. The nest is usually swung among hanging vines or in the slender branches of a sapling, and when it is discovered the birds exhibit so much anxiety and fearlessness in its defence as to be easily identified.

The Blackburnian warbler keeps to the hemlocks. It is elegantly marked with intense, clear flame color, black and white. In some instances, at least, it appears to acquire its bright colors at a very early age, as you may sometimes see a little fellow in pinfeathers perched high among the hemlock boughs, his bright plumage making him easily distinguishable from the ground. It is almost useless to try to learn the different notes of the warblers; a few species have one or two well-defined notes, but these must not be depended upon too implicitly. A warbler of almost any kind will deliberately go through the entire list popularly supposed to be divided among the different species, after which he will proceed to originate some entirely new ones for his own personal amusement. Considering the number of different species, there is comparatively little difference in size among the warblers; they are all to be classed among our smallest birds, some of them, in fact, being but little larger than a humming bird; when seen at all, they are generally busily occupied in searching for insects among the leaves, sometimes in low-growing shrubs and bushes, but quite as often among the whispering pine needles more than one hundred feet from the ground. They may frequently be seen darting out into the air in pursuit of flying insects, or hovering for a few moments with quick, trembling wings.



NIGHT HAWK.

The thrushes are generally known as a class, but in some cases are not easily separated. Generally speaking, they are reddish brown above and creamy white beneath, more or less spotted. The common robin does not answer to this description, although as genuine a thrush as any. The brown thrush or thrasher, we are told, is not a thrush at all, but it has always been known as such, and probably always will be. I believe it is classed with the wrens by learned folk. In coloring it resembles the thrushes, though much brighter, and the tail and beak are longer. It has been denied on all sides that this bird is a mimic, though not a few observers have found it difficult to distinguish between its song and that of the mocking bird of the south. They are most abundant in dry pastures among the sweet fern and groves of white pine, but are extremely local. I am told that not three miles from where I am writing, in a region apparently suited to their taste, they are almost never seen. The nest is placed on the ground, in a brush heap, or among the branches of a tree, but no position seems to assure safety. Personally I have never known of a single brood that reached maturity, though of course many of them do. It is hard to believe that all the thrashers that visit us each summer are reared in some safer region and are drawn here by some especially attractive feature of the country, year after year, only



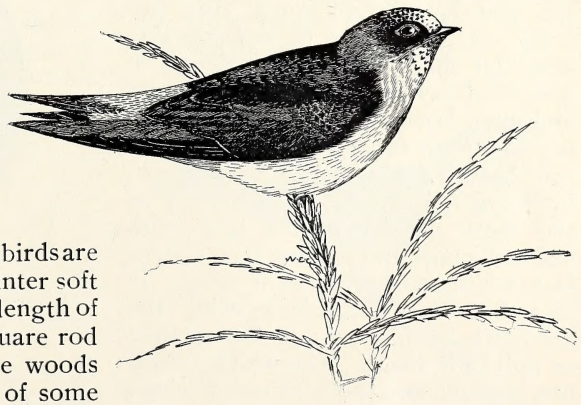
WHITE-BELLIED SWALLOW.

to attempt the hopeless task of raising a family among hosts of hungry enemies; but all the nests I have ever found have sooner or later been robbed by the foxes, skunks or squirrels, or some creature of similar habits, and only once have I seen a young bird that was learning to fly.

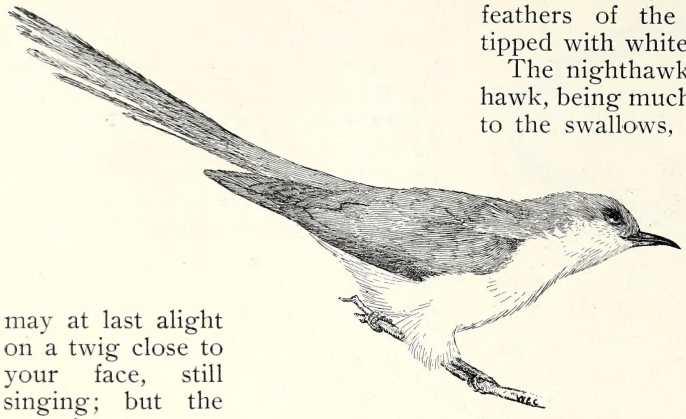
The tawny thrush or veery is another unfortunate that places its nest with the four blue eggs on the ground, in just such woodland paths and hollows as foxes frequent, and as a consequence most of the eggs are destroyed. This nest is more commonly found than almost any other in the woods. The little cinnamon-colored bird, about the size of a sparrow, flies up suddenly from under your feet, and without attempting any of the artifices common to other birds waits anxiously for results. This is the smallest of our thrushes, and the spots on its breast are much fainter than on any of the others. When one thinks of it, it seems almost wonderful that any of the ground nests should escape. It is three or four weeks at least from the time the eggs are laid till the young birds are able to fly; and when in the winter soft snow lies undisturbed for that length of time, it is difficult to find a square rod of its surface anywhere in the woods that does not bear the track of some flesh-eating animal; and not only are these same beasts here presumably throughout the summer, but most of them have families to support, which calls for an extra supply of food. The wood thrush is found here in summer, although the Massachusetts line is generally given as its northern limit.

The hermit thrush is more common, and is probably the one whose song is most frequently heard. There is certainly a decided difference in the song, but it often happens that when you have followed up any particular one you find that you have credited it to the wrong bird.

But whether hermit or wood thrush, no other song can ever equal it. It is hard to believe that the Duke of Argyle could ever have heard it when he spoke of the robin as our finest songster, and the only one to be compared with the English song birds. The thrush's song has a most remarkable carrying quality, and when it comes floating up from the woods a quarter of a mile away, with all its sweetness unimpaired by the distance, you fancy that close at hand it will prove undesirably loud; but after you have reached the edge of the woods the song fails to increase in loudness, and when at last you discover the singer perched on some decaying stump, it has the same far-off cadence. If you remain motionless in the shadow, the bird will take no notice of you whatever, and as it moves about as it sings



CLIFF SWALLOW.



CUCKOO.

may at last alight on a twig close to your face, still singing; but the song is never any nearer, apparently still coming from some distant part of the grove, and it is only by watching the movement of its bill that you can convince yourself that the bird before you is singing. The generally accepted rule for distinguishing the two birds is to remember that the wood thrush is cinnamon on the head, shading to olive toward the tail, while the hermit reverses the order of colors, being olive on the head and back and reddish on the tail; the wood thrush is also more distinctly spotted beneath. The gray-checked and olive-backed thrushes resemble the hermit, differing only as their names imply; neither of them is common.

The whippoorwill and nighthawk are unique birds, with no other representatives of their class in this part of the country. When flying, they impress one as being of considerable size, but their bodies are only to be described as diminutive. Their mouth and eyes, however, are quite in keeping with their other dimensions. They are beautifully mottled with black, brown and gray. The nighthawk is the more slender of the two, with pointed wings and narrow tail. There is a white bar across each wing. It resembles its English cousin, the dawhawk or nightjar, in appearance as well as in name. The whippoorwill has broader and more rounded wings and tail, and all but the four central feathers of the latter are broadly tipped with white.

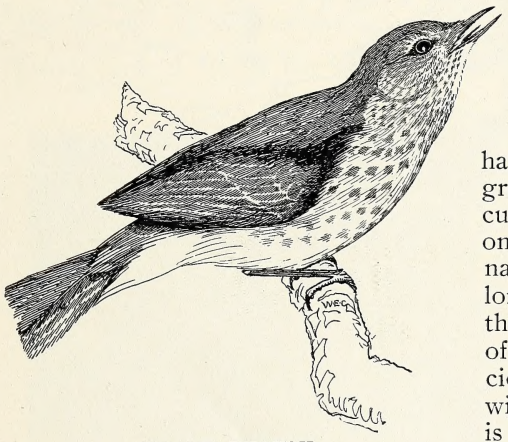
The nighthawk is in no sense a hawk, being much more nearly related to the swallows, and feeding entirely on insects. The name was probably given to it because of its hawklike manner of sailing; and it has not infrequently been handed in to the town fathers as a genuine hawk and the scalp money paid over without a murmur. It is fond of dry, hilly pastures, where it lays its two iron-gray eggs on a flat stone or spot of bare earth. It is often seen in broad daylight flying about in an aimless sort of way, with jerky, nervous strokes of its crooked wings; but the majority of nighthawks sleep during the day, stretched along a branch or fence rail, so blending their colors with their surroundings as to be practically invisible. At sunset they rouse themselves and go winnowing round and



BLACK-THROATED GREEN WARBLER.

round, and back and forth, in pursuit of supper, sometimes hundreds of them in the space of an acre. In the pairing season the male rises into the air with an occasional dry squeak, and then descends earthward with a buzzing, roaring sound, that carries distinctly for a quarter of a mile or more.

The whippoorwill is much less common, and, haunting as it does the darkest parts of the woods, is seldom seen. It disposes of its eggs in the same manner as the nighthawk. Last summer I started a female that was evidently brooding her eggs or young in the shade of a dense growth of hemlocks. She fluttered unsteadily up from the ground and alighted on



HERMIT THRUSH.

a low branch, evincing no especial interest in her offspring, although at first she had pretended lameness. There she sat with shoulders haunched up, yawning intermittently, and though I watched her for some time showed no indication of changing her position in the slightest degree. When I drove her from her perch, she merely alighted on another and went through the same performance. The whippoorwill's voice is its most striking feature.

The cuckoo is a bird of the dog-days, at its best in windless, cloudy, August weather; but its nest is not



SAND MARTIN.

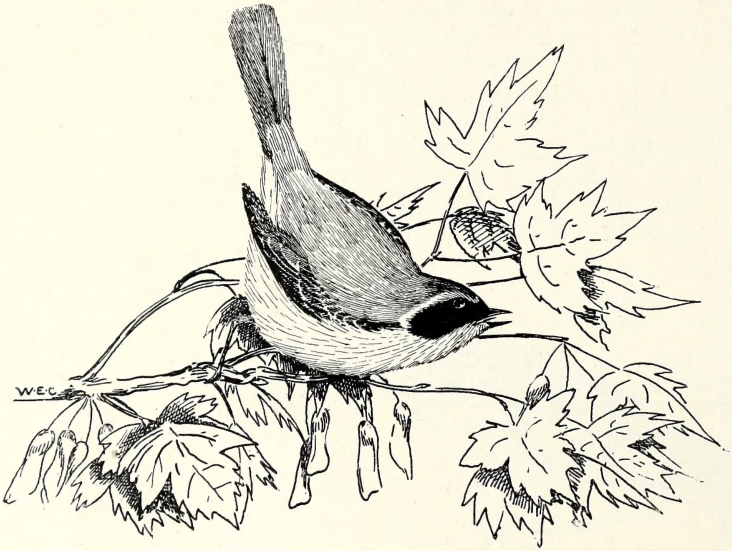
much. A lazy, dreamy, absent-minded bird it is, fond of hiding in thick foliage, uttering its indistinct, gurgling cries at regular intervals. When compelled to take flight, it does so in the most deliberate manner, taking its silent, winnowing course through the woods until it again sees fit to alight. Its chief characteristic is the enormous development of its wings and tail feathers; although more than a foot in length, its body as a matter of fact is much smaller than that of a sparrow, so that when shot its weight seems hardly sufficient to bring it to the ground. I once shot a black-billed cuckoo in which the feathers of one-half of the tail were short and narrow, not more than one-fourth as long or wide as the others. Perhaps they had reverted to the type of some of the bird's ancestors, when the species had feathers more in keeping with the size of the bird. The cuckoo is a soft, greenish olive above, and creamy white beneath, a combination of colors which enables the bird to hide easily in thick foliage.

In one way birds are less interest-



NASHVILLE WARBLER.

ing during the latter part of the summer than at any other season, owing to their general shabbiness. Most young birds require two or three months at least for the full growth of their feathers, while their parents choose this time for moulting, very few of them being able to present a respectable appearance again before the first of October. Occasional birds of almost any species may be seen at this season in good plumage, evidently having escaped the cares of a family by remaining single, while cedar birds and goldfinches manage to keep their feathers in order a few weeks longer by postponing housekeeping until much later in the season.



MARYLAND YELLOW-THROAT.

AFTER LONG GRIEF AND PAIN.

By Madison Cawein

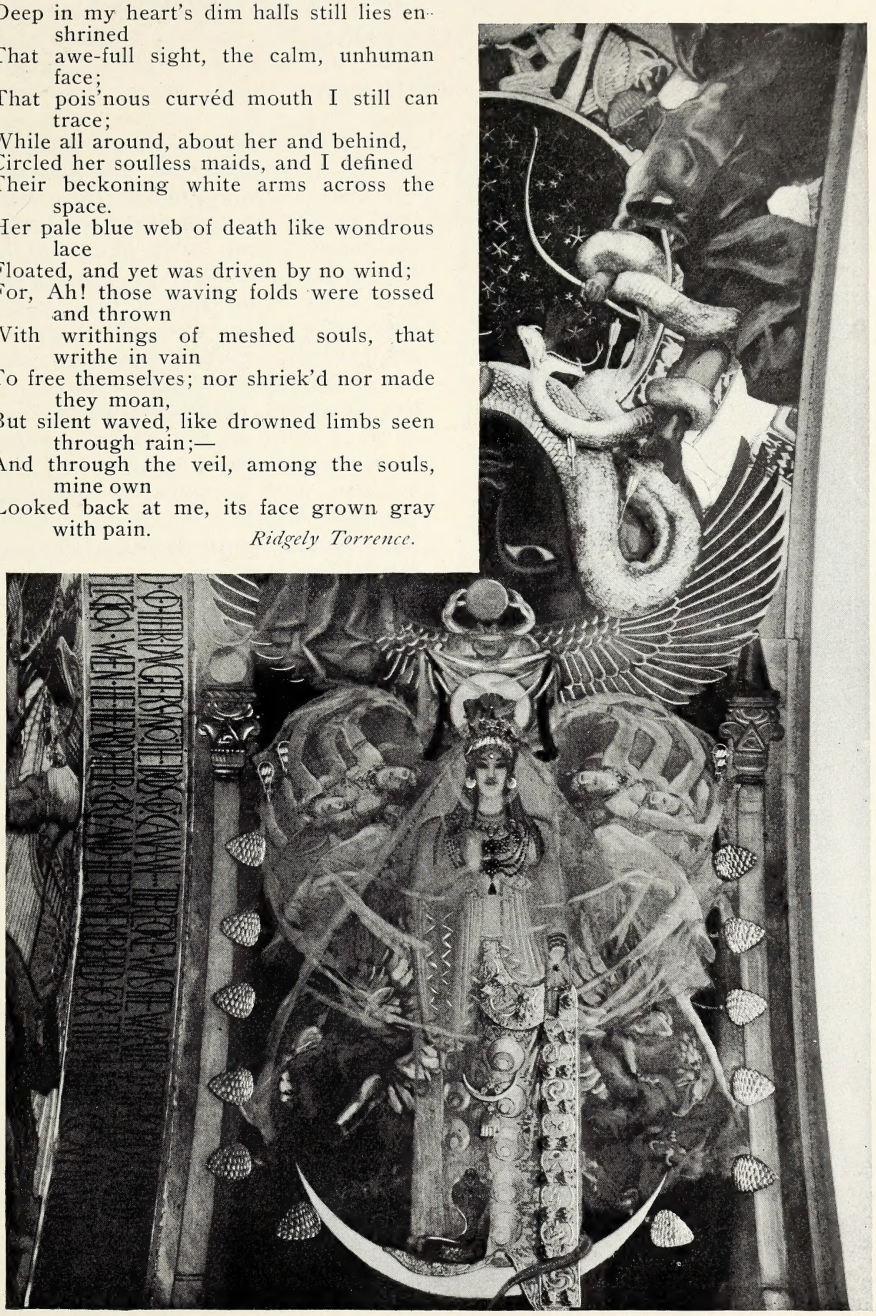
THERE is a place hung o'er with summer boughs,
And drowsy skies wherein the gray hawk sleeps;
Where waters flow, within whose lazy deeps,
Like silvery prisms that the winds arouse,
The minnows twinkle; faint the bells of cows
Tinkle the stillness; and the bob-white keeps
Calling from meadows where the reaper reaps;
And children's laughter haunts an oldtime house;
A place where life wears ever an honest smell
Of hay and honey, sun and elderbloom,—
Like some sweet, modest girl,—within her hair;
Where, with our love for comrade, we may dwell
Far from the city's strife, whose cares consume.
Oh, take my hand, and let me lead you there.

ASTARTE.

(After seeing Sargent's fresco in the Boston Library.)

Deep in my heart's dim halls still lies enshrined
That awe-full sight, the calm, unhuman face;
That pois'nous curvéd mouth I still can trace;
While all around, about her and behind,
Circled her soulless maids, and I defined
Their beckoning white arms across the space.
Her pale blue web of death like wondrous lace
Floated, and yet was driven by no wind;
For, Ah! those waving folds were tossed and thrown
With writhings of meshed souls, that writhe in vain
To free themselves; nor shriek'd nor made they moan,
But silent waved, like drowned limbs seen through rain;—
And through the veil, among the souls, mine own
Looked back at me, its face grown gray with pain.

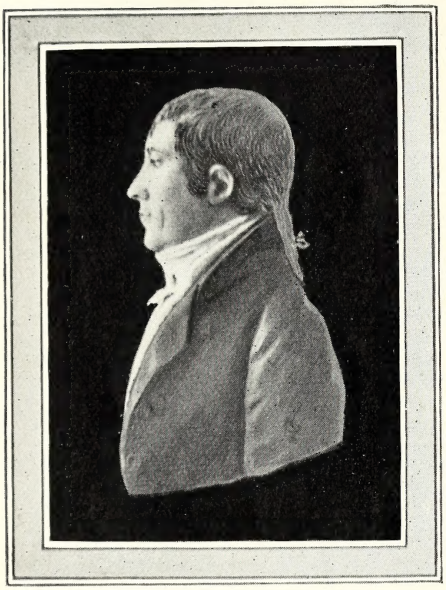
Ridgely Torrence.



From a Copley Print, copyrighted 1896 by Curtis & Cameron.

OLIVER HOLDEN, THE COMPOSER OF "CORONATION."

By Abram English Brown.



OLIVER HOLDEN IN EARLY MANHOOD.

AMONG the humble homes of northern Middlesex was the birthplace of Oliver Holden. It was a rude farmhouse nestled among the hills of the town of Shirley. The Holdens were numerous in that locality, and the birth of a son to Nehemiah and Elizabeth was an event of but little moment. He was the fourth child of the family, born on September 18, 1765; and when the seal of baptism was placed upon him by the Rev. Phineas Whitney, his name was declared to be Oliver. "There are no Olivers in our family," said one relative to another. "But then, you know, his mother!"

To these country people, whose matrimonial alliances seldom extended beyond the limits of their own town, there was something mysterious in the antecedents of the wife of Nehemiah Holden. They fully endorsed Nehemiah, for he was born there in 1731, when the town was a part of old Groton, although he had started out and seen more of the world than many of his companions had seen. The stories told him in his youth by his townsmen who had a part in the expedition against Louisburg, the capture and expulsion of the Acadians, together with the presence of some of the French neutrals in the town, aroused his spirit for adventure, and he went to Louisburg, the surrender of which had given William Shirley* and William Pepperell a world-wide fame.

While at Louisburg young Nehemiah Holden made the acquaintance of an Irishman by the name of Mitchell, and later became interested in his sister, whom he married. Mitchell was an alien, as well as Holden, and the two formed very strong attachments for each other at their island home.

Mitchell had married Elizabeth Stevens, a niece and adopted daughter of the Earl of Carberry. He was an agent of the Earl when he met the young lady, but his station in life was not satisfactory and the alliance did not receive the approval of the family. Because of this the young couple left their home, came across the Atlantic, and located on the Island of Cape Breton.

Mitchell and Holden enlisted in the service of the king against the French in the struggle for Colonial posses-

*William Shirley was governor of the Province of Massachusetts Bay from 1741 to 1749. He was appointed by the king under the second charter. It was during this period that the southwest part of Groton became a district, and later a fully equipped town, and in honor of the popular governor was named Shirley.

sions. Mitchell was killed in a most brutal manner. The circumstances of his death were heartrending in the extreme, and occasioned the immediate death of his sister, Mrs. Holden. The widow Mitchell, with her young son, went to the home of the bereft husband when he returned from the campaign, and in a few months Nehemiah Holden and Mrs. Mitchell were married. After the birth of their first child, a namesake of the mother, Elizabeth Mary Stevens, the family left Louisburg and went to Shirley, where they established a home.

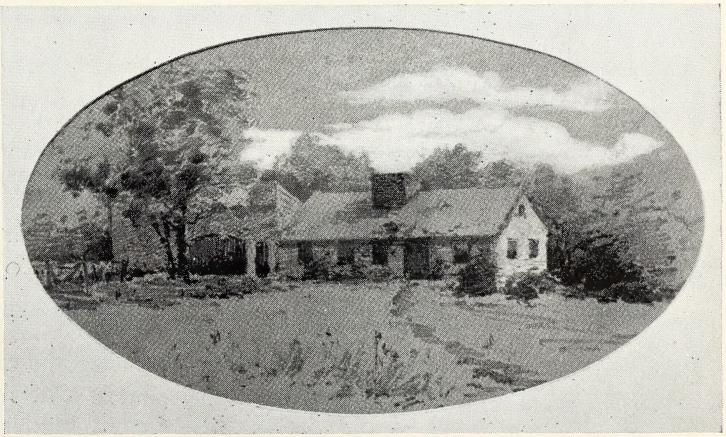
Mrs. Holden was a most charming lady, well educated and reared in the luxury of her uncle's home, where she had lived a prospective heiress. But she was of Celtic blood, and to the Saxons of Shirley she was one of another race, and her acts gave rise to severe criticism. It was considered of questionable propriety for her to depart from the good old plans by introducing foreign names to the Holden family register.

Nehemiah Holden was a housewright as well as a farmer, and made a comfortable living for his family. The isolation of an outer district in a new settlement was peculiarly trying to the lady, who had enjoyed so much better circumstances, but she did her part with true Christian heroism. Her early advantages enabled her to supplement the meagre school accommodations of Shirley with helpful instruction, and the children of this family compared favorably with those of older settlements.

Oliver, their first son, was early trained in the use of the saw, plane and auger, a trade for which he had but little inclination. But he was obliged to do what he could to aid in the support of the increasing family. Music was his great delight. It was inborn, and his youthful ears were keen to detect the slightest discord as he sat in the square pew of the meeting-house and peered through the railing to watch the deacon as he "lined off the hymn," and the tune-master as he "set the tunes." The fife and drum of the militia company on training days called out his admiration.

Born in the year of the Stamp Act, his early life was in the time of special military exercises; but he was too young to have any recognized share in the parades, in the response to the Lexington alarm, so general in Shirley, or in the scenes of the war for freedom which took place on Massachusetts soil.

When the Revolution was over and the people of Charlestown, who had seen their homes and meeting-house swept away in 1775, were re-establishing their homes, there was a demand for mechanics. The opening of Charles River bridge in 1786, an event of great importance, also attracted many people to the town which but eleven years before was a scene of slaughter and devastation. Among the new families attracted to Charlestown were the Holdens.



HOLDEN'S BIRTHPLACE AT SHIRLEY, MASS.

Oliver had attained his majority, was his own man, and apparently the prime mover in the change of location.

Oliver Holden appears in the records as a dealer in real estate in the year 1787, when he purchased a lot of land where Bow Street now appears. He built a house and sold it to Samuel Payson, the schoolmaster. His enterprise in this direction led him on in the business, until he became one of the most extensive traders in Charlestown for many years.



OLIVER HOLDEN'S MOTHER.
Niece of the Earl of Carberry.

While he accumulated property in trade, he was not content in this kind of business. His musical talent was soon detected, and opportunities presented themselves for lucrative employment along the line of his natural inclination. He was a pleasing singer, and was early introduced to the choir of the church, over which Rev. Jedediah Morse was settled in the same year that the Holden family became residents of Charlestown. Occasional hymns and tunes appeared and were pleasantly received by the public, which were greatly to the credit of young Holden. When the authorities in Boston were planning for a state reception to be extended to General Washington, then president of the United States, on his visit to Boston in 1789, Oliver Holden was selected to gather and train a choir to sing on the occasion. A triumphal arch was built across the street from the Old State House, under which the procession passed. When the President reached a certain place, Holden's male choir,—the Independent Musical Society, — burst forth with the hymn:

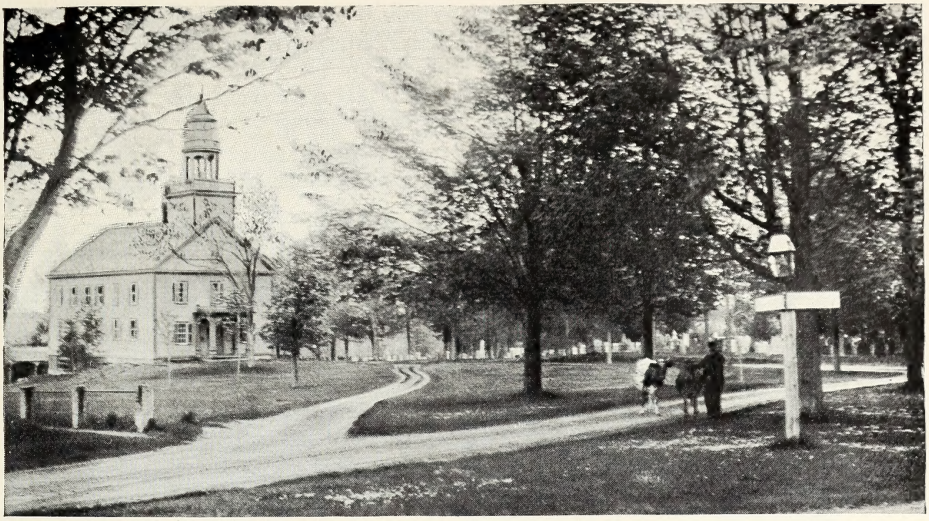
"Great Washington, the hero's come;
Each heart exulting hears the sound,
See! thousands their deliverer throng,
And shout him welcome all around.
Now in full chorus burst the song
And shout the deeds of Washington."

The noted guest was visibly affected by the reception at this point. Tears were seen streaming from his eyes as with uncovered head he left his carriage and went into the State House, to a temporary balcony, where he stood to gratify the throng.

The "Ode to Washington" was performed the second time at the World's Columbian Exposition, Chicago, in August, 1893. It was sung by the Stoughton Musical Society of Stoughton, Massachusetts, the oldest musical organization in the United States.

It is often true that a genius is not a practical business man; but Oliver Holden was both. He was entrusted with town business at a time when Charlestown was rapidly developing. He was chosen the town's representative in the General Court in the year 1818 and in a number of subsequent years. He was Justice of the Peace for many years. In all the duties of the office he maintained the dignity of his position as a "Squire" of the best New England type. He conducted a music store in Charlestown, together with his other employment, and in odd evening hours taught singing schools.

But it was not in any of these departments of his active life that Oliver

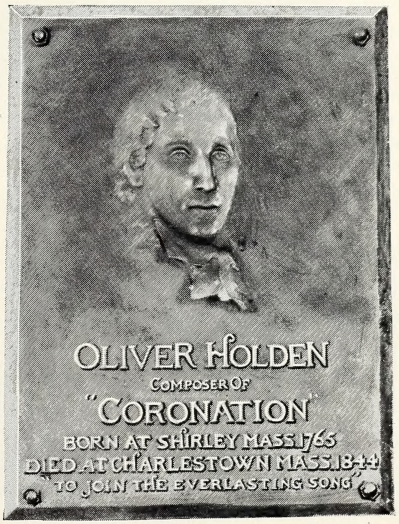


THE OLD PARISH CHURCH AT SHIRLEY.

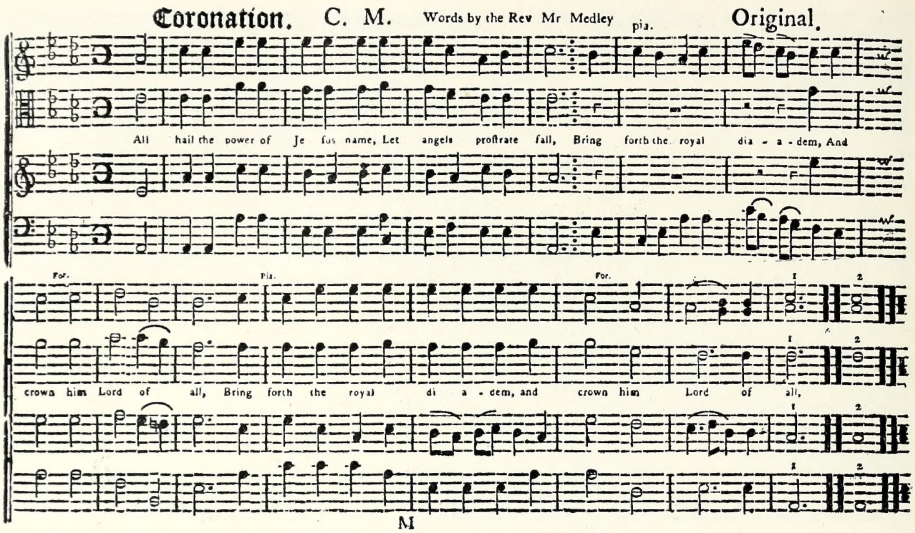
Holden earned his world-wide fame. It is by his composition of music that we are attracted to the life of the man to-day. His success in the preparation of occasional hymns and odes, and the public demand for such, prompted him to publish a volume in 1792. It is known as "America's Harmony, containing a variety of airs, suitable for Divine Worship or Thanksgiving, Ordinations, Christmas, Fasts, Funerals and other occasions; together with a number of Psalm Tunes in three or four parts, The whole entirely new, By Oliver Holden, Teacher of Music, Charlestown." In the author's preface we read:

"When the following pieces of music were composed, it was not the intention of the author to make them public, and no motive could have induced him to do it, but the request and patronage of his friends. He is conscious that, in point of composition, they will not bear the test of criticism, especially with those whose advantages for acquiring the knowledge of so nice an art have been greatly superior to those of the author; but with a view to increase his own knowledge, and an humble reliance on the candor of the public, he has presumed to let them appear.

"With respect to the manner of performing the music, the author wishes that the time, in general, might be slow, and the strain soft. Doubtless singing choirs, in general, are too inattentive to those important parts of music. By hurrying a piece of music, performers are more likely to sing harsh; in consequence of which good pronunciation is lost. To rem-



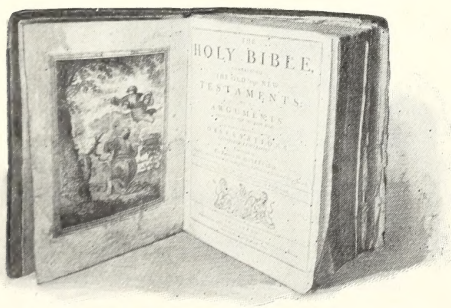
MEMORIAL TABLET IN THE SHIRLEY CHURCH.



FAC-SIMILE OF THE FIRST PUBLISHED SCORE OF "CORONATION."

edy this, it is necessary that the words be read, and the subject be well understood by every performer before the notes are applied. In so doing the importance of the work will become the surest guide. Should this work continue to meet a favorable reception, additions will hereafter be made of such pieces of music as will be calculated for divine worship. Charlestown, Sept. 27, 1792."

In 1793 he published "The Union Harmony or Universal Collection of Sacred Music," in two volumes. Success attended these works, and he later published "Practical Elements in Music." This was for use in singing schools. Soon after he issued this book he associated himself with Hans Grau and Samuel Holyoke, and they published "The Worcester Collection of Sacred Harmony." After a time Mr. Holden altered, revised and corrected this, added an appendix containing a number of psalm tunes and some other pieces of music. This appeared in the sixth edition. It was printed in movable type by Isaiah Thomas of Worcester, Massachusetts, who procured the type in Europe.



HOLDEN'S FAMILY BIBLE.

After the death of William Billings in 1800, Oliver Holden became the most popular composer of psalm tunes in the country. He had a truly devotional spirit, and wrote and sung his tunes for the honor of his Master. But few of his tunes are heard at the present day, except perhaps at some old folks' concert we occasionally hear his "Confidence," to the words: "How can my soul in God rejoice," and "Paradise": "Now to the shining realms above." But the noble strains of "Coronation" have alone been sufficient to make the composer immortal.

"Coronation" first appeared in "The Union Harmony," and was sung by the composer in the Charlestown church choir in 1793. It was written

in the strong key of A major; and it is sung by millions throughout the land to-day, as it has been for a full century. It never fails to uplift the soul of the worshiper as few modern compositions are found to do.

The words are traced to Rev. Edward Perronet, son of Vincent Perronet, vicar of Shoreham, England. They were first published in "The Gospel Magazine," London, in 1780. The tune "Miles Lane" was composed for the words, and this tune is still quite generally used in England. But all thoughtful musicians confess that "Coronation" is far better adapted to the words.

Some years since there appeared what was called "A New Coronation," prepared by Samuel Longfellow. It was first published in the "Christian Register," with the following note by the author:

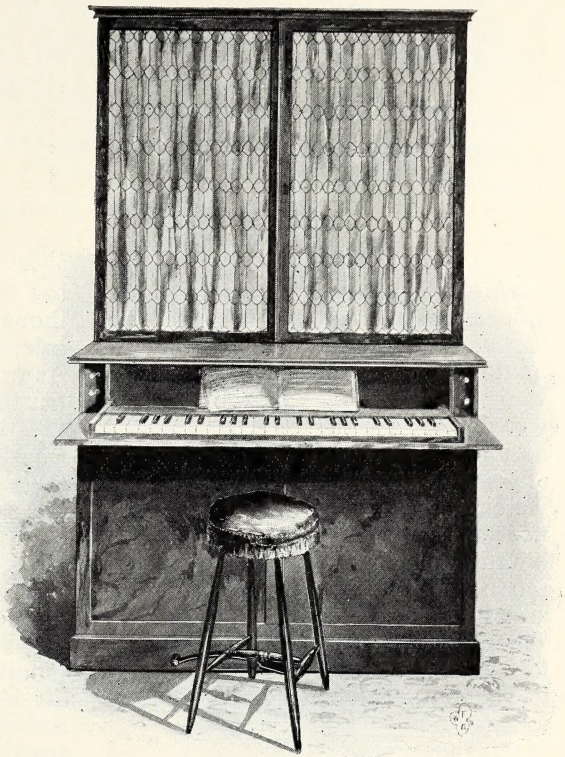
"Some of your readers are fond of singing the spirited tune 'Coronation,' yet they do not like and ought not to sing the words with which it is usually associated. I offer them the following words, which can honestly be sung by those who acknowledge allegiance to only one God and Lord of all:

" 'Sing forth his high eternal name,
Who holds all powers in thrall,—
Through endless ages still the same,
The mighty Lord of all,' etc."

* * * *

Oliver Holden's masterpiece was frequently sung as a battle hymn during the Civil War. One soldier has given us the following account of its effect on one trying occasion:

"It was Sunday. We were marching to our first battle. We waded through miles of sand and numberless streams. Overcome by the heat, men dropped from the ranks, and even horses fell out by the way. To nerve the heart and quicken the step we sang the stirring army songs. At last the cannons were heard in our front, and we knew the vedettes were at work. We soon smelled powder, and thought of home. The men were foot-weary and exhausted, and the power of song was exhausted. Suddenly the colonel rode up to us in company with the general, and exclaimed: 'For heaven's sake, give them something to cheer them on.' Instantly the good old hymn 'Coronation' came to their minds.



ORGAN AT WHICH HOLDEN COMPOSED "CORONATION."
Now in the possession of Mrs. Tyler of Boston.

" 'All hail the power of Jesus' name,
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem
And crown him Lord of all.'

"We sent it forth, and it flew up and



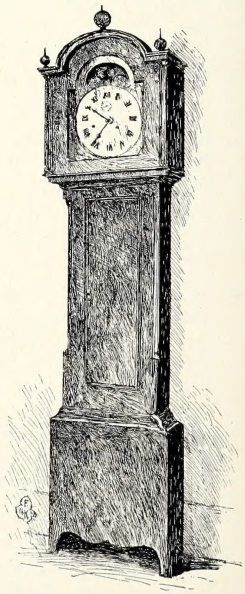
HOLDEN'S RESIDENCE IN CHARLESTOWN.

down that extended column until the whole army was inspired by the hymn. The boys sped onward to battle as if charged by a thousand galvanic batteries; and while the heavens were ringing with song, the God of nations seemed calling unto His angels to descend and lead us on to victory. At midnight the enemy had fled; and as I lay with my head pillowed on my gunstock, the full, round moon looked down upon the living and the dead, seeming to say to us: 'The song for the church is the song for the army.' "

The following extract is from the journal of a private soldier in the 44th Massachusetts Regiment:

"Sunday, November 2, 1862. I was ordered off guard at 4.30 A. M., and fell into the ranks without my mug of coffee or breakfast. The brigades marched out of the town (Little Washington, North Carolina) northward upon sandy roads, and entered the woodland. Weary from a night's watching, with the prospect of a fatiguing march through a monotonous, desolate country, I could not forget the peaceable Sabbath of my dear New England home. Silently praying for strength, my ear caught the first notes of 'Coronation,' from voices in advance. In quick response, the long line, catching up the strain, made the forest ring with 'All hail the power of Jesus' name,' and forgetting myself in this grand adoration of the Master, I felt that God had answered my prayer."

Oliver Holden had a deep religious nature, and his hymns and tunes were but the breathing forth of the real man. Says his grand-daughter, Mrs. Fanny A. Tyler: "Music was his life; but he gave a wealth of time and thought to every good suggestion calculated to make others happy." As a citizen he was honored and trusted, and as a Christian he was greatly beloved. When he went to Charlestown there was but one religious society in the town, that which the Puritans established in the autumn of 1631. It was the church where Rev. John Harvard labored until his death in 1638. The society had rebuilt their meeting-house in place of the one destroyed by the British in 1775, and had settled Rev. Jedediah Morse. Its order was Congregational; its doctrine was that taught by the founders; and no one manifested any desire for a change until about 1800, when there was a movement which resulted in a division. The Baptists went off from the



THE OLD CLOCK FROM HOLDEN'S HOME.

First Church and erected a house of worship, at the very dawn of the century—Holden giving the land for the meeting-house. But it is apparent that in this separation a friendly feeling existed for the pastor. Rev. Jedediah Morse delivered an address and Oliver Holden composed an anthem for the dedication of the meeting-house in 1801.

Mr. Holden went with the Baptists; but he was not fully satisfied with their plans of work, and in 1809 became the leader of a faction who went off from the First Baptist church and established a church by themselves—known as the Second Baptist. Holden and his followers had been converted to weekly communion. Their reasons set forth for dismission were "that discipline was not maintained so strictly as they desired, or as the church acknowledged it ought to be, and despairing of seeing the church brought to resemble the Scripture pattern they desired to reform themselves."

Holden and his little flock discountenanced all connection with the world in the support of the Gospel and with other churches in choosing and ordaining elders. He gathered his followers in a chapel, which stood on High Street, not far from the corner of Elm, under the spreading limbs of a grand old tree. It was while occupying the position of spiritual leader of this company of Christians that Mr. Holden composed some of his best hymns. One of these is found in many of the hymnals of the present day:

"They who seek the throne of grace,
Find that throne in every place;
If we live a life of prayer,
God is present everywhere.

"In our sickness or our health,
In our want or in our wealth,
If we look to God in prayer,
God is present everywhere."

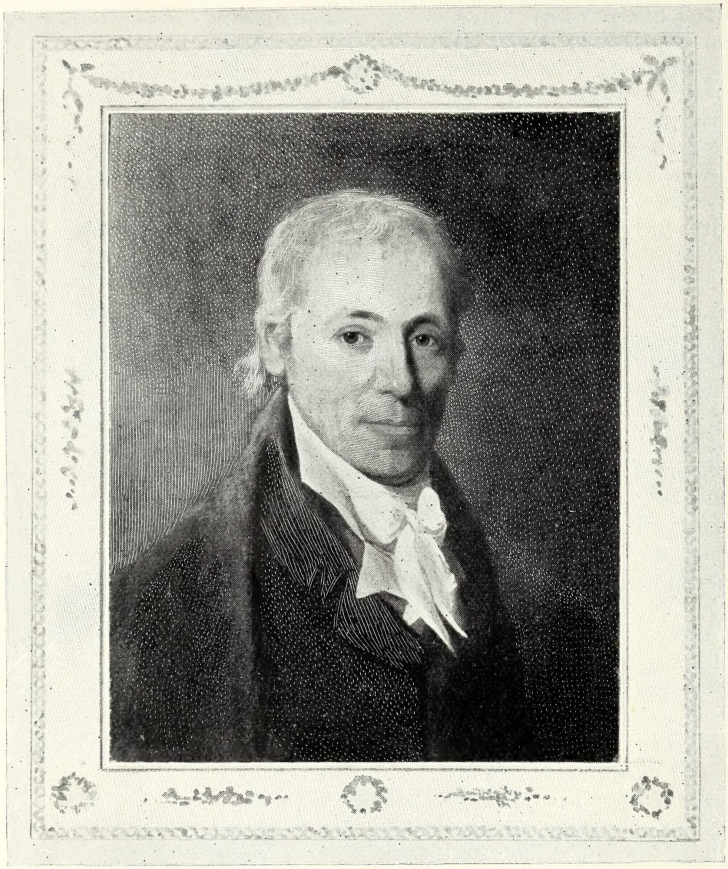
Mrs. Tyler, the grand-daughter of Holden, was his companion and solace in his old age. She tells us that "Coronation" was written just after the birth of his first child, a daughter, whose advent brought joy to his home, and his soul poured itself forth in a pean of praise. He was about twenty-eight years of age when the tune was given to the world with no thought of the world-wide fame and affection which it was destined to attain.

Oliver Holden had the gift of pouring out music with but little notice or effort. When in his most busy hours at his store, he kept music paper at hand, and wrote out the little airs which came to his mind. He promised a neighbor the music to accompany some words for a special occasion, but did not have it ready when his friend called for it. Apologizing for the neglect, he said: "I regret to keep you waiting; but as I have the air caged, it will not take long to write the other parts." Opening his desk, he took a sheet of paper, and in a brief time completed the song, which proved entirely satisfactory.

The home of Oliver Holden was a



HOLDEN'S CHAIR AND SECRETARY.



OLIVER HOLDEN.

From a painting in the possession of Mrs. Tyler.

delightful place. His wife was Nancy Rand, daughter of the ferryman. She was a native of Charlestown, and was born but three months after the advent of the boy to the Holden home in Shirley. She was ten years old when the family fled from their home as the fire kindled by the king's army swept the habitations of Charlestown from the face of the earth. As a child she eagerly watched with others the sprouting of the peonies, when in the spring of 1776 the Rand and Russell families endeavored to re-establish themselves on their adjacent lots. She was well fitted to be a companion to the sweet singer, and was in full sympathy with him in all his work. They were blessed with six children, who inherited the father's musical talent, and with him constituted a happy and pleasing choir.

The only living descendants of the composer belong to the family of the youngest son, Thomas Frederic. Mrs. Tyler, his daughter, is the only representative of her generation. There are two in the next generation, children of Oliver Henry Holden: Thomas F. Holden of Flagstaff, Arizona, and Gertrude Holden of New York.

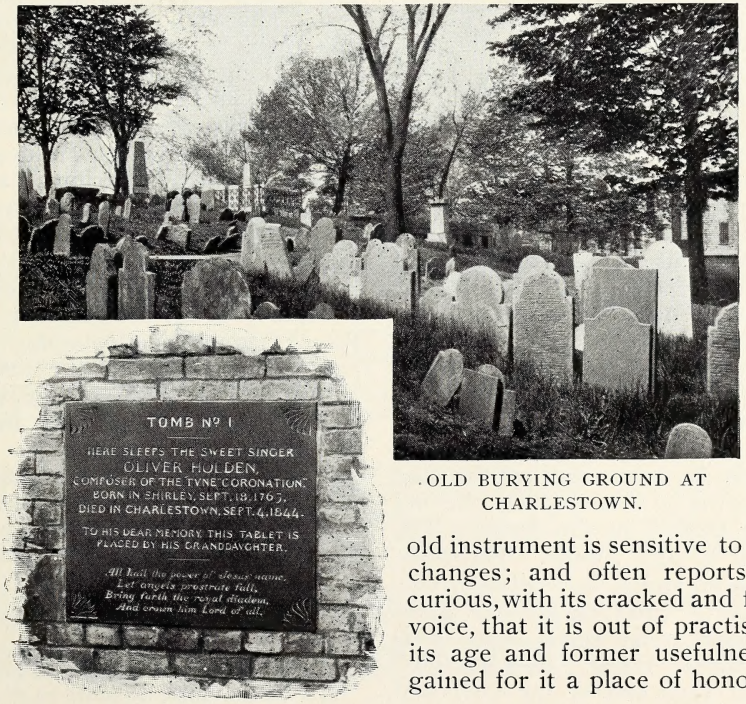
The Holden homestead in Charlestown was on Pearl Street, on the side of Bunker Hill. The house is still standing. It is a stately mansion of the early part of this century, now the residence of Mr. Thomas Doane. The

original lot extended nearly to Bunker Hill Street; but the hand of progress has demanded portions of it from time to time, and they were sold off, reducing the lot to what still appears an ample lot for modern purposes. Mr. Holden, who lived until 1844, called his broad acres "the elegant reserve."

Holden belonged to the order of Free Masons, being admitted to King Solomon's Lodge in June, 1795, and made an honorary member in July, 1808. By the records of this lodge it is shown that he was in attendance at the celebration of Washington's birthday in 1787 and sang several songs. He is credited with presenting the lodge with an ivory mallet which has been used by the master through all these years.

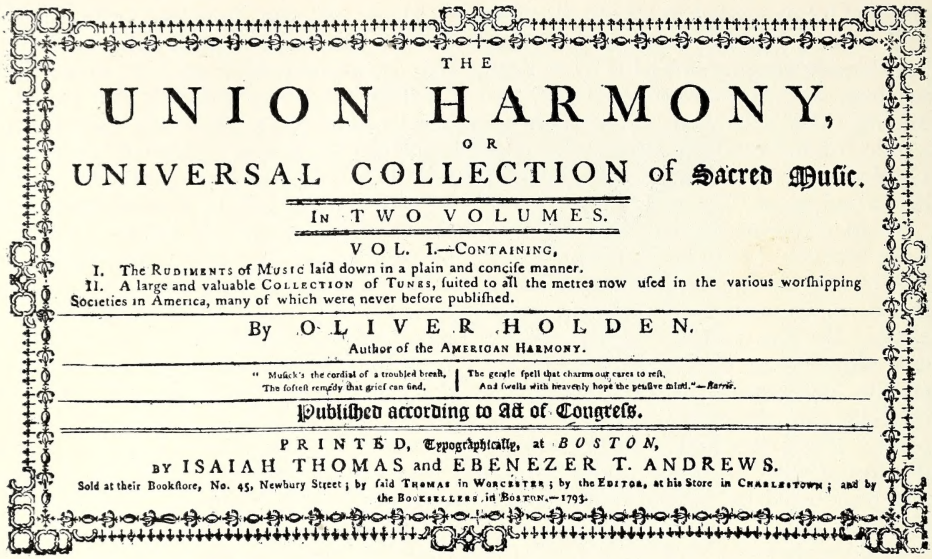
Holden became a member of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company in 1794. On public occasions he frequently conducted the music. If music was to be written for special meetings, Ensign Oliver Holden was equal to the service.

Many of the personal effects of Oliver Holden are still treasured by his grand-daughter at her home in Boston. Among these is the punch bowl obtained by the composer from a brother Mason, Richard Gridley, who had a part in laying out the fortification on the hill in Charlestown on the night of June 16, 1775. Gridley secured a loan of money from Holden, who did not exact security, but Gridley passed over a pair of punch bowls as tokens of good faith. One of these may be seen in the Old State House, and the companion is one of the treasures of the family. The old family Bible is a choice relic. It contains the family record in the handwriting of Mr. Holden. The manuscripts of many of his popular tunes have an honored place in the granddaughter's home. But the most precious relic, and that which lovers of "Coronation" are most glad to see, is the organ as it was when the composer sat and fingered its keys until he produced that divine melody. The



OLD BURYING GROUND AT CHARLESTOWN.

old instrument is sensitive to climatic changes; and often reports to the curious, with its cracked and faltering voice, that it is out of practise. But its age and former usefulness have gained for it a place of honor which



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Author of the AMERICAN HARMONY.

"Musick's the cordial of a troubled breast, The softest remedy that grief can find, | The gentle spell that charms our cares to rest, And swells with heavenly hope the pensive mind."—*Harris.*

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PRINTED, Typographically, at *BOSTON*,
BY ISAIAH THOMAS and EBENEZER T. ANDREWS.
Sold at their Bookstore, No. 45, Newbury Street; by said THOMAS in WORCESTER; by the EDITOR, at his Store in CHARLESTOWN; and by the BOOKSELLERS in BOSTON.—1793.

TITLE PAGE OF THE VOLUME IN WHICH "CORONATION" FIRST APPEARED.

no modern instrument can fill. After the winter months, when the organ has refused to be of service, it seems to be rejuvenated with the opening spring, and its keys vibrate for a time with youthful elasticity, and its notes are of old-time sweetness. The accompanying illustration, obtained through the courtesy of Mrs. Tyler, as were other illustrations in the present article, shows the organ's venerable simplicity. The case is of hard wood and is in perfect condition. The workmanship was very thorough, yet void of any attempt at ornamentation. The instrument at first glance would easily pass for one of the old-fashioned secretaries of our grandfathers' times. The corners of the case are square cut and severe as the lives of the Puritans in the days when the instrument was built. The pipes are in the upper part and hidden from view. The bellows is in the lower part of the case and is blown by the handle at the end or by a treadle in the front. The keyboard is very simple. The compass is four and a half octaves, certainly limited, but capable of good productions, as the world bears testimony when using "Coronation." Knobs at each end of the keyboard regulate the tone and make up the few stops of the venerable instrument. The date of building is unknown. A brass plate above the keyboard tells us that the instrument was made by Astor & Company, 39 Cornhill, London. The name of the importer is unknown, but the organ must have been among the very few in this country when its keys were first manipulated on this side of the Atlantic. It is evident that Oliver Holden never regarded such an instrument as a device of the arch deceiver, as many of our fathers did previous to the Revolution. The present owner of the time-honored instrument assures me it will eventually be for the public, placed in the charge of the Bostonian Society, and sacredly kept in the Old State House, where Washington was received when Oliver Holden made his debut, in October, 1789.

As the shadows of life lengthened and the sweet singer sat at the organ for the last time, his trembling fingers played, while his feeble voice sang with old-time sweetness:

"God of my life, nigh draws the day
When thou wilt summon me away
To dwell with those who live on high,
To sin no more, no more to die.

"My youthful days and riper years,
My joyful hours and hours of tears,
Passing away like fleeting wind,
Leave but a remnant yet behind."

The closing hours of the sweet singer are touchingly described by his grand-daughter:

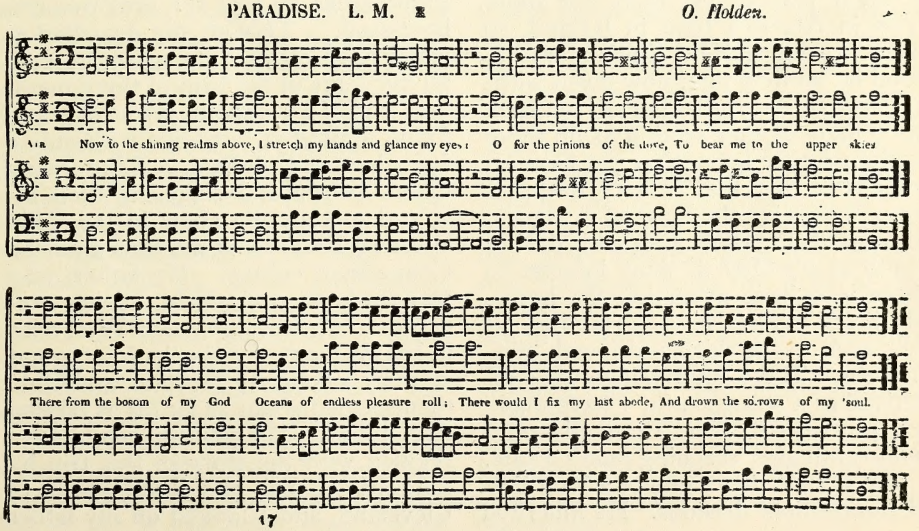
"One September night, when he was very ill, I pleaded with my mother that I might watch with her by his bedside. At three o'clock in the morning he made an effort to speak, but the words were unintelligible. As he turned his dear face a little toward mine, I asked, 'What did you say, grandpa?' With an effort he repeated, 'I have some beautiful airs running in my head, if I only had strength to note them down.' These were his last words. Six hours later, as the old clock was striking nine, he fell asleep."

All that was mortal of the composer was laid to rest in the Rand family tomb in the old Phipps burying-ground in Charlestown, the same where repose the ashes of Symmes, Harvard, the Shepards, father and son, Morton, Bradstreet, Stevens and other noted men of Charlestown. The Rand-Holden tomb is underground and not easily located. Oliver Holden wanted no monument. None was needed to perpetuate his memory. That is embalmed in the hearts of all who are inspired by "Coronation." Mrs. Tyler has caused the obscure sepulchre to be marked, by placing in the brick wall a bronze tablet, on which may be read:

Here Sleeps the Sweet Singer,
Oliver Holden,
Composer of the TVNE *"Coronation."*
Born in Shirley, Sept. 18, 1765.
Died in Charlestown, Sept. 4, 1844.
To his dear memory this tablet is placed
by his granddaughter.
"All hail the power of Jesus' name,
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all."

The old parish of Shirley, now the Unitarian Society, has caused to be erected in its meeting-house a bronze tablet, on which the features of the honored son of the town are represented in bas-relief, together with a suitable inscription to his memory.

Oliver Holden's fame will never die as long as mortals raise their voices in praise to the tune "Coronation."



A STEPSON OF NEW ENGLAND.

By Joseph M. Rogers.



EW ENGLAND is loved and honored by her children. Proud of their heritage, they have been faithful to her traditions, and she is justified of them. They have gone forth to conquer, and have kept her banners unfurled. They have sounded her praises until her name has gone out through all the earth.

What other sections think of New England is also pretty well known. The positiveness characteristic of her has sometimes provoked antagonisms; but I do not dwell on them. They have never robbed New England of what is justly hers. What one descended on one side from New England—so to speak, a stepson of New England—thinks of her is not so commonly divulged, and it may not be without interest. I probably represent many thousands of those whose inheritance runs back to New England, but whose lines have been cast in other places. As there are more Irish in America than in Ireland, so there are more New Englanders beyond its borders than now dwell within them, and if the exiles do not look upon their mother section as do those to the manner born, they yet have an interest in her that is very deep. I propose to give the ideas of a stepson in regard to New England during youth as possibly of some interest to those who have never left the home. My belief is that New England blood tells even to the third and fourth generations. These impressions were all derived as a stranger, for I have made few journeys to New England—only one—until after reaching man's estate.

My grandfather came of a long line of Connecticut deacons. He inherited his theology from Jonathan Edwards and his business principles from sources now extinct. He was a merchant in Litchfield County, Connecticut, a neighbor of the Beechers, and one of the supporters of the boarding school at Cornwall for the education of the Hawaiian youth. One of my early recollections is of finding in my father's library a thin, dilapidated book with a title I could not read. My grandfather, who lived with us, told me it was the story of Henry Oobookiah, the first Hawaiian convert to Christianity. He told me his history, and it gave me an interest in Hawaiian affairs which has lasted to this day and made me furious over much in the policy of our government in regard to that nation in 1893.

My grandfather was a man of substance, extensively engaged in the manufacture of buckskin gloves and the like. A business partner, who bought skins in the West, put up a little game—the ungodly in some places call it a "Yankee trick"—on my grandfather, so that the firm was embarrassed. Though my grandfather could have escaped doing so, he paid all the debts of the firm of three members out of his private resources, and found himself at forty-five with only a few thousand dollars. Like many others before and since, he then resolved to start life anew in the Ohio Western Reserve, at the time almost a Connecticut colony. My father, who was ready to enter Yale, having prepared at Stockbridge, went West with a heavy heart, for he had set great store by a college education, and Ohio then seemed about as far off as Alaska does today. My youthful days were regaled with the story of this trip by the Erie Canal and Lake Erie to Cleveland, and I looked on my father

as a veritable Marco Paulo. My grandfather settled at Oberlin, where the college had a reputation exceeding any in the West for scholarship and any anywhere for notoriety, since it was a hotbed of the anti-slavery agitation. There were two important features about Oberlin College: it was a cheap place to get an education, and it was open to both sexes. The atmosphere was exceedingly religious, the college being under the presidency of Rev. Charles G. Finney, the most noted evangelist of his day, and it was accounted a safe place to send young people. It was there that my father met my mother, a Philadelphia Quakeress (New Englanders would never call them Friends), and in due process of time Puritan and Quakeress were wedded. My father was a strong anti-slavery man, but not of the Garrison wing. He believed in prayer and the ballot box, and looked to the Lord to bring about His purpose in His own good time. How many New England people remember the bitterness between the Garrison wing and the Birney wing? The former was most radical and violent in his theories, while the latter deprecated incendiary methods. Soon after his marriage, my father, then a clergyman, made a visit to central Kentucky, to that portion just south of the rich blue grass plantations, then as now populated by the descendants of the original Virginians, who came over the mountains more than a century ago. Here was a considerable population of the finest physical specimens of manhood the country has produced. In spirit they were like the Swiss mountaineers. Neither they nor their ancestors had ever come into contact with an effete civilization. Their wants were few and easily supplied. The earth yielded of her fruits, and the fruits yielded limited linen for homespun shirts and apple-jack for unlimited consumption. Here the first Kentucky jeans were made in looms older than the "Mayflower." The mountaineer blacksmith made the rifles that did service in every war since Boone first trod the dark and bloody ground. A log hut was the Kentuckian's castle, while nature furnished him abundant food. He was a giant in strength, chivalrous in conduct, quick in choler and swift in revenge. The clansmen of Scotland were not bound together more closely than the families in Kentucky, whose feuds carry on their devastating work to this day. A horse and a rifle were his necessaries of existence; hunting and revivals his amusements. It was a good race of its kind, but sequestered in the mountain valleys it had let civilization run far beyond it. Of education there was but little. Books and newspapers there were none, and if the traveling parson could read his Bible he furnished all the mental stimulus the community received, except an occasional stump speeech in an exciting campaign. To have heard Henry Clay speak was a liberal education.

My father, with the true New England instinct, saw that these people needed education. He found among the youth a desire for knowledge which there was no opportunity to satisfy, and he resolved to found an academy where something besides the three R's could be learned. On the last ridge of the Cumberland mountains he pitched his tents, and laid in the wilderness the foundation of what is today a prosperous college. Professor Shaler of Harvard, in his recent work on Kentucky, has spoken of the wonderful geological characteristics of the state. From this knoll, built of lower measures of the Carboniferous age, the strata dropped in two miles northward through the upper and lower Silurian ages, the latter's soft limestone being the basis of the wonderful fertility of the Blue Grass country. To the south the mountains showed a remarkable number of outcroppings of the Carboniferous measures rich in coal and fossil remains, particularly on one peak which is the highest point of land from Cumberland Gap to Lake Erie. But I am digressing.

If that well meaning but misguided man, John Brown, had not undertaken unaided a task which it took a good many million people four years to perform, I should have been born a Kentuckian, but in getting ahead of his future, he deprived me of that privilege. My father's academy was an instant success. Not only youth but grown men flocked to the log cabin, where he taught not only the rudiments, but algebra, chemistry, Greek and Latin. It was the marvel of that age. The thirst for knowledge was remarkable among a totally unlettered people, although the older heads were doubtful of the new learning and had a great prejudice against a man who did not drink whiskey. All good Baptist preachers did that, though some had preached a restriction of one barrel each year to a family, and were known as "Forty Gallon Baptists." They were not popular. Looking southward to the mountains my father could see nothing but free soil. To the northward, on the fairest acres in God's earth, lay miles of plantations tilled by a happy-go-lucky race of negroes, who were content with their lot, for they were seldom abused and always well fed. When it was known that my father was a friend of Harriet Beecher Stowe, it provoked a prejudice against him among the slave-holding population; but they sent their sons to his school, as there was none other like it in the county. But after John Brown's raid there grew up a feeling that under cover of education my father was carrying on an anti-slavery propaganda. My father, while fixed in his views, as became a Puritan, was discreet, but some of his associates were less so. Some goods shipped from the North were opened at the county seat for fear they were Sharpe's rifles, and the first glance at some candle-moulds so far confirmed the suspicion that the goods were nearly confiscated. I do not think my father ever fired a gun or a revolver in his life, and as for stirring up the slaves to escape or to insurrection — why, he was a disciple of Birney. But the suspicion grew that he was a confederate of John Brown, and it was resolved that he must go. At a mass meeting one County Court day, sixty men, "the best in the county," which is the oldest in the state, were appointed a committee to notify my father and his associates to leave Kentucky in ten days or decorate the tree in front of the academy. An appeal to Governor Magoffin proving useless, the little caravan moved on Christmas Day, 1859, my parents taking their two infants on horseback forty miles to the nearest railway station. And so it came that my parents crossed the Ohio and settled a few miles from General Grant's birthplace.

Three days before the shot fired on Sumter ushered in the greatest conflict of modern times, I was born as one out of due season on a strange soil on the north bank of the Ohio. If I live to be eighty, I shall take great pride in telling how I was born before the Civil War, though I hope I shall not be expected to give many personal reminiscences of it. These are confined to being badly scared at the time of one of John Morgan's raids, when that gallant freebooter entered the village and found that every man above fifteen years, except two pensioners of the War of 1812, had gone twenty miles away to prevent him from crossing the river. On that occasion my mother buried two teaspoons which came over on the "Mayflower" and a tablespoon given one of her remote ancestors by Letitia Penn; and those treasures remain unto this day. My other recollection of the war is more cheerful. On my fourth birthday I was given a "party." While regaling myself and friends with lemonade and seed cake on the lawn that evening, I was surprised to see the whole village population gather in front of our house, and with banners waving and loud hussas calling for my father, who made a speech, which seemed to please them immensely. I felt touched at the

honor done me and believed I deserved it. I have an indistinct recollection of hearing some talk about Lee surrendering and the war being over, but I took no interest in it. My birthday was April 9, 1865, but that fell on Sunday, so it was celebrated the next day. It was then the news of Appomatox arrived.

I do remember the next Sunday. I was taken to church as usual, and was about to regale myself with the usual caraway-seed cakes after the long prayer, when someone rushed in with a newspaper in his hands and cried out "Lincoln's dead!" I shall never forget the scene which followed. The church was crowded, and my father was to preach a sermon of thanksgiving at the conclusion of the war. There was silence for a short time, and then everyone burst out crying. I cried too, lustily. I had heard of Lincoln ever since I could remember, and had drunk in admiration for him with my mother's milk. In fact I had an idea he and Jesus Christ were much the same, and I was badly scared when I heard he was dead. Then my father read from the pulpit the full account of the tragedy, which leaves no impression on my memory, but I do remember the looks of agony on everyone's face. Men's hearts failed for fear. It seemed as if the war must be fought over, and we were right on the border land. Young as I was these impressions endure to this day.

The war being over, my father returned to Kentucky and reopened his academy, now dignified by the name of college. The students came trooping back, many of them young men wearing army uniforms. I was put into the lowest class, and had mastered the alphabet (they taught us our letters in those unregenerate days) and had proceeded in McGuffey's First Reader to the chapter beginning "Ned, can you hop so far?" when a very exciting event took place. There were something over one hundred and fifty students in the large room one morning, when two wee mites appeared and asked to go to school. In ten seconds the room was empty and the young men and women were flying in all directions. I think some of them are running yet. Now new students came nearly every day, but there was a marked peculiarity about these two: they were colored! Like a true New Englander, my father decided that as God had "made of one blood all nations to dwell on the earth," the little freedmen should be admitted, and he was not a little astonished on asking the boy's name to learn that it was Napoleon Bonaparte, while his sister, black as Erebus, rejoiced in the name of Dove. This, I believe, was the first time that colored children ever entered a white school in the South. It nearly broke up the institution. Some students returned, but more did not, while blacks took their places. Today it is the only college in the country where whites and blacks of both sexes attend in nearly equal proportions. Even the mountaineers who had fought for the Union did not believe in "nigger equality," and the years that followed were full of trials. The Ku-Klux came to entertain us; but though they fired at the house they never molested my father. Some of them had gone to the school before the war, and no one who ever knew my father wanted to harm him.*

While a child I was never tired of hearing my father tell of his boyhood days in New England — of snowdrifts twenty feet deep, of swimming in the river, of Thanksgiving days where there were one hundred pies, and so on, until I felt that my father was a very foolish man to leave such a delightful place, to come and live in the wilderness.

It was Thanksgiving day in 1865 when we reached our Kentucky home. Even then I knew what the day meant,

* In the March, 1897, number of the *New England Magazine* Rev. W. E. Barton in an article on "The Cumberland Mountains" gave a full history of this institution, Berea College, which has largely been sustained by New England generosity.

and I was greatly disappointed to learn that we were to have no turkey; and when I found that Kentuckians did not celebrate Thanksgiving at all, I conceived a very low opinion of them. But the next year and ever afterward we celebrated in true New England style, and the whole neighborhood caught the infection.

With the arrival of my grandfather, who came to live with us soon after our reaching Kentucky, my more distinct impressions of New England begin. He was then well past sixty, a clean-shaven, sparely-built gentleman of the old school. His face in repose was stern, looking very much like portraits of Andrew Jackson. But there the resemblance ended. He was a reserved man, but had a most loving nature and a pretty wit. He walked slowly, was methodical in all his ways, but was possessed of old-time notions about bringing boys up to work. My father was a scholar, and his ambitions for his children were in that direction. We all learned paradigms of Greek verbs before we were out of dresses. Immersed in his college work, my father was not a hard task-master, and we grew up with a greater tendency to play than to hoe corn. This my grandfather set about correcting. He rented an adjoining field of five acres, on which was the thickest undergrowth of shrubs the country contained. Four of us were set to work to grub it. My grandfather was a task-master, but a just one. He paid us five cents an hour for our work, but he expected value received. Compared with the work I have done in recent years, I value my services in that field at about sixty dollars per day. Then we planted corn, and potatoes of both varieties. I have never liked sweet potatoes, and I attribute it to the fact that there was a drouth that summer and we were obliged to water the sweet potato "settings" twice a day. The water supply was about sixty rods distant, and my grandfather had liberal ideas as to the amount of water each plant required. There were no pedometers in those days, but my recollection is that we used to walk about thirty miles a day carrying pails of water which mysteriously spilled about half before we reached the patch.

Now my father, who was a poor husbandman, was strict in his ideas of study, and watched our record in classes as closely as grandfather did the potato patch. We used to feel terribly abused between the two; but I now believe that we did less work than we should and played too much. But the boy has erroneous views on the subject. My grandfather bought two fine cows, and the amount of milk they produced astonished the neighborhood. He always cooked their food, gave them warm water to drink in winter, and nearly drove the cook to distraction. The cows were milked three times a day, and what we could not use, give away or sell at six cents a gallon, was given to the pigs. I think the milk must have cost twelve cents a quart. My grandfather always retired early and rose at three A. M. He for some reason conceived a special fondness for me, and showed it by getting me up at the same hour, when I was allowed to churn the butter. When the corn began to grow, my grandfather got out his cultivator; and woe to the weed that dare show itself! One of us used to ride the horse while my grandfather held the handles. He is the only man I ever knew who could cultivate a stony field and keep all the commandments intact. Did you ever ride a horse up and down the rows under a blazing sun? If there is any more monotonous work in the world I have yet to find it. My elder brother revolted at ancient methods, and when assigned to this disagreeable duty, put a saddle on the horse, held an umbrella in one hand and a book in the other. This combination disgusted my grandfather completely, and my brother was relieved of further duty in this line, to my own particular sorrow. My grandfather practised the New England method of grinding edged tools. We had a large grind-

stone, and my grandfather prided himself on keeping his tools sharp. He never seemed tired, but immediately after dinner would suggest that the axe was dull, and he would grind it "a spell." He bore hard, as became a Yankee, and the task of sharpening seemed endless. He would stop and examine it every little while, and I would look up in joyous anticipation of its being sharp enough; but seemingly it never was. A few years of this sort of work gave us all some excellent lessons in application. It was genuine New England training, and it did us a great deal of good. The neighbors used to laugh at my grandfather because it cost him more to raise "truck" than to buy it, and blamed him for making the boys work, in strong contrast to the shiftless habits of the Southerners. But I fancy he knew what he was doing and that it was for our moral well being that the corn and potatoes were raised and other tasks performed under circumstances that used to make us think of the Israelites in Egypt. I do not want it understood that he was a harsh man. On the contrary, he was love itself; but he had some shrewd Yankee sense, and if to-day I can sit down at a trying piece of work and keep at it uninterruptedly till I finish, I owe it to my grandfather who taught me what work was. And indeed the lesson was worth the toil, which produced little else, since stray cows and adventurous pigs usually robbed us of the just reward of our labor.

My grandfather took the "Weekly Tribune," the "Independent," and a paper issued by Dr. Jackson at Danville, N. Y., the headquarters of hydropathy, in which my grandfather was an ardent believer. I know of nothing more beautiful than his faith in Horace Greeley. He had read the "Weekly Tribune" since its first issue. He not only believed in the "Tribune," but he believed Horace Greeley, who was in all things his guide, counsellor and friend, as he was to so many others. We shall never have his like again. Whatever the "Tribune" said was law. When it said that corn should not be hilled, my grandfather would have felt himself a traitor to have hilled his corn. When the "Tribune" said that corn should be hilled, my grandfather hilled his corn religiously without question. Indeed, for more than thirty years he followed Horace Greeley around in all his vagaries, during which time he was on all sides of many questions, but my grandfather's faith in him never wavered, and he would not allow that he was ever inconsistent. One summer day, in 1872, my father came home from the post office and asked my grandfather, who was standing on the porch, whom he supposed the Democrats had nominated for the presidency. After one or two wrong guesses, my father said, "Horace Greeley." My grandfather looked at him in amazement. "Horace Greeley!" he exclaimed, and sat down as if he had been shot. He brooded over it for days. It was the hardest blow he had ever received. He had voted for Birney for president, but had followed the "Tribune" in its anti-slavery teachings, had made sacrifices for his convictions, had given of his means to prosecute the war, which he believed to be of God's ordination to wipe out slavery. He had hated Democracy with a perfect hatred for its slavery views; and after all this for Horace Greeley to turn traitor was more than he could stand; it almost shook his faith in humanity. When election time came he hesitated long, and finally cast his vote for Grant. It was the hardest political duty of his life.

Soon after this he began to grow feeble. Bronchitis, a New England inheritance, set in, and we all knew that the winter was his last. His mind reverted to earlier scenes, and he told us of his father's career in the Revolution, of his own recollections of the War of 1812, and of how they feared Napoleon would come here after Waterloo. He was a very religious man, though little given to talking of

it. He was a deacon all his adult years, and he loved to tell us of old New England days when the sermons were long and there was no fire. He told us of the Pilgrims and their struggles, of his own ancestors, who had been God-fearing men. He read the Bible constantly, and encouraged us to learn chapters by heart. We were all brought up to read two chapters a day, and my father was always careful to see we understood what we read, but grandfather wanted us to learn it by heart, and most of our pocket money came in this way as a reward for doing it. As the end drew near, this blameless man was perplexed with doubts and fears. Jonathan Edwards was a great and good man, but I fear his theology has not been an unmixed good. The terrors of Jehovah, the God of wrath, who was angry with the wicked every day, and the doctrine of original sin were more in evidence in the old New England theology than the God of mercy and love. Weighed down with a feeling of his shortcomings, my grandfather drew to his end full of gloomy forebodings; but the light came through at last. His was the only deathbed I ever attended, and I have never been so impressed. Just before the end the clouds burst, and it seemed as if the radiance from God's face was reflected in his; he died so peacefully, so happy, that it was long before any of us could even weep. I hope I have learned that the end of the righteous is peace, and that old New England theology was better than it pretended to be.

But my ideas of New England were not gathered from my grandfather alone. We took the *Atlantic Monthly, Our Young Folks* and the *Youths' Companion.* I learned to read all three together. My father's culture was distinctively that of New England. He believed in literature next to religion It seemed to us at the time a hardship to be forbidden the weekly story papers then in vogue and the yellow-covered novels. I do not regret it now. At an age when children are now reading fairy tales and trashy novels we were imbibing the classics. We began to study Latin and Greek almost in infancy. We were given standard authors on week days, but on Sunday the Bible, Sunday school books—the worst sort of trash, which we wouldn't read—and a few other books were all we were allowed. My father kept the New England Sabbath as he had done when a boy; and a very good Sabbath it was. We also took, I should say, the New York *Evening Post,* and with the other publications referred to we were not wanting in good current literature. The first continued story I read was "Winning His Way." I have read it twenty times since, and still maintain it is the healthiest, most interesting book ever written for boys. When the other day I read in the newspaper that Charles Carlton Coffin was dead, I felt as if I had lost a personal friend.

My grandfather, like most New England men of his day, had taught school. In his old age he took this up as a missionary work. In the summer vacation he had always one or more young colored men under his instruction. His methods were of the ancient time and very simple. He knew nothing of the relation of the percept to the concept, and was ignorant of all the modern methods which seem so essential. I have been in touch with schools all my life, and at this day when I hear learned discourses on teaching and watch the actual practice in the schools, I wonder how we ever learned anything at all in the days when we ciphered through Ray's Third Part Arithmetic by set rules, learned the multiplication table, and spelled down twice a day. Somehow I must be prejudiced, for I cannot see that the rising generation is so much better fitted for work in the world than past ones. My grandfather followed the good old rule, and he was an excellent tutor. Nothing short of perfection suited him. He would work hours each day over the freedmen, but they had to work in the gar-

den an equal number. That was his New England principle. He would have worked twice as hard over a lame or sick man for nothing, for his generosity knew no bounds, but the able-bodied man must get his education in the sweat of his brow. He made but one failure. A mulatto named Andrew was one of the most earnest seekers after knowledge I have ever known. He was a man grown, had served in war, and was one of the few who escaped from the Fort Pillow massacre. He had a great desire for an education, and my grandfather made a specialty of him for six months, during which time Andrew made the best garden we ever had, and learned nothing at all worth mentioning. How well I remember lying on the piazza in the sultry afternoons watching the orioles and mocking birds in the trees in delicious idleness, while my grandfather inside struggled with Andrew over the simplest rudiments. He had almost no memory or perceptive qualities, for each day was a repetition of the one before, until my grandfather would retire to his room in disgust to get himself composed for another struggle. At such times he would use his strongest expression, which was: "I'll venture a fourteen thankee he has no brains at all!" My grandfather believed in education of the most liberal kind; but he believed in labor, too, not only as a means of revenue, but as a moral force in the world not to be replaced by anything else. Labor was not only dignified and honorable, but a necessity, and he toiled as long as he could, though possessed of means enough to live in comfort without it, and his toil was mostly for others and without direct personal benefit.

When I was about ten years old there was a gathering of New England relatives at our home. I was much impressed with the differences between these people and our Southern neighbors. My grandfather's sister and husband remained and bought a farm in the neighborhood. They made a sensation by introducing New England methods of agriculture. Ensilage was a subject concerning which there was as much ignorance in our neighborhood as there was of the binomial theorem. My great-uncle knew all about it and practised it to the amazement of his neighbors. He used the first improved agricultural machinery, and I was sent to him to spend long summer vacations for my health. I should judge that I rode horse about a million miles in three summers, to my intense disgust, for I was intensely interested in Hawthorne and Dickens just then and would rather have given the time to them. My great-uncle's ideas of labor consisted in rising at sunrise and grooming horses until breakfast at six, working until dark, and grooming the horses again until nine or ten. The neighbors all said that his horses were better cared for than his family; but this was an error. They did not understand why horses should be fed on linseed cake and curried, rubbed and blanketed with as much care as a man gets at a Turkish bath. They used to sit on the fence and discuss these things at great length and aver solemnly that my great-uncle was a fool. They had run farms for years; the soil was rich, and though they no longer had slaves they could hire freedmen as cheap as it used to cost to keep them. They supplied all their wants—which were few—easily, and were never worried, while my great-uncle used to work early and late, never went to the county seat on court day, and worked all Saturday. Moreover, he would not go fox-hunting. They conceived him to be a degenerate man, and had no sympathy for him. They were always attributing some ulterior motive to him; but they borrowed seed corn or his mowing machine regularly. Although his crops were the best in the neighborhood, and he made money rapidly where they made an easy living, they conceived a poor opinion of him.

His greatest trouble was with his

help. He paid better wages than anyone else, but could not get the natives to work as he wanted. The colored men would stop the most urgent work to chase a rabbit for an hour, and Saturday work was a farce. Almost nightly coon-hunts interfered with next day's work. White help was little better. Such as could be secured at all wanted to work in the Kentucky way; and finally this led to my great-uncle leaving Kentucky in disgust. At one time he held Farmers' Institutes and lectured on drainage, ensilage, rotation of crops, improvements in machinery, and the necessity of better seed and improved stock. All this fell on desert soil. These farmers were on the Blue Grass side of the village, and might have grown rich if they had followed this good advice. Nothing, however, was more apparent than that they did not want to get rich. As for farming, they had grown up on lands cultivated since the days of Daniel Boone. They used mules and old bull-tongue plows to cultivate their corn and tobacco, as all their ancestors had done. They had fine blooded horses, but these were for riding or racing only. As to cattle, the bigger plantations raised them for shipment, and milch cows were at a discount. There was not a good dairy farm in the neighborhood. Some of these men were accounted rich according to current standards, and they objected to the revolutionary methods of my great-uncle. They held that to do as he suggested would reduce them to a little better state than slavery, for which money was no compensation.

I now perceive a clash of two philosophies in all this, which had for bases two entirely distinct moral, social and political cults; and they represented the differences between two sections of the country which had existed from the beginning. Thousands of Northern men who went South after the war to rejuvenate that section found too late that the revolution could not be accomplished against social, climatic and hereditary influences. That there was a complete misunderstanding between the two sections for generations there is no longer any doubt—nor that it was sincere on both sides. Moreover it was impossible that military subjugation could change Southern ideas. The North made a great mistake in assuming that it would. The Roundhead Puritan stock that settled New England had certain views of life to begin with. These were increased by the sterility of the soil and the rigors of the climate. It was work or starve and freeze—and nature always provides for the perpetuation of the species. The New Englanders raised poor crops of grain, but a great harvest of men. The Cavalier settled on the rich fields of the South, where nature yielded bountifully at the slightest effort. The climate begat lassitude, while the system of slavery developed a belief that labor was degrading, and those who were compelled to work did as little as possible, and enjoyed the chase, the pipe, and too often whiskey, as much as they could. Leadership was reserved to the wealthy or to the lawyers. The masses not only did not want to lead, but attached themselves by choice to local leaders, in whom they took great pride.

On the great plantations in Kentucky were grown corn and rye for neighboring distilleries, tobacco and hemp, mules for the southern market and Devon cattle for the North. These planters were wealthy and constituted the aristocracy of the section. The soil was so rich from the constant flow of water up through the lower Silurian limestone beds of disintegrated layers which came within two or three feet of the surface, that they yielded rich returns even with slipshod methods of cultivation. But the smaller farmers were not so well situated. They made a good living according to their standards, worked little, and worried none whatever. They were contented, and they viewed my great-uncle with distrust because he was always working and worrying.

Besides he was opposed on principle to whiskey and tobacco; and with such views they had no sympathies whatever. Recently I revisited that section after an absence of nearly twenty years. I was dumbfounded to find that there had scarcely been a change of any kind. The men looked no older, the houses were the same, and the farms the same. Moreover, everyone seemed as contented as ever. When I expostulated with some of them over the lack of progress, I was asked whether among the people of the East there was more contentment, whether they have any more of their wishes gratified. I was obliged to say no, but did not feel called upon to add that their condition would not be endured by Northern people for a day. They would have misunderstood such a remark.

I grew up believing that the finest farms were in New England, and that every boy went to college and every girl to a seminary. This idea was not fully dispelled until a few years ago, when I made my first trip through New England. Although I had read a great deal about the "abandoned farms," I hardly expected to see agriculture at such a low ebb, or such enormous crops of stone fences. I no longer wondered why New England people worked. While I found that education was more highly esteemed than anywhere else, I was surprised to find that no longer could poor young men get an education as in my grandfather's days, when two hundred dollars a year was ample at Yale. Recent articles by educators on the cost of an education at Yale and Harvard have somewhat lowered my esteem for New England's educational views. At the college I attended in the South, two hundred dollars a year was ample for all purposes, and its graduates would compare favorably, I think, with those of any New England college. One of them is pastor of one of Boston's largest Congregational churches, while others have made their mark in other walks of life. It is a shock to think that the great New England colleges are so largely for rich men's sons, while so many poor boys go West and South to get an education. Many of my college mates came from east of New York City. Whether an education at Yale or Harvard or Amherst is worth more than one at the smaller Western and Southern colleges is a matter of opinion on which I have decided views, but any college education is better than none.

I grew up in an educational atmosphere redolent with the classics. Greek and Latin were compulsory to the end of the junior year. Mathematics, modern langages and ethics were important, but natural science was not so well taught as now. There was no attempt at individualism. We were all sent through the same course in the expectation of future study in whatever profession or pursuit we adopted. Nowadays each student pursues his own way under slight restrictions. Which is the better system is a matter of opinion, and I suppose the proof will come in twenty years when the crop is fully harvested; but it is hard to think of a man with a college education who knows more of football than he does of the classics, though he may know a great deal of many equally desirable subjects. Many of our professors came from New England, and they were men of rare culture and entertained lofty views of life. I am willing to set over against two-thirds of the advantages a great college affords the benefit which the student at the small college gets from personal intimacy with his professors. Personally I think this advantage outweighs all the others, but am willing to acknowledge one-third as a subject for legitimate debate. New England has furnished a host of professors for Western and Southern colleges. Most of them have been upright, intelligent men, who have sought to impart not only knowledge, but wisdom as well. The number is legion of young men who have been helped more outside the class-room than in it by the men

who have devoted themselves to teaching.

Nine years ago I was preparing for my first pilgrimage to New England, when I went to hear Henry Ward Beecher lecture. The theme concerned the condition of Europe. He looked badly, spoke with effort, and seemed to be suffering pain. Near the close of his lecture he mentioned the New England Sabbath. He paused for a long time, and cast his eyes up as if lost in thought. I feared he would fall, and felt nervous. Finally he began to speak with the fluency and rich imagery of his earlier days. He forgot his subject entirely, and launched forth into an apostrophe to the New England Sabbath, which was one of the most beautiful things I have ever heard. He spoke of the days of his youth, when the simple customs prevailed, when labor ceased at sundown of Saturday. I cannot attempt a description of his words, but they were a defence of the Sabbath from the aspersions commonly cast upon it in this day. He spoke of the influence of that old-time Sabbath which had spread throughout the world, and held it as one of the country's best institutions. The golden words fell swiftly from his lips, and the audience which had become impatient before was electrified. I have often wished that those words could have been preserved, for a more beautiful tribute to the New England people was never given. Coming back to his lecture, he became labored again, and soon closed abruptly. I think it was his last lecture, for in a few weeks he was dead.

This personal narrative is too long. It is only an attempt to hint at how New England influences exert themselves beyond its borders. I have come to have not only an affection for my father's native country, but to feel a birthright in it. I have learned to reverence its great men, scholars, theologians, statesmen. I have learned to admire its tenacity for what is morally right, and to feel the strength of its position in education and culture. It is nearly twenty years since I left the South for a ten years' *wanderjahr* in the West. Wherever I went I found New England people, and wherever I found New England people I found friends. Where I found most culture, most regard for the good, the true and the beautiful, I found that New England influences predominated; and though for ten years I have lived in my mother's own city, where there is as much culture, as much love for the good and the true and the beautiful, I have found it less aggressive and less potent than in the far East. No section has a monopoly of the virtues or faults of civilization; perhaps all have their equal share; but that New England has made more use of its talent for the general good, will, I think, be the verdict of those whose horizon is not bound by their immediate environment. Even a stepson may partake of the goodly heritage of those who faced without faltering the blasts of winter, the venom of the savage, and the dark forests of an unknown region that they might worship God after the dictates of their own conscience. Yes, it may descend to generations yet unborn, when the centre of population shall have crossed the Mississippi.

THE BYLES GIRLS.

By Henry Ames Blood.

WHY need one ask of this or that,—
If they were short, or tall and stately,
Or if they walked or stood or sat
Forever calmly and sedately?
A theme it is that much concern
And speculation would be lost on,
For is it not enough to learn
These maiden ladies lived in Boston?

Or is it quite worth while to name
The street they dwelt in, — though I know it?
But, ah, the house! it was the same
That opened to the punster-poet,
The Reverend Doctor Mather Byles;
And while he lived there, and long after,
Was seasoned to the very tiles
With Byles's wit and Byles's laughter.

O, could we know the special puns
The Doctor made when those mad yeomen
Trained on the town their rebel guns,
And kept in awe both friends and foemen!
For surely to that dismal time
Of sighs and tears and revolution
The daintiest gift in pungent rhyme
Was this good parson's contribution.

And while the British had their way
Around about that haughty city,
One might have seen most any day
Where lived this man so wise and witty,
No less than Percy on his horse,
Or, lifting the sonorous knocker,
Great Howe and Gage, who came of course
To call upon the famous talker;

Or spied indeed these lovely girls,
From many a summer stroll returning,
With love and light upon their curls
And in their hearts the old-time yearning;
Still followed by their red-coat beaux
All gay in epaulettes and sashes,—
Ah me, as everybody knows,
Long since turned into dust and ashes!

Or seen them on their balcony,
Where, also sitting in their grand way,
Still other maids of high degree
Had come to hear Lord Percy's band play;
Or on a Sunday in their place,
While the good Doctor, not omitting
The Royal Family, sued for grace
In terms which he believed most fitting.

Strange the same years that plowed so wide
The lines of care in other faces,
From these fair maidens turned aside,
Except to grace them with new graces;
Until the Doctor said good-bye
To mortal wit and pun forever
And, gazing far, uplifted high
His sail upon the silent river.

In that same house where long agone
The Doctor's quirks amazed all comers,
His daughters now lived on and on,
I dare not say how many summers;
And, swerving not to left nor right
In matters of old ceremonial,
Even went to church completely dight
In costume of the times Colonial.

The quips and cranks their father loved
These maids expended little thought on,
But owned, indeed, they liked instead
The works of Hooker and of Cotton,
The tomes of Willard and the rest,
And lore of witchcraft even better,
And used to show with special zest
Wise Thomas Brattle's well-known letter.

And so in full content their gaze
Dwelt all alone on ancient history,
With not a glance upon the days
Unshrouded yet in mist and mystery;
And not a bowl and not a cup
But dated back ere Dryden flourished,
And all their hearth-fires lighted up
The visions of a past they nourished.

Their pictured tiles with much ado
Told tales from Genesis and Numbers;
Their andirons, it is said, were new
In times of Christopher Columbus;
Their bellows had blown many a blast
In Cromwell's days of revolution;
Their very tongs had stood aghast
When Charles was led to execution.

And so those maiden hearts of theirs
Beat calmly on through all mischances,
Even as the old clock on their stairs,
And cared no more for modern fancies;
And when the end was come at last,
They smiled upon the falling curtain
And, still confiding in the past,
Saw things uncertain change to certain.

NATHANIEL EMMONS AND MATHER BYLES.

By James R. Gilmore ("Edmund Kirke").

MANY who are so fortunate as to be able to trace their pedigree to a Puritan ancestry entertain the idea that their pious progenitors were a lugubrious race, continually mourning their sins and brooding so constantly on the terrors of another life as never to enjoy a healthy laugh in this one. This may have been true of the generation which knew the witchcraft horror. If we think of the original band that landed at Plymouth, there was certainly little in their barren and wintry surroundings to excite cheerful emotions. While every second one of them was dying of cold or starvation, it would be somewhat strange if the faces of the survivors did not at least assume gravity, and they cast longing glances towards an invisible country, where Indian corn is not a necessity of human existence. But the immediate descendants of the founders of New England were not subjected to such rigorous environment, and neither history nor tradition obliges us to believe that they inherited, along with the other virtues of their heroic fathers, a sorrowful countenance. I know the opposite to be true in respect to the Puritans of the succeeding century; for several of those old worthies were friends of my boyhood, and a jollier set of old gentlemen it would be hard to find.

Among those merry octogenarians whom I knew was that great light of New England theology, Dr. Nathaniel Emmons. My first recollections of him are of a period when he was fast approaching his ninetieth year and, having relinquished preaching, was accustomed to while away a considerable portion of his time in social visits among his friends and old cronies. In the pulpit he was reputed to have been grave and solemn, as became one charged with a weighty message to his fellows; but out of it at the time of which I speak, he was a perpetual fountain of droll aphorism, witty repartee, and amusing anecdote, which, boy as I was, would often set me into convulsions of laughter.

Though my grandfather was not a church member and occasionally, like George Washington, indulged in "strong language," he had sat under the droppings of Dr. Emmons's sanctuary for upward of fifty years, and a friendship had grown up between the two old gentlemen much like that between David and Jonathan. The consequence was that when the venerable theologian was released from clerical duty he became a frequent visitor at my grandfather's house; and I was allowed to listen while the two sat by the hour together joking and telling droll stories. Once I sat by when a neighbor inquired of the Doctor why he came so often to my grandfather's, to the neglect of his other old parishioners. His answer was: "Are we not told to leave the ninety and nine in the wilderness, and to go after the one sheep that is lost. The Elder here has gone astray, and I am trying to win him back to the safe fold of Calvinism." The point of which was that, all of fifty years before, the worthy doctor had himself leaped the Calvinistic fence and strayed into what were then thought to be "forbidden pastures." When I was a mere scrap of a boy I asked him one day why he always addressed my grandsire as "Elder," when he was not an elder. "Because, my son," he answered, "he ought to be one; but he will say 'damn,' and if we made him an elder in right down

earnest we should all be damned together."

When I was about a dozen years old, and the venerable Doctor had just passed his ninetieth milestone, there was a family gathering at my grandfather's, to which all the children and grandchildren came from many miles around. The Doctor was one of the invited guests, and he was the life and soul of the occasion. His spirits were never known to fall below the freezing point, but at this time they rose to at least 212 degrees Fahrenheit, and infected the entire assemblage. At dinner he sat at one end of the long table, while my grandfather sat at the other, and there was a big bowl of punch before the latter; and how that punch did flow,—and how deftly the old gentleman handled the ladle,—and what a cracking of jokes there was, with the cracking of walnuts! The jokes by this time would be stale, could I repeat them,—and I cannot; but I well remember that towards the close of the repast the old Doctor asked the "Elder" if his fiddle was in tune for "Hi Betty Martin," and if we were to have a dance after dinner, and how he shouted with glee when he was answered in the affirmative.

This was a Puritan clergyman born in the middle of the 18th century. In my boyhood I knew a score of old gentlemen, not much younger than he, who took as cheerful a view of life, and enjoyed as keenly as he its innocent gayeties; and consequently I was long ago disabused of the notion that the forefathers of New England were all wearers of a lugubrious countenance. These recollections bring to my mind a shining example of the contrary, who dates at least a generation farther back than Dr. Emmons.

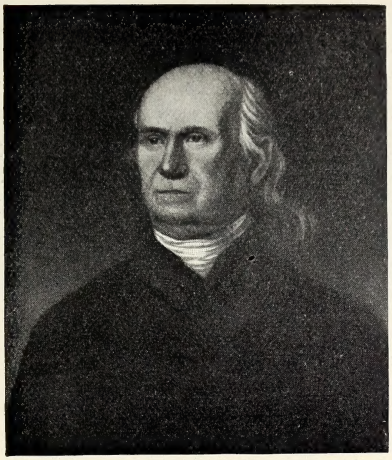
It was not long after the family gathering to which I have alluded that I was indentured to real life in the goodly town of Boston and became a member of the Mercantile Library Association. The Association was then in its prime, a genuine university for young men of business, with James T. Fields, Edwin P. Whipple and Daniel N. Haskell, afterward editor of the Boston *Transcript,* for its shining lights, and, a little later, George Francis Train, to supply the gas on every needed occasion. Among other things we had a debating club, and I remember that in the summer of my eighteenth year old Parson Mather Byles was one of the subjects under consideration, and I and another young fellow were assigned to defend the old Tory. I did not at all relish the appointment, and my colleague bluntly refused to act, saying that Byles was a brainless old renegade who went about cracking senseless jokes when he should have been defending his country. He could not, he said, be defended; and so thought every other one of the members,—and I was left to plead alone the cause of the incorrigible old Tory, in opposition to two of the best debaters in the club. The odds against me were great; but I concluded to face them, for with two against one, and that one on the wrong side of the question, it would not be much disgrace to be beaten. Still I thought I had a chance, seeing that my opponents would doubtless be over confident and poorly prepare themselves, while I should go to the bottom of the old renegade—explore his entire mental and moral nature for the good that was in him; and some good ought to be found in a brilliant Boston preacher, who was directly descended from Richard Mather and John Cotton.

I set about the exploration by first reading nearly all that the old parson had written, both in prose and verse, and also whatever had been published about him; and then, calling to mind that in my younger days I had often heard Dr. Emmons speak of Byles in a kindly way, I went down to Franklin and interviewed the old theologian. He was then a month or two past his ninety-fifth birthday, but his eye was as bright and his mind as

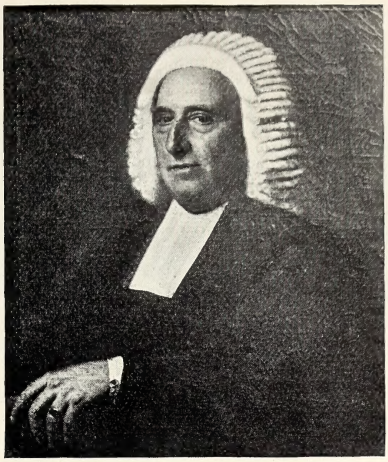
clear as many another man's of half his age. I remember that he recognized me at once, and his first words were: "Well, my son, the old Elder has got safely into the Kingdom. I feared a little that St. Peter would have a few oaths charged up against him; but I am persuaded that his uniformly good and kindly life blotted them all out, and he was let in without any difficulty."

I introduced the object of my visit by referring to the young clergyman who once applied to him for instruction as to how to write his sermons, and whom he had answered: "First have something to say; then say it." I told him that I was in a worse plight than the young preacher, for I neither knew what to say nor how to say it, and I hoped he would help me for the love he had borne my grandfather. Here he checked me by saying: "Why don't you say for the love I bear you?—for I have known you since you were a mere chunk of animated matter not larger than a piece of chalk."

This was early in 1840—more than fifty years ago; hence it will not be expected that I shall repeat his conversation verbatim; but I remember its substance distinctly, and can perhaps give it in words that will be characteristic of the grand old man who wore so worthily the mantle of Jonathan Edwards. When I told him that I had to speak in defence of Mather Byles, his eyes brightened and he exclaimed: "I wish I could stand in your shoes, my boy; for the Parson was one of my best friends, and I don't know but I owe more to him than to any other man I ever knew; for he it was who taught me never to preach what I did not fully believe, and that it is no certain mark of godliness to wear a sad countenance. In fact, he once told me that the genuine Christian denied his profession if he was not continually jolly; for, his 'calling and election' being sure, he had no occasion to feel any anxiety on any subject whatever. But I suspect that Byles's jollity was a good deal a thing of temperament. His wit bubbled up as naturally as spring water, and his witticisms kept Boston on a broad grin for all of half a century. You heard them repeated on the streets and at the most select dinner parties. They entitled him to a monument, because they promoted the public health by aiding the public digestion. But in defending the Parson you will be at a disadvantage, not merely on account of your having two opponents, but because of the prejudices of your audience; hence, you must get them with you at the earliest possible moment,—and the best way to do this with an audience of young men is by humorous anecdote. Suppose at the very outset you should say in a playful way that the gentleman who has preceded you is altogether in the dark about his subject—quite as much in the dark as was the old lady who on the occasion of the dark day in 1780 sent her son to Parson Byles to inquire the cause of the darkness,—to which he replied: 'My son, go back and tell your mother that I am quite as much in the dark as she is.' You might add that you were yourself in darkness until you had gone twenty-five miles to interview an old gentleman of ninety-five, who was the bosom friend of Parson Byles from 1770 until 1788, when he died; and that the old fellow, who still knows chalk from cheese, had assured you that Byles was one of the best and purest men who ever lived; that he was the friend and correspondent of Isaac Watts and Alexander Pope, and himself the writer of some of the best prose and verse of his time; and, moreover, had for forty-three years been the honored pastor of one of the largest, most refined and most intellectual of the Boston churches. Then, you might ask if such a man stood in need of any defence; did he not rather deserve the grateful regard of posterity? Having said this, do you quietly take your seat.



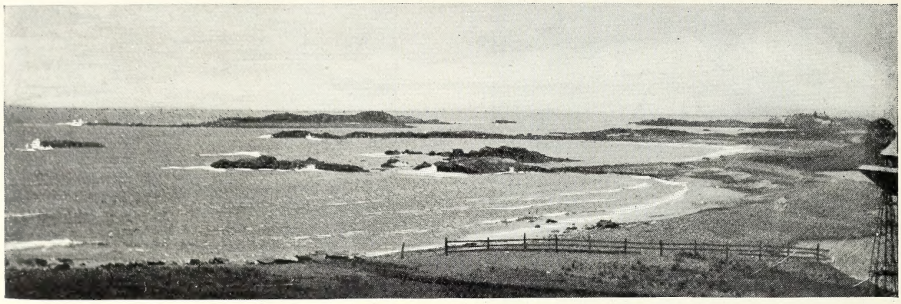
NATHANIEL EMMONS.



MATHER BYLES.

"Your second opponent will then pop up and say that you have altogether dodged the question; that you are entirely right in attributing intellectual ability and a high moral character to Parson Byles, but you have entirely ignored the flagrant fact that he was an unmitigated Tory, so open a Tory as to exclaim in unseemly glee when the British red-coats were marched into Boston: 'Ah! now our grievances will be red-dressed.' Then he will soar on the wings of the eagle. Let him soar—the higher the better. Sit you silent until he is out of breath; then rise and thank him for having saved you the trouble of repeating the fine things you had committed to memory about the star-spangled banner and the American rooster. Then you might say you had studied Olney's geography, and so knew our country to be bounded on the north by the aurora borealis, on the east by the rising sun, on the west by the horizon, and on the south by as far as you have a mind to go—which last will be pat for the present clamor about the annexation of Texas. Then add that without dispute the American eagle is the king of birds and a fit emblem of our great American Union. It is properly high treason to lift a hand against it; but is it a mortal offence to raise a laugh when it drops one of its tail-feathers; and what more than this did Parson Byles? And could a jolly old Puritan who had eyes to see through the humbug of things, do anything less? For I tell you, my boy, there was just as much humbug in politics seventy years ago as there is to-day; and throwing out Sam and John Adams and John Hancock and some few other leaders, the majority of our New England patriots were a sorry set. I stood with Parson Byles on the corner of what are now School and Washington Streets, in March, 1770, and watched the funeral procession of Crispus Attucks—that half Indian, half negro and altogether rowdy, who should have been strangled long before he was born. There were all of three thousand in the procession—the most of them drawn from the slums of Boston; and as they went by the Parson turned to me and said: 'They call me a brainless Tory; but tell me, my young friend, which is better—to be ruled by one tyrant three thousand miles away, or by three thousand tyrants not a mile away?'"

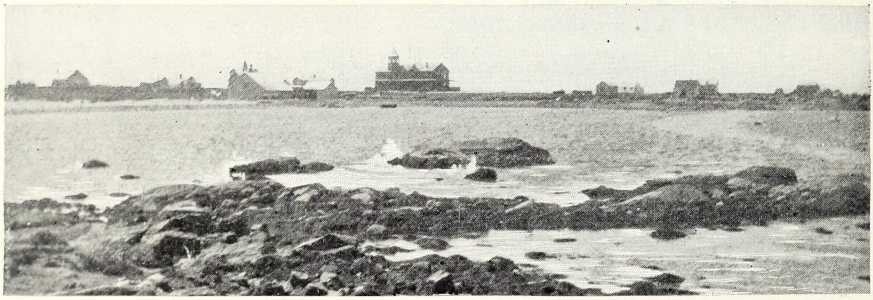
I followed the good old Doctor's direction; and it was decided that I had the best of the discussion.



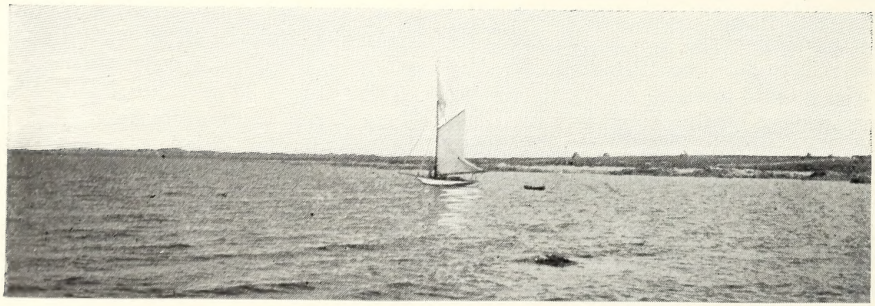
SAKONNET COVE.

By Lydia Avery Coonley.

If I could own Sakonnet cove,
No more across the earth I'd rove,
But build me here a little cot,
And daily bless the happy lot
That made me comrade of the land
Where white waves wash the shining sand.



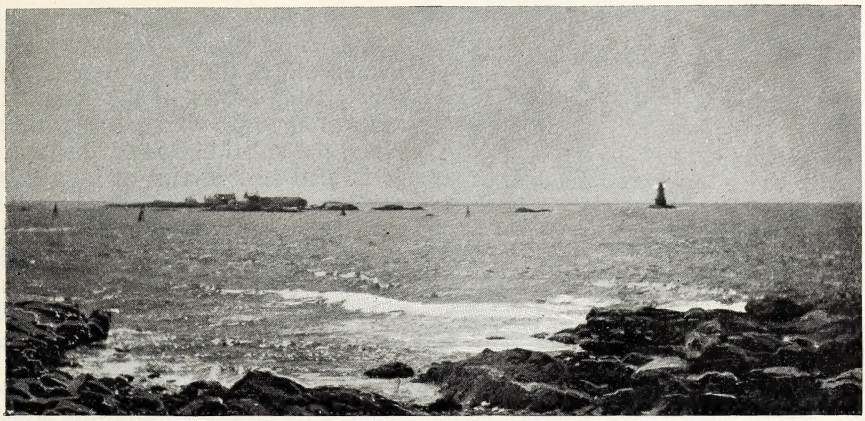
If I could own Sakonnet cove,
No more across the sea I'd rove,
But build me here a little boat,
And o'er the water gently float,
The happy comrade of the sea,
Who loves its tidal symphony.



SAKONNET LIGHT.

By Lydia Avery Coonley.

Our boat is out upon the sea;
The winds blow soft, the sails are free;
Her white bow tosses diamond spray
Upon the swell that glides away.
Across a royal road the sun
Into the west his course doth run;
Far out, a boat with shining sail
Calls to the sun farewell and hail;
The waves shake out their flags of white
And evening signals to the night.



The billows strong and stronger grow,
The white keel beats them into snow;
We rise upon the sea's high crest
And dip into her deep curved breast.
The lighthouse, like a soldier dressed,
Looks out into the glowing west,
With shining helmet, coat of mail—
By day, by night, he greets each sail,
And, "Hail, Sakonnet!" each replies
Across the waves, 'neath arching skies.
"If on these rocks you did not stand,
Death signs would mark the peaceful strand.
So hail! bright beacon of the night,
Hail, and thrice hail, Sakonnet Light!"

BLOCK ISLAND.

By Samuel W. Mendum.



"Lonely and wind-shorn, wood-forsaken,
With never a tree for spring to waken,
For tryst of lovers or farewells taken,

"Circled by waters that never freeze,
Beaten by billow and swept by breeze,
Lieth the island of Manisees."
Whittier—"The Palatine."

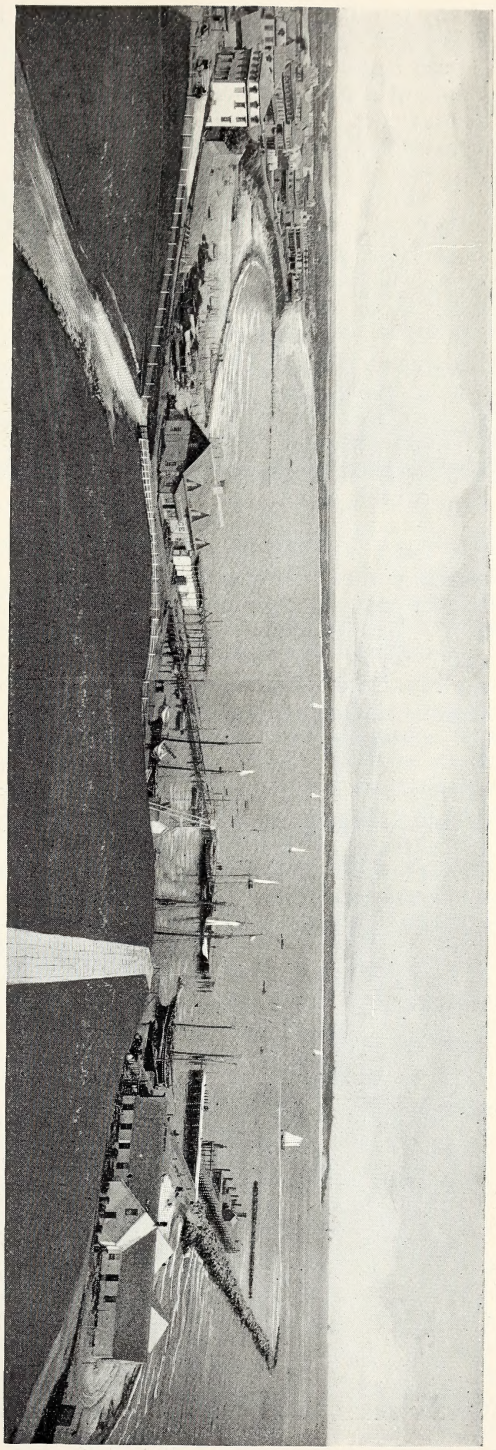
TWENTY-FIVE miles southwest of Newport and ten miles from Point Judith, the nearest land, lies Block Island, which has of late years grown so rapidly in favor as a summer resort with those who love the ocean and like to feel that they are so far removed from things continental that not even a land breeze can be mixed with the pure sea air they breathe.

The island has been in years gone by the scene of so many wrecks that it might naturally enough be thought that its name is the logical result of its position as a block to navigation; but in truth the name represents the sum total of immortality which the world has conferred upon one Adrian Block, a Dutch explorer, who seems to have thought it worth his while to land and formally "discover" the island, though ninety years before, in 1524, the French navigator Verrazano sailed around it and recorded its shape as triangular and the island as "full of hills and covered with trees." The last observation is of peculiar interest, as the island is now and has been for a hundred and fifty years utterly barren of timber, save for a few fruit and shade trees here and there, which by the most persistent nursing are helped to a precarious existence, so fiercely do the winds of winter blow upon them. The island has not yet been beaten out of the triangular shape by the terrible blows of the Atlantic; a map of it looks like a huge mutton-chop, the small end toward the north. It is also still so full of hills that its surface seems to have become solidified while fiercely boiling. The northern end, called Sandy Point, is low, but the bubbling surface gradually rises toward the centre, the highest point, Beacon Hill, being rather more than two hundred feet above the sea. Toward the southern end this high level is generally maintained, and abruptly terminates in perpendicular bluffs one hundred and fifty feet high, which the waves of the Atlantic, driven by "sou'easters" dash against, often with damaging effect.

The geology of Block Island has always been interesting, and of late certain questions have arisen as to the age of the underlying strata which make the island one of special interest to the geologist. According to Prof. O. C. Marsh, the eminent Yale geologist, who has given recent study to the island, the foundation clays, which still constitute the bulk of the island, were evidently much eroded before the glacial drift was spread over them. The depressions in these clays form the impervious stratum for the

bottom of the numerous ponds for which the island is noted. The opinions of Professor Marsh, given in an article written last September, and published in the *American Journal of Arts and Sciences* (vol. 152, p. 295), are very interesting. Professor Marsh says:

"The clays all appear to be fresh water deposits, and should certainly contain vertebrate fossils. I found none in the limited time at my command, but more careful exploration would undoubtedly bring them to light and thus determine the geological age of these interesting beds. . . . The massive clay beds of Block Island were derived from the decomposition of the granite rocks to the north, and were deposited in quiet waters. The iron ore now in them came also from the northern crystalline rocks, mainly a magnetite which may still be seen in the sands of all the beaches of the island, and on one of them this mineral sand was for a while used in making metallic iron. . . . The glacial drift covers most of the surfaces, and the hills and shores are strewn with boulders of crystalline rocks, granite, gneiss, quartz, etc., that came over the ice from the mainland on the north. Large masses of both the porphyritic and the garnet-bearing gneiss, waifs from the Rhode Island shore, may be easily recognized; and in the beach sand resulting from the attrition of the latter, the separate garnets may be found. On some of the glacial hills, near the shore or around the Great Pond, shell heaps of considerable antiquity may be observed, but so far as I could learn none of them have been explored. . . . The presence of such great masses of stratified clay, evidently of high antiquity, on this diminutive island facing the Atlantic, opens up



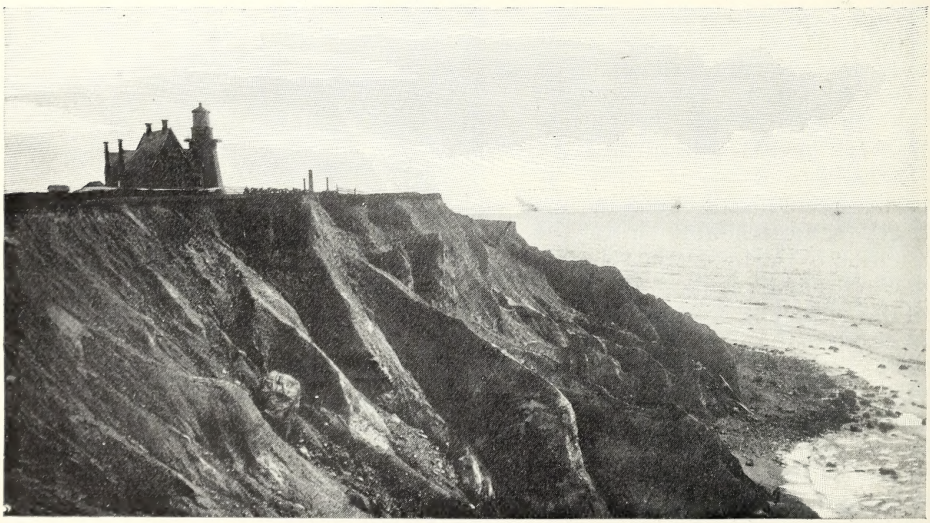
BLOCK ISLAND HARBOR.

many questions of interest beyond the mere geological age of the deposits. These beds of clay must be the remnants of a great formation which extended out far beyond the present coast line, and being of fresh water origin and laid down in quiet waters, they prove the former existence of an extensive barrier along the continental border between them and the Atlantic depths beyond."

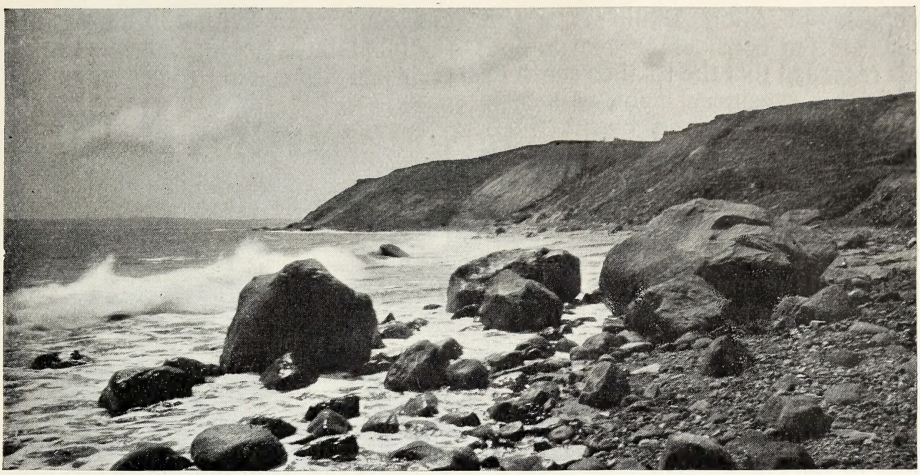
Professor Marsh thinks there is reason to believe that the Block Island beds are as old as the Potomac beds, and may be assigned to the late jurassic, the middle period of the reptilian age. He is confident that future investigations will reveal fossils to confirm this belief.

It is a pity that old Block's title to the island's name has not been set aside for the older and more beautiful Isle of Manisees, which is Indian for Little God's Island, and gave the name to the first known inhabitants, the Manisees Indians, a branch of the famous Narragansetts. Before the actual settlement of the island, Captain John Oldham visited it for trading purposes, but lost his life at the hands of the savages, who butchered him mercilessly. It is often claimed that investigation generally proves a white man to be the original offender in cases of trouble with the Indians, and there is a tradition, not very widely known, that Oldham had sold the Maniseeans onion seeds, which he told them would yield a crop of gunpowder if planted. Soon after Oldham's death, the island was subjugated by Colonel Endicott, under authority from Massachusetts, as a punishment for that ruthless murder; and in 1637 the ownership of Massachusetts was acknowledged by Miantonomoh, the great Narragansett sachem. He made good his acknowledgment by paying a yearly tribute of one hundred fathoms of beads or wampum into the colonial treasury.

In 1658 the island was transferred to John Endicott, Richard Bellingham, Daniel Dennison and William Hawthorne, who sold it two years later for four hundred dollars to sixteen individuals, who "bought to improve." The purchasers built their vessels at Braintree and sent them around Cape Cod to Taunton, where the party embarked for Block Island, to become its pioneer settlers and the ancestors of its hardy people. A few years later the island was annexed to Rhode Island. It must have presented a far more beautiful sight in those



SOUTH LIGHT AND BLUFFS.



CLAY HEAD.

days than now, for dense forests covered it, while to-day its bare and remarkably uneven surface is unrelieved by foliage. For hardly more than sixty years was there timber enough for the settlers; one of the rarest and most proudly exhibited relics on the island is an old stave dug up from the original canal connecting the Great Pond with the sea, and confidently asserted to have been hewn from native timber.

The disappearance of the timber was looked upon with alarm by the inhabitants. More than a hundred and fifty years ago a town meeting was called to consider the matter, and it was stated in the preamble to the call that there was "great scarcity of timber and fencing stuff, and many people hath not enough for firing and fencing, and the mainland being so far off from this place, so that if we do not endeavor to preserve our timber and fencing stuff, the inhabitants must be forced to depart the island."

In spite of these formal proceedings the timber disappeared; but the population did not go with it, for kind Nature had provided in abundance substitutes for "firing and fencing stuff." In some places the pioneer settler could hardly have taken a step without treading on a stone, though singularly enough there is not a ledge on the island. These stones are now found in cellars and in the finely built walls which bound the fields and roads. It is estimated that there are more than three hundred miles of stone wall on the island.

For firing, there was a treasure which bountifully supplied the inhabitants until the use of coal became general. That treasure was peat, which for over one hundred years was the fuel of the island. Almost every farm has its peat bed, thanks to the innumerable pockets between the hills where vegetable matter has been deposited. Owing to the hard work in getting the peat from its beds, it is generally known upon the island as "tug." As soon as it is taken out it is moulded into balls by the hands, and when partially dried is stacked up in pyramids like piles of cannon balls, until it is thoroughly dry, when it is stored in the "tug-house." So late as 1875, 544 cords were dug; and it is still used to a limited extent.

The island had the vicissitudes of Indian, Colonial and Revolutionary war, common to all New England settlements, though it appears to have been singularly free from the persecution of the Indians. After their complete subjugation in 1637, there was constant fear of outbreak, but none actually occurred. During the

progress of King Philip's war the islanders felt considerable alarm, and it is recorded that the total strength of the island, seventeen men and a boy, challenged the Indians, twenty times that number, to a pitched battle. The challenge was not accepted, and the victory thus won was so complete that ever afterwards an unbroken friendship continued between the Maniseeans and the whites.

Probably no body of Americans exhibited more admirable courage than the inhabitants of Block Island at the outbreak of the Revolution. When they unhesitatingly cast in their lot with the Colonies, it must have seemed even to themselves that they were to be subjected to incessant danger from their exposed and defenceless position.

A town meeting was held, March 2, 1774, with John Sands, Esq., as moderator. Among the resolves passed at that meeting were the following:

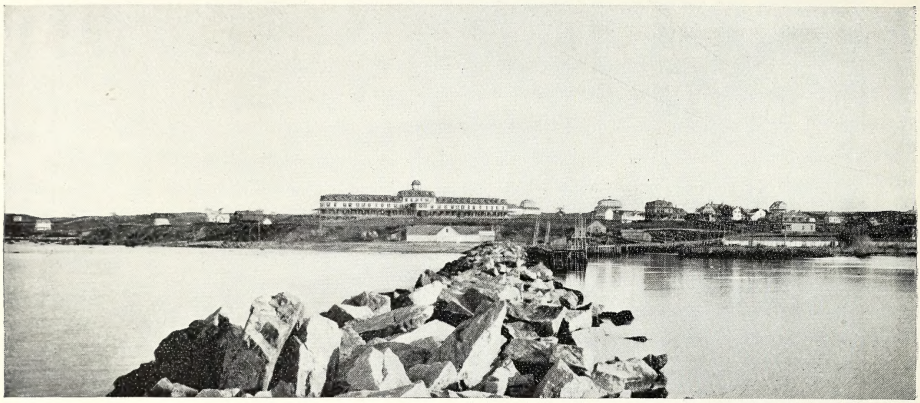
"We, the inhabitants of this town, being legally convened in town meeting, do firmly resolve, as the opinion of said town, that the Americans have as good a right to be as free a people as any upon the earth, and to enjoy at all times an uninterrupted possession of their rights and properties. That a tax on the inhabitants of America, without their consent, is a measure absolutely destructive of their freedom, tending to enslave and impoverish all who tamely submit to it. That we will heartily unite with our American brethren in supporting the inhabitants of this Continent in all their just rights and privileges."

Here was as good a declaration of independence as the famous document signed at Philadelphia two years later. And the courage of those brave men at Block Island was given even a severer test than they could have anticipated. In addition to the dangers of their exposed position, with scant protection provided by the American government, they were deprived not only of their live-stock, but of their trade, by Rhode Island herself. In order to prevent the resources of the island from inuring to the benefit of the enemy, a vote was passed by the Rhode Island Assembly in 1775, ordering all neat cattle and sheep upon the island, "excepting a sufficiency for the inhabitants," to be brought to the continent; and this order was carried out. But this was not all. It was feared that unrestricted intercourse between Block Island and the mainland might enable the enemy to secure information; and in 1776 the Rhode Island Assembly voted that the inhabitants of Block Island be "prohibited from coming from said island into any other part of this state, upon pain of being considered as enemies to the state"; and imprisonment was the penalty for violating this law. An exception was made in favor of those who left the island for good, and such action was urged upon the Block





PEBBLY BEACH.



THE BREAKWATER.

Islanders. It is recorded that one Mr. Hazard was instructed to "earnestly exhort the inhabitants of New Shoreham to remove off from the island."

The condition of the islanders was indeed pathetic. It would seem that they were poorly rewarded for their brave declaration of independence. The island must have been depopulated, had not the Assembly modified its action and empowered certain persons to permit trustworthy islanders to come to certain parts of the mainland for purposes of trade. Surely it was a time of thanksgiving for Block Island when in May, 1783, the glad message from the Assembly, "That all the rights, liberties and privileges of the other citizens of this state be restored," was read to them.

During the war of 1812 Block Island was proclaimed neutral; and her character seems to have been so well known and respected by the English commanders that, according to Rev. S. T. Livermore, the historian of Block Island, "not a murmur of complaint against English plunder lingers upon the island."

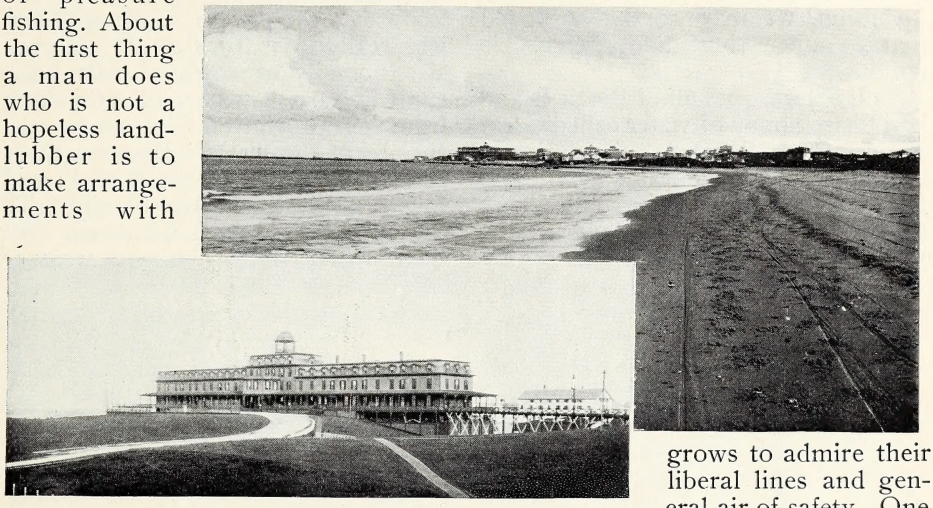
Farming, fishing and the saving of wrecks, these have been the industries which have supported the islanders until the entertainment of summer visitors began to attract attention and capital. There are good farms upon the island, though it is only by the most persistent attention that the soil can be made productive. For the Block Island farmer Nature has furnished a valuable fertilizer in the vast quantities of sea-weed thrown upon the island by the waves. The shore is divided into claims, from which the respective owners hasten to gather the sea-weed during or immediately after the storms. The summer hotel business has given a decided stimulus to agriculture on the island, and a very creditable amount of garden truck is raised to supply the hotel tables. Many flocks of sheep graze upon the innumerable knolls, where the pasturage is always good, owing to the bountiful supply of water with which the island is blessed. It is doubtful whether there is so small an area in the world possessing so many ponds as Block Island. The island at its greatest length is hardly six miles long, and nowhere is it more than four miles wide; yet there are at least one hundred ponds which do not become dry once in ten years. They are of all sizes, from a little duck pool to the Great Pond, which covers nearly a thousand acres. On the highest parts of the island there are quite sizable ponds, which have no apparent inlets or outlets, and never become dry. These ponds are well stocked with fish; so that one can enjoy both salt and fresh water fishing at Block Island. The writer has seen taken out of

Sand's Pond a string of pickerel and bass that would do credit to northern Maine; the largest of the pickerel weighed over four pounds.

It need hardly be said that up to the time that Block Island became a popular summer resort, salt water fishing —fishing for business—was by far the most important industry. At the present time it is probable that the income from summer visitors is considerably in excess of the receipts from fishing. In the spring and fall deep sea cod-fishing is carried on to a large extent. In the summer more attention is paid to the bluefish and swordfish. Bluefishing is the leading attraction in the way of pleasure fishing. About the first thing a man does who is not a hopeless landlubber is to make arrangements with one of the many skippers whom he meets at the landing for a try at the bluefish. Of course the luck varies with bluefishing as with other fishing; but it rarely happens that a week of perseverance fails to bring ample reward to the fisherman. Then, too, even bad luck in bluefishing is not time wholly lost; for there must be a good wind for the trolling, and one is sure to have a fine sail even if the fish refuse to "catch on."

Proud indeed is the man who has caught his first bluefish and sits before it at table in the presence of his friends, looking upon it as if he wished to say: "I want you to understand that I caught that fish—and he pulled like fate; if you don't believe it, look at my fingers." The marks of the rough fishline, sixty or seventy feet of which he has had to pull in while a powerful seven or eight-pound bluefish has been trying to go the other way, are probably visible in cruel lines across his fingers. The next time he goes bluefishing he will provide himself with heavy felt finger-tips.

The bluefishing is done in large catboats, which are so peculiarly broad that one is tempted to call them "tubs," but they are so strongly built and so skilfully handled that one grows to admire their liberal lines and general air of safety. One could hardly find more courteous and careful men than the skippers. They sniff a storm with wonderful accuracy, and always give themselves the benefit of any doubt. I have yet to hear of any loss of life at the hands of these prudent sailors.



OCEAN VIEW HOTEL AND BEACH.

There is excellent swordfishing, too, in the waters about Block Island, and a small steamer, "The Ocean View," leaves the harbor almost every day to look for swordfish. Her luck is announced by the steam whistle, one whistle for every fish caught, as she enters the harbor on the return trip. One day last summer eleven beauties was her catch.

I have used the word "harbor." The harbor question has been a most vital one for Block Island ever since its settlement by the men of Massachusetts. Block Island is without a natural harbor. This discouraging fact was duly noted by the early settlers, for in the agreement to purchase and settle the island, in 1660, we find the words, "There was no harbor." One would think that such a statement would have discouraged the pioneer, who knew that fishing was to be his principal means of livelihood; but we of this generation are often forced to believe that our forefathers courted natural disadvantages. If it be true that necessity is the mother of invention, we may not be surprised that Yankee inventive genius is famous.

In the northern half of Block Island is the large body of water called Great Pond, which covers, as mentioned above, nearly a thousand acres, and is of very good depth, in some places twelve fathoms. On the west side this pond is separated from the sea by a very narrow and low strip of land. There have been many attempts to connect this point with the ocean; and it is recorded that as far back as 1680 a Harbor Company was organized to make and maintain the connection. But the men of those times were without the machinery for dredging which we now have, and the difficulties encountered in the attempt to keep open the breach were so great that the enterprise was abandoned in 1705, when, "by the providence of God a prodigious storm hath broken down the above said harbor." Various other attempts at creating a harbor were made, but none succeeded. Finally, in 1816, a unique harbor was begun. It was known as the "Pole Harbor,"—and was really no harbor at all. It consisted simply of rows of oak poles sunk five or six feet and projecting from ten to fifteen feet above the surface of the water. Between these rows of poles stones were sunk; and thus primitive piers were obtained. To the poles the hardy fishermen tied their boats; but in stormy weather



IN THE BASIN.



they were obliged to haul them up on shore, all the fishermen becoming, for the time, a co-operative association for the preservation of their craft.

This harbor was better than none, and served until 1870, when the present government breakwater was begun, a little north of the "Pole Harbor," on the east side of the island. This breakwater runs out into the sea some 1500 feet, and faces the southeast, from which come the heaviest storms. There was finished in 1894 another breakwater, facing the northeast; so that now Block Island has a well protected harbor on the east side, though it is not very large and has facilities for only two large excursion steamers at the same time. Inside the harbor formed by the breakwaters, like a wheel within a wheel, is a square dock called the "basin." This is the mooring place of the home fishing craft and the steamer "Danielson," which is the regular packet and mail boat sailing to and from Newport the year round, weather permitting. This steamer is owned and manned by Block Islanders.

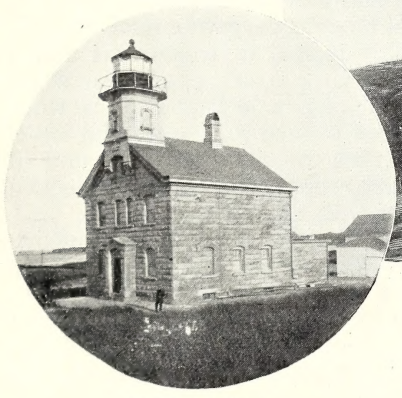
A few years ago some radical spirits determined again to test the possibilities of a Great Pond harbor. After much opposition from the conservative element, particularly from the farmers, who saw in the project increased taxation without the assurance of success, appropriations were voted by the town of New Shoreham, which is Block Island's corporate name, aggregating $40,000, to which was added the sum of $60,000 appropriated by the state of Rhode Island. The work has been pushed to a successful issue, and now a canal 400 feet wide and 18 feet deep connects this land-locked harbor with the open sea.

The steamer "Block Island," which makes daily trips from New London during the season, and has hitherto made its landing in the government harbor, now uses the Great Pond harbor, and for the first time in the history of Block Island there is direct steamer connection with New York. The breach is protected by two jetties of "rip-rap" stone, which run out into the sea from either side of the canal. If the sand can be kept out, Block Island will have a permanent and safe harbor, surpassed by none on the coast. As a mooring place for pleasure yachts it is without parallel, and no doubt its surface will be brilliant throughout the summer season with pleasure craft of every character.

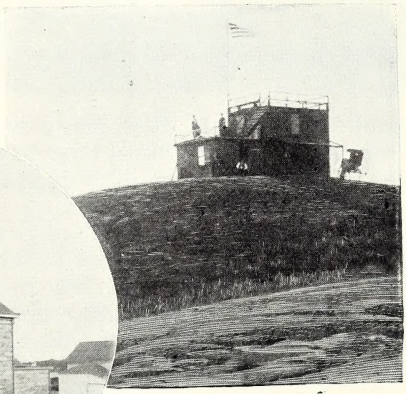
For bathing Block Island is peculiarly well situated. It is probable that the temperature of the water is affected by the Gulf Stream, for to one who has tried bathing at points in the vicinity of Boston or upon the North Shore, the water at Block Island always seems warm enough to tempt even the most sensitive to take a

plunge in the surf. The distance of the island from the mainland, too, is a decided advantage, for the water is remarkably pure. The islanders take the greatest care to prevent any contamination of the water. There are stringent rules as to the dumping of waste matter, and the foul-smelling fishhouse, so common at seaside resorts, is not found at Block Island where it can annoy.

The bathing beach is a portion of a beautiful crescent-shaped shore two miles and a half long on the eastern side and in fair weather, the clean surf rolls in so gently and with so little undertow that bathing is indeed a pleasure and not a danger. When there is a storm, however, there is surf enough and to spare. In the summer of 1893 there were two storms during the month of August so violent that no steamer left or came to the island while the storms lasted. During those storms the surf was grand. It broke over the great breakwater in a continuous mass of white foam from twenty to thirty feet high.



NORTH LIGHT.



BEACON HILL.

An interesting point to visit during a storm is the Mohegan Bluffs. These bluffs rise in a solid mass of clay from the ocean a hundred and fifty feet below, and if one visits them during a "sou'easter" the view of the ocean lashing against them is magnificent. A good idea of what the wind can do in the way of rapid transit can be obtained here, and one feels while trying to face it that a very little more would take one off one's feet. These bluffs are classic ground. History tells us that here the Mohegan Indians, who invaded the island nobody knows how many centuries ago, were cornered and starved by the Maniseeans. A splendid lighthouse was built on the bluffs in 1874, and its light, furnished by a lantern which consumes one thousand gallons of oil annually, can be plainly seen at a distance of nineteen miles, and has been made out at a distance of thirty-five miles. There is another lighthouse at the northern end of the island, called Sandy Point Light.

Block Island is indeed a stumbling-block in the pathway of navigation, and its wrecking history is thrilling enough to satisfy even a dime-novel boy. In days gone by wrecks were far more frequent than now; for, thanks to efficient lighthouses, fog signals, a signal station and two life-saving stations, the loss of life and property has been greatly diminished. There has been much misapprehension as to the wreckers of Block Island. It is probable that the character of the pirates who were wont to infest the island two hundred years ago was unjustly transferred to the islanders themselves. There are records of captures of pirates about the island; and so late as 1740 the Rhode Island General Assembly voted an appropriation of 13£ 13s. "for victuals and drink to the pirates at Block Island and their guards." Though the pirates confined here were foreigners, yet the island suffered from the fact in the estimation of people at a distance, much as towns suffer which

have state prisons and insane asylums within their limits. The traditional belief entertained by people of the mainland, that the wreckers of Block Island were merciless despoilers of the unfortunate craft driven on its shores, has been recognized by Whittier in the beautiful poem entitled "The Palatine," where there is, perhaps, enough that is complimentary to the island to atone for what appears to be an unfounded reflection upon the character of the islanders of the time referred to. The prose story of the wreck of the "Palatine," divested of the traditional, according to the investigations of Mr. C. E. Perry, is as follows:

The "Palatine" was probably an emigrant ship hailing from some German or Dutch port and bound for Philadelphia. It is believed that the captain died or was killed on the passage, that the officers and crew plundered the helpless emigrants, and finally abandoned the vessel, which drifted ashore, in the week between Christmas and New Year's, 1752. The passengers were all landed except one woman, who refused to leave the ship. Many of the passengers, weakened by the exposure, soon died, and the place where they were buried is well known. Whittier's lines thus tell the story:

"Old wives spinning their webs of tow,
Or rocking weirdly to and fro
In and out of the peat's dull glow,

"And old men mending their nets of twine,
Talk together of dream and sign,
Talk of the lost ship Palatine,—

"The ship that, a hundred years before,
Freighted deep with its goodly store,
In the gales of the equinox went ashore.

"The eager islanders one by one
Counted the shots of her signal gun,
And heard the crash when she drove right on!

"Into the teeth of death she sped:
(May God forgive the hands that fed
The false lights over the rocky Head!)

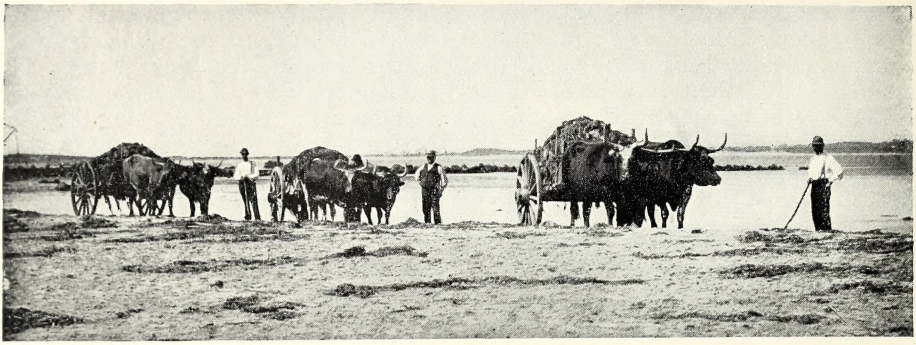


LOOKING TOWARD BEACON HILL.



NATIONAL HOUSE.

"O men and brothers! what sights were there!
White upturned faces, hands stretched in prayer!
Where waves had pity, could ye not spare?



GATHERING SEA-WEED.

"Down swooped the wreckers like birds of prey,
Tearing the heart of the ship away,
And the dead had never a word to say.

"And then, with ghastly shimmer and shine
Over the rocks and the seething brine,
They burned the wreck of the Palatine.

"In their cruel hearts, as they homeward sped,
'The sea and the rocks are dumb,' they said:
'There'll be no reckoning with the dead.'"

It is natural that there should be some feeling on the part of the islanders in regard to these reflections. In explanation of his lines, Mr. Whittier wrote the following to a friend:

"In regard to the poem 'Palatine,' I can only say that I did not intend to misrepresent the facts of history. I wrote it after receiving a letter from Mr. Hazard of Block Island, from which I certainly inferred that the ship was pillaged by the islanders. He mentioned that one of the crew, to save himself, clung to the boat of the wreckers, who cut his hand off with a sword. It is very possible that my correspondent followed the current tradition on the mainland. Mr. Hazard is a gentleman of character and veracity, and I have no doubt he gave the version of the story as he had heard it."

It is not only very possible, but extremely probable, that Whittier's informant followed nothing more than a tradition, for there appears not to be a particle of historical foundation for the cruel incidents recited in Whittier's poem. In the same poem, Whittier refers to the famous "Palatine Light":

"Behold! again, with shimmer and shine,
Over the rocks and the seething brine,
The flaming wreck of the Palatine!

* * * * * * * *

"For still, on many a moonless night,
From Kingston Head and from Montauk light
The spectre kindles and burns in sight.

"Now low and dim, now clear and higher,
Leaps up the terrible Ghost of Fire,
Then, slowly sinking, the flames expire.

"And the wise Sound skippers, though skies be fine,
Reef their sails when they see the sign
Of the blazing wreck of the Palatine!"

This light has given rise to no little speculation. There are those who stoutly maintain that they have seen this particular light, while others scout the idea altogether. Mr. Livermore has this to say in regard to it: "That a phenomenal light, at different times and places in the Sound, in sight of the island, has appeared during the last century is quite certain, and superstition has associated it with the "Palatine." That an inflammable gas should rise through the water and burn upon its surface is not impossible, as in the case of burning springs and brooks."

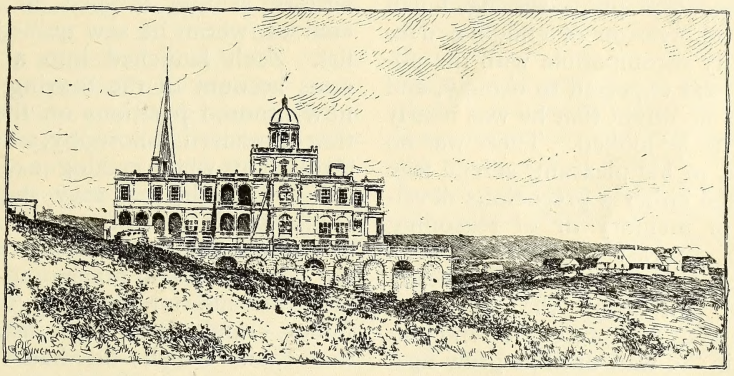
If one may judge the inhabitants of the island one hundred years ago by the present generation, it is very cer-

tain that no such cruelty as tradition has handed down in regard to the "'Palatine" can be charged to them. The Block Islanders are a square people. They possess the trading qualities of the Yankees, and are industrious and thrifty, but in their dealings with one another and with strangers they are upright and generous.

There are probably few places in America which have seen so little change in the character of the population as Block Island. The present inhabitants are for the most part natives and descendants of the original settlers. In 1877 the population was 1,147, of whom 1,138 were American born and 1,032 born upon the island. According to the official state census of 1895, the population was 1,300, all natives with the exception of about 20.

It is noteworthy, too, that the development of the island has been accomplished by the inhabitants themselves. The hotels, representing a capital of $400,000, are, with few exceptions, owned and managed by Block Islanders. The government breakwater and the signal station were the result of the tireless efforts of the late Hon. Nicholas Ball, a native of the island, and his energetic fellow-islanders, and the prime mover in the Great Pond harbor project is State Senator Champlin, also a native of Block Island. The new harbor having become a success, the next step in Block Island's progress will be an electric railway to connect the Great Pond with other parts of the island. The company has been chartered and officered, and it is expected that the road will be in operation by the season of 1898.

The situation of Block Island is such that it is conveniently reached from Providence, Newport or New London. The sail from Providence is particularly delightful, as one enjoys both a river and a sea trip. The distance is fifty miles, which is covered by the swift steamer "Mount Hope" in about three hours. From Boston the most convenient way to reach Block Island is by the way of Newport and the steamer "Danielson." The United States signal station supplies telegraphic facilities for the public.



THE SEARLES MANSION.

After all, it is difficult to describe with pen and ink a delightful spot far out in the blue ocean so that it shall give the reader an idea of the pleasure which actual presence affords. If the Alps or the Italian Lakes could be satisfactorily described, fewer would visit them. And even the poet, who brings imagination nearest to reality, hardly satisfies us when he says of Block Island:

"No greener valleys the sun invite,
On smoother beaches no sea-birds light,
No blue waves shatter to foam more white."

THE ALTAR OF YOUTH.

A COMEDY.

By Ethel Davis.

I.

THERE is a story that when Zach Gordon arrived in Clarendon to take the chair of philosophy in Clarendon College the president became speechless for two seconds after first meeting him. The frank, boyish countenance was prepossessing, but it wore an expression of childlike irresponsibility incompatible with the position he was expected to occupy, and there was no doubt that he was nearly as young as he looked. There was no indication in his pleasant, serene face that he had either a precocious development of memory or of reasoning power to contrast with his inexperience; and although Zach already measured six feet, the president promptly sought a pretext to send him East again "to wait until he grew up."

Zach was asked to write out a list of all the works of philosophy that he had read and digested, and to bring it on the following morning to President Thornton. When he appeared at the time appointed, he was hidden from sight, so says the story, by a roll of white paper so large that it suggested re-papering the wall of the recitation room in which they met. This Zach unrolled, — yards and yards of it, —showing a closely-written list of authorities on all the philosophies of the human race, past and present, supplemented by a catalogue of all the metaphysical novels of the last two generations. President Thornton suppressed an ironical smile and clothed a leading question on a difficult problem in his most deferential manner. Zach gave an able estimate of the matter, quoting at length many writers on the subject and giving concise abstracts of their opinions on that and numerous other questions. President Thornton requested Zach's interpretation of a difficult author. Zach showed himself well acquainted with all his minutest views, and quite equal to presenting them clearly. President Thornton referred casually to several writers seldom studied in modern courses, whom he saw quoted on the list. Zach launched into a voluminous account of the bearing of their now ignored positions on the evolution of modern philosophy, and danced through his whole catalogue of authorities with light and easy step in the course of his exposition. At the end of an hour the president was wondering how he should manage to conceal his own inferior learning from his junior,—and Zach was installed in the chair which he had traveled several thousand miles to take.

Clarendon society and the president were crestfallen for a week. Clarendon had looked forward to the addition to its social circle of an eligible, unmarried man, who should combine good family with intellectual standing; and instead it received into its midst a wholesome, kindly boy, twenty-three years old, looking about nineteen, whose conversation was devoid of the learned bias considered, by this small twin spirit to Cambridge, as indispensable to good form as a dress suit at dinner, and whose appearance was so unsuggestive of matrimonial possibilities that even President Thornton's wife did not try to hurry his introduction to her daughter Peggy.

Two factions in the town were perfectly satisfied: Zach Gordon's classes and the base-ball nine. What Zach's opinion of his situation might be no

one had sufficient imagination to inquire into. The members of the college set in Clarendon were perfectly satisfied with their life and surroundings and did not think of questioning the impression they made on so youthful a professor. Consequently, probably for the first time in the history of the town, a young man was allowed to meet them, individually and collectively, in their normal condition. It did not seem worth while to anyone to put on their most trimmed mental dresses, or to get out their least used china for such a boy.

Very soon after his arrival Zach called on Mrs. Thornton, with the hope of meeting Peggy. But the daughter was not at home, and Mrs. Thornton received his call. It was a somewhat painful visit to Zach Gordon. In his pocket he could feel a note to Peggy, which, with the writer's permission, he had read sympathetically, and which had sent him to this far western land secure in the belief that he would be welcome in one household which contained all the sweet, wholesome influences that true, pure women can give out to men exiled from their homes. The atmosphere in which he found himself jarred unpleasantly on his preconception; and the fact that his brother's friend was not there to fulfil his predictions of her could not reassure him quite. This was her mother, — and the daughter could not be of the same environment and wholly maintain his ideal of her.

The welcome he had hoped for was given him warmly by Mrs. Thornton, —just too warmly, he ungraciously reflected. It was like her hair, just too bright to be becoming to her years, and making her look a decade older than if it had been a little duller, toned down with the grey of middle life, making a softer contrast to the lines of her face. She came so near to being a charming woman, yet just failed. She was a thirty years' older burlesque on what Clarendon objected to in Zach himself. Her conversation had not to do with the interests of education; she had not the repose of manner suitable to her position; she was bursting with enthusiasms, which did not sound quite sincere, and expressed them with the frankness with which Zach acknowledged his hearty opinions, confining most of hers to the topic on which Zach was invariably silent, the personality of acquaintances; and, finally, she reversed Zach's chief inadequacy; she was so old to be so young, just as he was so young to be so old.

Zach did not know why he imagined she over-did everything in the way of entertaining in just the way she did her make-up. He could not really detect the make-up, yet he knew it was there. Zach had always thought that there could not be too many flowers about a house with open windows; yet these rooms seemed over-loaded with the many jars of fragrant roses, fresh from the terraces below the house, and the violets seemed to lose their modesty, massed in such profusion on every available projection that would support a bowl. He drew a long breath of relief on leaving; yet he could not quite tell how he had received his different impressions, nor why he felt that he should not wish to call again, even to meet Peggy, unless unforeseen circumstances drew him there.

In the course of the month that followed, Clarendon forgot its disappointment at Zach Gordon's disparity with its expectations, in its excitement over the arrival of a young man who was all those things which Zach was not. He was an Englishman of the age which is both mature and young, distinctly eligible, who came for the purpose of extending his knowledge of agriculture by taking the course given at the university. He was older than most of the students, having been established on a large fruit ranch for some years, but had decided that a theoretical knowledge of soils, climatic conditions and the science of agriculture would be a paying investment

for him and, having sufficient capital to allow of such an investment, had made arrangements to leave his ranch in the care of a younger brother for a year and established himself in Clarendon, bringing letters of introduction which called instant attention to his arrival.

This new social addition so overshadowed Zach Gordon's importance that he had been allowed to go his own quiet way, without solicitation to greater friendliness toward the Thornton household; and it was some weeks after his call on Mrs. Thornton when he next put into his pocket the note which his brother James had given him for Miss Peggy Thornton. This was the occasion of the first Junior dance of the season, at which he was assured all Clarendon would be present, and he felt that he might find an opportunity to present it to her. He had but little hope of getting a dance with her, for his brother had told him many amusing anecdotes of past expedients to secure her for a partner, when she had been in the East, and of the races between himself and other admirers to engage her dances in advance; yet the hope that she might favor him, for the sake of her old, intimate friendship with James, induced him to make the attempt. A few minutes after entering the hall he asked one of the Juniors to present him to Miss Thornton. The student looked at him with an expression that puzzled him, before he replied:

"I'll present you with pleasure, but I shouldn't advise you to ask her to dance."

"Of course, it's only a chance," answered Zach, "but I'm going to try it."

"Ah!" returned his adviser, "well, there she is across the room. You'd better do it as soon as you can, before the other fellows get it over with."

Zach was too much occupied with observing Peggy to notice the end of the sentence. He saw that the tall, slight girl that they were approaching was pale, graceful and rather pretty, with an air of vivacity contrasting sharply with the style of her head and coloring, which was suggestive of repose and softness rather than of animation. She greeted the man who had him in charge with an effusive, slightly affected manner, which, however, entirely altered on hearing Zach Gordon's name. She made a perceptible pause before, with a sweet smile, she put out her hand, saying:

"You are James' brother, aren't you? I am glad you have come."

"Thank you," answered Gordon, his first eagerness to know her returning as he felt the sincerity of her welcome, "I do so want to know you, Miss Thornton, and to give you a message from Jim. Could I get a dance? I know it's awfully late, and he told me my chances were slim if I wasn't on time. But if you could slip me in somewhere!"

A slight color spread over Peggy's cheeks as she replied:

"Suppose instead of waiting for a dance we go out on the piazza for a few minutes' talk? I should so like to ask you about home — yes, I always think of it as home, though I really never belonged there at all. I think that the place we have been happiest in always seems to us like home, don't you?"

"You see, so far, I've always been happiest in my real home, so I haven't had a chance to find that out," replied Zach, with a smile, as he gathered her wraps and led her to the door with an expression of triumph, congratulating himself warmly on his luck.

Peggy saw the expression and guessed the thoughts that prompted it, and in the shadow of the porch she dropped the air of animation she had worn. Could Zach have seen her face he would have been surprised to note how deep were its lines of pain and trouble. As they talked in the corner, where the light fell brightly on Zach's boyish, open countenance, and where the shadows wrapped her in a friendly seclusion, Peggy slipped back five years, into her youth, into the days

when she never puzzled over what would please the men about her, into the days full of careless, happy confidence and hope. For the time she was again just Zach's age, a girl whom men chose as their dear, friendly comrade, and whom several passionately loved; a girl sought and courted and treated always with gentle deference. With eager interest, and sometimes with a little break in her voice, she asked Zach for the history of one after another of these comrades, now lost from her life, and threw out quick comments on their character and past, shedding new light on the part of their lives Zach knew, stimulating his memory and interest afresh, and winning his sympathy by the kindly insight and womanly charity of all her judgments. Without effort she made Zach her friend, and, unconsciously influenced by his manner to her as well as by her absorption in these triumphant days gone by, the restless, uncertain expression which the last five years had developed in her slipped away, and she wore the look that she had worn when with the men who had sought her so eagerly in the East. When she rose to return to the ballroom, imbued with the spirit of Jim's note, full of deep feeling and alive with the strong associations of their mutual past, it was with the air with which she used to enter a room on his arm that she stood on the threshold of the door. She was recalled to her present by a few words she overheard between two men standing with their backs to the entrance, looking before them into the room.

"You've got to dance with her yourself, haven't you, Evans?"

"Yes. The old lady cornered me coming in. 'You will dance with "Little Sister," won't you? She must have a good time to-night, or she'll say that I ought not to have dressed her just like her mamma. You know it always seems so absurd to think of my having a grown-up daughter. Everyone says she seems more like a sister; that's the way I got in the habit of calling her Little Sister, you know. There, run along!' — and I ran."

The other man laughed delightedly at Evans' mimicry of Mrs. Thornton. "Well, you take her first, and I'll relieve you. If I don't get anyone to promise to take her off my hands before your time's up, you must get someone while I'm dancing. Is it a go?"

The confidence faded from Peggy's look and the light from her eyes, and then a painful blush spread over her face, and even over her white neck and throat, as she caught the words. They held no surprise for her, but the thought that Jim Gordon's brother had heard them too, and might learn to interpret them, was a new humiliation. Zach saw her confusion with astonishment. He was none the wiser yet for the sentences he had overheard, and he could imagine no cause for her pained expression. The flush died away almost instantly, and before he could speak Evans had caught sight of their entrance and claimed Peggy for a dance. She greeted him with vivacious affectation, hiding beneath it the agitation that had for a moment betrayed itself to Zach, and was immediately whirled away.

During the next few weeks Zach saw Peggy a number of times, always alone and in her own home, and these calls served to deepen the friendliness of his first impression; and a pursuit which Mrs. Thornton had undertaken with much zest served to protect him from her too effusive advances. She made him simply welcome, as she did all possible partners for herself and Peggy at the many college festivities, and left him to her daughter. Nor did Peggy think it necessary to exert herself to entertain the young man. But this very indifference which she felt for him gave him a charm for her which she did not analyze. To greet a man with quiet naturalness, uncriticized by an indifferent family, to talk or be silent, to make no effort for the sake of

appearances, was a restful, kindly experience that gave Peggy a gentle, unexciting pleasure; and Zach wrote home to his mother that he did not find it difficult to understand why Miss Thornton had left so many warm friends in the East, when an episode occurred that changed the current of their acquaintance.

As he sat chatting with her one sunny afternoon, pleased and soothed with the graceful repose of her attitude and speech, the cards of Mr. Edward Manchester were brought to her. Peggy roused from her restful position instantly, changed her thoughtful, rather serious expression for one of alert frivolity, and, all smiles and excitement, rose to receive her caller. Mr. Manchester had not had time to greet Peggy and Zach before Mrs. Thornton swept graciously into the room; for this man was Clarendon's acquisition and Mrs. Thornton's pursuit.

It is well, perhaps, for every man occasionally to have an experience which will teach him the sufferings of a wall-flower, as it is the men who relegate a portion of each company to that position. During the rest of this call Zach had a chance to acquire their mental outlook. With unblushing openness Mrs. Thornton and Peggy devoted their attention to Mr. Manchester, hardly hearing the few remarks ventured by Zach, who would have been ignored completely but for an occasional perfunctory remark from Peggy and the sincere cordiality of Manchester himself. Zach's first impulse was to withdraw, but the transformation in Peggy was so great that for a few minutes he paused from surprise, and then settled back in his chair to study the situation, paying little heed to the matter of the conversation about him, in his interest in Peggy's changed manner, and recalling from time to time, as the call was prolonged, the hitherto unheeded innuendos which the mention of her name had provoked among the men whom he had recently met.

Meantime Edward Manchester was vigorously occupied in warding off the efforts to capture hours from his future, which were being attempted by his hostess and her daughter, and Zach nearly succumbed to his sense of humor when he saw Manchester's defences ruthlessly stormed and several engagements yielded by him to the attacking force. His interest and amusement became so engaged in the encounter that he forgot his own position, his duty as first comer on the field, and he did not rise to go until Manchester diverted the attention of the besiegers long enough to give him an opportunity to flee ignominiously, and Zach smilingly joined in the flight. Had he not dropped some trifle in the hall and been obliged to turn back for it, the visit might have effaced his kindly feeling for Peggy; but it happened that his entrance was unnoticed by the two women in the reception room, and their conversation was distinctly audible in the hall.

"I know better!" Peggy was exclaiming, vehemently. "He will be disgusted with us! It's not decent, — and I hate it all. If you're bound to have me catch a man, why can't you let me alone to do it my own way, and not force me to be vulgar and ——"

Mrs. Thornton interrupted sharply. "There is nothing vulgar or immodest in showing hospitality to strangers; and as for leaving you alone, I tried that for the three years you were away in the East, — and you know the result. You've mighty little time left, Peggy, and your only chance is for me to hurry things. You know it's my love for you ——"

"Oh, mamma! If you love me, why can't you let me drop all this, and stay at home, and never try to marry? I hate the thought — it's wicked."

"Peggy, if you can't see the advantage to yourself, it's time you thought of me. It's a constant slur on my capacity to fill my position to have an unmarried daughter of your age. Besides, it's extremely unjust that so young a woman as I——"

Zach realized his intrusion at this point and instantly left the house, stirred with indignant pity for Miss Thornton, by whose position and past his mind was filled for several following days. He was chivalrously stirred with the desire to free her from her difficulties; though strong and fearless himself, he felt no condemnation for the weakness by which she had become so dominated by her environment.

Meantime Clarendon was reversing its first impression of Zach. His unaffected conversation was refreshing after the fashionable pedantry of the society of the place. A man who knew as much, possibly more, than his seniors, who never suspected the need to apologize for spending an afternoon absorbed in a novel by the Duchess, and who discussed the cut of his new golf suit with the professor of anthropology; who carelessly added his comments to those of present company discussing the absent in such a genial, unimportant tone that no one thought to ponder them until after the conversation, and then found that his sentences had contained a keener summary of character than the lengthy and often sarcastic analysis of their older acquaintances, such a man was a delightful novelty. Clarendon was obliged to forgive him his youthful appearance, and, veering to the other extreme, became infatuated with him, with that pleasant irresponsibility that a social circle feels when all its members are agreed that the thought of matrimony for the idol is incongruous.

Peggy and Mrs. Thornton, of all the people in the town, were the only acquaintances who made no change in their course toward Zach. Mrs. Thornton was concentrating all her forces on Manchester, who still held his first prestige; for, though the women in the town bowed down to Zach's attractions, they never did him the honor of being jealous of his attentions to their friend's daughters; and Peggy clung to the advantage she had gained over her mother, the chance to be herself, without criticism, in the presence of one man.

On Peggy Zach had a curious influence, of which she was for a long time unconscious. Not only was she natural and unaffected with him, feeling as she had felt in years gone by, when the charm of her womanhood was an acknowledged power, but she also had slipped into the extraordinary habit of telling him the unabridged truth. The result was surprising, to no one so much so as to Peggy herself. Every remark that she made to Zach he found interesting, and to no one in Clarendon did he vouch the absorbed attention that he did to Peggy when he had an opportunity to talk to her without a third person to divert the tenor of her frankness. This was all the effect on him that Peggy was able to perceive; but it was far from its most important consequence. As her sincerity deepened his appreciation of her underlying character, Zach became indignant with her. He chafed against the judgment of men who saw her only under her mother's influence, and he warmly defended her to them, quoting for their benefit many a pungent saying with which Peggy had entertained him. Finally his vexation broke forth on the unprepared Peggy.

Manchester and he had been calling at the Thorntons' at the same time. As usual, when the eligible man was present, Peggy had nearly ignored Zach and devoted herself to the more exciting guest. Zach grew more and more disgusted, not only with her rudeness, but to see her lay herself open to the only half-concealed contempt which Manchester felt for her, and which Zach knew she was smarting under. When Manchester finished his call and departed, Zach, who out-stayed him, sat silently looking at Peggy.

She half reclined on a low divan with a mass of pillows, clasping her hands lazily behind her head, a picture of relaxation and ease, and from her comfortable position gazed out over the terraces, across the valley spreading below, with an expression of wist-

fulness that almost disarmed Zach. But he returned to his first irritation.

"Peggy," he said, sharply, "you'll never get that man in the world."

She started up. "What do you mean?" she exclaimed.

"You won't get him! And I don't believe you want him. You're as American as a spread-eagle, and his Britishisms would drive you mad. I should think you'd had bossing enough in your life to want to marry a man who wouldn't decide every blessed matter, from whether you wore a linen collar to the son's profession."

"He's no such arbitrary man as you describe!" exclaimed Peggy, too much surprised to resent Zach's impertinence. "I never met a man more observant of what is due to women."

"Of course, he's a gentleman and all that. But he's 'lord and master,' and don't delude yourself into thinking otherwise. But if you've made up your mind to have him, why don't you show more sense in the way you chase him?"

Peggy had by this time recovered from her surprise enough to find her temper. "If I've made a fool of myself before you, you are balancing the matter perfectly. How dare you be so insulting, Zach Gordon?"

"Because you've been as rude to me as a lady can be, not once, but every time that man and I have been here together, and because——" He stopped short. Peggy was facing him, with hot cheeks and brilliant eyes, defiance, anger, pain, resentment giving her a commanding presence. "Because," he went on, more slowly, "because Jim told me, when I was coming West, that he had no fear that I should lose my respect for the best in womanhood; that no one could know Peggy Thornton and lose his faith in women; that she had kept him strong at a time when if it had been any other woman he would have gone to the dogs, and——"

Peggy's head had drooped, and she put her hands impulsively over her face to hide its quivering. Zach looked at her and was miserable.

"Peggy," he said, after a pause, "I was an ass to get into this; but I've done it, and I'm going through with it." He got up, went across to the divan and sat down beside her, impulsively catching one of her hands and drawing it down from her face. "Peggy, I think just the same as Jim does. No man could know you and not love and admire you. Why don't you give the other fellows a chance to know you, the way you do me? When you want a man to like you, what makes you act in the queer way you do, so unlike yourself?"

"I've been nagged into it!" she answered, hotly. "Nothing I do is ever right. I'm too serious when I talk sense; I'm too sarcastic when I don't. Oh, I don't know what I am! I know that I don't suit a living human being — least of all myself. If you are going to despise me like the rest — Zach, my life's wretched enough now; don't *you* make it worse!"

"You suit me just exactly, Peggy. When I think you — what I do — how can I help trying to put you where you belong? You have been dazed and badgered into this. I can't talk about it. Take my advice, dear, and you'll find life another thing."

"What can I do, Zach? I can't make myself feel natural with other people beside you."

"I never yet knew a sincere person to be unattractive. Just tell the truth to every being you meet for a month."

"I always do tell the truth."

"No, you don't. You tell Manchester every time you see him, that you have a better time with him than you do with me, — and you don't. Oh, I know you've never *said* that to him, but you make him believe it. You tell men — you make them believe — that you are not earnest — when you are. You pretend that you don't care for other women, and Jim told me that you were more devoted to the girls you used to go with than you were to the men."

"But those girls loved me, and the women here ——"

"Try loving them a little. I don't believe a human being could help loving you if you'd be your real self. If you want to get Manchester stop trying to please him——"

"Don't!"

And then the boy surprised her and himself by stooping over and kissing her cheek, and, after standing awkwardly for a second, first on one foot and then on the other, he bolted out of the room and hurried away.

II.

Peggy was sitting at the library window, embroidering a piece of green denim in white and gold, the work harmonizing with the pink of her cashmere gown, with which her clear, pale skin and dark brown coils of hair contrasted pleasantly. She was in a contented mood as she drew the needle slowly in and out, for her mother had left her for the day, and she anticipated spending her afternoon in dreamy solitude. As she looked from the window and saw Mr. Manchester coming up the walk, she groaned aloud. She was preparing to put aside her embroidery and repair to the flower-laden drawing-room, when she suddenly paused and sank back into her former position. When the Chinaman announced the caller she bade him usher him into the library, where she received him without rising, holding her hand out and greeting him politely, but without a smile.

"I am enjoying my work this afternoon, Mr. Manchester," she said, "so, with your permission, I'm going on with it."

"And what are you going to do if I refuse permission?" he asked with a laugh, half teasing, half sarcastic.

"I'm going to ask you to go home," she replied. "I would rather work on a sofa cushion than work on a man today. I shan't make the slightest effort to entertain you; but if you would try to amuse me it might make a pleasant change."

Manchester was too surprised at her change of tone to be able to retort. "What would your majesty like me to talk about?" he inquired.

"I haven't the least idea. I've never heard you talk on any subject that either of us was interested in."

"Aren't you rather hard on me, Miss Thornton? We've met pretty often this season. I am rather abashed to hear that I've never been able to interest you."

"You've never tried, you know. I don't doubt you can interest a woman if you choose; but when we've talked together we've both been interested entirely in ourselves, and so paid very little attention to each other. I am sure that you couldn't absorb me in your former subject of interest, nor I you in mine. There might be some other subject, if you hunted for it."

Manchester's strong impulse was to go home; but he felt that would be undignified, and he was not ready to retreat so soon. Peggy came to his relief.

"You might tell me what you went to see when you were in Boston. It is one of the cities that Englishmen generally enjoy the most."

"Yes, it's very attractive—it's so like an English town. Some friends there showed me about, and I fancy I took in all that was worth seeing. I went to see the Bunker Hill monument, and the Navy Yard, and the Old North Church,———"

"And every other uninteresting fossil in the place, I don't doubt," interrupted Peggy. "I hope you didn't miss any of the graveyards. I've been told that graveyards were an English specialty. I'm afraid that subject won't do, Mr. Manchester."

"I don't see what the trouble is with the subject."

"What would you think of an American who came to England and asked to see all the latest examples of applied electricity, and made no visits to the cathedrals and palaces, and art galleries and places of historic interest, simply examining all the newest

improvements in machinery that the English have adopted and then leaving for France?"

"I was told that I was visiting the things Boston is noted for."

"You ought to judge for yourself. It's a pity some one didn't tell you America is a new country, and that you waste time here when you chase her 'antiquities.' "

"What would you have advised me to see in America?"

Such things as I have mentioned. See our locomotives and electric factories and all the things that we are ahead of England in; not our left-over British relics. See our wonderful scenery, mountains and rivers — you might get a good many ideas on generosity if you studied the lavishness of our continent. I like fossils myself; but I go to England for them, and don't try to rake them up in America — except in the form of old ladies and gentlemen."

"And visiting foreigners, I suppose."

Peggy laughed — such a gay laugh that Manchester joined in it, in spite of himself. The humor of the whole situation, the contrast with her past interviews with Manchester upset Peggy's gravity. She laid down her work.

"I hope you don't disapprove of my visit to the Museum of Fine Arts and the Public Library in Boston," Manchester ventured.

"Not the Library. That's the most modern thing in the city, and one of the finest modern buildings in the world. That was perfectly up-to-date. And the Museum is all very well, if you skipped the mummies and the Copleys."

"I don't see why you exclude the Copleys. They're certainly American art, and I should think that ought to take precedence over process reproduction, which you would recommend my looking into."

"Because the Copleys have never been properly classified. To study them in their present environment is misleading. They belong in our exhibitions of posters. First were the wooden signs, hung outside tavern doors and painted with portraits of landlords and symbolic beasts; then the Copleys; and then the modern poster — comic opera singers, strong men, and so forth. Of course the portraits have neither the good color, the good drawing, or the truth to nature of the modern poster; but they were among our earliest efforts, and are worthy of recognition on that account."

"Really, Miss Thornton, you can't mean all you say," gasped Manchester. "You are joking."

"Not in the least; I am perfectly sincere."

Manchester left her that day in a frame of mind in which curiosity, confusion and pique were impartially blended; yet, contrary to his former experiences with Peggy Thornton, he found that he had a longing to repeat his visit at an early date. He did so, and his next call was even more bewildering.

"Miss Thornton," he remarked, with condescension in his tone, "I am going east next summer, and I intend to try your advice this time."

"What advice?" inquired Peggy, whose mind was at that moment filled with thoughts of a recent interview with Zach Gordon.

"Why, not to make the mistake of looking for landmarks of the ages in America. I'm going to visit all the newest fads you Yankees can exhibit."

"Don't class me with the Yankees just because I happened to spend a few years with them, trying to spoil my aboriginal tendencies and become a 'pusher.' If there's anything I detest, it's the hurrying, crowding, modern civilization, so-called. Why you Englishmen want to travel all over the globe to see it, I can't understand. If I ever travel again, it will be to see the real, authentic antiquities; and I know of no country in the world so abounding in them as our own."

"Miss Thornton, the last time I

was here you said that I had been dull to try to find anything of historical interest in New England, and told me to look for that sort of thing at home!"

"Of course I did! I'm talking of the real antiques. The things you want to see in the United States are the sights older than the pyramids, and more mysterious — too old to have a history. Factories and fads! I've no patience with you!"

"Will you have the great kindness, Miss Thornton, to explain what sights you refer to? I confess that I am not bright enough to catch up with you on the road over which your march of progress has carried you since my last call."

'That was a week ago. You couldn't expect me to remember that length of time what I said to you."

"I suppose not. Yet I have known of such cases. Would it be too much trouble for you to write out a list of what I might refer to as points of interest in this country?"

"Yes, it would," replied Peggy. "But you might begin with the Yellowstone Park and end with Niagara, and do the Mississippi and Florida between. They are full of antiquities, created before man was. The heirs of Saxon enterprise and force will soon get at them and 'improve' what is best out of them, however, so I advise you to hurry."

The thing in Peggy's new manner which Manchester found most surprising was the tone in which she delivered her remarks. There was no flippancy or smartness in it, but a calmness and indifference which, while contrasting with her words, harmonized with her appearance. The tones were almost caressing, and disarmed his criticism, while they soothed his ruffled vanity. It was the tone in which she always addressed Zach Gordon, in which Zach's brother had always heard her speak, and which her mother had labored to correct when she had joined her first in the West.

It was but a short time after this call of Manchester's before Clarendon was aware that something remarkable was taking place in the Thornton household. The balance between Mrs. Thornton and Peggy was evidently menaced. The mother appeared anxious and careworn, the daughter quiet and self-assured. Everyone perceived that there was war between the two; yet since Peggy seemed, at last, to have some success in attracting Manchester, no one could divine the ground of their difference. The final crisis of the mysterious struggle took place at the social gathering after a meeting of the Browning Club. Mrs. Atherton James had lately become filled with enthusiasm over the Society of the Daughters of the Revolution, and took this opportunity to ask "dear Mrs. Thornton" and Peggy if they did not think it would be well to organize a chapter in Clarendon. Peggy answered for them both:

"I should not care, thank you, to join anything that would make our ancestry and relatives conspicuous, and I'm sure mamma would feel the same."

"Peggy," exclaimed her mother sharply, "I can't conceive why you should make such a statement! It is most uncalled for."

Peggy seemed about to retire from her position; but at that moment she caught Zach Gordon's eye, which had in it a slight twinkle. She smiled back at him and waited, while her mother explained to Mrs. Atherton James that "Little Sister was foolishly sensitive on the subject of the family records, because it was an undeniable matter of history that one of her father's ancestors was hung as a regicide." Mrs. Thornton was much pleased at the awe with which the statement was received by the group; but Peggy broke the spell.

"Oh, I don't mind in the least having had a relative hung for such a respectable crime as that," she said. "What I'm afraid of is that investigation may show an ancestor who has been hung for chicken stealing."

The group burst into laughter, in

spite of Mrs. Thornton's evident anger.

"One would think my daughter had not met any of her relatives while she was in the East; yet she visited the Wilton Cookes and the Mortons for several months, and was presented to all the family representatives."

"But they were all second removes, you know, mamma. As for our immediate relatives,—well, papa's are most of them clever enough to be adventurers, so they have to be prosperous at intervals, and they're always entertaining. But yours are hopeless; they all belong to the well-to-do, respectable uneducated. Even Saint Peter would have a little struggle with himself, before he could admit the relationship graciously and ask them to take a front seat."

This was the beginning of a great stir in Clarendon. From this occasion Mrs. Thornton showed a marked reluctance to interfere with her daughter in any way and stood back, looking on with greater amazement than her neighbors, who constantly filed up the hill to the Thornton terraces and made long calls to try to make out what had come over Peggy. As for Peggy she advanced her surprising ideas and took her unconventional course with such gentle calmness that they hardly dared pronounce themselves shocked.

When Mr. Manchester planned a two days' excursion into the mountains, with chaperones, guides, buds, seniors, young professors and Peggy Thornton, and asked her, in the presence of many of those invited, how many men she thought it would take to make such an excursion a success, she answered deliberately:

"One, provided I get him."

But when Dick Lawrence, after devoting himself to little Fannie White for four months, driving her out in his dog-cart almost every day in the week, giving her flowers, candies and pretty speeches and showing that he really cared for the sweet little maid, then began to come constantly to the Thornton house, Peggy let him clearly understand that she had a choice as to the man she thought worth getting. On the afternoon when he made his fourth call in one week, he had hardly settled himself when she struck her first blow.

"What a little goose Fanny White has proved herself!" she remarked.

"How so?" asked Lawrence, instantly on his guard.

"Why, this is her second season, and she still judges men's feelings by their actions. She is old enough to know better. I've been down there this morning, and she is as pale and drooping as a spring anemone which had been gathered and left to fade."

"What a strange thing to talk to me about, Miss Thornton! I thought you women tried to cover things up for each other, when one of you gives herself away."

"So we do if the girl is not to blame; but Fannie is."

Now Dick Lawrence was genuinely in love with Fannie, and had he not decided that marriage was an extravagance entailing too many sacrifices from a man with his income would never have cut himself out of the happiness of her society. Consequently Peggy's cutting remarks made him rise angrily in her defence.

"I have been a good deal with Miss White this winter, and I have seen nothing to justify anyone blaming her for — for — anything that has happened."

"Someone is always to blame — and I call it Fannie. It's just as much one's fault to lose a fight from lack of judgment as from lack of bravery."

"We can't know whether we shall win or lose until we try; and besides, Fannie is above trying." He stopped short, but Peggy continued:

"The trouble with Fannie is her vanity. She shouldn't have expected to get ahead of such rivals as she had against her."

"I didn't know she had any rival," answered Lawrence stiffly, stung by the thought that Peggy Thornton might feel that he considered her the

equal of the girl he had lately deserted.

"Oh, yes," said Peggy, "she is one of those girls who doesn't understand that no mere penniless woman, however fine in character, can compete with a man's horses and club. I've given her a few lessons in the way of the world this morning."

Lawrence scowled fiercely. "Do you mean you have been trying to impress such devilish cynicism on that little girl, Peggy Thornton — to make her feel that she's less than a horse or——" Lawrence again stopped short. Peggy sat very still and looked at him without speaking. He got up and walked to the window for a minute, then came back and held out his hand to her. She looked up at him with her eyes full of tears, and an expression that he did not soon forget. He wrung her hand and left. Two days later the engagement of Mr. Richard Lawrence and Miss Fannie White was formally announced.

But Peggy had little time to attend to other people's business. Unpopular as they had been, her father's position as president of the university had always insured the family many invitations and frequent visitors, and now that Peggy was attracting general interest to herself her time was crowded; and not only were the women aroused, but the men in town made frequent excursions up the hill and listened to her conversation, puzzled, curious and entertained; while Edward Manchester and Zach Gordon became her alternate attendants, having replaced their feeling of friendship for one another with a desire to punch each other's heads.

(To be Concluded.)

LOVE'S BLIND EYES.

By Alexander Blair Thaw.

ALL ye who would be great and wise,
How many joys ye had not missed,
Had ye but seen with Love's blind eyes!

But "joy possessed forever flies"!
On such vile doctrines you insist,
All ye who would be great and wise.

Ye slay the hours as they arise;
Cold are the lips ye should have kissed,
Had ye but seen with Love's blind eyes.

Slain by the spirit that denies,
Love leaves you blind indeed. Oh, list,
All ye who would be great and wise!

When ways are dark and daylight dies,
Ye were not wand'ring in the mist,
Had ye but seen with Love's blind eyes.

Your blindness lacks Love's swift surmise;
Ye come too late to Life's high tryst,
All ye who would be great and wise,
Had ye but seen with Love's blind eyes.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

A MAN has just died in Boston to whom New England and the country owe a larger debt of gratitude than they will ever pay. There are few kinds of writing in which it is less possible for a man to make his personality felt than in the writing of guide-books; and a hundred people under whose eyes these lines may fall are spending a month in the Maine woods or at Mount Desert, hurrying through the land of Evangeline on to Cape Breton, "doing" the White Mountains or Lake Champlain, or enjoying a Massachusetts honeymoon, with one of Sweetser's guide-books as their inseparable companion and most faithful helper, yet without one thought of who Moses F. Sweetser was or what work he did and what life he lived in this world. A moment's serious thought as one turns the pages of any one of the books stamped with his name would show any of the hundred travelers that much work indeed was necessary to bring the book into existence; but only the critical student of the book appreciates the vast amount of painstaking industry, of ingenuity and careful planning, of knowledge of geography and history and literature, of local study and personal inspection, of enthusiasm tempered with concern for practical details, of ramification into numberless avenues and of merciless compression, which it represents. One holding in his hand the book, for instance, on New England, and glancing through the "Index of Historical Allusions" at the back, the "Index of Biographical Allusions" and the "Index of Quotations," with their hundreds of references, gets some impression of the reading and research involved in the book's preparation; but only the man who has the book in his pocket on his first trip to Cape Cod or the Berkshire hills realizes the varied and sympathetic knowledge of the associations of the places he goes to which is shown by his guide on every page.

Of all American guide-book makers Mr. Sweetser has been the most important; and he was the first important one,—which is what especially commands this commemorative word. We had had books of travel before, like Starr King's "White Hills," which had taken us through favorite places with enthusiasm and system and much minute observation. We had had guide-books before, such as they were. But never until Mr. Sweetser prepared his handbook on New England had we had in this country guide-books for travelers made with the same care and thoroughness and good taste as the works of Murray and Baedeker in Europe.

Baedeker's guide-books were the distinct provocation and model for Mr. Sweetser. He had been an enthusiastic European traveler and had tested the value of those faithful and illuminating servants, then just beginning to take English dress and French as well as German. He loved New England, felt the attractiveness of her history and life and landscape, and felt that these would grow more and more attractive to multiplying thousands of travelers as the successive summers rolled. He would be an American Baedeker; and he began with his guide to New England. Others followed — the Middle States,

the Maritime Provinces, the White Mountains—all on the same plan and all worked out with the same thoroughness. Whatever the section he took up, he treated it better than anybody else had treated it. It is a pity that the guides to the Middle States and the Maritime Provinces have now passed off of the publishers' list. Any edition of any guide-book quickly passes out of date. A hundred things said this year of Boston or New York or Halifax, of hotels and railroad routes and steamboats, become untrue and misleading next year or the next. A guide-book must be always new, always revised and up to date, or it is a source of more confusion than of light. Editions must be frequent, the sale and circulation must be large, in order to make the life of a good and satisfying guide-book possible at all. The publication of the Middle States and Maritime Provinces handbooks has ceased. The New England and White Mountain guides, revised and supplemented again and again, are still issued year by year. Long may they be demanded in such numbers as shall warrant their periodical correction by some competent hand; and long may the name of Sweetser on their covers serve to remind some of the indefatigable and zealous worker to whom New England travelers especially owe so much.

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It is as the maker of these guide-books that the faithful, modest man, who made so little noise in the world, and whose death and burial have made little noise, will be for a time remembered. Yet how much more he did, which will not be remembered by many even for a little time,—work to which sometimes his name was attached and sometimes not, but always the same honest, thorough work after its kind. When you go to the railroad office in these midsummer days for a handful of the pamphlets which the railroads issue now in such attractive form, with multitudes of pictures and maps, it is altogether probable that half of the charming little books handed you, if it is the New England country which you are aiming at for your holiday, were written by Mr. Sweetser. The New England hills and streams and lakes and shores—he has gossiped about them all for railroad purposes. Here is one of the little books which has his name upon the title-page; but here are three or four more which have not his name. As you gaze from the car window on your excursion through Maine, New Hampshire or Vermont, consulting now and then the little pamphlet thrown into your hand as you started and prompting Annie Laurie at your side to look out for this or that beyond the next station, it is probably Mr. Sweetser who is helping you prompt her intelligently. Many the bits of work which he did in this field. It was pot-boiling; but it was honest and good pot-boiling, — and it resulted in filling New England railroad offices and the hands of New England railroad travelers with most excellent, discriminating and illuminating literature of this class at a time when there was nothing else of the kind in the country half so good.

The years roll fast; but it is hard to believe that it is almost a quarter of a century since Mr. Sweetser's first New England guide-book appeared. Almost all of that long period has been passed in work of much the same character, descriptive, statistical, encyclopædic work, work giving little chance for the artist, but demanding immense research, conscientiousness and devotion in him who would do it well. Here is King's "Hand-book of the United States," a stout volume of almost a thousand pages, issued at the time of the Columbian Exposition, a survey of the geography, history, institutions and condition of the nation and then of every state. Mr. Sweetser was the author of this book, putting two or three years into its preparation and condensing into the pages an infinite mass of information, all arranged

with a care and thoroughness which only one reader in a thousand would ever adequately recognize and praise.

The work which he did was not always the work which he would have chosen to do. Much of it was doubtless very hateful to him. As Carlyle used to say of the lecturing which was hateful to him, he "was compelled." But compelled or free, whatever he did he would do cheerfully and would do well,—that is the thing to be remembered to his honor. If a prospectus, a good prospectus; if a railway guide, then the best of its kind; if a gazetteer, then as unto the Lord.

He was a man of many interests and many enthusiasms. It was not gazetteers and guide-books alone that he wrote. On the library shelves stands a whole series of "Artist Biographies" which he wrote, lives for the people of Raphael, Leonardo, Angelo, Titian, Reynolds, Turner, Dürer, Rembrandt, Allston and as many more of the great painters. The memories of his days in the European galleries were among his pleasantest memories. He loved art, he loved literature, he loved to talk on politics and the social questions; he talked oftenest, and most intently, it seemed to us,—this maker of guides and gazetteers—of the church and religion. He had reason indeed to think of the great questions of religion. The other world long loomed just before him. His life for years was a fight for life. For several of those later years he found relief in the dry, high air of Colorado; but at last he exhausted its virtues and worked quietly to the end in New England. Such dread of death as he had, if any he had, he hid under irony and pleasantry,—an irony and pleasantry which always recognized the inevitable; and he planned and toiled on ever as if he had an unbounded future for which to toil and plan. It was a true life which he lived, it was honest work which he did, and New England owes him a real debt.

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Beside Mr. Sweetser's White Mountain guide on our table lies the last edition of Julius H. Ward's little book on the White Mountains. "This is not a guide book," the author wrote in his preface, "nor an itinerary, and yet at times it ventures into the region of both. It is written in illustration of the modern interpretation of nature, which has been taught us by Emerson and Wordsworth and Ruskin, and is an attempt to express the enrichment of human life that comes from the knowledge of the harmony that exists between the mountains and ourselves, when they are approached through the sympathetic imagination." In a word, it is a book of the same essential order and purpose as Starr King's "White Hills," the enthusiastic chant of a lover, familiar with every point of the mountains, in every aspect and every season, and seemingly loving best whatever point or aspect or season he is dealing with at the given page. It is a sustained note of admiration, and thanksgiving to God for having made such a noble and beautiful mass of mountains as these dear old White Mountains in New Hampshire. That, after all, is the kind of book that does us most good among the mountains; and we hope that for a great many years, until a better pæan is written, which is not likely to be in a hurry, everybody who goes to the White Mountains for a stay long enough to let them do their sacramental work will take with him, along with Sweetser's guide and Starr King's "White Hills," which remains our classic, Mr. Ward's "White Mountains."

And this book, too, lying on the table beside the others, has its pathos. We think how, as many of us were starting gayly the other day for beautiful Mohonk and its inspiring week, came the summons, which could not be respected, to the author's funeral, a funeral following pitiful weeks in which the intellectual life, disordered and awry, had been tragically fading away. A pathetic and sometimes rather tragical figure Julius Ward had

been a good while before the hospital and funeral time. He was for years, to many of us, the typical "space writer," his brain a mill for grinding out articles. The memory of him now, moving across the Common or hurrying down School Street to the Herald office, is of one always strained, overworked and anxious, yet always optimistic, facetious and talkative, with something in particular to talk about. No picture of the Boston of the eighties and nineties would be quite complete, in which his figure did not somewhere appear. Almost everything was grist for his hopper, and the variety, extent and rapidity of his writing were certainly remarkable. Some of the writing was poor enough; but the marvel was that so much of it was so good. With all his mechanism there was an extraordinary enthusiasm, which no mechanism could kill; and with all his curious vanities and jealousies and dogmatisms, an abiding seriousness and anxiety and devotion. He was the consistent, persistent servant of good causes, which is high praise for any man, happy only when he had a "cause," good, bad, or indifferent, on his hands, — like getting good Congregationalists well bishoped and Theodore Parkerism made respectable by some catholic and apostolic imprimatur. The ecclesiastical line of subjects was always his dearest line. Church unity was his hobby—and it meant the unction whereby everyone could see that he could be a High-Broad-Churchman and say the Apostles' Creed, just as well as not. Broad Churchism, Progressive Orthodoxy, Conservative Unitarianism, any genial creed that was not clearly one thing nor the other, any movement that was in no real danger of getting where it was headed for, he loved,—and especially the unorthodox thing that would call itself Episcopal. He was the kind of man oftener seen in England than America; and we suspect that to his dying day he enjoyed reading the Tractarian literature and the controversies over "Essays and Reviews" more than anything in the home market. He never quite smacked of the soil. Yet how strenuous an admirer and panegyrist of many of the great Americans of his time — Theodore Parker, Mrs. Stowe, Parkman, Phillips Brooks! His first work was a life of the poet Percival. Never was a warmer lover of the New England landscape; never a more constant writer for the press upon all subjects relating to the welfare of New England. We have dwelt upon his ecclesiasticism, because one could not think of him at all without thinking of that; but what we chiefly wish to do here, remembering the articles not a few which he has contributed to our pages in promotion of those interests for which primarily this Magazine exists, is to recognize his unwearied and intelligent service for a more beautiful New England life—for a wise forestry, for better reading for the people, for better country newspapers, for a less sectarian religious life, for more life out-of-doors and among the mountains, for the revival of our old hill towns. It will be long before we shall have another newspaper writer in New England more earnestly and influentially devoted to all these things than Julius Ward.

OMNIBUS

To the Great, Great Grandfathers.

To the Editor of the *New England Magazine:*

The following poems, read by their authors, Mr. Christopher O'Tara and Mr. Vespucci Tecumseh Cabot, at the annual dinners of the Great Grandsons of the Revolutionary Home Guard, June 17 and July 4, 1897, were omitted from all the reports published in the Boston papers. As each of these sheets, like Day & Martin, "keeps a poet," the motive for suppression is obvious; but jealousy should not be allowed to deprive the world of verses like these, and, feeling this, the authors have consented to their publication in the *New England Magazine,* and have very handsomely promised that one-tenth of the honorarium received shall be given to the Fund for Educating the Great Great Granddaughters of Spectators of the Battle of Bunker Hill.

Any remarks upon the genius of Mr. Christopher O'Tara and Mr. V. T. Cabot would be impertinent, as they are well known to all Bostonians who attend anniversaries of anything; but, in the opinion of the Great Grandsons, the poets have surpassed themselves in these, their latest efforts. Trusting that you will perceive the necessity of making the honorarium generous, as the number of G. G. G.'s willing to be educated is very large, and with assurances of profound respect, I remain, sir,

Yours very truly,
WINTHROP PRESCOTT PUTNAM,
Cor. Sec. Boston Branch New England Division G. G. R. H. G.

(N. B.—Not connected with the G. G. *American* R. H. G.)

I.

The Bunkerhillian Pennon.

A Symphony in Pigments.

By Christopher O'Tara.

Stellar and rayant, argent, azure, gules,
  Delicate dancing, waving from the pole,
Bunting or cotton, fast or pale of hue,
  Desuetude ne'er shall darken o'er thy whole.

  All hail our flag!
  Coruscant oriflamme!
  It is no rag.
  All hail our flag!
  In lucid epigram,
  All hail our flag,
  Coruscant oriflamme!

Flashed from the Monument its ruby stripes,
  Blazed bonnily its silvern five-point stars,
What time the Yeoman out the Briton wipes!*
  Ah, Thor and Odin! O, Bellona, Mars!

*It has been alleged that this is chronologically untrue, but poetically it is veracious. C. O. T.

II.

A Reflection.

By V. T. Cabot.

One Seventeenth, long, long ago,
  Our Pa's a wicked battle fought.
War is not neat, as well you know.
  They did not do as they had oug.

And then one Fourth, the next, next year,
  Our Pa's a Declaration made;
To me their meaning is not clear;
  They were disloyal, I'm afraid.

But though they fought, since we are here,
  And life is fair, and fare is sweet [great laughter],
We'll give the fight a gentle cheer,
  And praise their Declaration neat.

I do not know what I would say;
  I cannot say it very well;
But this I know: upon a day
  Our fathers fought for quite a spell.

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Circumstantial Evidence.

She does not mind a good cigar
  (The kind, that is, I smoke);
She thinks all men quite stupid are,
  (But laughs whene'er I joke).

She says she does not care for verse
  (But praises all I write);
She says that punning is a curse,
  (But then mine are so bright!)

She does not like a big moustache
  (You see that mine is small);
She hates a man with too much "dash;"
  (I scarcely dash at all!)

She simply dotes on hazel eyes
  (And mine, you note, are that);
She likes a man of portly size;
  (Gad! I am getting fat!)

She says champagne is made to drink;
  (In this we quite agree!)
And all these symptoms make me think
  Sweet Kate's in love with me.

—*Ellis Parker Butler.*

1607